THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MASSINGER AND FORD.



Engraved by

PHILIP MASSINGER.

LONDON, GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.





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With an Introduction

BY

HARTLEY COLERIDGE



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A NEW EDITION,

WITH FRONTISPIECE AND VIGNETTE.

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TO

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THIS EDITION

OF

THE DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

MASSINGER AND FORD

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE lives of our dramatists "of the great race" furnish few materials for drama. They are provokingly barren of incident. They present neither complicated plots, nor striking situations *, nor well-contrasted characters. In their own age, they were overlooked as too familiar—in the next, cast aside as unfashionable. The conjectures of recent curiosity are not more certain than the Syrian Pantheism of the Irish round towers †, the hieroglyphic dynasties of Egypt, or the earthenware theology of Etruria.

Many causes may have contributed to efface the footsteps of those great masters from the sands of time. Theatres were burned by accident or design—demolished by authority of mob, parliament, corporation, and 'prentices ‡, and at last suppressed by a civil conflict, which, realizing the extremities

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* I beg pardon. The life of Ben Jonson does present at least one striking situation, which would make a fine picture either on the stage or on canvas. I allude to that juncture, when amid a company of friends assembled to congratulate his discharge from prison, his mother produced the packet of poison, which she meant to have given him, had he been sentenced to pillory and mutilation for his reflections on the King's countrymen. But is there any good authority for the story?

The fate of Marlow was a real tragedy; I am afraid but too certain. George Peele was actually introduced upon the stage under the designation of *George Pie-board* in the "*Widow of Watling Street.*"

† Those who are curious to ascertain the degree of certainty intended, may consult Mr. O'Brien's "*Round Towers of Ireland,*" the works of Champollion, Klaproth, &c., and the "*Storia degli antichi Popoli Italiani, di Giuseppe Micali.*"

‡ A ludicrous "*Ballade in praise of London 'Prentices, and what they did at the Cockpit Play-house in Drury Lane,*" may be found in the first volume of Mr. Collier's "Annals of the Stage," p. 402. This outrage took place in 1617, on Shrove Tuesday, a day of general licence, barbarity, and riot; when the London apprentices claimed an immemorial privilege of attacking houses of ill-fame, covering their true English love of mischief with a pretence of moral reform. The following verse may be quoted as illustrative of the text.

"Bookes old and young on heap they flung,
And burn'd them in the blazes,
Tom Decker, Heywood, Middleton,
And other wandering crazies;
Poor Daye that day not 'scaped away;
And what still more amazes,
Immortal Cracke was burn'd all black,
Which every body praises."

"Immortal Cracke" never recovered from his scorching; but is dead and forgotten. Mr. Collier doubts whether it be the name of an author or of a play. Assuredly the latter, or perhaps the name of a character. By the way, *crack*, often used by our old writers for a mischievous urchin, is probably an abridgment of *crack-rope*. Massinger uses the term at full length.

The Globe on the Bankside was burned 29th June, 1613. The Fortune in Golding Lane on the Sunday night preceding December 15, 1621. Ben Jonson alludes, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, to both these conflagrations. The Globe was fired by the wadding of the chambers (small pieces of ordnance) falling on the thatch. The cause of the Fortunes'

of tragedy and farce, absorbed all memories, all hopes, and interests, in itself. Libraries were dispersed, plundered, or retailed for daily sustenance. A new era of dramatic composition commenced with the Restoration, when the mighty labours of the past were just old enough to be superannuated, and not old enough to be antique. Milton lived on in the solitude of his blindness—the ghost and witness of departed greatness. Cowley and Dryden contrived to merit fame without foregoing popularity, by investing the robust intellect and subtile fancy of a former generation in modish habiliments. Butler, like Hogarth, struck out a way for himself, in which he has had many imitators, and no rivals. But no one of these, with all their varied excellence, was suited to create or sustain a taste for the imagination and philosophy which they superseded. The town and the court, not the people, were paramount on Parnassus, and town and court alike were subjected to French influence.

But, I believe, after all, that the principal reason why so little has been told of our old dramatists is—that there was very little to tell.

They might, no doubt, have written most interesting autobiographies or reminiscences. But I am not aware that, in that diary-keeping age, any dramatic writer left a diary. It is hardly probable that many dramatists have chronicled their days. Not that they were too constantly engaged. Sir Edward Coke, Richard Baxter, Whitlocke, Clarendon,—lawyers, statesmen, kings, have left minute and regular diaries *. Even men of pleasure have kept an audit book of their sins, and recorded of themselves what one might fancy a Papist would blush to mutter in confession. But the life of a dramatist, dependent for his daily bread upon the caprice of actors, and the humour of chance-collected audiences, must be too exciting, too fragmentary, for an employment which requires a calm, if not a cheerful, mind. The man whose means of existence are at the mercy of a contingent future, has little inclination to dwell upon the past. You might as well expect the diary of a gamester.

However it be, our elder dramatists have told us little about themselves, and their contemporaries have told us little about them. Letters they must occasionally have written; and the letters of that time, when newspapers were not, contain a great deal more matter of fact than the flippant and sentimental missives of later date. Yet, except Ben Jonson, whose epistles ought surely to be appended to his works, or printed in some accessible form, has any dramatist left "a collection of letters?" There is, indeed, a short and melancholy note, in which the name of Massinger is joined with those of Field and Daborne; a memorial of poverty, only less afflicting than poor Burns' death-bed supplication for the same trifle of five pounds.

misfortune does not appear. Prynne of course ascribes both combustions to the Divine judgment. The Prynnes of our times were equally charitable when the two "great houses" were consumed. Lighter and saner wits do not seem to have taken the matter very seriously. Sir Henry Wotton, describing the fire of the Globe in a letter to his nephew, concludes thus:—"This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."—*Annals*, vol. iii. 299. Probably a hit at the preposterous size and padding of the femoral garments then in use.

* There is an excellent article on diaries in D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. He does not mention the very curious diary of Pepys, that whimsical compound of knavery and simplicity, of politics and piety, of foppery and worldly wisdom; nor the yet more interesting journal of the excellent Evelyn; nor Bubb Doddington's, the honestest self-exposure ever made by a self-conscious, self-satisfied rogue. Mr. Collier gives some curious extracts, surely not intended for the public eye, from the diurnal of Sir Humphrey Mildmay, a *man of wit and pleasure about town* in the age of Massinger. The following, it will be admitted, are characteristic items, and evince good husbandry in sinning.

		£.	s.	d.
"21 Jan. 1631.—	To the wanton nurse at M. Langhorne's	0	1	0
	To Mother Gill, a poor naughty woman	0	1	0
14 Jul. 1632.—	To a pretty wench at Paul's Wharfe	0	1	0
27 Nov.	At a tavern with Ann Cressy	0	0	8
14 Jul. 1634.—	To a tavern with a Bona	0	1	0"

It does not appear that extravagance was among Sir Humphrey's failings. He was probably a Romanist, for among his disbursements we find eight shillings for a Rhemish Testament, and three for popish books; but, perhaps, he hankered after all forbidden things. The MS. is in the library at Lambeth, and may supply some valuable information on the subject of prices.

ıcuriosity of contemporaries has been amply atoned in the last century. Letters, diaries, , family papers, public records—everything in manuscript or print—has been rummaged lefatigable eyes. Every syllable, parenthesis, blank, and erasure, has been tortured—yea 1, for intelligence respecting men, of whom their contemporaries hardly thought it worth invent anecdotes. Much collateral knowledge has been elicited by the research, and much ı literature brought to light; but, with regard to the immediate objects of inquiry, it has ›d to additional doubt of what was heretofore taken for granted, than added to the scanty of ascertained facts. It is very well that so few reputations have suffered by the scrutiny; the dramatists been conspicuous for either vice or folly, they would not have shared the fate ›roes before Agamemnon. They lived in an age of personality. The great eye of the world then, any more than now, so intent on things and principles, as not to have a corner for the es of individuals. I question whether, with all our newspapers, reviews, magazines, biogra- ıd autobiographies, a more *personal* history could be compiled of the courts of George III. than of those of Elizabeth and James. In no age have men been wanting to woo the f the multitude by informing them, that their Betters were no better than they. The ıs memoirs, diaries, pamphlets, letters, so costly to collectors; "Wilson, Winwood, Osborne, Peyton, Sanderson," and others, who, as Mr. Gifford remarks, "contributed to ›e a number of scandalous stories, which should have been left *sub lodice*, where most of them had birth," sufficiently prove that kings and lords, at least, were not secured from calumny arkness of their excessive splendour. Nor were all the eyes of curiosity directed upwards: ırder, rape, or adultery, could occur without being improved in the pulpit, set to tune by d-mongers *, or dramatized on the scene. In our own days, Thurtell, Corder, Greenacre, dy-lane, and the Red-barn, have been exhibited in tearful melo-drama. That it should be

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* "*Graculo.* You may see
We are prepared for hanging, and confess
We have deserved it. Our most humble suit is,
We may not be twice executed.
Timoleon. Twice?
What meanest thou?
Gra. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten groat rhymers
About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident; and before
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty 's made,
Which makes their ghosts walk."——MASSINGER. *The Bondman.*

damn'd ditties" once composed a very considerable part of the only literature that could truly be styled Swift or Arbuthnot has a very humorous paper on the subject, written about the time that the penny stamp ted on loose sheets. Of late, the victims of the law have been *twice executed* at the minor theatres. The ly music and nasal *instrumentation* of these historic ballads were a frequent theme of satire with the old s, between whom and the ballad-makers there was no good will.

ıve not ballads made of you all, and sung to filthy tunes, may this cup of sack be my poison."—*Falstaff.*

"Now shall we have damnable ballads out against us,
Most wicked madrigals. And ten to one, too,
Sung to such lousy lamentable tunes."——*Humorous Lieutenant.*

"They rail upon the general
And sing songs of him,—scurvy songs to worse tunes."
FLETCHER's *Loyal Subject.*

ı certainly nothing so lugubrious as the cracked voice of a ballad-singer, in a dull, ill-lighted back street, on ight of November. But at present, great men have worse enemies to dread than ballad-singers or players. ›dies escape the surgeons, and their skulls the phrenologists, their fame, their letters, their family secrets, :-considered words, are at the mercy of knavish booksellers, radical magazinists, ill-masked maligners, silly- ters, and even honest admirers of more zeal than prudence.

so, is a reproach to the taste of the galleries themselves; but bad taste is no novelty. The stage has, ere this, been indebted for plots to the *Tyburn Chronicle*. It is enough to mention the titles of "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "Arden of Feversham," "Murderous Michael," "The Fair Maid of Bristol," "A Warning for Fair Women," "The Tragedy of John Cox of Collumpton," &c. all founded on recent atrocities, and decisively proving that this very illegitimate species of drama is not recommended even by originality of invention. The singularity of the old *criminal* tragedy is, that characters, some recently hanged, and others, it might be, living among the identical audience, are made to talk as poetical blank-verse as the authors could have put into the mouth of Cæsar or Cleopatra. We do not read that the genuine furniture or weapons of the murderers were exhibited in these performances *.

Even the license of the old comedy of Greece†, in producing living persons, sometimes of high

* "There is a species of dramatic representation, different from any of which we have yet spoken, and which may be said to form a class of itself:—it may be called domestic tragedy, and pieces of this kind were founded upon comparatively recent events in our own country. Of these several are extant, such as 'Arden of Feversham,' the story of which relates to a murder committed in the reign of Edward VI.; 'A Warning for Fair Women,' arising out of a similar event in 1573; 'Two Tragedies in One,' part of which is founded upon the assassination of a merchant of London of the name of Beech, by a person called Thomas Merry; 'The Fair Maid of Bristol,' which had its origin also in a recent tragical incident; indeed it seems to have been the constant practice of the dramatists of that day to avail themselves (like the ballad-makers) of any circumstances of the kind which attracted attention, in order to construct them into a play, often treating the subject merely as a dramatic narrative of a known occurrence, without embellishing, or aiding it with the ornaments of fiction. Shakspeare is supposed to have been concerned, at least, in one production of this kind, 'The Yorkshire Tragedy' (founded upon an event in 1604), which was played at the Globe theatre, and printed with Shakspeare's name, in 1608. The internal evidence, however, of Shakspeare's authorship, is much stronger than the external, and there are some speeches which could scarcely have proceeded from any other pen."—*History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii. 49, 50.

"The Yorkshire Tragedy" is certainly much better than the rest of the disputed plays—'Pericles' excepted; but in diction, versification, and sentiment, as well as in its subject, I agree with Hazlitt, that it is more in the manner of Heywood, the Lillo of a more imaginative age, than in that of Shakspeare. It is, however, no argument against its authenticity that the plot is not such as Shakspeare generally chooses, or could be supposed to approve. There can be little doubt, that he, as well as his fellows, was sometimes obliged to work to order upon stories not at all to his own taste. But surely, at a time so affluent in dramatic genius, the simple merit of particular speeches can be no fair proof of Shakspeare's authorship, nor does the striking elevation of insulated passages above the level of a work conclude a different writer. The same man may produce a few flashes of volcanic splendour, and a vast monotony of dull extravagance.

The death of Marlow might seem a tempting subject to a dramatist of the Domestic school; but I have not seen or read of any previous to the short and recent attempt of Mr. Horne, which contains much poetry in little space, but certainly does not offend by that prosaic reality, which is censured both on moral and critical grounds. A poet, to tell the truth, is a very unmanageable character in a Poem, or even in a prose Romance.

Massinger has no play that classes exactly with "Arden of Feversham," and "The Yorkshire Tragedy," though "The New Way to Pay Old Debts" probably glances at recent transactions. Ford and Dekker's "Witch of Edmonton" falls under the denomination of *News-plays*.

The play-bill of one of the minor theatres, announcing "The Hertfordshire Tragedy," promised the identical gig in which Thurtell drove poor Weare to be murdered, and the identical table on which were placed the pork-chops eaten in commemoration of the sacrifice. Music-sellers vied for priority in publishing the *score* of the song, sung by Hunt on this interesting occasion.

† "Lenard Haliday, Mayor, 1605.

"Whereas Kempe, Armyn, and others, players at the Black-Friers, have again not forborn to bring upon their stage one or more of the Worshipful Company of Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandal and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the Right Honourable the Privy Council are besought to call the said players before them, and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said theatre."

From this document it appears that the offence was not the first of the kind; and we may conjecture, though not certainly conclude, from the wording, that *individual* aldermen were the objects of ridicule, though, perhaps, not absolutely named by their registered christian and sur-names.

From a letter to "certain justices of the peace of the county of Middlesex" from the privy council, 10th May, 1601, we learn "that certain players, who used to recite their plays at the Curtain in Moorefields, do represent upon the stage in their interludes the persons of some gent. of good desert and quality, that are yet alive, under obscure manner, but yet in such sort as all the hearers may take notice both of the matter, and the persons that are meant thereby." Here

those dismal sanctuaries of obscure distress—Alsatia or the Compter—were quarry too low for the very kestrils of an age still aristocratic and chivalrous on the surface, though Democracy, the "old fellow in the cellarage," was already at work below. The success or poverty of a dramatist might excite no more sensation than the similar vicissitudes in the fortunes of a strolling player, or any other Unfortunate living from hand to mouth. Yet less were simple respectability and moderate prosperity calculated for public notice. It was not then the custom to write three or more volumes upon every man or woman whose name had appeared in a title-page, or frequently occurred in a newspaper. Not every life of unpretending piety procured admission into the brief obituary of a Gentleman's Magazine. Personality, the rage for anecdote, the desire of publicity—though not less intense than at present—were certainly far less diffusive. The fashion of autobiography and confessions had not yet been imported from France, for the diaries appear to have been strictly private. Hence we are left without direct information on that concerning which it would be most important to be informed—the process whereby great minds were furnished and developed.

Dr. Farmer has remarked, in his "*Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*," that "play-writing, in the poet's age, was scarcely considered a creditable employ." This is rather too loosely and sweepingly asserted. No doubt the Puritans, the Corporation of London, and the grave, flat-capped, thrifty citizens in general, thought it a very sinful employ. Perhaps the men of business, of the stamp of Lord Burleigh and Sir Edward Coke, thought it a very idle one. But when queens and noble ladies did not hold it derogatory to perform in "*Masques of Blackness* *," when plays were

* Ben Jonson's "Masque of Blackness" was composed, as the author himself declares, at the express commandment of the queen (Anne of Denmark), who had a desire to appear along with the fairest ladies of her court, as a negress. I doubt whether the most enthusiastic *amies des noirs* among our modern beauties, would willingly undergo such a transformation. What would the *Age* say, if our gracious Queen should play such a frolic? This masque ought to be a special favourite with the Emancipated in the isles of the far west. What if it were revived for their benefit? There is a strong rage among our nobility for the resuscitation of "Antique Pageantry," and a masque, at least as rational as a tournament, might be rendered almost as expensive, and would not be half so dangerous. Inigo Jones must have been an admirable contriver of *spectacle*. However mean and meagre might be the *properties* of the common stages, the court exhibitions lacked no "pomp or circumstance," no quaint device to charm the eye and ear. The getting-up of the old masques is very minutely detailed in the printed copies. In the "Masque of Blackness," the queen, and eleven noble females, representing the 'Daughters of Niger,' "were placed in a concave shell, like mother-of-pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow, the top thereof was stuck with a *cheveron* of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them as they were seated one above another; so that they were all seen, but in an *extravagant* order. * * * On the sides of the shell did swim six huge sea monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces, so as the backs of some were seen; some in purfle, or side; others in face, and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex shells. The attire of the masquers" (the queen and ladies) "was alike in all, without difference, the colours azure and silver, but returned on the top, with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers and jewels, interlaced with ropes of pearl; and for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl; best setting off from the black." I suspect these are the words of Inigo himself.

It must not be supposed that these high-born masquers sooted their delicate complexions like the Wowskies of our barefaced stages. The masque of black velvet was then as common as the black patches in the time of the *Spectator*. They have supplied the dramatists with frequent allusions.

> "These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair."—*Romeo and Juliet.*
>
> "'Tis well the mask of night is on my face."—*Ibid.*
>
> "You never can be old; wear but a mask
> Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
> In your other parts."—*Waiting Maid to the "City Madam."*

Still the daughters of Niger will be more naturally represented by the natural velvet of *Prince Memnon's sisters*, when negro civilization has reared a court and a stage. It is interesting to speculate how the negro poets, in addressing their smooth-skinned beauties, will vary the common phrases of European gallantry. The word *fair*, in its enlarged, and perhaps original extent of meaning, must be retained, if they write in English; for what will *care, despair, air, hair, debonnair*, &c. do without it? But the rose and the lily must absolutely be discarded. I am not aware of any perfectly black flower, but the darkest hyacinth, transferred from the tresses to the complexion, may serve at a pinch. The teeth may still be "quarrelets of pearl" (*Herrick*), or moon-light peeping through the fissures

publicly acted by academicians and lawyers—when the providing theatrical entertainments for the court was the express duty of an officer invested with extraordinary powers, the composition of a poem adapted to scenic representation could hardly have been discreditable *per se*. Was it discreditable to Sackville to have written "Gorboduc?" Did "Gammar Gurton" preclude Dr. Still from the bishopric of Bath and Wells? But then the queen and her ladies did not take money at the door. Neither Still nor Sackville sold their dramas to the players—*there's the rub.* It was not creditable to be a dependant on a play-house: it was not creditable to be a servant of the public. That man was slightly honoured for being applauded, who, for applause and subsistence, gave to others the privilege of hissing him. The dramatist, the genius, was admired, but his *quality* was not respected. Success, whether as poet or actor, made a man interesting, and therefore acceptable in all societies where wit, talent, or the reputation of either, was in request; but his occupation conferred no settled rank. A merchant tailor knew his place; a poet must sit where his patron bade him. Literature of any sort, pursued for bread, does not, and perhaps should not, bestow the decided *caste* of a regular profession; and has never, in England, obtained the splendid honours which even players, musicians, and buffoons *, have received in Italy and some continental courts. Moreover, the character of some of the dramatists, and those the earliest distinguished, was not such

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of a pitchy cloud. Diamond may bear its heraldic signification, which, in the blazon of nobility, is sable; but ivory must give way to ebony. "*Vaccinia nigra leguntur*," will be a popular motto. Snow, which has no resemblance to the human skin under any climate, and milk, and "breasts of cream," and "little azure rills," will not do; but cherries and marble may keep their place, for both are sometimes black, and so may the swan, in Australia; and the native whose mistress betrays no tint of convict mesalliance, may truly call her

"Rara avis in terris, *nigroque* simillima cygno."

Locks may still be crisp, but they must no longer flow, they must hold no dalliance with the amorous wind, nor vie with the tendrils of the gadding vine, nor must the African Eve

"——down to her slender waist,
Her golden, unadorned tresses wear."

Nor must the innamorato quote Donne's beautiful lines about "pure and eloquent blood;" but rather commend the trusty hue that tells no tales; and here old Ben will serve him rarely,

"*The Sun*, the best judge, and most formal cause
Of all dames' beauties, in their firm hues draws
Signs of his fervent'st love, and thereby shows,
That in their black, the perfect'st beauty grows,
Since the fix'd colour of their curled hair,
Which is the highest grace of dames most fair,
No cares, no age can change, or there display
The fearful mixture of abhorred grey.
Since Death herself—herself being pale and blue,
Can never alter their most faithful hue."

A proof that negroes were not common in England when Jonson wrote; for many of my readers will remember the old street-sweeper, at the Obelisk, whose hair was "white as wool," quaintly resembling the white ashes, sprinkled over the charred faggots of an extinguished wood fire. I know not whether Ben, or rather, Pliny, is correct in stating that Æthiops never dream.

When "Othello" is adapted to the negro stage, *Othello* should be a white man, and *Desdemona* like the "starred Æthiop queen."

"The Masque of Blackness" was represented at the marriage of Lady Susan Vere, daughter of the whimsical Earl of Oxford, and grand-daughter of Lord Burleigh, with Philip Herbert, afterwards of Pembroke and Montgomery, the patron of Massinger; in the household of whose ancestors the poet was probably brought up, which must apologise for the length and apparent irrelevance of this note.

* The actors and inventors of the Italian pantomime (which is not like ours, a speechless *motion* of living puppets, but a burlesque of provincial dialects and humours, closely resembling an entertainment to which Augustus was partial) rivalled the Paris and Bathyllus of antiquity, in the honours they obtained. Constantini, inventor of the Mezetin, the Narcissus of pantomime, was ennobled by a king of Poland. "He acted without a mask, to charm by the beautiful play of his countenance, and display the graces of his figure." The Wit and harlequin Domenic sometimes dined at the table of Louis XIV. Tiberio Fiurilli, who invented the character of Scaramouch, had been the amusing

as to propitiate the favour of the serious towards their calling. Shakspeare seems to have felt this. Massinger and Heywood frequently complain of it: and Ford, like Congreve, is ever eager to disclaim the trade of a play-wright.

But whatever of disrepute or suspicion might adhere to the dramatic art, it certainly will not account for the obscurity, not to say mystery, which hangs over the private transactions of its professors. They were not excluded from the meetings of the great or of the learned. They were not recluse students, buried in their libraries or estranged from the busy world. By far the greater number of them were gentlemen of liberal education, living in the full career of society. Nor, had it been otherwise, would they have escaped notice, had their destinies been anywise remarkable, or their characters impressed with eccentricity. Your "way of life" cannot creep along in such forlorn or shady sequestration, but you will be found, if any one think you worth seeking for. Neither in the city's indistinguishable multitude nor the country's too conspicuous singleness, can the man be secure from publication whose humours will enliven a farce, whose physiognomy will suggest a caricature, or whose adventures may form the ground-work of a novel. If we except Shakspeare, of whom little is really known but the comfortable fact that, after writing the finest plays in the world, he retired on a moderate independence, and died, alas! prematurely, near his native town; and Ben Jonson, who has told us something about himself, and whose scholarship achieved a place among the weightier intellects to which the genius of Shakspeare never aspired, of which among the dramatists are most anecdotes extant? Kit Marlow, George Peele, and Robert Green. Had Ford and Massinger been like them,—their jests, their follies, their sad catastrophes, would not have perished for want of historians. There is no human creature so insignificant but may become famous for vice, sedition, lawlessness, or buffoonery. The police reports and the Newgate Calendar are rolls of fame from which no degree is excluded. The rogues and harlots of less inquisitive ages have not sinned or suffered without a memorial. We know almost as much of Rowland Yorke* and Captain Stukely as of Spenser or Drayton. Sir Jeffrey Dunstan the mayor of Garrat†, and Sir Jeffrey Hudson the

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companion of the boyhood of Louis XIV., and from him Molière learned much, as appears by the lines under his portrait.

"Cet illustre commédien
De son art traça la carrière,
Il fut le maître de Molière,
Et la Nature fut le sien."

"This rare comedian drew the chart,
The line and progress of his art;
He taught Molière, that humorous elf,
What only Nature taught himself."

The last lines of an epitaph, on one of these pantomimic actors, may be applied to many of them during their flourishing period.

"Toute sa vie il fait à rire,
Il a fait pleurer à sa mort."

"All his life he kept us crowing,
Dead—he sets our tears a flowing."

Several of these admirable actors were literary men, who have written on their art, and shown that it was one. The Harlequin Cecchini composed the most ancient treatise on this subject, and was ennobled by the Emperor Matthias; and Nicholas Barbieri, for his excellent acting, called the "Beltrame," or "Milanese Simpleton," tells us, in his treatise on comedy, that he was honoured by the conversation of Louis XIII., and rewarded with fortune.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities*, 218.

The English nobility would ill endure to have a harlequin made partaker of their honours; and I doubt whether a *limited* monarch could with propriety admit even a Grimaldi to his table.

* I must confess that all my knowledge of these worthies is derived from a note in the "Monastery." They were probably fair enough samples of *men about town*, as they were before profligacy put on the garb of sentiment. Of such characters we find many specimens in the old plays, such as "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "London Prodigal," "How to know a good Wife from a bad one," &c. Is it in compliment to Rowland that the *veiled* editor of a certain periodical assumed the title of "Oliver Yorke?" *Stukely* is the hero of "The Battle of Alcazar," written, as is supposed, by George Peele, and of another play expressly called "Stukely." The name seems doomed to dramatic infamy.

† In Hone's "Table Book," second series, will be found a portrait and memoir of the once well-known Sir Jeffrey

dwarf*, live still in the pages of eccentric biography; and Morland, as a man, is better known than Hogarth. On the other hand, high intellectual celebrity does not always confer personal notoriety, or preserve the events of a life from oblivion. In truth, the best and happiest lives are generally the least entertaining to read. It may be regretted that quiet, useful, unostentatious virtue so seldom survives in the world's memory: but the regret is foolish and presumptuous; and I am by no means assured that the modern custom of courting fame, for qualities sufficiently rewarded by

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who served the mob in the double capacity of fool and dwarf. He was a foundling; picked up in the parish to which he owed his name; but no fairies took charge of him, as Charles Lamb assures us they did of Sir Thomas Gresham. He was abandoned to the muddy patronage of Trivia and Cloacina; yet he was, awhile, a great man in his way, especially at Westminster elections. Lamb, who well remembered him when "in his sear and yellow leaf" he took refuge in a hovel near Bethnal Green, has described his forlorn grimness in a paper of pathetic humour, such as Elia alone could write.

* "Jeffrey Hudson, when he was about seven or eight years old, was served up in a cold pie, on the Burleigh Hill, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, and as soon as he made his appearance, presented by the duchess to the queen, who retained him in her service. He was then but eighteen inches in height. In a masque at court, the gigantic porter, (Will Evans) drew him out of his pocket, to the surprise of all present. He is said to have grown no taller till he was thirty, when he shot up to three feet nine. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war, he was made captain in the king's army. In 1644, he attended the queen into France, where he had a quarrel with a gentleman named Crofts, whom he challenged. Mr. Crofts came to the place of appointment, armed only with a squirt. A real duel ensued, in which the antagonists came to the field on horseback, and fought with pistols; Crofts was killed at the first shot."—*Dr. Hudson's History of London.*

If ever duellist deserved an honourable acquittal, little Jeffrey was the man. He was born at Oakham in Rutlandshire: very proper that the least man should be born in the least county; and no less proper that his birth should be preceded by a comet, which was actually the case, for there was a comet in 1618, and Jeffrey was born in 1619. Like Priam, Pompey, Belisarius, Napoleon, and other sports of fortune, he exhibited in his latter years a sad contrast to the felicities of his outset. He experienced the same neglect as other faithful cavaliers of larger dimensions, was committed to the Gate-house, under suspicion of the popish plot! and died a prisoner, aged sixty-three. I believe his conveyance in the body of a bass viol, and other particulars recorded by Sir Walter Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak," to be altogether apocryphal; but there may be some ground for his addiction to alchemy and the mysteries of the Rosy Cross.

The Royal Martyr had a passion for those irregularities of nature, which were once common appendages to every regal and baronial establishment. Most readers will remember Waller's pretty verses on the marriage of the dwarfs, which was negotiated by King Charles, who gave away the bride:—

"Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive.
Eve might as well from Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame."

The marriage was productive: but if the king's intent was to perpetuate a miniature race, it was disappointed; for the children grew to the ordinary size. We cannot call this princely partiality for human *lusus naturæ*, a remnant of Gothic barbarism; the taste is classical, nay Augustan. "*Habent hoc quoque deliciæ divitum; malunt quærere omnia contra naturam. Gratus est ille debilitate; ille ipsa infelicitate distorti corporis placet, alter emitur quod alieni coloris est,*" says Quintilian. Clemens Alexandrinus severely censures the passion of great ladies for deformed pets, upon whom they bestowed caresses for which their lovers sighed in vain, and which their husbands could not always command. Ammianus Marcellinus describes the wealthy madams of his days, attended *semiviro comitatu*, young and old, but generally dusky, misshapen, and ill-favoured. Augustus is said by Suetonius to have disliked these waifs of nature, and shrunk from them as of ill omen. *Pumilos, atque distortos, et omnes generis ejusdem ut ludibria naturæ et mali ominis abhorrebat;* yet the same historian relates that he compelled a youth of good family, named Lucius, to appear on the public stage, because he was under two feet in height, and weighed but seventeen pounds, and had a prodigious voice.—*L.* ii. 43. We need not wonder that Domitian, at the gladiatorial games, was constantly attended by a scarlet-robed little urchin, with a preternatural small head,—*puerulus coccinatus parvo portentosoque capite*—for the palled appetites of despotism seek for stimulation in everything monstrous and abortive. But better taste might have been expected of Charles, who was capable of appreciating the beautiful in art, and doubtless in nature also. Be it recollected that this odd sort of *virtù* was not without its uses in ruder ages: it procured an asylum in the houses of the affluent, for many helpless beings, who, even now, to the disgrace of our police, are incarcerated in caravans, and dragged about the country by brutal show-men. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

peace of mind, an approving conscience, and the affectionate esteem of a worthy few, is not one of the worst symptoms of the times. Good people in a private station should be thankful if their lives are not worth writing. Public virtues exerted for public ends, the worthy issues of mighty minds, fitly aspire to publicity, and are justly rewarded with fame. "*A city set on a hill cannot be hid.*" But the virtues of home; the hourly self-denials, so habitual as hardly to rise above the horizon of consciousness,—

> "That best portion of a good man's life,—
> His little daily unrecorded acts
> Of kindness and of love,"

the virtues, which, in either sex, are inherited from the mother, and consist in *being* rather than in *doing*, permit no stronger light than gleams from the fireside. They flourish best when unobserved, even by those who inhale joy and goodness from their fragrance. Of them it may truly be said,—

> "The principle of action once explore,
> That instant 'tis a principle no more."

They can be *understood* by none, and *known* only to those who love the good beings whom they actuate,—and by loving know them. For in the spiritual world there is no knowledge but by love. In our essential selves we neither can nor ought to be known to any but to those whom we love, and who love us. There is a worse than indelicacy in soliciting the gaze of the world by laying bare the sanctities of affection; the frailties by which we may be endeared to our kindred in blood and soul, but should neither be admired nor judged by the ignorant unsympathising multitude. It is enough if our works have no need to shun the public eye, which they ought sometimes to seek, and never to fear. *Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's.* But in ourselves; the very things we are, we are only God's: we belong not to the world,—no, not to our own will. A good heart is a Holy of Holies, not to be profaned by unconsecrated gazers.

There is no vanity so pernicious, so heart-emasculating and heart-hardening, as that of which the heart itself is the object. Better be vain of your brains, your figure, your dress, your face, your muscles, your purse, or your pedigree, than of your heart. People enamoured of their own goodness generally entertain a sneaking partiality for their *bosom sins.* "The pride that apes humility" produces far worse consequences than "*cottages with double coach-houses;*" but none more dangerous than the self-gratifying disclosure of weaknesses to which certain *confessors* are so prone. Now this vanity and this pride are greatly nourished by a fashionable sort of biography, which *stages* the minutest passages of every-day existence,—exhibits the child or the female at their prayers, in their little round of charity, in their diet and attire; and makes the death-bed itself a scene of display.

The age of the great drama was neither a happy nor an innocent age. It was a time of much vice, much folly, and much trouble; but it was also an age of prodigious energy. Everything, good or evil, was on a colossal scale. The strength of will kept equipoise with the vigour of intellect. There were too many to admire themselves and others for potency in ill, not a few who sought and obtained éclat by the inventive extravagance of their absurdities,—but no one valued himself or others for petty amiabilities or amiable weaknesses. It was an age of high principle and of vehement passions, not of complacent sentimentality. Hence the minor and negative virtues, which are all that a poor man in general can *display*, and the trivial accidents which make up the sum of private existence, were suffered to join the vast silence of forgotten moments, without note or comment: and hence, I conclude, that of our greatest dramatic artists little has been told, because there was little to tell; little to gratify the malicious curiosity which fed on corruption; and little which the better sort considered worthy a lasting record,—though doubtless much that exercised the patience and evoked the noblest faculties of the dramatists themselves.

Great part of this *induction* may resemble the *inductions* to some of our old plays, which might suit any play, being appropriate to none; but for lack of better it may serve as an apology for the very brief biographical notices which I can prefix to the present edition of the surviving works of Massinger and of Ford. For these few particulars I am indebted to Mr. Gifford. I am not aware that subsequent inquiry has added anything material to the facts which he has gathered with such

commendable industry and illustrated with so much critical acumen, nor that he has been convicted of any important error. I have not access to those sources from which alone fresh intelligence can be expected, but I believe it has been sought diligently and in vain by more competent persons. Indeed, few authors of equal merit and reputation have been so little noticed by contemporaries, and none so nearly forgotten in succeeding times. Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, were always great names; and Fletcher, long after the Restoration, retained a large share of theatrical popularity. But Massinger and Ford were hardly ever acted, and hardly ever read. Even Dr. Johnson does not seem to have been aware that Rowe was beholden to Massinger for the plot of his "Fair Penitent,"—and the Doctor had no such partiality to the Whig Laureate as would induce him to dissemble a fact not very creditable either to the originality or the honesty of Rowe,—who must have strongly assured himself that Massinger was an unknown writer, or he would not have ventured to publish his borrowed play without a hint of acknowledgment. The long disappearance of these excellent works may be partly attributed to the want of collected editions. It does not appear that there was any entire publication of Massinger before Coxeter, or of Ford before Weber*.

Those who derive pleasure or improvement from the works, will doubtless wish to be better acquainted with the men,—would have rejoiced if they had left us some touching or cheerful recollections

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* I never saw "Coxeter's Massinger," nor collated Monk Mason's, and have therefore neither the right nor the inclination to repeat Gifford's ever-recurrent sarcasms on their imperfections. The services of Mr. Gifford, as an editor of the text, can hardly be overrated: his arrangement of Massinger's verse, places him on a level with Porson as a master of the *res metrica*; his antiquarian illustrations are curious and learned, without any of that *Etalage* of obscure reading, which swells so many editions to an elephantiasis; and if he partook a little of his favourite Ben's acerbity of temper, much should be forgiven to a man who, I believe, had no real malice against any human being, who was neglected and maltreated at the period of life which should store up happy feelings to serve for the remainder; and who declared, in the hearing of Mr. Southey, that he never had a day of joyous health. Still, as Lord Byron, or his annotator, has well observed, it is unpleasant to take any man's prejudice for a travelling companion, be it through a country, or through a book. How can we expect forbearance, or tolerance, in disputes of politics or religion, when a disputed reading of an old play is capable of agitating the bile so furiously?

Rowe, it is said, formed the plan of an edition of Massinger, but abandoned it for reasons best known to himself. That which bears the name of Coxeter, was first published in 1759, twelve years after his death, by a bookseller of the name of Dell. Coxeter, from the account of Sir Egerton Brydges, in his additions to the "*Theatrum Poetarum*," appears to have been a man of fortune, a diligent collector of old plays, and the first projector of Dodsley's collection. In preparing his Massinger he availed himself of some MS. notes of Oldys, which, if the statement of the antiquary be correct, he did not come over honourably by. As he did not live to complete his design, the absence of acknowledgment should not be laid at his door. "When I left London," says Oldys, "in the year 1724, to reside in Yorkshire, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, amongst many other books, a copy of 'Langbaine,' in which I had written several notes and references to further the knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London in 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed, and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my 'Langbaine' of a bookseller, as he was a great collector of old plays and poetical books. This must have been of great service to him, and *he has kept it so carefully from my sight* that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing the notes I had collected in that. Whether I had entered any remarks on Massinger, I remember not, but he had communications from me concerning him, when he was undertaking to give us a new edition of his plays, which is not published yet." This might be legal, but was hardly the part of a gentleman. I remember to have heard one that is with God, compare a plagiary from MSS. to a certain parasite that fastens to the roots of plants, and deprives them of their due nurture, while none can see the cause of their inanition.

In 1761, a reprint of Coxeter's Massinger appeared, under the auspices of Thomas Davies, the biographer of Garrick, and memorialist of the stage, whose *pretty* wife has been very impudently mentioned by Churchill. This edition was accompanied by an Essay on the old English Dramatic Writers, by the elder Colman, addressed to Garrick. It was called "very correct," by Bishop Percy, perhaps out of pure good-nature. "Monk Mason's," as Mr. Gifford says, "is little more than a servile copy of it, with all its errors."

As for Weber, to the exposure of whose blunders Mr. Gifford has devoted no less than one hundred caustic pages (a better method than obtruding the vituperation at the foot of every page), he was an unfortunate German, whose name must be familiar to all readers of Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," on account of the wonderful presence of mind displayed by Sir Walter in controlling his mania. It was certainly a presumptuous undertaking of a foreigner, not critically acquainted with our language, to become the editor of our ancient writers, and rather odd that any bookseller should select him for the purpose. But the offence is hardly worthy of a castigation severe enough for a wilful corrupter of holy writ. Poor fellow! he is gone. *Requiescat in pace.*

of themselves,—if some relative or well-acquainted friend had done for them what so many sons, wives, and executors, have done for persons, it may be, less likely to be remembered a century hence. We would gladly overlook them at their desks, accompany them in their suburban walks, be made confidants of their loves and partakers of their friendship, have joined them with their great compeers and jovial comrades at their evening recreations, have known what manner of men they appeared to those who saw them in the body and heard them converse in plain prose like men of this world. Above all, we would fain be enabled to trace the progress of their minds, the education of their genius, the sources of their knowledge, the action of circumstance, the working of the spirit of their age, and of its wonderful proceedings on their moral and intellectual constitution. But our curiosity will never be gratified; and we ought gratefully to remember that we possess a large and noble sample of so much of their complex being as is capable of an earthly permanence: for intellect alone can put on a shape of earthly immortality, and become an everlasting and irrefragable witness of its own reality. Neither poets, nor painters, nor sculptors, nor even historians, can erect living monuments to any but themselves. The exactest copy of the fairest face, or the loveliest soul, becomes in a few years a mere ideal, only commendable as it expresses universal beauty or absolute goodness. Only the painter's or the poet's art is really perpetuated. All—but the mind—either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages. Beauty, ever fleeting and continually renewed, does its work, then drops like the petals of the blossom when the fruit is set. Valour and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and the mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter. Piety has a real substantial immortality in heaven; its life is laid up with God,—but on earth its record is but a tale that is told. But intellect really exists in its products; its kingdom is here. The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision. The Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, are not mere matter of history. The genius of Homer does not rest, like his disputed personal identity, on dubious testimony. It is, and will be, while the planet lasts. The body of Newton is in the grave,—his soul with his Father above; but his mind is with us still. Hence may we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth,—its rightful subordination to the Grace that is of Heaven.

Philip Massinger, the son of Arthur Massinger by a mother whose name is unknown, was born sometime in the year 1584. It does not appear that his register has been discovered; but most probably his native place was at or near Wilton, the magnificent seat of the Earls of Pembroke, to which illustrious family his father was a confidential retainer. To this fact we have the express testimony of the poet himself, in his dedication of "The Bondman," to Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery: "However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your Lordship, yet a desire to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts descended to me from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it, leaving *his* to be ever most glad and ready to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your Lordship's most noble father."

We are not certified of the situation which Arthur held in the noble household, but we may be sure that it was neither menial nor mean. Service in those days was not derogatory to gentle birth. The highest characters in the state had been pages, and learned from their attendance on noble ladies no little of their chivalrous gentleness, their duteous phrase, and enthusiastic loyalty. It was no more disgrace to knight or statesman to have been a page, than to a lord mayor to have been an apprentice; and as the first municipal magistrate would never blush to acknowledge that he had closed his master's shutters, so would not a Raleigh or a Walsingham have thought shame to be reminded that they had sometime held a lady's train. And yet pages were subject to a discipline at which apprentices now-a-days would revolt; but then under-graduates were not exempt from the like:—

> "Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,
> And now sworn servant to the pantoffle,
> And darest thou dream of marriage?" *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act I.

th Welborn in his rags to young Allworth in his page's gay attire, manifestly reflecting on his alone, and not on his rank, which was more than respectable. Perhaps Massinger had some ·ence in the family of Pembroke in his recollection while writing the passage.

s is a state of things that never can be reinstated. But it was good in its day, and tended to o servitude and subordination, through all degrees, a dignity and self-respect highly favourable d government and to rightful liberty. Too many at present regard service with feelings only r to a land of slaves. No reciprocal duty, no natural or religious bond, is acknowledged on side: and it needs must be, that the lowly will consider that as an insult which their superiors l as a calamity or a stain. The senatorial rank of the bishop "gentles the condition" of the st curate whose life is becoming of his function; the youngest ensign in a marching regiment lted by belonging to the profession of the Duke of Wellington. In a well-ordered state,—a of graduated dependence and universal interdependence,—honour should flow, like the precious ent, from the head to the skirts of the garment.

, we have more direct evidence of the high estimation in which Arthur Massinger stood with oble master, from the important mission wherewith he was intrusted. In the Sidney letters, . p. 933, we may read,—"Master Massinger is newly come down from the Earl of Pembroke, etters to the queen for his lordship's leave to be away from this St. George's day." The bearer h a request to so punctilious a lady as Queen Elizabeth, must at least have been a gentleman. the family of Herbert *, with which the Massingers were thus honourably connected, there are

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e origin of this family was Welsh. Sir William Ap Thomas of Ragland Castle was knighted for his services in ench wars by Henry V., a monarch whose affection for his native principality has been immortalized by Shak- doubtless on chronicle authority: though the praises of Cambria could not be unacceptable to the Tudors, reputed descent from King Arthur commended their dynasty even to their Sassenach subjects, many of whom were believers in the prophecies of Merlin, and perhaps imagined in the accession of Henry VII. the promised resusci- of the hero of the Round Table. Shakspeare, moreover, who passed many happy days in Wales, was evidently iclined towards Welshmen, as the pleasant humours of Sir Hugh Evans and of Captain Fluellen, the most e of all his ludicrous characters, sufficiently testify. The posterity of Ap Thomas, probably from some inter- ge, took the name of Herbert. William Herbert, whom Izaac Walton calls the "Memorable," was created ' Pembroke by Edward IV. 1469. The peerage expired in his son Richard, whose daughter married Charles et, first Earl of Worcester. Ragland Castle must have gone with her, for it was a Somerset and a Worcester fended that fortress, the last that held out in the King's cause, with such heroic loyalty. From Ewyas, a l son of William the first Earl of Pembroke, came Sir William, in whom the peerage was restored. "He was commissioned to view the fortifications of Berwick; and on the 17th of February, 1552-3, he rode into London nansion of Baynard Castle with three hundred horse in his retinue, of which one hundred of them were gentle- plain blue cloth with chains of gold and badges of a dragon on their sleeves." Debrett, to whom I owe what f heraldic lore I possess, has not told us from what chronicler he borrows this piece of history, but it smacks of we, and is curiously illustrative of the manners of that time. It may be as well to observe that a wivern *vert* 'embroke crest. Earl William married Anne, daughter of Lord Parr of Kendal, and sister to Queen Catherine y whom he had issue two sons. The elder, Henry, the patron of Arthur Massinger, succeeded his father as Pembroke, and sat on the trials of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, 1571, and on that of Mary, 1586. He was thrice l. His third wife was the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, to whose request we owe the *Arcadia*, which wears her s a favour; on whom Ben Jonson wrote the famous epitaph—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

taph, which though happily turned, is too hyperbolical, too clever, and too conceited to be inscribed on a an's tomb. The sweet and brotherly dedication to the *Arcadia* does this great lady far more honour than Jon- mb *epigram*. Of all the writers of that true age of chivalrous courtship, Daniel best knew how to address to female greatness. He was in earnest, and could do honour to the rank without adulation; to the sex, with- rping the language either of love or of devotion. His epistles to the Countess of Cumberland, to the Countess ford, and to the Lady Anne Clifford (whose preceptor he was) are among the finest moral poems in the world. lication of *Cleopatra* to the Countess of Pembroke is not so good The most interesting part of it is the stanza

many panegyrics, but none more pithy and valuable than that of good Izaak Walton, who might well be the most delightful of biographers; for who, with such affluence of information, had lives of such Christian excellence to record? Speaking of George, who sanctified the name and pedigree, he says,

wherein he laments the narrow range of the English tongue, which deprived our poetry of the European fame of the classic and Italian bards:

"Oh that the ocean did not bound our style,
Within these strict and narrow limits so,
But that the melody of our sweet isle
Might now be heard to Tiber, Arne, and Po,
That they may know how far Thames doth outgo
The music of declined Italy."

The complaint long continued just. Voltaire maliciously inquires, whether Shakspeare was ever heard of out of England. Boileau, upon reading Addison's Latin verses, affected surprise that an Englishman could be a poet, and guessed that there might be something worth looking at in our whistling vernacular, which Charles V. was for talking to the birds. Bayle knew nothing of Milton but that he was the opponent of Salmasius and Morus; and Quadrio, a voluminous Jesuit, who wrote a huge work, "*Della storia e dell' ragione d'ogni poesia*," which Mr. D'Israeli, to whom I am indebted for my knowledge of the worthy Father's name, has toiled through, at the commencement of his labours knew of no English poets but John Gower, Arthur Kelton, flourishing 1548, (John Skelton?) and William Wycherly. Not till his fourth volume had he discovered the existence of Shakspeare; and in his fifth he speaks of "Il celebre Benjanson," and his comedies of "Bartolomeo Foicere" and "Ipsum Veetz," which latter Mr. Douce conjectured to be Shadwell's "Epsom Wells." Upon Milton he is a little better informed, for he says that he spoke of Christ like an Arian. To make amends, however, for his slight notices of our literature, evidently derived partly from Voltaire and partly from the mouth of some illiterate English tourist, he compliments us on a great improvement in the mechanism of puppet-shows!!! Mr D'Israeli ascribes this continental neglect of our writers to our own neglect of bibliography, which left foreigners without a guide in their researches. Bibliographers are very useful to those who like to talk of books they never saw; but I rather suspect that the long-continued *insulation* of our literature is to be ascribed mainly to the unnatural coxcombry of our *polite* travellers, who affected to depreciate their mother tongue, and babble in vile French and worse Italian about the superior beauties of southern idioms. Something must also be attributed to the real difficulty of our language, and its harshness to unaccustomed ears; something also to national and religious prejudice. Many of our books could not safely be read in Spain or Italy: the best of them were in open rebellion against the French Academy; and Germany was not yet a literary region. At all events the case is far different at present. Shakspeare is even a greater name in Germany than in our own land. I have seen Retsch's illustrations of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," &c. with explanatory quotations in German, French, and Italian. Our popular novels are even translated into Spanish. "Tom Jones" indeed has long been a favourite in Spain. It may be remarked, that the most intensely national works acquire the widest reputation. Hogarth is as well known and as much admired in Germany as in England, and yet he is John Bull all over. The Scotch novels were published in French and German as soon as they appeared in Edinburgh. The fancy and imagination of Britain are leavening the whole mind of Europe; and in the commerce of letters, we are no longer, as heretofore, an exclusively importing nation.

Revenons à nos moutons. The Countess of Pembroke was herself a poetess and a dramatist, but I cannot pretend to have seen any of her productions, therefore cannot decide how far they justify the commendations of Daniel, who is more complimentary than usual in their behalf. It appears that she versified some portions of the Psalms, for thus sings her eulogist:—

"Those hymns which thou dost consecrate to heaven,
Which Israel's singer to his God did frame,
Unto thy voyage eternity hath given,
And makes thee dear to him from whence they came."

If so, it is a pity they are not authorised to be sung in churches, for the present versions are a disgrace and a mischief to the establishment. By nothing have the Dissenters made more way than by their evangelical hymns and congregational psalmody. The countess's tragedy is called "Antony," and is a translation from Robert Garnier, an early French dramatist, whose plays have been skilfully analysed, with admirably translated specimens, by the best of translators, the Rev. H. Cary. Mr. Collier, in his "History of Dramatic Poetry," has given a short sample of her ladyship's blank verse, which is as heavy and monotonous as blank verse translation of rhyme generally is, from preserving the pattern and cadence of the original—a fault which even Cary, in his excellent "Dante," has not always avoided. Now and then you may detect the outline of the *terza rima*. French plays should assuredly be translated into couplet measure. The countess survived her husband twenty years—happy as the praises of grateful poets could make her—happy in the fair reputation, and it is to be hoped in the düteous attendance, of her elder son—and happy in dying too soon to see her younger offspring

Hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all his ancestors.

"The place of his birth was near the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county. That castle was then a place of strength and state, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it, and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours; a family that hath been blessed with remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind,—for which they were eminent. But, alas! this family did in the late Rebellion suffer extremely in their estates, and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth which was too good to cover those wretches that were the cause of it."

What a gentleman was Izaak, though he commenced business in a shop wherein two men had not room to turn themselves! He chooses to forget entirely that the meanest, if not the worst, of those "wretches whom the earth was too good to cover," the very man who was appointed to convey to his royal benefactor that insolent demand which went to strip him of all his prerogative, and so far provoked King Charles out of his usually guarded speech, that he answered him with, "No, Phil—BY GOD,—not for an hour," and who actually renounced his rank to sit in a kingless Parliament, was the head of the family of Pembroke. This is true gentility.

Of the childhood and boyhood of Massinger no record remains. It has been said, indeed, that he was brought up in the family of his father's patron; but if so, how comes it that in 1624, when his "Bondman" was first printed, he "had never arrived at the happiness to be made known" to Philip of Montgomery? He must needs have known him as a boy, and was not likely to have forgotten the circumstance in his dedication. I do not, however, recollect where Philip spent his tender years. He certainly was a courtier in his teens. Could it indeed be proved that the child Massinger wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia;* that his young eyes gazed upon those panels whereon the story of Mopsa and Dorcas, and Musidorus and Philoclea, were limned in antique tracery; that he was dandled in his babyhood by the fair Countess of the *Arcadia,* and shared the parting kiss of Sir Philip when he set forth for those wars from which he was never to return,—with what accumulated interest should we read his dramas, several of which display an intimacy

Though so well renowned for cherishing the muses, it does not appear that she bestowed either bounty or countenance on the son of her husband's old and faithful servant; a fact which, combined with the apparent neglect of so distinguished a Mæcenas as her son, makes it too probable that Massinger had offended the family by quitting his studies; possibly slighting the preferment to which their favour would have conducted him. Henry, the second earl of the second creation, died in 1601, and was succeeded by his son William, who was governor of Portsmouth and chancellor of Oxford; an honour he seems to have well deserved, since honest Antony Wood says of him, "that he was not only a great patroniser of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by those amorous and poetical airs and poems of his composition doth evidently appear, some of which had musical notes set to them by Henry Lawes and Nich. Laneare." It is not often that Antony smiles upon anything "amorous and poetical;" he seems to have had as indifferent an opinion of poetry as Locke or Jeremy Bentham: but perhaps he thought it, like hunting or hawking, a gentlemanly recreation, in which a nobleman might be allowed to indulge. At the period when Antony's opinions were fashioned, not only poetry, but philology in general, was considered as little better than a showy accomplishment, a fringe of learning, that might adorn, but could not clothe or arm the inner man—such at least was the judgment of the universities; at present the tendency is too much the other way. But Pembroke had other panegyrists than the old Jacobite antiquarian of Merton; half Lincoln fens were employed in his praise, and Mr. Campbell supposes that he was the mysterious subject of Shakspeare's sonnets, an hypothesis to which I can by no means accede. No doubt, however, he was a patron of the drama, and probably of its greatest author, for he was joined with his brother Philip in the dedication to the folio of 1623. As he is nowise connected with the known history of Massinger, we need say no more of him than that he died in 1630, leaving no issue, although, upon Mr. Campbell's supposition, he had been passionately exhorted not to

"——bear his beauties to the grave
And leave the world no copy."

He was succeeded by his brother Philip, already created Earl of Montgomery, from whom the titles have descended together to the present time. I cannot conclude this overgrown note without suggesting the possibility that among the family papers of the Herberts something might be discovered to throw light on the early history of Massinger, and to account for his apparent alienation from a house of which he was in some sort a member. But perhaps the search has already been made in vain.

with the details of noble housekeeping, not likely to have been acquired in the latter periods of the poet's existence! Is it not possible that Sir Philip may have been his godfather, and given him his name? The conjecture is in strict accordance with the manners of that age, and almost derives a plausibility from the sequel of Massinger's fortunes. It is a common trick of Fate to flatter the infancy of those whose manhood is written in her black book.

"At thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great;
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee!"

King John, Act iii. Scene 1.

Many a dawn of golden beauty harbingers a day of troubled dimness: many a one has smiled in the cradle on the fair, the great, the good, and the wise, whose death-bed was without a comfort or a comforter.

But enough of these speculations. Juvenile biography was little in vogue in the days of Elizabeth and James, (though the sayings and doings of some few distinguished children, as Sir Philip Sidney, and Henry Prince of Wales, have been fondly recorded.) It is not, therefore, to be wondered, that the boyish days of Massinger present a blank, upon which it were easy to write a multitude of possibilities. For instance, we know that there was a company of actors, calling themselves the Earl of Pembroke's players. We know that theatrical companies were often itinerant, and used to be entertained and employed at the country mansions of the nobility; that the female parts always, and sometimes the whole plays, were performed by boys. It is possible enough that Massinger may have seen the earl's players in his boyhood; it is possible that he may have worn petticoats among them, as Achilles did at Scyros, and so may have acquired an early hankering after the stage. Both biographies and histories of formidable length have been constructed out of such possibilities, and put forth with all the confidence of eye-witness, sometimes to the subversion of all recorded testimony. But I dare not be thus dogmatically hypothetical. Facts are not to be deduced from promises, like conclusions in mood and figure.

Somewhere or other Massinger obtained a classical education. That his works evince. He was probably acquainted with the French and Italian, perhaps with the Spanish language, then a point of fashion: but these might be the acquisitions of his riper years. He seems to have read some of the Fathers, and to have dipped into theology and moral philosophy. But his learning is no way scholastic or profound: it is that of a reader, rather than of a student. His classical allusions are frequent, but not like those of Ben Jonson, recondite, nor like those of Shakspeare and of Milton, amalgamated and consubstantiated with his native thought. They float, like drops of oil on water, on the surface of his style, and have too much the air of quotations. What erudition he possessed he was not shy of displaying; no more was Shakspeare: Jonson was not a whit more of a pedant than his contemporaries; he showed more reading, because he had more to show.

Massinger, whoever was his schoolmaster, entered a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, May 14th, 1602. I give this date on the authority of Mr. Gifford, who says that he had the memorandum of his matriculation before him, wherein he is styled the son of a gentleman: "*Philip Massinger Sarisburiensis, Generosi filius.*" Yet Antony Wood places his entrance in 1601. Davies fails in his attempt to account for the discrepancy, by the change of Style. But Antony was not writing on oath, and was not likely to take the pains of accurate reference about a man who was only a *poet*,—a race for whom he had as little respect as for *womankind*. He differs from Langbaine on a point of rather more importance. Langbaine believes that he was supported by his father, and that he stuck closely to his studies. Wood asserts that his exhibition was from the Earl of Pembroke, and "*that he gave his mind more to poetry and romance for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done, as he was patronised to that end.*" Undoubtedly he ought, if he could. It would have been better for him if he had. He might have obtained a fellowship, and become, like Antony, a great antiquarian, though I think it more likely that he would have turned out a passionate puritan divine. But whatever were the cause, he quitted the

university abruptly, and without a degree; whether in consequence of his father's death, (the date of which is uncertain,) or of the failure of remittances from other quarters, or, which is most probable, from impatience of academic restraint, (the more irksome, as at the time of his entrance, he considerably exceeded the average years of an under-graduate of that time, when under-graduates were subject to a discipline only calculated for the *lowest form*,) or an eagerness to follow the bent of his genius, and the steps of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, no doubt, in his esteem, the greatest and happiest of men. We cannot conceive, with Davies, that his lack of logic made the terrors of an examination too awful for his nerves. He has never been accused of any criminal irregularity. *He*, at least, was not a deer-stealer, nor a libeller of the landed aristocracy. Wood only charges him with his addiction to poetry and romance. But it is very probable his father's death bereft him of the heart and hope of his academical studies; for it does not appear that he had brother or sister to rejoice in his success, or reprove his indiscretion. If any conception of his character may be formed from his plays, he had a strong and independent spirit, ill calculated to brook or retain the favour or surveillance of patronizing superiors. There is too much likelihood that he gave some offence to the Herberts, or he would hardly have been overlooked by so generous a friend of genius as earl William. Young men, smit with the passion of liberty, too often seek it where it is never to be found, in a life without regular profession or definite controul.

Gifford conjectures that Massinger had, "during his residence in the university, exchanged the religion of his father for one at that time the object of terror, persecution, and hatred;" and concludes, from the "Virgin Martyr, the Renegado, the Maid of Honour, and from casual intimations scattered over his remaining dramas," that he had attached himself to the Church of Rome. This is very possible, but there is not even circumstantial evidence of the fact. His dramas, like those of his contemporaries in general, were mostly founded on French or Italian novels, or old legends, which it would have been no easy matter to convert to Protestantism, without converting them to irony and satire. His characters are Catholics of the old church, and he makes them speak as such; they are Catholics, superstitious Catholics it may be, but neither Protestants nor Papists. He never brings the old and reformed churches into opposition, as had frequently been done upon the stage, in spite of repeated orders to the contrary. A writer, who lays his scene in a Mahometan country, and makes his characters Mahometans, must be, *pro tempore*, and dramatically, a Mahometan himself. He must speak of Mahomet as a true prophet, acknowledge the divine authenticity of the Koran, and use no ill language of the Houris; yet he may do all this without bringing any just suspicion upon his Christianity, so long as he does not bring Christian and Moslem together, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the former, or setting off the latter to advantage, as Voltaire has done in his "Zaïre." Now Massinger has given no such proof of his preferring the proscribed to the established church. He never, that I can discover, alludes *specifically* to the Church of England at all. At any rate, his religious tendencies, whatever they might be, could have little to do with his quitting Oxford, a university always more *Catholic* than *Protestant*, attached to every relic of antique formality, as a faithful widow to the effigies of the husband of her youth, or a too confiding damsel to the tokens of a lover whom she would never have forsaken, if he had not forsaken her. Nothing but an overt act of *Popery* (not likely to have been unknown or unmentioned by Antony Wood) would have endangered Massinger on the banks of Isis. There is nothing in his known works from which we can even conjecture the creed of his conviction, what he did or did not believe. If there ever were any such data, the "Master of the Revels" has intercepted them on their way to posterity. It is impossible to say in what measure he partook of the errors and superstitions which had incrusted Christianity, in the lazy lapse of ages, and which were rejected by the Divines who undertook to restore the Primitive Church. But if it be duly considered, that in his days, the *visible* Church of England was an untrimmed vessel, lurching now towards Rome, and now towards Geneva, it is no wonder if many of the young, the impassioned, the imaginative, inclined towards that form of faith and of worship, which wore at least the semblance of venerable seniority, gave ample room for the fancy and the affections, was inextricably intertwined with the whole tissue of chivalry and romance, hallowed alike the gorgeous ceremony, the austere fast, and the periodic day of rustic merriment—and "was all things to all men," holding out the honours of

apotheosis to the ascetic, and offering an easy absolution to the voluptuous. Contrast with this the saturnine rigour of *Ultra-protestantism*, its utter antipathy, not only to the acted drama, but to all the poetry of life, manners, and nature; consider the indefatigable and undaunted industry of the propagandists of Romanism, then recommended by the prestige of peril, who so well know how much of their system it may be expedient to bring into relief, and what should be discreetly left in shadow, apprised, as by an instinct, whom and how, and when, to attack; and the most zealous Protestant will rather be thankful that all the young genius of Britain was not enlisted under the banner of the Cross Keys, than angry at such as clung to the "decaying sanctities" of olden time *.

* Let us examine how far these three plays—"The Virgin Martyr," "The Renegado," and "The Maid of Honour," exhibit "*innumerable* proofs" that Massinger was a *Roman* Catholic.

The "Virgin Martyr" is the joint work of Massinger and Decker; and though their several shares in the composition may be discerned with proximate probability, it is not known which of them selected the story, or whether either of them chose it at all. It may be the rifacciamento of an older play. It may be borrowed from the work of some foreign dramatist, or founded on one of the so called mysteries. I am not well enough read in martyrology to point out the particular legend which suggested the plot; but the tale is made up in great measure of the common-places of the monastic romance, which were as often repeated, as ingeniously varied, and as indispensable, as those of the modern novel. The outline may be sketched as follows:—"In the bloody times of Dioclesian, there lived at Cæsarea a noble virgin, named *Dorothea*, fair and rich, and much beloved of *Antoninus*, the Governor's son of Cæsarea, who, for her sake, rejected the proffered love of *Artemia*, the Emperor's daughter. But because *Dorothea* was a Christian, and had devoted her virginity to Heaven, and *Antoninus* was an idolater, she would not be wooed of him, or other earthly suitor. And she had a page, named Angelo, whom she found at the temple-gate, in likeness of a 'sweet-faced, godly, beggar boy,' asking an alms, but in truth he was an angel, come to guard her from all evil and temptation, from fear and from pleasure, for the exceeding favour he had to her holiness and her virginity. Now there was in Cæsarea a certain *Theophilus*, a cruel persecutor of the Christians, who had for his servant a fiend named *Harpax*, by whose means he was informed of many things that of himself he could not have known, and particularly of the love that young *Antoninus* bore to *Dorothea*, whereof he also did inform the Princess *Artemia*; so, by the contrivance of *Dorothea's* wicked servants, *Theophilus*, with *Sapritius* the Governor, and the Princess, were brought to overlook where *Antoninus* was wooing *Dorothea*, promising her riches and worldly glory, and liberty to worship after her own fashion, if she would consent to be his wife—all which she set at nought for the love of Him to whom she was betrothed in Heaven. Whereat the Princess, seeing that she was lightly esteemed of him to whom she had demeaned herself to solicit his affection, was exceeding wroth, and would have slain both *Antoninus* and *Dorothea*, but that she loved him, and would not give to her the martyrdom which she longed for. Howbeit, *Dorothea* was bereft of all her goods, and shut up in prison; and *Antoninus* given in charge to his father the Governor.

"But when it was heard that the young man had fallen sick, and would not be comforted, the Princess, who was an Emperor's daughter, and of a high and noble spirit, was moved with compassion; and subduing her own desires, gave consent that if *Dorothea* would return and worship the gods of her fathers, she should be wedded unto *Antoninus*. Now, *Theophilus* had two daughters that had heretofore been Christians, but, because they loved the world, and feared their father, and the terror of his torments, had turned back to their idols. These young damsels, *Calista* and *Christeta*, were set on by their father to persuade *Dorothea* to renounce her faith and become even as they were. But *Dorothea* wrestled mightily, and overcame—having *Angelo*, her good angel, ever at her side, so that *Calista* and *Christeta* again forswore the gods of the heathen; and when the time came that they should bring forth *Dorothea* to bow before the image of Jupiter, they cast the image on the ground and spat upon it. Whereupon *Theophilus*, at the instigation of *Harpax*, slew them, and sent back *Dorothea* to be tortured. All this while *Antoninus* continued sick and beside himself, so that his father, hearing him still call out on *Dorothea*, not being willing that he should perish, sent for *Dorothea*, that the young man might have his will on her. But when the young man saw her, and heard her words how good they were, and perceived how excellent a thing is virgin chastity, his heart was changed, and he would not touch her. So *Sapritius*, in his rage, would have given her up to a slave; but the slave being a Briton, would do no such vile deed. Then the Governor would have sent for ten slaves, but he was smitten down by an unseen hand, and one side of his face blasted as with lightning; whereat he was the more hardened; and he and *Theophilus* called *Dorothea* witch, and hired her wicked servants to torture her; but their arms were withered, so that they could not. Wherefore, because it was thought they did their work slightly, they were sent unto the death, and *Dorothea* was doomed to be beheaded. And when she was brought to the place of suffering, *Antoninus* would go with her, that he might see her for the last time, and die. But when he heard her discourse of Heaven, and the divine joys whereunto she was hastening, then did he desire to go with her. And behold, *Angelo*, in his true shape of an angel, appeared above to *Dorothea* alone, and told her that he had been her page, the beggar-boy, whom she had cherished. Then she made request, that *Antoninus*, for the true love he had borne her, might be converted and his 'love changed to the love of Heaven.' And forthwith he felt a holy fire within, and was changed, and became a Christian. And because *Theophilus*, mocking, had desired to taste the fruit o

Whatever might be Massinger's tenets, his works are strongly tinctured with religious feeling. He had manifestly read and thought much on religious subjects, and sometimes ventures upon topics, which might be deemed fitter for the pulpit than the stage. Gifford has highly and justly commended his reverence for holy things, and his abstinence from jocular allusions to Scripture.

Paradise, of which she had spoken, she prayed that some of that fruit might be given to him after she was dead. And then she bowed her neck to the axe, and *Antoninus* fell dead at her feet. And they were both carried by *Angelo* to Heaven. Now, it came to pass, that *Theophilus* was sitting alone, devising new tortures for the Christians; and suddenly there was a great light, and a sound of heavenly music, and a fair faced boy, which was *Angelo*, entered with a basket of fruit and flowers, the like whereof never grew on earth. And when he tasted the fruit, and found how good it was, and he thought how that it was deep winter, and found that the doors were closed, so that no mortal thing could come in, he remembered the words of *Dorothea*, and believed. And when *Harpax*, the fiend, in his own likeness, mocked and tempted him, he held up a cross made of the flowers of Paradise, and the fiend fled howling; and the angel came and strengthened him. So he gave his signet that all the Christians should be set at liberty, and conveyed away out of the hand of the persecutor. But when the Emperor found that *Theophilus* had become a Christian, he was hardened more and more, and put him to strange torments; *Harpax* also assaulting him. Then did *Dorothea* appear on high, in exceeding glory, with *Antoninus*, *Calista*, and *Christeta*, in white garments, and *Angelo*, after all, holding forth the crown of martyrdom. So *Theophilus*, the persecutor, died a martyr; but the Emperor was hardened still."

I cannot pretend, in this succinct narration, to have rivalled Charles Lamb and his excellent sister in the art of turning drama into narrative. The "Shakspeare Tales" is an unique book, the beauty of which all can perceive who are worth pleasing; but few, who have not tried the like, can appreciate the difficulty, the matchless skill of its execution. Neither am I fully satisfied with my imitation of the antique legendary style. But something like this, I opine, might have been the story on which Massinger and Decker founded the "Virgin Martyr." It is monastic enough in taste and feeling, but has nothing peculiarly popish, or even Romish; nothing that might not have been believed, in what are accounted the orthodox authoritative ages; little that contravenes the positive creed of the strictest Church-of-England man. The possible appearance of good and of evil spirits, guardian angels, and devils in masquerade, is no distinguishing tenet of the church of Rome. The extraordinary worship of virginity, the amorous piety, the yearning, the passionate seeking after martyrdom, not as a duty, but as a merit and an especial mark of favour, originated long before "the supremacy of crafty Rome," and survived, in a considerable portion of the church, long after the separation. They are (to use a word of my revered father's coining,) rather *patristic* than popish: those who objected to the compulsory celibacy of the clergy, and disapproved of the monastic constitution, yet held celibacy "a more excellent way." Queen Elizabeth disapproved of married bishops. Jeremy Taylor, himself twice married, is large in praise of single life, as a state vowed and devoted to God. And Donne, so passionate a lover of his wife, in speaking of the Saviour's immaculate conception, calls it "a singular testimony how acceptable to God that state of virginity is;" adding, "He does not dishonour physic that praises health; nor does he dishonour marriage that praises virginity." It should be remembered, however, that Donne had been a Roman Catholic, and change of communion by no means necessarily works a change in taste, sentiment, or feeling. But, on this head, it is impossible to go farther than Tertullian, Ambrose, and Jerome, (who asserts that the pagan sibyls received the gift of divination *in præmium virginitatis*). Now it would be as absurd to call them papists as protestants. As for the miraculous events of the "Virgin Martyr," some of our soundest Divines allude to legends quite as marvellous, and no better authenticated, with apparent faith. Jeremy Taylor talks of the eleven thousand virgins as if he believed every word about them. The marvellous efficacy ascribed to the cruciform figure is the nearest approach to popery in the "Virgin Martyr." Persons who read the play *through* for the first time, will be amazed and horrified at the unutterable beastliness which Decker has daubed upon this picture of virgin sanctity. The exhibition of racks, scourging, and beheading, with the poor appliances of Massinger's stage, must have been more ridiculous than terrible; but the superhuman atrocity, obduracy, and blasphemy of the persecutors, of the *Princess Artemia* herself, one might think would make an atheist shudder. Yet, I doubt not, they drew down thunders of applause, and contributed mainly to the great and continued popularity of the piece while the lovely strains of piety, the sweet imaginations realising wildest fancy, which the better genius, the still revisiting *Angelo* of the authors, charmed from their hours of quiet, passed off as heavily as pure poetry generally does in our overgrown theatres.

I have dwelt the longer on the "Virgin Martyr," not because it is a fair sample of Massinger; for though the opening speeches of *Dioclesian* and the captive kings (borrowed freely from Tacitus and Caractacus,) have much dignity, his part of the play is not in general above *good middling*, (to use the language of the trade quotations); but because it is the most remarkable exemplification of the taste of our play-going ancestors with which I am acquainted, and should be carefully perused by all people who exclaim against the *degenerate* taste of the moderns.

The "Renegado" must be despatched more briefly. Perhaps, the success of the conversion scene, in the "Virgin," induced Massinger, who, unlike Shakspeare, was apt to repeat himself, to try the effect of another. I shall not forestall the reader's curiosity by an abstract of the plot, which is amazingly complicated, nobly careless of the possible, but yet so vivid, so full of action, and so strongly drawn, that, with all its absurdities, it never perplexes, or leaves you in doubt

But I doubt whether the simple perversion of words found in the Bible to a ludicrous sense, however offensive to taste and decorum, would so much shock a modern hearer, as solemn appeals to Heaven, and discourses on the most awful mysteries, uttered by a painted player, or a boy in petticoats, upon a stage but just vacated by a buffoon or ribald rake. This incongruous mixture,

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where the actors are or what they are about. But this lucidness of business, this clearly defined procession of incidents, is a common merit of all our elder dramatists, strongly contrasted with the confusion, perplexity, and inconsequence, occasionally to be found in the narrative poems and tales of the latter days. To our present purpose: it is decidedly Italian, and decidedly popish. There is a noble maiden abducted by a renegado pirate from Venice to Tunis, and sold to *Asambeg*, the viceroy, whose attempts upon her chastity are frustrated by the virtue of a relic which she always carries about her.—Her brother, *Vitelli*, who comes to seek her in the disguise of a merchant, sets up a shop in the bazaar, and puffs off his wares in a very English fashion.—His servant, *Gazet*, the clown, (rather more entertaining than the generality of Massinger's low characters).—The renegado, *Grimaldi*, a Venetian profligate, who has snatched the host out of the priest's hand at the moment of consecration; turned corsair in the Viceroy's service; bullies and blasphemes in the first act, falls into disgrace with the Viceroy, is stripped of all his plunder, sinks into despair, consigns himself to eternal perdition rather too learnedly, is converted by a Jesuit, (the same from whom he tore the consecrated element) by a pious fraud: becomes, after his melancholy, "a good and honest man," and finally aids the escape of the Christian captives; an instance of reformation unparalleled till the days of Count Fathom. Hardy Vaux turning preacher in Australia is nothing to it.—*Father Francisco*, the Jesuit, whose power of conversion is nothing short of miraculous. Massinger must have been a bold man, or confident of protection in some quarter, to represent in such fair colours, (for the character is beautiful in the detail) an order abhorred and dreaded like witchcraft.—*Asambeg*, the tyrant lover of *Paulina*, (not quite so bad as zeal could wish a Turk to be). The *Princess Donusa*—niece to *Sultan Amurath*, who falls in love with *Vitelli* at the Bazaar—has him smuggled into her palace, where, at first, he is desperately afraid, then desperately virtuous,—rather too innocent indeed for a full-grown Venetian—but, in the course of some twenty lines, all that a woman of *Donusa's* stamp could wish. A short conversation with *Francisco* convinces him of the enormity of the sin in which he was glorying; and when he is introduced a second time to his expectant mistress, he sets forth the horrors of her crime, and the depth of her degradation, with a fervour of indignant eloquence in which Massinger, always greatest when most moral, almost exceeds himself. Still it is not language that a youth could or should use to a woman in whose fall he had been participant. Like a hundred similar passages in the old plays, and old sermons too, it proves the co-existence of the austerest *theoretical* chastity, with a total absence of that sensitive modesty, that instinctive shrinking from "every appearance of evil," which we suppose at once the sign and amulet of purity. This is very popish, and very *patristic*, and very puritanical; an inevitable consequence of auricular confession, that worst of popish abuses, and hardly less incident to the self-examination and *comparing of experiences* recommended by certain sectaries. Γνῶθι σεαυτὸν does not always descend from Heaven. We may be too well acquainted with ourselves. But to return. *Vitelli's* lecture is cut short by the entrance of the *Capiaga*, *Aga*, and Janizaries, shortly followed by *Asambeg* and *Mustapha*, Basha of Aleppo, the princess' suitor, (who has discovered her incontinence from one of her waiting-women,) and, in company with the Viceroy, has been lying perdu, to obtain evidence of the fact. *Vitelli*, of course, is carried off to prison, and *Donusa* committed to custody, to await the sultan's sentence. That sentence is death, reprievable on condition that she convert her paramour to Islaim, and marry him. This she joyfully consents to, notwithstanding the contemptuous rebukes of *Mustapha* and *Asambeg*, whom she has been lecturing very unanswerably on their enormous indulgence of the vice, one single case of which condemns a woman beyond earthly redemption. She is introduced into the prison. A scene of controversy follows. *Donusa* sets forth, in admirable language, the hard yoke of Christianity, and the boundless licence of Mahometism; and concludes with an argument taken in part from Minucius Felix, (as Gifford informs me) which Pagans have used against Christians, Romanists against Protestants, which Mussulmen might have used as plausibly against both, however its force be abated in the present condition of the Turkish and most other Mahometan empires.

> Be wise, and weigh
> The prosperous success of things; if blessings
> Are donatives from Heaven, (which, you must grant,
> Were blasphemy to question,) and that
> They are call'd down and pour'd on such as be
> Most gracious with the great disposer of them,
> Look on our flourishing empire, if the splendour
> The majesty and glory of it dim not
> Your feeble sight, and then turn back and see
> The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant
> Rent in as many factions and opinions
> As you have petty kingdoms.

I have heard Protestants reason in the same way, not distinguishing between what makes a nation great, and what

d from the old miracle-plays and moralities, is far more frequent in Massinger than could be L. Even were his scenes entirely purged of their licence and scurrility, there would still ı an insuperable objection to prayers not meant to be prayed, but acted; and preaching, however serious or tragic, could hardly be in earnest. Some people complain of the want of

ı people happy. But let that pass. *Vitelli* replies in a fashion I should hardly recommend a missionary to Without answering any of *Donusa's* arguments, or advancing one in favour of Christianity, without even ing what Christianity is, he falls to abusing, first the lady, and then Mahomet, of whose doctrines it would seem ssinger knew nothing, but the veracious story of the pigeon. He makes *Vitelli* accuse *Donusa* of bringing her ing prophet" in comparison with

> That most unaccountable and infinite Essence
> That made us all and comprehends his work.

nusa had done no such thing, and if she had, she would have been a heretic to her own creed, which is most unitarian, or rather monotheistic, and lays to the charge of Christianity the giving to the All-One a son and an However, *Vitelli* prevails by a question, which, well pronounced, might have its weight on the stage.

> Can there be strength in that
> Religion that suffers us to tremble
> At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to?

replies, "This is unanswerable," and so it would be, if none but Christians dared to die, or if no Christian leath. But is not this a singular conversion, sudden as ever took place at a revival or camp meeting, and effected : allusion to any single doctrine, name, or duty, but what Christians and Moslem hold in common reverence? t but suspect that the Master of the Revels, who always seems to have done his work by halves, as piddlingly Editor of the "Family Dramatists," has been meddling here. Perhaps what he expunged would have placed the ı of Massinger's religion out of all doubt. It may be remarked that *Dorothea* advances nothing in proof of her th, except obloquy against Jupiter, Venus, &c. But now we come upon ticklish ground indeed. *Donusa*, pro- herself Christian, and therefore ready to die with *Vitelli*, must be baptized. *Francisco*, for some unexplained cannot have access. *Vitelli* asks him, whether, as a layman, he may lawfully perform that office.

> *Francisco.* A question in itself with much ease answered.
> Midwives upon necessity perform it;
> And knights that in the Holy Land fought for
> The freedom of Jerusalem, when full
> Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets
> The fount out of which with their holy hands
> They drew that heavenly liquor; 'twas approved then
> By the holy Church, nor must I think it now
> In you a work less pious.

cenes further, the baptism is actually performed on the stage; at least, if simple aspersion suffice for that ent, for no form of words is employed. Perhaps the actor was directed to supply the omission by some ct muttering. Massinger plainly asserts baptismal regeneration—

> The clearness of this is a perfect sign
> Of innocence: and as this washes off
> Stains and pollutions from the things we wear,
> Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power
> To purge those spots that cleave upon the mind,
> If thankfully received.
> * * * *
> *Donusa.* I am another woman;—till this minute
> I never lived, nor durst think how to die.
> How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,
> By this blest means, I feel the films of error
> Ta'en from my soul's eyes.

not think this can be orthodox Catholicism, either at Rome or anywhere else; but that it should have been ed on an English stage, when the stage itself was so sore a stumbling-block to the most popular party, and he touching matter of religion or state was so strictly and repeatedly forbidden, is one of the strangest facts in ic history. Surely Sir Henry Herbert must have been weary with his expurgations, and fallen asleep over the The validity of lay-baptism—a disputed point among Protestants—is allowed by the Church of Rome in extreme a curious exception to her general system of hierarchy. But what a question to moot in a theatre! I conjecture

religion in plays; I complain of its superabundance. In palliation, however, of what cannot be justified, let it be remembered, that our ancestors, both before, and for some time after our secession from the Roman church, were upon much more familiar terms with their religion than we are wont to be with ours. It was not "of their lives a thing apart," the employment of a sabbath, of a morning and evening hour, demanding a remotion from all but itself: it mingled with everything, their labours, their bargains, their courtship, their daily business, and evening leisure, and was not frowned away (like the Chaplain, of the Spectator's day, at the drawing of the cloth) from their mummings, and Whitsun ales. Every period of relaxation was a feast of the church, and those who abolished the religious ceremonies, were not always able to abolish the eating, drinking, and merry-making. Whether the change be for the better, this is no place to discuss; but I assure such pious persons

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that it was much agitated about the time when the "Renegado" was first produced (early in 1624); that some of Massinger's patrons were deeply interested in it; and that the theatres were chiefly patronised by Romanists and semi-Romanists. In fine, the "Renegado" is a monkish story, dramatised with the faith of the imagination; whether with the faith of the heart, I leave for the reader's decision.

The "Maid of Honour," though the scene be partly laid in Sicily—which was, indeed, long a Spanish dependency—looks liker a Spanish than an Italian story. It were well worth the while of a gentleman littérateur, who had leisure to search out, and wealth to purchase, literary rarities, to examine the numerous collections of French, Spanish, and Italian fictions, and half-fictitious histories, for the sources of Massinger's plots. But Gifford supposes that many of the loose pamphlets, to which the dramatists were more immediately indebted, lying heaps upon heaps in the vaults below St. Paul's, perished in the fire of London—a manifest judgment, as some will say, for such abuse of consecrated excavations: not worse, however, than making a Bond-street of Paul's Walk, as was usual with our ancestors, and not much worse than making the holy edifice itself an expensive show. From whatever quarter derived, the "Maid of Honour" is, in its conception, chivalric, though injudiciously overlaid, in the first acts, with English politics. Its religion is the religion of knighthood and *la belle science*, not of the cloister nor the Vatican. Except that the heroine turns nun, it furnishes no proof of Massinger's recusancy. One fine passage, indeed, proves, if anything, that he was not a papist:—

> *Camiola.* Religion bars our entrance; you are, sir,
> A Knight of Malta, by your order bound
> To a single life; you cannot marry me:
> And I assure myself, you are too noble
> To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
> In a base path.
> *Bertoldo.* A dispensation, lady,
> Will easily absolve me
> *Camiola.* O, take heed, sir——
> When what is vow'd to Heaven is dispensed with,
> To serve our private ends, a curse must follow,
> And not a blessing. *Act I. Scene 2.*

Now here is a plain denial of the Pope's prerogative. Dispensations were among the most profitable ways and means of the Roman court. Queen Henrietta herself, not waiting for a dispensation for her marriage with a heretic prince, was doomed by the priests to rigorous penance, and was even compelled to walk barefoot to Tyburn; "where, under the gallows where so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James, she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints, who had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause." Mr. D'Israeli, to whom I owe my acquaintance with this and many other almost incredible anecdotes, says there is a very rare print which has commemorated the circumstance. *Curiosities*, 297. But is the rare print the sole authority for the fact? A most extraordinary secret history of the late English reigns might be compiled out of the *rare* prints of Gilray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, &c.

But it is high time to conclude this long inquiry, from which, after all, nothing can be concluded, but that Massinger had no abhorrence of the ceremonies, institutions, or devotional affections, of the unreformed church. He probably went as near Rome as his reason would permit him; but there is no proof that he ever renounced the English communion: and I am confident that he was no *Papist*, no priest-ridden slave—never believed that any priest or bishop could reverse the immutable laws of right or wrong—dispense with the duties of children and parents, husbands and wives, subjects and rulers—insert or blot a name in the book of life. Superstitious he might be; most men of genius are so in some way or other: but the superstitions of genius are harmless to men of genius, however pernicious when congealed to dogmata by the sunless atmosphere of vulgar souls. Fanatic or bigot, Massinger was not.

as, unacquainted with our ancient manners, imagine a superior sanctity, a more awful regard of holy times, and things, and words, in the days that are gone, that it is even as I have stated it. I mention it merely to account for an apparent inconsistency in Massinger.

Massinger must have quitted Oxford about 1606. Antony Wood says, that "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to writing plays." None of these early famed *specimens of wit* are extant; nor is the precise period of his commencing dramatist ascertained. There is, indeed, a passage in the "Old Law," a play in which he is supposed to have had a share, which might seem to carry back the date of his authorship to 1599, when he was only in his 15th year. The "Law," on which the play turns, enacted that all men in the dominions of Epire, "living to the age of fourscore, and women to the age of threescore, shall the same day be instantly put to death;" and the interest depends on the eagerness of bad sons to be rid of their fathers, bad wives of their aged husbands, and tired husbands of their old wives, contrasted with the earnest endeavours and pious stratagems of the good son Cleanthes to preserve his superannuated sire. Gnotho, the clown, naturally curious concerning the years of his Agatha, desires the clerk to consult the register, who reads as follows:—"Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, born 1540, and now 'tis 1599." Now I think there can be no doubt, that this was the actual year in which the play was first performed. There could be no other reason for so monstrous an anachronism. But though the plot is tragi-farcical enough to have been invented by a boy of fifteen, it is utterly improbable that Massinger was concerned in it so early. If his name is correctly prefixed, it must have been for additions and alterations made at some subsequent period, according to the common practice of that age. Payments for additional scenes, *reformations*, &c. are common in the old theatrical accounts. Thus Ben Jonson received of Henslow forty shillings for *writing his additions to Jeronymo*, 25th September, 1601; and the 22d June, 1602, 10*l.* "in earnest of a book called 'Richard Crookback,' and for *new additions to Jeronymo*." In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Mr. Gifford found this item:—"Received for the *adding a new scene to the 'Virgin Martyr,'* this 7th July, 1624, 10*s*." Shakspeare, doubtless, was often employed to make such *reformations* upon older plays, as we know was the case with the "Comedy of Errors," "Taming the Shrew," and the 2d and 3d parts of "Henry VI." In the "Old Law" there are some scenes so vastly superior to the rest, that one could hardly wish them to be the work of the same brain. I would fain suppose them to be Massinger's; but Charles Lamb (who is but a cold admirer of our author) hath judged otherwise. "There is," says he, "an exquisiteness of moral sensibility, making one to gush out tears of delight, and a poetical strangeness in all the improbable circumstances of this wild play, which are unlike anything in the dramas which Massinger wrote alone. Middleton and Rowley, who assisted in this play, had both of them finer geniuses than their associate." Those who read Lamb's selections only (not that they are the only beauties) will probably agree with his decision. They will not improve their relish by reading the piece throughout. The characters of Eugenia, the would-be widow, and Lysander, her dotard husband, who attempts to give his years the lie by capering, drinking down a company of young springalds, &c. are pitiably disgusting. Mr. Lamb should have informed the readers of his *specimens* that the "Old Law" is all a trick of the Duke to try the temper of his young subjects, and that the old folks, supposed dead, are produced alive and well, in the 5th act. The play was not printed till 1656, evidently by some distressed actor for a temporary supply. I am inclined to think that the name of Massinger was added to those of Middleton and Rowley without any authority.

For some years after his departure from Oxford, we hear nothing of Massinger at all. We cannot tell whether he went immediately to London, and applied to the theatres for employment, or tried and abandoned any other pursuit, or dwindled away some small patrimony in attendance on fortune and the great. But it is most likely, that repairing to the metropolis, an aimless adventurer, he fell in with some of the numerous players and play-writers with whom the town was swarming, some of whom might be old school or college associates, and between ambition and desperation, became a member of the fraternity. Play-writing was then the only species of literature, certainly the only species of poetry, by which ready money could be raised. Though not held in Athenian estimation, the drama was popular, fashionable, and highly patronised. King James was among its most distinguished protectors; at the very commencement of his reign he had licensed the company, heretofore

called the Lord Chamberlain's, whereof Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemming, Condell, Armyn, &c., were members, to take upon themselves the title of "the King's Servants" (all actors, be it observed, were supposed to be *servants* either of the court or of the nobility). The Queen adopted the Earl of Worcester's players, and Prince Henry's name was bestowed on those of the Earl of Nottingham. Plays, as well as masques, were performed at court, and in great houses, on the principal festivals, weddings, and other days of high ceremony. Honourable gratuities had been given both to authors and actors. Many of the brightest of the time shone in both qualities. The stage was evoking and realizing the finest imaginations of the strongest intellects. It promised immediate profit, immediate applause, and a place among honoured names hereafter.

Massinger arrived in London at an exciting time. The visit of the King of Denmark to his august brother filled court and city with triumphs, masques, and revellings. No doubt the drama, decked out with a splendour alien to its usual habits, contributed to entertain the monarch stranger. It is said, that "Macbeth" was then first performed, and that King James wrote to Shakspeare a letter of compliment and commendation. I cannot tell what effect these incidents, if true, might have in determining Massinger's course; but dimmer omens of success have ofttimes given the casting-weight to inclination.

Massinger seems to have been of a shy, reserved, and somewhat melancholy nature. Nothing in his writings betokens the exuberant life and dancing blood of Shakspeare and Fletcher. This defect of animal spirits, perhaps, prevented him from following the example set by Peele, Marlow, Middleton, Rowley, Decker, Heywood, and Shakspeare himself, of uniting the functions of actor and author. This was probably a prudent course for prudent men. It secured a pittance not quite so precarious as the scanty remuneration of the dramatists. Instances were not rare of actors retiring in good circumstances. Dulwich college remains to testify the successful industry of Edward Alleyn, who, to his engagements of actor, author, and manager, added the important office of "Master of the Bears and Dogs *." It is possible that Massinger had tried the stage and failed, as Ben Jonson had done before, and as Otway did afterwards; but we know nothing of his progress from 1606 till sometime between 1612 and 1614, when the melancholy document already alluded to, exhibits him as engaged with Field and Daborne in the construction of a drama—name unknown. It was discovered by Malone at Dulwich College, and seems to be without date; but Mr. Payne Collier judges it not later than 1614—eight years previous to the first edition of the "Virgin Martyr," the earliest published play bearing Massinger's name. It is as follows:—

* This office must needs have been accounted honourable; for in 1600 it was held by a knight, Sir James Darrington. It could hardly have been esteemed profane or immoral (except by the rigid puritans who condemned all exhibitions as heathenish vanities); for Alleyn is designated by it in the letters patent for the foundation of Dulwich College, 1620. It could not be vulgar; for bear-baiting was among "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth," provided for the entertainment of a Virgin Queen. Nor could the penny-wisest economist complain that it was over-paid; for the regular salary, exclusive of fees and perquisites, was but a farthing a day. As for the inhumanity of the business, that was little dreamed of; for in all the invectives and petitions launched against the sport by the city, and the pulpit, and the puritans, the torture of the animals is hardly alluded to. The only person who seemed to care for poor Bruin was his keeper. In Lysons's "Environs of London" is a curious complaint of Alleyn concerning the hard and unsportsmanlike usage which his shaggy charges had sustained, when lent out on some public occasion. There were Wyndhams in those days. Among the charges so perseveringly alleged against the theatres, one was that they seduced the people from bear-baiting and other manly recreations. Allusions to this amusement are so common in Shakspeare, that it is no breach of charity to suppose that he was an occasional visitor at "Military garden Paris." *Slender* could commend his valour to sweet Ann Page by no stronger instance than this: "I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and taken him by the chain." Why, *Othello* could not brag more amorously. It would be as utterly unjust to suppose that our bear-baiting ancestors resembled the blackleg ruffians of the modern fancy, as that the Olympic victors celebrated by Pindar were like modern prize-fighters, pigeon-shooters, and riders against time. Their amusement might be a rough relic of the hunter state, but it was not mercenary, base, and fraudulent. The vile spirit of gambling, which produces more cruelty than antique rudeness shall ever have to answer for, has degraded all the athletic exercises of England.

Butler is the Pindar of the bear-wards. There is more humour, as distinguished from wit, and more graphic power in his "Bear-Bait," than in any other part of Hudibras.

Some curious particulars concerning this ancient sport may be found in Hone's "Table-Book;" an amusing repository of antiquities, and modern oddities that will be antiquities in the twentieth century.

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, These,

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is xl. more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us vl. of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xxl. ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever,

"Your most thanckfull and loving friend,

"Nat. Field."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.*

Rob. Daborne."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope you will not fail us. Philip Massinger."

Indorsed:

"Received by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlow for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of vl. Rob. Davison."

This tripartite supplication requires a few remarks and commentaries. Philip Hinchlow, or Henslowe, whose account-book has thrown so much dubious light on our early theatrical history, though extensively engaged in theatrical speculation, was no regular scion of the play-house, but "seems originally to have been a sort of pawnbroker who advanced money upon various kinds of property, but especially wearing apparel. The players often pledged their dresses with him, and afterwards hired them when they were wanted; this probably was the commencement of Henslowe's connexion with plays and theatres. Various companies, in this manner, might become his debtors, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the play-houses in which he was concerned. In 1591 he either extensively repaired or built the Rose on the Bankside, and, on the 8th of February in that year, he began to register his receipts*." A comfortable kind of person for three poets to be obliged to, when, it is to be feared, they had nothing but the forestalled labour of their brains to pledge; and were, too probably, in the catchpole's custody, if not actually in Limbo! Whether Christianity, or the loss of the 20*l.* suggested by Field, had most effect in moving the old pawnbroker's bowels, I leave to the reader's charitable judgment. The name of Nathaniel Field, who was Massinger's partner in the "Fatal Dowry," and author of two comedies—"Woman's a Weathercock," from which Lamb has given extracts, printed 1612; and "Amends for Fair Ladies," 1618; but both written and acted before 1611—appears in the list of sharers in the Globe and Blackfriars, along with Burbage, (the original Richard III., Hamlet, and Othello,) Lowin, (the original Falstaff,) and others of histrionic note, in a patent under the great seal, dated the 27th March 1619—20. He performed as one of the "Children of the Queen's Chapel" in Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," 1600—in his "Poetaster," 1601—and as a child of "the Queen's Revels" in "Epicœne," 1609—in which latter year he is mentioned with Shakspeare, Daborne, and Kirkham in

* History of Dramatic Poetry, vol. iii. 85. By several passages in the same work, we find that Henslowe's extortion was a frequent subject of complaint with the players. But players are apt to be exorbitant as well as pawnbrokers. There is no coming at the rights of the matter now. Philip was far from a learned clerk; not that his orthography, or rather heterography, is any decisive test of his attainments; for men of classical education at that time spelt as strangely as any love-sick cook-maid, ere the schoolmaster was abroad. His diary, we are told, has been wickedly mutilated by thievish autograph hunters, who think themselves richer by filching an author's good or ugly name. It supplies a great deal of information respecting the payment of authors and actors, and the properties of the play-houses; which though in some respects far less various and appropriate than those exhibited in Hogarth's Barn, were exclaimed against by many, as tending by their mimic gorgeousness to bring the splendour of the crown itself into contempt.

a curious document brought to light by the indefatigable Collier, and given in his "New Facts." It authorises "the said Robert Daborne, William Shakspeare, Nath. Field, and Edward Kirkham, from time to time, to provide and bring upp a convenient nomber of children, and them to instruct and exercise in the quality of playing tragedies, comedies, &c., by the name of Children of the Revells to the Queene, within the Black fryers in our citie of London, or elsewhere within our realme of England." It would seem that Shakspeare soon drew out of the concern. He had formerly spoken with something like ridicule of these juvenile actors, who were thus enlisted, or rather impressed, into the service of Melpomene and Thalia, though with his usual discretion he muzzles the point of his censure, by intrusting it to that very civil, simple, good-sort of a gentleman, *Rosencrantz*:—"But there is, sir, an aviary of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for 't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills, and scarce dare come thither." But *Hamlet's* question in reply, is hardly fair. "What! are they children? Who maintains them? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?" Now, as to their maintenance, the children of the Queen's Chapel and the children of Paul's were probably better secured in that respect than their elders of the *quality*; and good provision was made for them when they *could no longer sing*. As early as the reign of Edward IV. it was appointed "Also when they" (the children of the Chapel) "be growen to the age of eighteen yeres, and then theire voyces be chaunged, and they cannot be preferred in this chappell, nor within this court, the number being full, then yf they will *absent*, the king *signeth* onely such child to a colledge of Oxford or Cambridge of the king's foundation, there to be in findeing and study sufficiently till the king otherwise list to advance him." And James I., in the first year of his reign, ordained that "after serving three years, if they lose their voices they shall be sent to college to be taught at the king's charge." Yet many good people, who are scandalized at the Latin plays of Westminster, will be surprised that in the pious days of England; in the glorious morning of the Reformation; in "great Eliza's golden time;" under Kings and Queens, that were the nursing-fathers and nursing-mothers of the Church—the public acting of plays should be, not the permitted recreation, but the compulsory employment of children devoted to sing the praises of God,—of plays, too, the best of which children may now only *read* in a "family" edition,—of some, whose very titles a modern father would scruple to pronounce before a woman or a child *.

Richard III., who appointed the first public bearwarden, was also the first who exercised the prerogative of impressing singing men and children, "even from cathedrals, colleges, chapels, and houses of religion," for the royal service. But a usurper may afford a precedent to the most legitimate sovereign; and accordingly we find that, in 1586, Queen Elizabeth "issued a warrant under her sign manual, authorising Thomas Gyles, master of the children of Paul's, to take up any boys in

* Among the plays claimed by William Beeston, as "Master of the King and Queen's young company of players, at the Cockpit in Drury-lane," were Ford's "'Tis Pity She's a Whore;" his only less offensive "Love's Sacrifice," and "A Fool and her Maidenhead soon parted;" a play of which I never heard elsewhere. This was in 1639. Three years afterwards the theatres were closed by authority of Parliament. I really think that it was almost time. Can it be wondered that old Prynne thought an attack upon plays a convenient vehicle for censure of a Court, which licensed such juvenile prostitution?

What made the abomination still worse was, that these poor children were purposely selected to utter the grossest licentiousness and personality—as Heywood was constrained to confess in his *Apology for Actors*: "Now to speak of some abuse lately crept into the quality, as an inveighing against the state, the court, the law, the city, and their governments, with the particularizing of private men's humours, yet alive, noblemen and others, I know that it distastes many; neither do I by any means approve it, nor dare by any means excuse the liberty which some arrogate to themselves, *committing their bitterness and liberal invectives against all estates to the mouths of children, supposing their juniority to be a privilege for any railing, be it never so violent.* I could advise all such to curb and limit this presumed liberty within the bounds of discretion and good government."

It should be mentioned that the acting of plays by the children of the Chapel Royal was forbidden, when a new warrant of impressment was issued to Nathaniel Giles, Mus. Doc., August 1626. Beeston's boys, therefore, needed not lose their voices with "hallooing and singing of anthems." But the part of a choir-boy is too histrionic to be wholesome in itself. Dicky Suet, "Cherub Dicky," was a chorister of Paul's.

cathedrals or collegiate churches, in order to be instructed for the entertainment of the court." James I. passed a similar order. I do not allude to these facts to throw odium on the memory of a great queen, or of a good-hearted and calumniated monarch, but that parents and children may be duly thankful that they do not live in the *good old times*.

Shakspeare seems to have foreseen, or more likely observed, one necessary consequence of this premature exhibition. "*If they should grow themselves to common players* (*as is most like, if their means are no better*)." The royal bounty would not, and could not, provide for all; and many, who had the offer of liberal education and a sober livelihood, would never be weaned from the stimulating pursuit of their boyhood. The Children of the Revels were not always children; and the argument of Reed, that Field, the juvenile actor, who played in "Epicœne," in 1609, could not be old enough to produce a comedy in 1611, and therefore could not be Massinger's coadjutor in the "Fatal Dowry," falls to the ground, when we see that in the same year, 1609, he was old enough to undertake a share in management with Shakspeare. I have little doubt that a considerable portion of those lads became confirmed players. Field must have been an actor of some eminence,—for we find that Henslowe stipulated to allow him six shillings a week (a fair salary at that time), in addition to the profits of his share (a theatre was then a sort of joint-stock company), as a retaining fee.

Robert Daborne, though he appears in such poor plight in the mendicant letter, was a man of good family, and academic education. In the preface to his "Christian turned Turk," 1612, he says, "my own descent is not obscure but generous." He wrote besides the "Christian turned Turk," and the "Poor Man's Comfort," printed, probably long after his death, in 1655; "The Devil and Machiavel," and the "Arraignment of London," which have not been discovered. He was in orders: his sermon, preached at Waterford, 1618, still survives. Perhaps he obtained some Irish preferment, and abandoned the "loathed stage." He was, however, by no means the only clerical dramatist of his time. Jasper Maine, and Cartwright, were both Divines,—the latter "a florid and seraphical preacher," as old Fuller hath it.

It does not appear to me certain, from Daborne's mention of "Mr. Fletcher's play and *ours*," that Massinger ever assisted Fletcher. But an epigram of Sir Aston Cockayne, who knew them both well, and was Massinger's friend and patron, is much stronger evidence on this point. It is addressed to Humphrey Moseley, on his publishing the folio Beaumont and Fletcher:—

In the large book of plays you late did print
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't
Did you not justice? Give to both their due?
Since Beaumont of those many writ but few,
And Massinger in other few; the main
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know
Fletcher's chief bosom friend inform'd me so.

I cannot agree with Mr. Gifford that the chief *bosom friend* was necessarily Massinger himself,—nor do I know that his hand has been detected in any of Fletcher's surviving works: but I think the lines almost conclusive of the fact, which may furnish a field of curious investigation to Fletcher's next editor.

Mr. Gifford asks, could the play for which the small advance was solicited be the "Fatal Dowry?" There is no knowing. The "Fatal Dowry" was not printed till 1632; but this proves nothing. The "Unnatural Combat" was not printed till 1639, yet there is every reason to suppose that it was written prior to the "Bondman," as it is not mentioned in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert; and Massinger, in his dedication, calls it an "old tragedy." There is strong internal evidence, in the earlier scenes of the "Fatal Dowry," that it was written by a man in debt,—for their direct tendency is to make creditors odious, and to hold up the laws of debtor and creditor to detestation. But it is not the only play in which Massinger has betrayed how keenly he felt

"The world was not his friend, nor the world's *law*."

He seldom slips an opportunity of glancing at the abuses of the courts, and the corruption of justice. The topic was, indeed, popular,—but he handles it with the sore sincerity of a sufferer. The "City Madam" sets forth with fearful vividness the miseries to which the mere turn of trade might reduce

an honest man, and the worse than despotic power which the law put into the hands of the obdurate, —allowing the same individual to be at once plaintiff, judge, and executioner. I cannot but think, that in penning the pathetic pleadings of *Luke* in behalf of the unfortunate merchants, he forgot that he was putting his own afflicted heart into the mouth of a villain. The "New Way to Pay Old Debts," by its very title, indicates an embarrassed author; and the whole piece is a keen and powerful satire on the mis-government which furnishes arms to the wicked.

My revered father, in a lecture which I shall never forget, with an eloquence of which the Notes published in his Remains convey as imperfect an impression as the score of Handel's Messiah upon paper compared to the Messiah sounding in multitudinous unison of voices and instruments beneath the high embowered roof of some hallowed Minster, contrasted the calm, patriotic, constitutional loyalty of Shakspeare, with the ultra-royalism of Fletcher on the one hand, and the captious whiggism of Massinger on the other. He should have remembered that Shakspeare was a prosperous man, of a joyous poetic temperament, while Massinger's native melancholy was exacerbated by sorrow and disappointment.

The sequel of his story contains little but the dates of his works. His dedications inform us that he had patrons; but we know not who were his bosom friends. In all probability he never married; and if he loved, he has left not a stanza nor a hint of his success or rejection. Sometimes I have imagined that, like Tasso, he fixed his affections too high for hope, as his fortunes were certainly too low for marriage. I ground this fancy,—for it is but a fancy,—on the "Bondman," the "Very Woman," and the "Bashful Lover," in all of which high-born ladies become enamoured, as they suppose, of men of low degree. To be sure, they all turn out to be gentlemen in disguise. This *discovery* is necessary to make the marriage prudent, like the reformation of the agreeable rake in the last scene of more recent comedy. But after all, the lady's love was for the slave, the incognito. Methinks, he soothed his despondency with a visionary unsphering of those stellar beauties, whose effluence was predominant over his affections, though they hardly consoled him with so much as "collateral light." He dreamed and shut his eyes, and tried to dream again—a dream he willed not to see realized,* for whatever might be his political bias, he was sufficiently aristocratic in all that

* Massinger, liberal as he was, had a superstitious horror of *mésalliance*.

> One aery with advantage, ne'er discloses
> The eagle and the wren. Tissue and frieze
> On the same garment! Monstrous. MAID OF HONOUR.

Where, by the way, Massinger seems to have tumbled into an anti-climax. For the eagle's aery and an old cloak are as ill matched as the frieze and tissue. But the allusion is to the livery of Mary of France and Charles Brandon. Things may be good or beautiful in themselves, but their dignity or meanness is merely circumstantial. The fool's coxcomb was the Κυρβασία of the Persian king. Vide Aristophanes in Avibus, aut vocem Κυρβασία apud Scapulam.

The same comparison a little varied occurs in the "New Way to Pay Old Debts," where *Margaret* says to *Lord Lovel*—

> You are noble,
> I of a low descent, however rich,
> And tissue matched with scarlet suits but ill.

Where scarlet, which, in point of taste, might match with tissue very well, is evidently chosen as the city colour. But the sentiment is much more characteristic of *Margaret*, who could not be ignorant of her father's ill name, and who was in love with a page, that of the high and haughty "Maid of Honour," whose descent could not be mean, and who loved the man to whom she depreciated herself. Besides, her scruple is frivolous and vexatious, for her lover is but a left-handed offspring of royalty. She had better reason to object to his birth than he to hers. In these cases, the old dramatists and *romantical* writers had an infallible mode of reconciling nature and aristocratic prejudice. The lovely Shepherdess or Squire of low degree always proves to be a lost or disowned shoot of royalty or nobility. "The Winter's Tale" furnishes a beautiful instance of this lucky ἀναγνώρισις.

Cervantes happily ridicules this sort of equivocal generation. "The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the ordinary manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage as the reward of his service; the father refuses to grant the boon on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheless, either by stealth or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife; and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when the knight proves to be the son of a valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found on the map."—*Don Quixote*, part 1, book 9, chap. 7.

Don't be too sure that he's a Beefeater.

condition. Old *Adam* makes servitude as venerable as grey hairs; *Timon's* steward and household remain steadfast when all the "*summer flies*" have flown. Their loyalty is a holy relic of antique faith, an amulet against the infection of their master's misanthropy. Shakspeare seems to have disliked nobody—but constables and jobbing justices, and deals very leniently with them. He was in perfect good-humour with court, city, and country, and spared none of them when a joke came into his head. But again be it remembered, Shakspeare was a prosperous man, of a happy complexion, and could take an excursion when he chose into Warwickshire or Faëry land.

We are naturally curious to inquire whether Massinger was known to Shakspeare; and whether they liked one another; and what they thought of each other; and whether they ever took a cup of sack together at the Mitre or the Mermaid; and whether Massinger was ever umpire or bottle-holder (he was too grave to be a partaker) at those *wit-combats*, so happily described by Old Fuller;* which nevertheless I shrewdly suspect, if taken down after the manner of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, † would

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Hear too, *Alexander*, Usher to false *Cresseide*:

> Hector, whose patience
> Is, as a virtue, fixt, to-day was moved,—
> He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
> And, like as there were husbandry in war,
> Before the sun rose he was harnessed light,
> And to the field goes he; where every flower
> Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
> In Hector's wrath!—Act i. s. 2.

It may be asked, do not these poetic speeches in the mouths of underlings violate dramatic *decorum*? τὸ ὅμοιον of Aristotle? Certainly they do. Servants in general not only do not talk thus,—but they talk nothing like it. There is no hint in their talk, and probably no germ in their thoughts, that could under any circumstances expand into such poetry; and were a plebeian character to hold such language throughout a play, it would be an impropriety, in any but a romantic-pastoral drama, which nowhere imitated the language of real life. But with Shakspeare these speeches constituted the *whole character*,—the persons merely appear to utter them, and then depart. He felt in truth that they were too poetical, too *Shakspearian*, to be entrusted to any of the active partners of the plot. The Greek dramatists, whose practice Shakspeare follows in many things, whether knowingly or unconsciously, in like manner generally distribute the ἀργὰ μέρη—the reflections and retrospects, and descriptions, which suggest either a splendid or an abstruse diction, between the Chorus and the Nuntius,—who are, for the most part, no *characters*: the Chorus being only κηδευτὴς ἄπρακτος a sleeping partner, and the Nuntius a viva-voce newspaper. The restricted plan of the Greek drama, and the epic nature of many of its subjects, necessitated a great deal of narration, which it has been *thought* necessary to enliven by a gorgeous display of imagery, and an oriental pomp of words. But the good sense of the authors showed them that such language, uttered by interested personages, would destroy all verisimilitude; they therefore committed it to the Nuntius, whose only business was to talk. The English reader may form a good idea of this part from the choruses to Henry V.

* "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him (Shakspeare) and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built higher in learning,—solid but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with an English man-of-war,—lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

† The genuine Noctes (now collected, revised, and published in a separate form) will not only afford to future historians a true feeling of the spirit of the times, and to all readers a *shoeing-horn* to thought or to laughter, but form a valuable addition to dramatic literature. Barring an occasional irregularity of plot, they are perfect specimens of *comedy*. Indeed, I know not any comedy in which actual conversation is so naturally imitated, without ever stiffening into *debate* or *amœbæan* oratory, or slipping into morning-call twaddle. Whatever the strain, whether wit, or fun, or pathos, or philosophy,—it arises spontaneously, as the tones of an æolian harp; you never feel that the party are met to discuss anything. One topic succeeds another, with the same apparent casualty, and the same under current of suggestion, as in the Odes of Pindar. The characters are sustained with consummate skill and consistency. Christopher North himself is, perhaps, the happiest speaking mask since *My Father Shandy* and *My Uncle Toby* were silent (for Elia is Charles himself). To be sure, the compotators have no bowels for Cockneys or Whigs. Yet I like their Toryism, because it is of the old, hearty, cavalier, fox-hunting, beef and port kidney, such as Ben and Shakspeare, and Dick Corbett (pride of the *lawn*), would have chimed in with. Tories, of the *Ambrosial* sect, understood, that in order to be a gentleman it is necessary to be a *man*. The prudish Conservatism of the present day is no more like genuine old Toryism, than Milton's Republicanism was like modern Radicalism. Let all *Blues*, of either sex, or

not have much enhanced the fame either of Shakspeare or Jonson, whatever they might say for their conviviality. The *wit-combats* in their plays, are the dullest sins of which they are ever guilty. Repartee is the accomplishment of lighter thinkers and a less earnest age. Besides, Μισῶ μνήμονα συμπότην. Most likely Shakspeare and Massinger met, but we have no ground to conjecture the amount of their acquaintance. As dramatists, they were hardly contemporary—at least, Shakspeare retired some years before Massinger produced his earliest *extant* play; though no less than nine, exclusive of the "Old Law" (his share in which is doubtful), are placed, in the lists of Malone and Gifford, before the "Virgin Martyr." * Let us take it for granted that the old Bard encouraged the young aspirant (for he knew the fatalities of the human will too well to dissuade), and prognosticated his future greatness; though the prognostics of poets with regard to each other are as fallible as their political vaticinations. There can be no doubt that Massinger admired and studied Shakspeare. In the haste of composition, his mind turned up many thoughts and phrases of the elder writer, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, but he was neither a plagiarist nor an imitator. His style, conduct, characterisation, and metre, are perfectly distinct. No serious dramatist of the age owed Shakspeare so little. Yet in a mock romance called "Wit and Fancy in a Maze, or Don Zara del Fogo," 1656, where an uproar of the poets is described, Massinger is introduced as one of Shakspeare's body-guard. Hence, and from an ambiguous expression or two in his prologues,† seeming to glance

none,—liberal or conservative, high church, low church or no church,—water drinkers or liqueur sippers,—keep in *good company*, out of the reach of Christopher's crutch.

* Their titles are, "The Forced Lady," "The Secretary," "The Noble Choice," "The Wandering Lovers," "Philenzo and Hippolyta," "Antonio and Vallia," "The Tyrant," "Fast and Welcome" (a title that does not sound *popish*), and The Woman's Plot," which last was acted at Court in 1621. All these, except "The Secretary," which seems to have been printed, though now lost, with "The Spanish Viceroy" (acted 1624), "Minerva's Sacrifice" (Nov. 3, 1629), and "Believe as You List" (May 7, 1631), perished in Mr. Herald Warburton's kitchen by a more ignominious combustion than the Alexandrian library, though that was twice consumed,—first by Christian zeal, and then by Saracenic fanaticism. Mr. Warburton should have walked barefoot over the ashes of Herculaneum for a penance; but he did no penance: and I am afraid he *did* scold his cook, who was not to blame. Yet I would commend this incident to the serious reflection of those persons who would not have domestics able to write, or to read writing Only consider,—they might have been sermons instead of plays. Fifty-two sermons,—warranted original! We need not, however, utterly despair of recovering some of these sybilline books. The "Parliament of Love" came to light very opportunely for Mr. Gifford, by whom it was first printed (though with some unavoidable lacunæ) from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone, and supposed to be Massinger's autograph, with sundry obliterations and interpolations, by the officious—I mean official—Sir H. Herbert. A lucky discovery put the fact beyond doubt. Mr. Gifford, in the interval between his first and second edition, received a letter from Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, announcing that Mr. Blore, in collecting materials for a History of Derbyshire, had discovered, among the papers of the late Mr Gell of Hopton, a copy of the original edition of the "Duke of Milan,"—presented by the author to Sir Francis Foljambe, a Derbyshire gentleman, to whom he afterwards dedicated his "Maid of Honour,"—interlined and corrected throughout with his own hand, and preceded by a copy of verses addressed to Sir Francis himself. The acquisition of this treasure must have brightened at least one day in Gifford's painful existence. It established Massinger's claim to the "Parliament of Love," sometime attributed to Rowley,—a play in which the Editor had the interest of a foster-father,—though, as seems to me, of no very gracious child. It decided the orthography of Massinger's name,—which Mr. Malone would have to be Messenger,—as it is spelt in Davison's endorsement. A man who makes a name has an undoubted right to spell it as he chooses. But, above all, Mr. Gifford ascertained from Massinger's own hand the correctness of several of his conjectural emendations! His triumph must have been as great as Bentley's when he found that his conjectural restoration of a Greek inscription was the actual reading of the stone. These statements, derived from the advertisement to the second edition, may give us hope, that in some forgotten hiding-place of some old Catholic or Royalist mansion, redolent of foisty antiquity—where countless generations of the genus Blatta have wrought their winding catacombs for centuries,—some unknown labour of Massinger, Fletcher, or Shakspeare himself, may *now be crumbling* . . . . . Were it but a note or a memorandum . . . . . While speaking of Mr. Gifford, I must take leave gently to complain of him, and other investigators of curious literature, for referring, with the most provoking bibliographical accuracy, to books and manuscripts which, to all but one out of ten thousand, might as well be in the lost Pleiad as where they are: instead of transcribing the passages required to establish the point in question. I am sorely puzzled about Don Zara del Fogo, with whom I have no acquaintance, and no chance of an introduction. I cannot tell what he implies by making Massinger a satellite of Shakspeare.

† He submits
To the grave censure of those abler wits

at the impatience of Ben at the ill-usage of his "New Inn," and other *senilia*, it has been surmised, I hope erroneously, that he was ill-affected towards Jonson. It is an unwise thing in an author to show that he is hurt, and a vain attempt to appeal against the decrees of such an irresponsible despot as an audience. It is only for a Coriolanus, Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*, to say to the people, "I banish you." But it is worse than unwise to reproach an aged genius with the decay of his powers, and if Massinger joined with the "stinkards, in the twopenny rooms," or the gallants who took tobacco on the stage, to insult the infirmities of poor old Ben, not all our admiration of the Dramatist ought to save the man from contempt. But I do not, I cannot believe it. Genius may be vicious, may be mad, but can it be base?

Massinger himself was not tame to censure. It appears that his "Emperor of the East" was opposed on its first appearance. The dishonour was fairly wiped off when the play was commanded at court. A court *bespeak** was the highest favour a dramatist could look for; and Massinger took the occasion to express his vexation in an occasional prologue, as follows:—

> As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear
> To oppressed innocence, now vouchsafe to hear
> His weakness, nor dares he profess that when
> The critics laugh, he 'll laugh at them again.
> Strange self-love in a writer!—*Prologue to Guardian.*
>
> Let others, building on their merit, say
> You 're in the wrong, if you move not that way
> Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn
> Their maxims, but incapable to discern
> 'Twixt truth and falsehood. Ours had rather be
> Censured by some for too much obsequy
> Than tax'd of self-opinion.—*Prologue to Bashful Lover.*

I cannot positively affirm that Massinger did not write this mob-adulation, for everything he has written in rhyme is exceedingly clumsy, but there is no proof whatever that he did write it. Prologues were then, as in later times, after-thoughts, and in general not composed by the author of the play. No one can think, for instance, that the prologue to "King Henry VIII." was written by Shakspeare,—or Ben Jonson either. Such jobs were generally committed to the operatives of the play-house. Dryden seems to have been the first who fairly set his wits to work at a prologue or epilogue. I believe Mr. Miles Peter Andrews was the last who acquired a reputation in this line. Epilogue writers in particular have applied the *experimentum crucis*, to ascertain how much doggrel, vulgarity, and impudence, they could get an actress to speak, or a gallery to endure.

Nothing short of demonstration shall make me believe that Massinger curried favour by insulting Jonson. There were hands enough about any play-house for such dirty work, and I beg leave to propose that the obnoxious lines be attributed to Swanston, the "wretched player," as Gifford calls him, who, while his fellow actors either fought for their royal patron, or were content to beg, steal, or starve, as best they could, slunk over to the prevailing party, and professed that "he had always been a presbyterian in his heart." I confess, I can bring no evidence of this, only Swanston was an actor at the theatres where Massinger's plays were produced, very famous in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, and the only one of the *quality* that ratted: and what is a little additional soot to a chimney-sweeper?

* Massinger had his share of *bespeaks*. It may surprise some of our sabbatarian high-church-men that the semi-canonized Charles ordered "The Guardian,"—no very Hannah *Morisco* drama—to be performed at court on SUNDAY, 12th January, 1633, just after the appearance of Prynne's *Histriomastyx*. This looks like defiance, and to say the best of it, was in bad taste. For the *Book of Sports* there was at least a plausible pretext—the inhibition of healthful exercises in the open air does not induce the labouring class to keep the sabbath holy. But there is a wide difference between out-of-door recreation, permitted to the poor on their only day of leisure, and a play performed for lucre, in a crowded room, before persons who may see plays any day in the week. But it was by no means the only instance in which Charles, partly from opposition to the puritans, and partly in complaisance to his wife, outraged the religious feelings of his best friends. He actually gave leave to a French company to play on sermon-days during Lent. How came it that Laud did not remonstrate against acts, which, whether criminal or not, were certainly *mali exempli*, and superfluously unpopular? Perhaps he did—and was disregarded; perhaps his devotion to the king, as head of the church, closed his lips. Yet St. Ambrose did not scruple to put an emperor to open penance. Loyalty is the bounden duty of a Christian, but ultra-royalism is the Achilles heel of the Church of England, which has suffered more by the reign of Charles II than by the temporary domination of its enemies. Sir Henry Herbert, who knew well enough who was at the bottom of the Lent business, refused ten pounds from the French players "*because he*

A short petition. At your feet, in me
The poet kneels, and to your Majesty
Appeals for justice. What we now present,
When first conceived, in his vote and intent
Was sacred to your pleasure, in each part
With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art
Fashioned and formed so as might well and may
Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.
He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,
Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;
But laboured that no passage might appear
But what the Queen without a blush might hear,
And yet this poor work suffered by the rage
And envy of some Catos of the Stage.
Yet still he hopes this play, which then was seen,
With sore eyes, and condemned out of their spleen,
May be by you, the supreme judge, set free
And raised above the reach of calumny.

I know not what Queen Henrietta did and did not blush at, but certainly I would not undertake to read the "Emperor of the East" in the presence of female majesty, without considerable curtailment, and the entire excision of the prose part of the fourth scene of the fourth act, in which the author (not Massinger, who never wrote prose), for the sake of a *scurrilous jest*, has committed a medical

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wished to render the Queen, his mistress, an acceptable service." Yet he made Massinger pay twenty shillings for a play he would not permit to be performed.—Sneak!

Queen Henrietta paid Massinger a more unusual compliment than ordering his plays at court. She attended the performance of his "Cleander" (a lost tragedy), at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Considering what theatres then were, when the young gallants were in the habit of displaying their bravery and tobacco-pipes on stools upon the stage (a nuisance which Charles II. thought necessary to abate by an order in council), and when there were twopenny rooms where ale and tobacco were sold, I cannot think this a very queenly or prudent condescension. On another occasion, February, 1636, when Davenant's "Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour" was presented at the Middle Temple, the daughter of Henri Quatre with her ladies sat on the platform with the promiscuous assemblage, in the dress of citizens' wives, then far more distinct from court habiliments than at present. Charles should not have permitted these vagaries. Unseemly condescension never atones for habitual hauteur; and unpopular personages, by hunting popularity, only add contempt to hatred. Popular characters, while their day lasts, may do anything; their vices are only proofs of a good heart; their ill-humours are *dulces Amaryllidis iræ*—pretty Fanny's way—their grossest absurdity is perfume in the public nostrils.

Decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam hæc
Delectant, veluti Balbinum polypus Agnæ.

But every man that squinted was not a Wilkes, even in the heyday of Wilkes and liberty. Kemble's cough and Kean's "damnable faces" were only admired in Kemble and Kean. Desdemona might not have fancied Ignatius Sancho, though she fell in love with Othello. The very peculiarities, which as symbols of individuality, serve as pegs for love to hang upon, are just as liable to arrest the burs of hatred. Every one must have felt this in their own case. A lisp —a stammer—a provincial accent—a cast of the eye—*un petit nez retroussé*, how amiable in the amiable, in the disagreeable how odious.

A popular person can do nothing wrong: an unpopular person, especially if of high rank, can do nothing right. The French never affected puritanical rigour. Yet the levities into which Marie Antoinette was seduced by the over-confidence of virtue, were served up as a *bonne-bouche* for Jacobin malice. But what with the common unthinking vulgar is merely prejudice, becomes deadly rancour when vulgarity is intensified by fanaticism. Poor Henrietta and her royal husband were sorely mistaken if they thought that by publicity and splendour they could appease a hatred which had usurped the throne of duty.

I know not whether Massinger received any pecuniary bounty from the king beyond the customary honorarium, which he might share with the players. Charles gave Cartwright forty pounds for his "Royal Slave," perhaps from some mysterious presentiment connected with the name. His interest in theatricals was more than consistent with the gravity of his character. He furnished Shirley with the plot of his "Gamester," and desired Sir H. Herbert to inform him that it was the best play he had seen for seven years. I like Charles all the better for these things, but the puritans did not. His expenses in masques and pageants would have paid and armed many loyal soldiers, and perhaps *might* have bought off a patriot or two.

anachronism. But surely Massinger could have no right, after authorising this prologue, to reflect on Ben.

With this doubtful exception, our author seems to have lived on good terms with all his brethren. No line in his plays could annoy any writer—living or dead—which is more than can be said for Shakspeare, who was rather prone to parody. Shirley, Ford, May, Goff (in a Latin epigram which would puzzle Martial, and break Priscian's heart), George Donne (whom Mr. Weber innocently confounded with Dr. John Donne), and a cortege of Jays, and W. B.'s, and T. J.'s, heralded his plays, like the dwarf before the giant, with commendatory verses, which it is well to accept as testimonies of friendship—for assuredly they are good for nothing else.

His dedications are beautiful samples of pure mother English, commendable for a self-respectful respectfulness, very different from the presumptuous adulation of Dryden and Young, but painful from their weary iteration of complaint and acknowledgment—

> I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning;
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Hath oftener left me mourning.—Wordsworth.

Complaint seems to have become habitual to him, like the sickly tone of a confirmed valetudinarian, who thinks you unfeeling if you tell him he is looking well. We are accustomed to hear of the peaceful days of Charles, as days when the sister Muses sang together in the warm light of a Christian Phœbus. Yet Massinger continually talks of his "despised quality," and addresses each successive dedicatee as his sole and last hope. Gifford says, "all Massinger's patrons were persons of worth and consideration." He never degraded himself, like poor Otway, by dedicating to a titled courtezan; but his principal patron, Philip of Pembroke and Montgomery, has left a stain upon the name of Herbert which no dedication can wash away. His ignorance and cowardice have, no doubt, been much exaggerated; but of his brutality, meanness, and ingratitude, there can be no doubt at all.

The only undramatic *poem* (if so it may be called) of any length that Massinger has left, memorializes the death of this nobleman's eldest son, who died at Florence, January, 1636. It might as well be forgotten—if it were not for one passage, curious as illustrating the customs of the age.

> That great ladies mourn
> His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn
> Drops of compassion; that true sorrow fed
> With showers of tears, still bathes the widowed bed
> Of his dear spouse—

Now this "dear spouse" had never been, in any rational or Christian sense, a wife at all. Charles Lord Herbert was married (if the profane abuse of a holy ceremony can constitute marriage) to Mary, daughter of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, 1634, when the poor little girl was so young, that it was expedient the bridegroom should immediately set out on his travels. Providence employed the small-pox to disappoint the avarice or ambition of the match-makers. Had this young couple arrived at nubile years, would either of them have been bound in conscience to stand to the bargain?

Is it not lamentable to see a man like Massinger, whom we would preserve in everlasting remembrance, constrained to write nonsense for a poor pittance from one who deserved not the impunity of oblivion?

> Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
> Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—Juvenal, iii. 152.

> The woes of poverty might well be borne,
> Were not the poor compelled to merit scorn.

Massinger did feel, painfully feel his humiliation. The degradation of patronage ate into his soul. It is good to be dependent, where the dependency grows out of natural relation, or constituted order. But to sue for dependence;—to court the bondage of obligation, as it is a sore evil for any

man, so for the highly-gifted and high-minded it is worse than pauperism. Literature is a bad trade; but it is better to pursue it as a trade, than calculate upon the bounty of great ones, which is only honourable when "it droppeth as the gracious dew from heaven." To inward disquietude, and a desire to utter in falsetto what his poverty forbade him to speak in his natural tones, rather than to any sincere sympathy with the nascent republicanism of his age, we must ascribe the angry dislike of kings, and courts, and ministers, which is so obtrusive in Massinger's plays, and the unnecessary,—unpoetical baseness of many of his characters. His political sentiments, abstractedly considered, are, for the most part, just; but they are thrust in head and shoulders, where there is no dramatic call for them. He could not get fairly out of England—not the grand ancestral England of imaginative patriotism — but the factious, quarrelsome, half-servile, half-rebellious England of his own day. He felt the manacles about him,

And dragged, at each remove, a lengthening chain.

His political allusions sometimes brought him into trouble; and if King Charles had not been more liberal than Sir Henry (who did little more credit to the name of Herbert than his kinsman Philip), he might have suffered more severely. On the 11th January, 1631, the Master of the Revels refused to license a play of his, the name of which has not transpired, "because it did contain dangerous matter, as the deposing of Sebastian king of Portugal by Philip II., there being peace sworn between England and Spain. I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reading it over, and ought always to be brought with a book." So far Sir Henry, who seems to have been a mighty gnat-strainer, and a bit of a puritan, who reconciled his conscience to the profane employment of reading and allowing plays, by exacting the uttermost farthing from poet and player—holding with his *fellow-creature* in Sheffield's Session,

Though the function was wicked—the salary was good.

Now mark the difference between a Jack in office and a generous King. In 1638, when the dispute ran high about ship-money Massinger produced a play on the history of Don Pedro the Cruel, called "The King and Subject," in which occurred the following passage:—

Monies? We'll raise supplies which ways we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify; the wives
And daughters of the senators bowing to
Their wills as deities, &c.

"This is a piece taken out of Philip Massinger's play, called the King and the Subject, and entered here for ever, to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes upon it, in honour of king Charles my master, who reading over the play at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in these words:—'This is too insolent, and to be changed.' Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro, king of Spain, and spoken to his subjects." —*Register of Master of Revels.*

Now there can be little doubt, that by Don Pedro Massinger meant King Charles, and more than insinuated that the liberty taken with the people's purse would be extended to their wives and daughters; and had Charles not chanced to read the play at Newmarket, ten to one Sir Henry would have dealt with Don Pedro as he did with Don Sebastian, pocketed his fee, and left the poet his pains for his labour. But the king was content to set his mark over the obnoxious passage, and gave his special allowance to the writer who had gone out of the way for a clap-trap at his expense. In the same register we read:—

"At Greenwich, the 4th of June. Mr. W. Murray gave me power from the king to allow of the play, and told me that he would warrant it."

Sir Henry informs us that the name of the play was altered. Mr. Malone conjectures that it was the "Tyrant" before mentioned; but I do not see how that could mend the matter. It was acted June 5, 1638, but never printed, and has not been found. The subject has great dramatic

capabilities; but I doubt whether Massinger would treat it worthily either of the theme, or of himself. Neither Tragedy nor Comedy, in the strictest force of the terms, was his province. Besides, he had an unlucky habit of getting into a passion with his bad characters, and making them wilful demonstrators of their own depravity. Smollett, particularly in his Count Fathom, falls into this mistake. Euripides was not free from it. It nowhere occurs in Homer, Cervantes, or Shakspeare, the great and true dramatists, and very seldom in Fielding or Sir Walter Scott.

Massinger's excellence—a great and beautiful excellence it is—was in the expression of virtue, in its probation, its strife, its victory. He could not, like Shakspeare, invest the perverted will with the terrors of a magnificent intellect, or bestow the cestus of poetry on simple unconscious loveliness.

We draw to a close. After "The King and Subject," so happy in its timely expurgation, Massinger produced two dramas, "Alexius, or the Chaste Lover," and "The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo." It is a pity they are both lost, for the titles promise much in his best way. The last was acted in January, 1640. On the 16th March in the same year, he went to bed in apparent health, and was found dead in the morning in his house on the Bankside. Such is the received account; but he seems to have had none to care for him, none to mark his symptoms, or to detect the slow decay which he might conceal in despair of sympathy.

Poorly, poor man, he lived—poorly, poor man, he died.

He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians were his only mourners—perhaps half envious of his escape from the storm that was already grumbling afar, and sending ahead its herald billows. No stone marked his neglected resting-place, but in the parish register appears this brief memorial, "March 20, 1639-40—buried Philip Massinger, a STRANGER." His sepulchre was like his life, obscure: like the nightingale, he sung darkling—it is to be feared, like the nightingale of the fable, with his breast against a thorn.*

JOHN FORD † was descended from a family long settled in the north of Devonshire. Those who have an opportunity of consulting Prince's "Worthies of Devon," may find a great deal about his genealogy, but little or nothing about himself. Suffice it to say, that Thomas Ford, of Ilsington, married the sister or daughter "of the famous Lord Chief Justice Popham, and had issue John the Poet and several others." John the Poet was baptized in Ilsington church, 17th April, 1586, and became a member of the Middle Temple, November 1602. He found a cousin, John Ford (the Fords were almost all Johns,) at Gray's Inn. No small advantage is it for a youth, on his first entrance at town or college, to have a kinsman or friend established just before him, old enough for a counsellor, and not too old for a companion.‡ To the influence of John Ford, of Gray's Inn, it

* Following Gifford, I was here led into an error in the first edition, which I suffer to stand in the text, the more to fix attention on the correction. Massinger was buried in St. Saviour's, March 18, 1638-9; and no less a sum than £2 was paid for his funeral, which shows that he was interred with unusual cost and ceremony. Gifford (strangely enough) did not know that every person there buried, who did not belong to the parish, was termed "*a stranger*." See these facts in Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare.*

† Lucian wrote a whimsical piece called Δικὴ φωνηέντων, the lawsuit of the bowels. The letter E might find ground for litigation in the names of Shakspear or Shakespeare, Massinger or Messenger, and Ford or Forde. I am not aware that any autograph of the last has been discovered; but the anagram, Fide Honor, seen in the title-pages of some of his plays, pleads for the final E. I doubt, however, if anagrams are legal evidence in these cases; and the matter is not worth contesting,—as this anagram is no way significant or prefigurative, like some which Camden has collected. The most extraordinary instance of anagrammatical prophecy that I remember, is that of Horatio Nelson, —*Honor est a Nilo.* The Cabala cannot equal it.

‡ This observation I owe to my late father, who often used to dwell on the advantage he derived from finding his fellow Christ's-boy Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, at Cambridge, and the loss he sustained at the departure of such a guide and example. I experienced a similar loss at Oxford, in the late Bishop of Barbadoes, now master of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, though his rank in the university would have prohibited him from associating with a freshman who was not his kinsman.

may perhaps be attributed, that John Ford, of the Middle Temple, stuck to his legal studies, and persevered in his profession, seemingly with good success, though we know not what was the peculiar nature of his professional engagements. He did not forget the obligation, but affectionately remembered his cousin, and is anxious to proclaim to the world, that he had not left his "calling for the idle trade *."

As plays and masques were periodically represented by the Inns of Court, a young lawyer's becoming a writer of plays could be no indecorum: yet it was not in this line that Ford first appeared in print. He was early in the field. In 1606, in his eighteenth year, he published "Fame's Memorial," a tribute to the memory of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy †, for by that title he is better and more honourably known, than by the earldom of Devonshire. It is dedicated to the Lady Penelope, the unhappy cause of the great Mountjoy's unhappiness. Ford speaks of himself as "a young stranger, totally unknown" to the lady, and probably to her lord also; but the sad history and premature death of such a man must have been rife in the mouths of men, and well might actuate a genius yet in the egg, but destined to be potent in the issues of erratic passion.

> The dread strife
> Of poor humanity's afflicted will
> Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.—WORDSWORTH.

I say genius in the egg, for a young crocodile could not crawl forth from the shell, prematurely crushed, a more unseemly miniature of its future self, than "Fame's Memorial" presents of the future Ford. It is worth reading as a warning to all those figure-casters who prognosticate the success or failure of authors from their *Juvenilia*. Had any seer predicted that the maker of all that stuff was to deserve a lofty seat among England's dramatists, he would have been as heartily laughed at, as he who should have foretold to Trajan, that a Christian priest would one day fulminate

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* His dedications are tiresomely iterative upon this point. He calls "The Lover's Melancholy" "the first fruits of his leisure,"—"'Tis Pity, &c.," "the first fruits of his leisure,"—"The Lady's Trial," "the issue of less serious hours;" and he tells the Earl of Antrim, to whom he presented the "Fancies Chaste and Noble," that his "courtship of greatness never aimed at any thrift." So much the better; but what was all this to the public or his patrons either?

Ford's dedications present a curious contrast to Massinger's in another respect. In all his dramas his language, when not obscured by vain emulation of Shakspeare's involution and superfœtation of thought, is as clear as the stars on a frosty night when there is no moon,—but in his prose addresses he is sometimes as laboriously unintelligible as if he would give the Sphynx a lesson—that might have saved her life—to secure her meaning from being guessed by having no meaning at all. Take a specimen: "As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many, but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music." Is not this *curiosa infelicitas?*

† The life of this great man is the finest subject for biography now unoccupied. He was the true conqueror of Ireland,—the friendly rival of Essex,—the more his friend because he had been his rival; but that sad destiny which makes some men martyrs,—and inflicts on others infinite pains, far worse than martyrdom,—tried Mountjoy to the utmost. If he failed,—*let him that has no sin throw the first stone.* He loved the sister of Essex, and she loved him. But the Court of Wards interfered, and she was sold to Lord Rich. The natural consequences followed. Yet neither Mountjoy nor the lady suffered in reputation, till they married. It is difficult to calculate the issues of etiquette. Court morality, when it is at the best, was rather conventional at all times,—so, as long as Lord Mountjoy (made Earl of Devonshire by James I.) suffered his connexion with Lady Rich to be a thing which everybody knew but nobody was *obliged* to know, all went on well. The lady was received, and Mountjoy enjoyed the favour which his public service had earned. The lady parted from the man who, taking her against her will, must be deemed guilty of what the law, till lately, punished with death, a penalty which should have remained as long as death was inflicted at all. Yet I say not that Mountjoy and she did right. However bitter the cup of duty may be, duty commands us to drink it even to the dregs.

Laud married them. King James said, "Ye have gotten a fair woman with a foul heart." I hope this was not true. But Mountjoy felt it. He that might fairly have claimed the highest place among England's subjects for his well-deserving, pined away, and died untimely,—the victim of an iniquitous law and an unfortunate passion.

Ford was not the only poet that wept for the death of Mountjoy. The moral Daniel wrote one of his sweetest monodies on that occasion.

Ford no doubt remembered Mountjoy and his hapless love when he wrote the "Broken Heart." By far the finest scene in all the old Dramatists (Shakspeare of course excepted) is that in which Penthea laments her "enforced marriage."

from the Seven Hills more dreaded edicts than his own. In the paucity of direct information, we are glad to hang a conjecture on any loop of an author's raggedness. Mr. Gifford has discovered, from certain hints in the "Memorial," that Ford, at eighteen, was the prey of a hopeless passion for a nymph so cruel, as to earn the classical appellation of Lycia, or she-wolf. Most poets think it necessary to be, or to have been, in love, and most men at eighteen fancy themselves so.

Ford submitted to the usual dramatic apprenticeship, and like the pupils of the great masters in painting, was content to forward the works which his elders had designed, or retouch what time had discoloured. He assisted Webster in "A late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother," a play not extant, and perhaps no great loss. Such as have an appetite that way, and no dread of the nightmare, may "sup full of horrors" on the remaining dramas of Webster. No doubt it was of the same class with "Arden of Feversham," and the "Yorkshire Tragedy." He joined with Decker in the "Fairy Knight" and the "Bristowe Merchant"—both lost. The latter was probably founded on some recent event. "An Ill Beginning has a Good End," acted at the Cockpit, 1613, "The London Merchant," "The Royal Combat," and "Beauty in a Trance," entered on the Stationers' books, but not printed, were *used up* by Mr. Warburton's cook.

The "Witch of Edmonton," by Decker, Rowley, and Ford, probably appeared about 1622 or 1623, for a woman, named Elizabeth Sawyer, was executed on a charge of witchcraft in 1621, and the play was evidently got up to take advantage of a temporary excitement; it has all the incongruity that might be expected in a hasty work of three authors. Ford once more united with Decker in the "Sun's Darling," a moral masque, acted March, 1623-24, but supposed to be a recast of an older piece. The last act, which bears the strongest marks of Ford, may have been written at a later period, after the accession of Charles I., as it evidently alludes to the Scotch, and their repugnance to the religious ordinances of the prelacy *. As it was not printed till 1657, when it appeared under

* Raybright, "the Sun's Darling," having successfully sated himself with the other Seasons, threatens to visit the realm of Winter, by which Scotland is evidently intended—much to the consternation of the poorer inhabitants, two of whom open the 5th act, with politic grumblings, for which they are thus rebuked by Winter:—

What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?
Will you prov 't true, "No good comes from the north?"
Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your Prince's entry into this his land?
A Prince, who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of merciful and wise;
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they 're truly just:
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage
War against Heaven; and from his shining throne
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder-stroke;
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,
From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of Hell.

1st. *Clown*. The devil he can as soon! We fear no colours; let him do his worst; there 's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are grown so dear, there 's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2nd. *Clown*. They say this Prince too would bring new laws upon us; new rites into the temples of our Gods; and that 's abominable.

Winter A most fair pretence,
To found rebellion upon conscience!

the auspices of Theophilus Byrde and Andrew Pennycuyke, two actors out of work, obliged, like other distressed tradesmen, to sell off their stock for what they could get, there was time enough for alterations; and it would naturally be printed as it was last acted.

Ford now took a long rest. At least we hear nothing of him till 1628, when he produced the "Lover's Melancholy," acted Nov. 24, and printed the following year. In his dedication he says, "My presumption of coming in print in this kind, has hitherto been irreprovable; this piece being the first that ever courted reader." We may fairly conclude, therefore, that whatever dramatic works he had previously written, alone or in concert, had not been printed. Though himself a member of the Middle Temple, he dedicates "*To my worthily respected friends, Nathaniel Finch, John Ford, Esqrs., Mr. Henry Blunt, Mr. Robert Ellice*, and all the rest of *the noble society of Gray's Inn*." This was a compliment to his cousin. Most likely N. Finch and John Ford, who are designated esquires, were benchers, or otherwise distinguished by forensic honours. The title of the piece was seemingly suggested by Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," then recently published. Ford borrowed as freely from that delightful book as Sterne—more honestly, for he could have neither hope nor wish of concealment, but not to so good purpose. The play is ushered, as usual, by commendatory verses by George Donne (a regular contributor on these occasions, whose rhymes, *occasional* as the bellman's or the Laureate's, may be excused if they exhibit the same degree of merit), William Singleton, a relation of Massinger's, Hum. Howorth, whose tribute has all the oracular darkness of no meaning; and 'O φιλος, who seems to have estimated his offering at its true worth, —for thus saith he,

> 'Tis not the language, nor the *fore-placed rhymes*
> *Of friends*, that shall commend to after times
> The Lover's Melancholy.

In great men's houses, you must thread your way through a file of menials, who pass your name like a watch-word, till the man *of figure* finally commits you to the drawing-room. The commendatory verses that throng the entrance of old books would be almost as troublesome, if you could not brush by without heeding them.

Massinger wrote rapidly and incessantly. No wonder. It was his vocation. A week's holiday might have thrown him out of employment for a year. Operative authors should keep the Sabbath, but they should make no Saint Mondays. They should observe the painter's rule, *nulla dies sine linea*. Like poor hacks on the road, while warm in the harness we jog on, not very happy perhaps, but still with a certain sense of power, hardly conscious of each separate effort, and precipitated by accumulated velocity. But let us once get cold, and our joints stiff, the whole arrear of weariness comes upon us with compound interest, the toil which was hardly felt in the act becomes terrible in the retrospect, and nothing short of the actual cautery of antique Irish posting can set us in motion again. Ford was a professional *gentleman*. Perhaps in his younger days he did look to the stage for a supplement

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> Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still
> Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
> Not by indifferent reason, which to you
> Comes, as in drought the elemental dew
> Does to the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give
> Moisture enough to make the plants to live.
> Things void of soul! can you conceive that he,
> Whose every thought's an act of piety,
> Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
> That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,
> Cannot direct you in the fittest way
> To serve those Powers, to which *himself* does pay
> True zealous worship; nay 's so near allied
> To them, himself must needs be *deified*.

These passages proclaim a date later than 1624. It is to be remarked that all these exalted perfections have fallen upon Raybright, between the 4th and 5th acts. In the previous scenes, little of which attest the hand *of Ford*, he has been represented as an unstable voluptuary, wholly governed by his humour, Folly.

to a scanty allowance. His share in the price of a play might pay for an extra supper, (not a ten-pound supper, however,) an excursion down the river, or a little extravagant charity. At least, his quality as dramatist gave him a free admission to the theatres, and entitled him to speak of Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Burbage, and Lowin, as if he belonged to the set. Young templars to this day are proud of knowing actors and dramatic authors. Ford could not pique himself on the smiles of actresses, for in his day there were none. But when he had outgrown the vanities of his youth, and established himself in business, he ostentatiously disdained all view to profit in his writings, and appeared on the stage or in print only at irregular intervals. He had, and took time, to write up to his own ideal. He disowned all courtship of the vulgar taste; we might therefore suppose that the horrible stories which he has embraced in "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," "The Broken Heart," and "Love's Sacrifice," were his own choice, and his own taste. But it would be unfair from hence to conclude that he delighted in the contemplation of vice and misery, as vice and misery He delighted in the sensation of intellectual power, he found himself strong in the imagination of crime and of agony; his moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, by compassion for rare extremes of suffering. He abhorred vice—he admired virtue; but ordinary vice or modern virtue were, to him, as light wine to a dram drinker. His genius was a telescope, ill-adapted for neighbouring objects, but powerful to bring within the sphere of vision, what nature has wisely placed at an unsociable distance. Passion must be incestuous or adulterous; grief must be something more than martyrdom, before he could make them big enough to be seen. Unquestionably he displayed great *power* in these horrors, which was all he desired; but had he been "of the first order of poets," he would have found and displayed superior power in "familiar matter of to-day," in failings to which all are liable, virtues which all may practise, and sorrows for which all may be the better.

These three tragedies were printed in 1633. It is in the two former that Ford's tragic fame is founded. "Love's Sacrifice," is a most unsavoury offering, certainly not to Venus Urania, and contains little to atone for a disgusting story, clumsily plotted, and characters essentially vile.

His next work was of a more pleasing description. It is indeed the best specimen of the historic drama to be found out of Shakspeare; and, as a compact consecutive representation of a portion of English history, excels King John or the two Parts of Henry IV. It has as much unity as the dramatic history admits or requires; a clearly defined catastrophe, to which every incident contributes, and every scene advances. Ford showed great judgment in selecting a manageable episode of history, instead of a reign or a "life and death," which no one but Shakspeare could ever make practicable. With still finer tact, he represents *Perkin Warbeck* as a thorough believer in his own royalty. It is not necessary to suppose that he anticipated Horace Walpole or Malcolm Laing. Most likely he never asked himself who was the real Perkin Warbeck, but what sort of a Perkin was best suited for dramatic effect. A poet or dramatist is not required to settle *historic doubts*. When Burns and Wordsworth tuned the complaints of the captive Mary, they did not consider whether the woman living in the 16th century, deserved captivity. "Perkin Warbeck" was printed in 1634. If we may judge from the unusual number of *Commendatory Verses* (among which the name of the perpetual George Donne and John Ford of Gray's Inn, are conspicuous) it must have excited much attention. We may regret that Ford did not pursue the vein so prosperously opened, or repose under his laurels; for his comedy, "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," adds little to his reputation. And his tragi-comedy "The Lady's Trial," though not ill conceived, and in some parts, beautifully written, is abrupt in its conclusion, and unsatisfactory as a whole. The former was printed in 1638; the latter in 1639.

From this time, we hear no more of Ford. Two years elapsed and the dramatist's "occupation was gone." Some suppose that our author died shortly after the appearance of "The Lady's Trial;" but inquiries, too late to arrive at certainty, have scented a faint tradition, that he withdrew to his native place, married, became a father, lived respected, and died at a good old age. It has even been asserted that Sir Henry Ford, secretary for Ireland in the reign of Charles II. (at whose death, in 1684, the line of Fords terminated,) was the poet's son or grandson. All this appears to me very dubious. John Fords were confessedly numerous in the neighbourhood. Curious people

who ask for information from country folks, will seldom be altogether disappointed. Some years ago, at least, there was in most villages a hoary chronicle, a dealer in recollections, who, like the host of the village inn, made it a rule never to be out of anything that was called for. Yet there is little wonder if Ford be not remembered in Devonshire, like his contemporary and countryman Herrick. Herrick was, till Burns appeared, the most rural of poets. There is a singular contrast between his avowed partiality for town, and the rusticity of his muse. He sung the employments, the festivals, the superstitions of the peasantry, the flowers that adorned their may-poles and hock carts, the ale that made their hearts merry, the yew and rosemary that made their funerals fragrant; and he had pious moods beside, in which he breathed hymns which some aged rustics still murmur among their nightly prayers. It is not likely that the lads or lasses of Ilsington got Ford's plays by heart. Besides, the parishioners of Dean Bourne might be proud to have had a poet for their parson; but how could it interest the yeomanry of Devon, that a retired lawyer, perhaps a man of staid and sullen demeanour*, had written plays at which London playgoers had shuddered. Devonshire was a loyal county, or perhaps a retired dramatist might have found it prudent to say as little of his stage-triumphs, as a retired slave-trader in a philanthropic suburb, of the sale of his cargoes. Could it be proved that Ford enjoyed the fruits of his labours on his native ground, and lived contented and happy, an undistinguished country-gentleman, he might serve to "point a moral," though hardly to "adorn a tale." Massinger lived and died in poverty. He was a mere author. Ford, by adhering to a regular profession, held his head high in the world; addressed his dedications as men to whom he was conferring honour; laid aside both gown and pen when the first grey hair gave warning, and, free from care and ambition, had "leisure to be good" ere he was called away: and yet achieved the fame which so many seek by the sacrifice of health, fortune, and heart's ease, at those spare hours which every economist of time may make out of minutes wisely saved†. Pity that so excellent a lesson should rest on an obscure tradition.

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* Almost the only contemporary notice that occurs of Ford does not indicate a popular character.

Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

So quotes Gifford from the "Times' Poets," a piece of which I never heard elsewhere. Probably it was a precursor of the Dunciad, Pursuits of Literature, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, &c. recording the names of many scribblers that would else have been forgotten; but affording no information about the names we should wish to remember. Whether the cited couplet had any other foundation than the gloom of Ford's plays, or perhaps the title of his "*Lover's Melancholy*," I cannot tell. Melancholy was the fashion of that age. It is the natural excess of a thoughtful generation. The "melancholy hat" is extremely graphic. Our present hats are ill adapted to the expression, but the large beavers of the seventeenth century (Ford hardly wore the puritanical high-crown) could be cocked in fierceness or slouched to despondence at pleasure. I am inclined to conjecture from these lines and from the general manner of his dedications that Ford kept much aloof from authors and actors by trade. Yet if we are to trust old Heywood, he did not escape that familiar corruption of his name, which in his case had not even the plea of brevity—

Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will,
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, neither was but Jack,
Decker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford, that once was John.

Heywood's Hierarchy of Angels.

† This sentiment I owe to a preface of the late Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, wherein it was cited by Mr. Southey.

A LIST

OF

MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

1. The Forced Lady. T. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

2. The Noble Choice. C.

3. The Wandering Lovers. C.

4. Philenzo and Hippolita. T. C.

The above three are entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

5. Antonio and Vallia. C.

6. The Tyrant. T.

7. Fast and Welcome. C.

The above three are entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, June 29, 1660; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

8. The Woman's Plot. C. Acted at Court 1621. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

9. The Old Law. C.

10. The Virgin-Martyr. T. Acted by the Servants of his Majesty's Revels. Quarto, 1622; quarto, 1631; quarto, 1661.

11. The Unnatural Combat. T. Acted at the Globe. Quarto, 1639.

12. The Duke of Milan. T. Acted at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1623; quarto, 1638.

13. The Bondman. T. C. Acted Dec. 3, 1623; at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1624; quarto, 1638.

14. The Renegado. T. C. Acted April 17, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1630.

15. The Parliament of Love. C. Acted Nov. 3, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.

16. The Spanish Viceroy. C. Acted in 1624. Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653, by H. Moseley; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

17. The Roman Actor. T. Acted October 11, 1626, by the King's Company. Quarto, 1629.

18. The Judge. Acted June 6, 1627, by the King's Company. Lost.

19. The Great Duke of Florence. Acted July 5, 1627, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.

20. The Honour of Women. Acted May 6, 1628. Lost.

21. The Maid of Honour. T. C. Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Date of its first appearance uncertain. Quarto, 1632.

22. The Picture. T. C. Acted June 8, 1629, at the Globe. Quarto 1630.

23. Minerva's Sacrifice. T. Acted Nov. 3, 1629, by the King's Company Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

24. The Emperor of the East. T. C. Acted March 11, 1631, at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1632.

25. Believe as you List. C. Acted May 7, 1631. Entered on the Stationers' books, Sept. 9, 1653, and again June 29, 1660; but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

26. The Unfortunate Piety. T. Acted June 13, 1631, by the King's Company. Lost.

27. The Fatal Dowry. T. Acted by the King's Company. Quarto, 1632.

28. A New Way to pay Old Debts. C. Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1633.

29. The City Madam. C. Acted May 25, 1632, by the King's Company. Quarto, 1659.

30. The Guardian. C. Acted October 31, 1633, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.

31. The Tragedy of Cleander. Acted May 7, 1634, by the King's Company. Lost.

32. A Very Woman. T. C. Acted June 6, 1634, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.

33. The Orator. Acted June 10, 1635, by the King's Company. Lost.

34. The Bashful Lover. T. C. Acted May 9, 1636, by the King's Company. Octavo, 1655.

35. The King and the Subject. Acted June 5 1638, by the King's Company. Lost.

36. Alexius, or the Chaste Lover. Acted Sept. 25, 1639, by the King's Company. Lost.

37. The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo. Acted Jan. 26, 1640, by the King's Company. Lost.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

MASSINGER.

WORK, "THE DUKE OF MILAN," OF HIS BELOVED FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

I AM snapt already, and may go my way;
The poet-critic's come; I hear him say
This youth 's mistook, the author's work 's a play.

He could not miss it, he will straight appear
At such a bait; 'twas laid on purpose there,
To take the vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah! you will be nibbling; a small bit,
A syllable, when you're in the hungry fit,
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Fool, knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave thee;
And were the devil now instantly to have thee,
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee,

'Mongst all the ballets which thou dost compose,
And what thou stylest thy Poems, ill as those,
And void of rhyme and reason, thy worse prose:

Yet like a rude jack-sauce in poesy,
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,
Ravishing branches from Apollo's tree;

Thou mak'st a garland, for thy touch unfit,
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,
As if it were the supreme head of wit:

The blameless Muses blush; who not allow
That reverend order to each vulgar brow,
Whose sinful touch profanes the holy bough.

Hence, shallow prophet! and admire the strain
Of thine own pen, or thy poor cope-mate's vein;
This piece too curious is for thy coarse brain.

Here wit, more fortunate, is join'd with art,
And that most sacred frenzy bears a part,
Infused by nature in the Poet's heart.

Here may the puny wits themselves direct,
Here may the wisest find what to affect,
And kings may learn their proper dialect.

On then, dear friend! thy pen, thy name, shall spread,
And shouldst thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
The Muse must labour, when thy hand is dead.

W. B.

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND TO THE READER, ON THE "BONDMAN."

The printer's haste calls on ; I must not drive
My time past six, though I begin at five.
One hour I have entire, and 'tis enough ;
Here are no gipsy jigs, no drumming-stuff.
Dances, or other trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common way, the common sight.
The author of this poem, as he dares
To stand the austerest censure, so he cares
As little what it is ; his own best way
Is, to be judge, and author of his play :
It is his knowledge makes him thus secure ;
Nor does he write to please, but to endure.
And, reader, if you have disbursed a shilling,
To see this worthy story, and are willing
To have a large increase, if ruled by me,
You may a merchant and a poet be.
'Tis granted for your twelve-pence you did sit,
And see, and hear, and understand not yet.
The author, in a Christian pity, takes
Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes ;
That such as will but venture sixpence more,
May know what they but saw and heard before :
'Twill not be money lost, if you can read,
(There's all the doubt now,) but your gains exceed,
If you can understand, and you are made
Free of the freest and the noblest trade ;
And in the way of poetry, now-a-days,
Of all that are call'd works, the best are plays.

W. B.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "RENEGADO."

Dabblers in poetry, that only can
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
With some loose wit in rhyme ;
Others that fright the time
Into belief, with mighty words that tear
A passage through the ear ;
Or nicer men,
That through a perspective will see a play,
And use it the wrong way,
(Not worth thy pen,)
Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be
Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess I have no public name
To rescue judgment, no poetic flame
To dress thy Muse with praise,
And Phœbus his own bays ;
Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell
The world I liked it well ;
And if there be
A tribe who in their wisdoms dare accuse
This offspring of thy Muse,
Let them agree
Conspire one comedy, and they will say,
'Tis easier to commend, than make a play.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS PLAY CALLED "THE RENEGADO."

The bosom of a friend cannot breathe forth
A flattering phrase to speak the noble worth
Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast
So large a title: I, among the rest
That honour thee, do only seem to praise,
Wanting the flowers of art to deck that bays
Merit has crown'd thy temples with. Know, friend,
Though there are some who merely do commend
To live i' the world's opinion, such as can
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man
Makes up my spirit: where desert does live,
There will I plant my wonder, and there give
My best endeavours to build up his story
That truly merits. I did ever glory
To behold virtue rich; though cruel Fate
In scornful malice does beat low their state
That best deserve; when others, that but know
Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow
Great in their favours, that would seem to be
Patrons of wit, and modest poesy:
Yet, with your abler friends, let me say this,
Many may strive to equal you, but miss
Of your fair scope; this work of yours men may
Throw in the face of envy, and then say
To those, that are in great men's thoughts more blest,
Imitate this, and call that work your best.
Yet wise men, in this, and too often, err,
When they their love before the work prefer.
If I should say more, some may blame me for't,
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.

DANIEL LAKYN.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

I am no great admirer of the plays,
Poets, or actors, that are now-a-days;
Yet, in this work of thine, methinks I see
Sufficient reason for idolatry.
Each line thou hast taught Cæsar is as high
As he could speak, when groveling flattery,
And his own pride (forgetting heaven's rod)
By his edicts styled himself great Lord and God.
By thee, again the laurel crowns his head,
And, thus revived, who can affirm him dead?
Such power lies in this lofty strain as can
Give swords and legions to Domitian:
And when thy Paris pleads in the defence
Of actors, every grace and excellence
Of argument for that subject, are by thee
Contracted in a sweet epitome.
Nor do thy women the tired hearers vex
With language no way proper to their sex.
Just like a cunning painter thou let'st fall
Copies more fair than the original.
I'll add but this: from all the modern plays
The stage hath lately born, this wins the bays;
And if it come to trial, boldly look
To carry it clear, thy witness being thy book.

T. J.

IN PHILIPPI MASSINGERI, POETÆ ELEGANTISS. ACTOREM ROMANUM, TYPIS EXCUSUM.

Δεκαστικόν.

Ecce Philippinæ celebrata Tragœdia Musæ,
Quam Roseus Britonum Roscius egit, adest.
Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper
Liber ab invidiæ dentibus esto, liber.
Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pœti,
Thus, vænum expositi tegmina suta libri :
Nec metuas raucos, Momorum sibila, rhoncos,
Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus erit.
Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse theatris
Quod liquet, hoc, cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO. GOFF.

TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGEDY, "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

Paris, the best of actors in his age.
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman stage
Such lines by thee, as do not derogate
From Rome's proud heights, and her then learned state.
Nor great Domitian's favour ; nor the embraces
Of a fair empress, nor those often graces
Which from th' applauding theatres were paid
To his brave action, nor his ashes laid
In the Flaminian way, where people strow'd
His grave with flowers, and Martial's wit bestow'd
A lasting epitaph ; not all these same
Do add so much renown to Paris' name
As this, that thou present'st his history
So well to us : for which, in thanks, would he,
(If that his soul, as thought Pythagoras,
Could into any of our actors pass,)
Life to these lines by action gladly give,
Whose pen so well has made his story live.

THO. MAY.

UPON MR. MASSINGER HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

To write is grown so common in our time,
That every one who can but frame a rhyme,
However monstrous, gives himself that praise,
Which only he should claim, that may wear bays
By their applause, whose judgments apprehend
The weight and truth of what they dare commend.
In this besotted age, friend, 'tis thy glory
That here thou hast outdone the Roman story.
Domitian's pride, his wife's lust, unabated
In death, with Paris, merely were related,
Without a soul, until thy abler pen
Spoke them, and made them speak, nay act again
In such a height, that here to know their deeds,
He may become an actor that but reads.

JOHN FORD.

UPON MR. MASSINGER'S "ROMAN ACTOR."

Long'st thou to see proud Cæsar set in state,
His morning greatness, or his evening fate,
With admiration here behold him fall,
And yet outlive his tragic funeral:
For 'tis a question whether Cæsar's glory
Rose to its height before, or in this story;
Or whether Paris, in Domitian's favour,
Were more exalted, than in this thy labour.
Each line speaks him an emperor, every phrase
Crowns thy deserving temples with the bays;
So that reciprocally both agree,
Thou liv'st in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

TO HIS LONG-KNOWN AND LOVED FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

If that my lines, being placed before thy book,
Could make it sell, or alter but a look
Of some sour censurer, who 's apt to say,
No one in these times can produce a play
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,
The old accepted are more than the new:
Or, could I on some spot o' the court work so,
To make him speak no more than he doth know;
Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd friend
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend:
Then, gentle friend, I should not blush to be
Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones which here I see
Ushering this work; but why I write to thee
Is, to profess our love's antiquity,
Which to this tragedy must give my test,
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

TO MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND, ON HIS "GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE."

Enjoy thy laurel! 'tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procured, but by a conquest so achieved,
As that thou hast at full relieved
Almost neglected poetry, whose bays,
Sullied by childish thirst of praise,
Wither'd into a dullness of despair,
Had not thy later labour (heir
Unto a former industry) made known
This work, which thou mayst call thine own,
So rich in worth, that th' ignorant may grudge
To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

TO THE DESERVING MEMORY OF THIS WORTHY WORK, "THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE," AND THE AUTHOR, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER.

Action gives many poems right to live;
This piece gave life to action; and will give,
For state and language, in each change of age,
To time delight, and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription fail which fames that seat,
This pen might style the Duke of Florence Great.
Let many write, let much be printed, read,
And censured; toys, no sooner hatch'd than dead:
Here, without blush to truth of commendation,
Is proved, how art hath outgone imitation.

JOHN FORD.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY "THE MAID OF HONOUR."

Was not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I fear I do.
But pardon me, if I offend; thy fire
Let equal poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor me; they know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speak against their minds.
I, out of justice, would commend thy play,
But (friend, forgive me) 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done, (and from my heart
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part,
Because 'tis thine,) it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY STYLED "THE PICTURE."

Methinks I hear some busy critic say,
Who's this that singly ushers in this play?
'Tis boldness, I confess, and yet perchance
It may be construed love, not arrogance.
I do not here upon this leaf intrude,
By praising one to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I think, that all are tied to be
(Forced by my vote) in the same creed with me,
Each man hath liberty to judge; free will,
At his own pleasure, to speak good or ill.
But yet your Muse already 's known so well
Her worth will hardly find an infidel.
Here she hath drawn a Picture, which shall lie
Safe for all future times to practise by;
Whate'er shall follow are but copies, some
Preceding works were types of this to come.
'Tis your own lively image, and sets forth,
When we are dust, the beauty of your worth.
He that shall duly read, and not advance
Aught that is here, betrays his ignorance:
Yet whosoe'er beyond desert commends,
Errs more by much than he that reprehends;

For praise misplaced, and honour set upon
A worthless subject, is detraction.
I cannot sin so here, unless I went
About to style you only excellent.
Apollo's gifts are not confined alone
To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one,
And such as do derive from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the poets' land,
As well as you ; nor are you, I assure
Myself, so envious, but you can endure
To hear their praise, whose worth long since was known,
And justly too preferr'd before your own.
I know you'd take it for an injury,
(And 'tis a well-becoming modesty,)
To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
Your name by some too partial friend writ near
Unequall'd Jonson ; being men whose fire,
At distance, and with reverence, you admire.
Do so, and you shall find your gain will be
Much more, by yielding them priority,
Than, with a certainty of loss, to hold
A foolish competition : 'tis too bold
A task, and to be shunn'd : nor shall my praise,
With too much weight, ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY CALLED "THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

Suffer, my friend, these lines to have the grace,
That they may be a mole on Venus' face.
There is no fault about thy book but this,
And it will show how fair thy Emperor is,
Thou more than poet ! our Mercury, that art
Apollo's messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our ears, live long
To purify the slighted English tongue,
That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
The matchless features of the Fairy Queen ;
Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-limn'd pieces, skilful Massinger.
Thou known, all the Castilians must confess
Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee he might find reason to maintain
His paradox, that souls by transmigration
In divers bodies make their habitation :
And more, than all poetic souls yet known,
Are met in thee, contracted into one.
This is a truth, not an applause : I am
One that at furthest distance views thy flame,
Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
In thee his poesy might all be read.
Forbear thy modesty : thy Emperor's vein
Shall live admired, when poets shall complain
It is a pattern of too high a reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.
Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

ASTON COKAINE.

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, AND WELL-WISHER TO THE READER, ON "THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

Who with a liberal hand freely bestows
His bounty on all comers, and yet knows
No ebb, nor formal limits, but proceeds,
Continuing his hospitable deeds,
With daily welcome shall advance his name
Beyond the art of flattery; with such fame,
May yours, dear friend, compare. Your Muse hath been
Most bountiful, and I have often seen
The willing seats receive such as have fed,
And risen thankful; yet were some misled
By NICETY; when this fair banquet came,
(So I allude) their stomachs were to blame,
Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant sauce,
Was wanting, they arose without due grace,
Lo! thus a second time he doth invite you:
Be your own carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.

TO MY TRUE FRIEND AND KINSMAN, PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS "EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

I take not upon trust, nor am I led
By an implicit faith: what I have read
With an impartial censure I dare crown
With a deserved applause, howe'er cried down
By such whose malice will not let them be
Equal to any piece limn'd forth by thee.
Contemn their poor detraction, and still write
Poems like this, that can endure the light,
And search of abler judgments. This will raise
Thy name; the others' scandal is thy praise.
This, oft perused by grave wits, shall live long,
Not die as soon as past the actor's tongue,
The fate of slighter toys; and I must say,
'Tis not enough to make a passing play
In a true poet: works that should endure
Must have a genius in them strong as pure,
And such is thine, friend: nor shall time devour
The well-form'd features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

'Tis a rare charity, and thou couldst not
So proper to the time have found a plot:
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend; the age
We wretches live in, that to come the stage,
The thronged audience that was thither brought,
Invited by your fame, and to be taught
This lesson; all are grown indebted more,
And when they look for freedom, ran in score.
It was a cruel courtesy to call
In hope of liberty, and then, inthrall.
The nobles are your bondmen, gentry, and
All besides those that did not understand.

They were no men of credit, bankrupts born,
Fit to be trusted with no stock but scorn.
You have more wisely credited to such,
That though they cannot pay, can value much.
I am your debtor too, but, to my shame,
Repay you nothing back but your own fame.

HENRY MOODY, *Miles.*

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

You may remember how you chid me, when
I rank'd you equal with those glorious men,
Beaumont and Fletcher: if you love not praise,
You must forbear the publishing of plays.
The crafty mazes of the cunning plot,
The polish'd phrase, the sweet expressions, got
Neither by theft nor violence; the conceit
Fresh and unsullied; all is of weight,
Able to make the captive reader know
I did but justice when I placed you so.
A shame-faced blushing would become the brow
Of some weak virgin writer; we allow
To you a kind of pride, and there where most
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.
If any think I flatter, let him look
Off from my idle trifles on thy book.

THOMAS JAY, *Miles.*

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIOCLESIAN, } Emperors of Rome.
MAXIMINUS, }
KING OF PONTUS.
KING OF EPIRE.
KING OF MACEDON.
SAPRITIUS, Governor of Cæsarea.
THEOPHILUS, a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.
SEMPRONIUS, Captain of SAPRITIUS' Guards.
ANTONINUS, Son to SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, Friend to ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, an evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the shape of a Secretary.
ANGELO, a good Spirit, serving DOROTHEA in the habit of a Page.

HIRCIUS, a Whoremaster, } Servants of
SPUNGIUS, a Drunkard, } DOROTHEA.
JULIANUS, } Servants of THEOPHILUS.
GETA, }
Priest of Jupiter.
British Slave.

ARTEMIA, Daughter to DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTA, } Daughters to THEOPHILUS.
CHRISTETA, }
DOROTHEA, the VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Officers and Executioners.

SCENE,—CÆSAREA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Governor's Palace.*

Enter THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theoph. Come to Cæsarea to-night!
Harp. Most true, sir.
Theoph. The emperor in person!
Harp. Do I live?
Theoph. 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
Are step by step observ'd; and loud-tongued Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near,
The governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But, by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this, then, excuse me,
If I appear incredulous.
Harp. At your pleasure.
Theoph. Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd me
In things more difficult, but have discover'd
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,
No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment but thy magic
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerful art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter the Priest of Jupiter, *bearing an Image, and followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA.

Harp. Look on the Vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,
Your chaste, fair daughters. Were't not to upbraid
A service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention.
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intents, taught you to use,
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them:
And, whereas they with torment should have died,
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!) [*Aside.*
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
Belonging to his deity.
Theoph. 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you.—Hail, Jove's flamen!
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,
To your opinion?
Priest. And are constant in it.
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.
Theoph. My dear daughters!

Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung sect,
In private or in public.
Harp. My best lady,
Persever in it.
Chris. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.
Harp. Brave resolution!
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.
Theoph. I young again. To your devotions.
Harp. Do—
My prayers be present with you.
[*Exeunt* Priest, CAL. *and* CHRIS.
Theoph. O my Harpax!
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy—
Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.
Theoph. Were all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings, made into one,
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all posterities might be call'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,
And rooter out of Christians.
Harp. Oh, mine own,
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,
I ever live thy slave.

Enter SAPRITIUS *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Theoph. No more—The governor.
Sap. Keep the ports close, and let the guards be doubled;
Disarm the Christians; call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.
Semp. I shall be careful, sir.
Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height:
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theoph. My good lord,
This care is timely for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who! the emperor?
Harp. To clear your doubts, he doth return in triumph,
Kings lackeying by his triumphant chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my lord,
You have an ample share: for know, your son,
The ne'er enough commended Antoninus,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and died
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.
Harp. My head
Answer the forfeit.
Sap. Of his victory
There was some rumour: but it was assured,
The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,
Into the country.
Harp. It was so determined;
But, for the further honour of your son,
And to observe the government of the city,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here:
[*Trumpets.*
For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.
Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew
Her state and wealth.
Semp. I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Sap. O, I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,
This knowing scholar. Send [for] your fair daughters;
I will present them to the emperor,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.
Theoph. Fetch them, good Harpax.
[*Exit* HARPAX.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *at the head of the guard, soldiers leading three* Kings *bound;* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS *bearing the* Emperor's *eagles;* DIOCLESIAN *with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in* ARTEMIA: SAPRITIUS *kisses the* Emperor's *hand, then embraces his* Son; HARPAX *brings in* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA. *Loud shouts.*

Diocle. So: at all parts I find Cæsarea
Completely govern'd: the licentious soldier
Confined in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compell'd with rigour:
The ancient Roman discipline revived,
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd her
The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world;
But, above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompense your merits.
Sap. Mightiest Cæsar,
Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did His thunder! all that I have done,
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But, if in anything I have deserved
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have express'd in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,
(Ascribing all things to an unknown Power,)
Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.
Diocle. Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me: my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred Cæsar,
If your imperial majesty stand pleased
To shower your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man, [*points to* THEOPHILUS] to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choice committed: and, for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace imposed upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equal nearness to himself; behold
This pair of virgins.
Diocle. What are these?
Sap. His daughters.
Artem. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine!
Theoph. They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else:
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy Powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them in the most horrid form,
All kind of tortures; part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.
Artem. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?
Theoph. I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father; to help justice
Religion stept in, under which odds
Compassion fell:—yet still I was a father.
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs; now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those, whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods. And be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,
To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties.
Diocle. Thou deserv'st thy place;
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferr'd upon me;—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?
K. of Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse
The famish'd mouth, if it attempt to feed?
Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?
K. of Pontus. We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain
All human happiness is; and are prepared
To endure the worst.
K. of Macedon. That spoke, which now is highest
In Fortune's wheel, must, when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,
To free them from that slavery;—but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; scepter'd princes
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,
In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,
For public bondmen. In the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remember'd.
Diocle. In all growing empires,
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but, when a state
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety: but to whom? not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius. Know, therefore, kings
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you,
Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of princes,
Although the fortune. Had you born yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you: but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Even in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.
K. of Epire. Mock us not, Cæsar.
Diocle. By the gods, I do not.
Unloose their bonds:—I now as friends embrace you.
Give them their crowns again.
K. of Pontus. We are twice o'ercome;
By courage, and by courtesy.
K. of Macedon. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.
K. of Epire. All kingdoms fall before her!
K. of Pontus. And all kings
Contend to honour Cæsar!
Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish: I'm girt round
With true felicity; faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends:

But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty,
Strive to exceed each other!
Artem. I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.
Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.
Among these kings, forgetting they were captives;
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any: By Jove's dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.
Artem. It is a bounty
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other public ends, are forced
To match where they affect not. May my life
Deserve this favour!
Diocle. Speak; I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.
Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further;
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,
Not her, that boldly may call Cæsar father:
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no king that lives receive addition:
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes
No worth but that name only.
Diocle. I commend thee;
'Tis like myself.
Artem. If, then, of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have served you most faithfully; that in dangers
Have stood next to you; that have interposed
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosom; that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with laurel?
Macr. Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!
Harp. [*to* SAP.] Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. Her eye's on me.
Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot it in the behalf of any other:
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere. [*Aside.*
Artem. [*advances to* ANTON.] Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!
Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever.
Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance: but, if love.
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low—
Anton. O, rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me; and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?
Anton. Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,
Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!
Call it, great lady, by another name;
An humble modesty, that would not match
A molehill with Olympus.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a king; there it shines brightest.
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,
A prince, in whom it is incorporate:
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a commander and a soldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,
The world yields not his equal.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.
K. of Epire. 'Tis a truth, great princess;
I'll not detract from valour.
Anton. 'Twas mere fortune;
Courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good?
Sap. Spiritless villain!
How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,
I now could kill him.
Diocle. Hold, Sapritius, hold,
On our displeasure hold!
Harp. Why, this would make
A father mad; 'tis not to be endured;
Your honour's tainted in't.
Sap. By heaven, it is:
I shall think of it.
Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What, but seen in possession of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.
Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life,
Study to appease her.
Anton. Gracious madam, hear me.
Artem. And be again refused?
Anton. The tender of
My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,

My love, my heart, my all: and pardon me,
Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of majesty,
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me;
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmanner'd hand, was death? The fox,
When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,
Was almost dead with fear; the second view
Only a little daunted him; the third,
He durst salute him boldly: pray you, apply this;
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allows me.

Sap. Well excused.

Artem. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And, that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia, I leave you my substitute
In fair Cæsarea.

Sap. And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.

Diocle. Antoninus,
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;
Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate princes,
In our Dalmatian wars; which finished
With victory I hope, and Maximinus,
Our brother and copartner in the empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS.

Anton. Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of Fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.

Mac. You are like to those
That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? honour, greatness,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;
And with a princess, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poison still is poison,
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food. When I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatness, or empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom?

Mac. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea:
Is she, though fair, the same day to be named
With best Artemia? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The daughter to a senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink; your father's fury,
Which to resist, even piety forbids:—
And but remember that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great Artemia
Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before
All joys in Dorothea: therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the *danger*,
Or call it, if you will, *assured destruction*,
I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A governor's place upon thee, be my helper.

Mac. You know I dare, and will do anything;
Put me unto the test.

Anton. Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,
Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well;
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels,
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess: all lets thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:
—No words to contradict this.

Mac. I am yours:
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a capon; for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting: a pox on your Christian cockatrices! they cry, like poulterers' wives:—No money, no coney.

Spun. Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy tip

plers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses*; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another; they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her anything hardly, (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius——

Hir. And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choked else.

Spun. Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—Did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first: for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

Spun. And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter ANGELO *with a book, and a taper lighted; seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope.

Hir. We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady
Sent, from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty: yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went! no; I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust?
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread,
In bowls of drunkenness?

Spun. Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh: my cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites!
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

Spun. And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum.

Ang. Your names even brand you; you are Spungius call'd,
And like a spunge, you suck up lickerish wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widows food.

And, starving them, 'tis murder; what's this but hell?——
Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature;
You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?
No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch: but sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-christians, for my part——

Hir. And she ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by——

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; we cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing: many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light!

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my faults!

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeoman sprats to have their swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware, and mend.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Have you my messages, sent to the poor,
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs?

Spun. Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow nor I am thieves.

Hir. Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven; and there are thunderbolts,
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;
Were you both faithful, true distributers?

Spun. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the lie!

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people,
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;
For, if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me!

Ang. Away, and, once more, mend.

Spun. 'Takes us for botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch! [*Exeunt* SPUN. *and* HIR.

Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then:
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand! -
And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubins, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand,
No worse than yet it does; upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street, near* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter MACRINUS, *met by* THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theoph. The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!

Mac. And thee, Theophilus!

Theoph. Glad'st thou in such scorn?
I call my wish back.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theoph. One word,
Take the least hand of time up:—stay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theoph. As thought: I prithee tell me, good Macrinus,
How health and our fair princess lay together

This night, for you can tell; courtiers have flies,
That buzz all news unto them.
Mac. She slept but ill.
Theoph. Double thy courtesy; how does Antoninus?
Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.
Theoph. Once more;
—Thy head is full of windmills:—when doth the princess
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night?
Mac. I know not.
Theoph. No! thou art the manuscript,
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets:
Honest Macrinus, tell me.
Mac. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Harp. Honesty is some fiend, and frights him hence;
A many courtiers love it not.
Theoph. What piece
Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man
Is from himself divided: O thou, the eye,
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,
That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.
Harp. Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,
That, unless charms more strong than adamant
Be used, the Roman angel's wings shall melt,
And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss
That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,
This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.
Theoph. I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what, in the name
Of Pluto, now is hatching?
Harp. This Macrinus,
The line is, upon which love-errands run
'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloodless Dorothea; who in prayer
And meditation, mocking all your gods,
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced Moon,
Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—
Theoph. And what of this?
Harp. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,
(Your coldest women do so),—had you ink
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
Theoph. I now conster thee.
Harp. Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being fill'd
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To pash your gods in pieces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the religion there, and pagan lore,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh! the example—
Theoph. Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid poison.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,
They would be mad till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine; has this my hand
Set down a Christian's execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures;
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masquer
Strangle me in a dance?
Harp. No:—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians: on; I hug thee!
Theoph. Both hug and holy me: to this Dorothea,
Fly thou and I in thunder.
Harp. Not for kingdoms
Piled upon kingdoms: there's a villain page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffic with; I do so hate his sight,
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.
Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to confound:
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.
Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish thee!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, *and* ANGELO.

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To the good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be careful, dear boy.
Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress. [*Exit.*
Dor. Now, sir, you may go on.
Mac. I then must study
A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others; yet, much ta'en from him,
The want shall be as little, as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness
Of needy rivers.
Dor. Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.
Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares;
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest; this were nothing:
The greatness of his state, his father's voice,
And arm, awing Cæsarea, he ne'er boasts of;
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride: no, dearest beauty,
All these, heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger;—but himself

Enter ANTONINUS.

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Music more pleasing.

Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?

Mac. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon.
[*Going.*

Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loth to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Anton. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. Hermes inspire thee!

Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. So, now, do you see?—Our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

Theoph. The gold you earn is here; dam up your mouths,
And no words of it.

Hir. No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hackneied out for silver: why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.

Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away!

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.
[*Exeunt* HIR. *and* SPUN.

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—glaze not thus your eyes
With self-love of a vow'd virginity,
Make every man your glass; you see our sex
Do never murder propagation;
We all desire your sweet society,
But if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.

Artem. O base villain!

Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess.

Anton. Could not my fortunes,
Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any slave
Is to a monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian!

Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a king.

Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceress!

Anton. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath the sun
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous maid.

Sap. I curse thy baseness.

Theoph. Listen to more.

Dor. O kneel not, sir, to me.

Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,
To which for pity such a princess sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Cæsar's daughter.

Artem. Slave, thou liest.

Anton. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

Theoph. A very dog!

Anton. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power,
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.
Sirrah! [*Aloud*
Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand
Had struck thee in the womb!

Mac. We are betray'd.

Artem. Is that the idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st to,
Trampling upon my beauty?

Theoph. Sirrah, bandog!
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?—
A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,
Where a whole world of furies for such tortures
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three!

Artem. Threaten not, but strike: quick vengeance flies
Into my bosom; caitiff! here all love dies.
[*Exeunt above.*

Anton. O! I am thunderstruck! We are both o'erwhelm'd——

Mac. With one high-raging billow.

Dor. You a soldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman!

Anton. A woman! a wrong'd princess. From such a star
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragical events? my life is now
The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you only dread

The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There's the great fear, indeed: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *a guard; ANGELO comes and stands close by* DOROTHEA.

Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength must use. Because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey,
By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one frown,
Kill thee:—hence with them all to execution.
Seize him; but let even death itself be weary
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks;
Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom:
In pieces rack that bawd too. [*Points to* MACR.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you, are, in my bosom,
Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd
From saving this young man; yet, when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me
Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My blood up to your anger; nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin:
Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is,
And Cæsar never went in greater triumph,
Than I shall to the scaffold.

Artem. Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures:
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.

Theoph. Cæsar's imperial daughter! hear me speak.
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down;
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall, on her belly, creep
To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.

Artem. How to be done?

Theoph. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and, Sapritius,
Your son and that, be yours: death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought, grow desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Ang. O! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you: Clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars.
[*Exeunt all but* ANGELO.

Enter HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.

Hir. How now, Angelo; how is it, how is it? What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?

Spun. *Com' esta, com' esta*, poor knave?

Hir. *Comment portez-vous, comment portez-vous, mon petit garçon?*

Spun. My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in gold, o'er head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who would think that we, coming forth of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring?

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry?

Ang. That gold will melt to poison.

Spun. Poison! would it would! whole pints for healths should down my throat.

Hir. Gold, poison! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewraying her to death, who stept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out: so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine own;
She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hir. How! a piece of silver! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.
Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu!
Ang. Stay,—one word yet; you now are full of gold.
Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.
Spun. Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.
Ang. Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not worth
That leather on your feet.
Hir. Away, away, boy!
Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.
Ang. I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not,
So long as this is full.
Both. And so long as this, so long as this.
Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket.
Spun. Hircius, thou hast nimm'd:—*So long as!*—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.
Hir. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.
Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.
Ang. No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold gone!
Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?
Hir. Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.
Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours.
All yours: divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part:
Say, will you?
Both. Will we!
Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.
Hir. Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions, if we do not.
Ang. Follow me, then; repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men, when their best days are last!
Spun. True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.
Spun. I live in a gaol!
Hir. Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.
Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, Priest, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA.

Sap. Sick to the death, I fear.
Theoph. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.
Sap. She's a witch,
A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes; and, like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd,
And swallow'd both alive!
Theoph. There's hope left yet.
Sap. Not any: though the princess were appeased,
All title in her love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unless my son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful wife.
Priest. But, once removed
From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to anything,
For your content or his.
Theoph. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,
The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot
With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it,
In hopes to draw back this apostata,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,
Have brought my daughters hither.
Cal. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work; and were I not
To attend the princess, I would see and hear
How you succeed.
Theoph. I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.
Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highness. [*Exit.*
Theoph. Spare no promises,
Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* ANGELO.

Priest. She comes.
Theoph. We leave you;
Be constant, and be careful.
[*Exeunt* THEOPH. *and* Priest
Cal. We are sorry
To meet you under guard.
Dor. But I more grieved
You are at liberty. So well I love you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow-prisoners: Prithee, Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit——
Cal. We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.
Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you, therefore,
Command your boy to leave us.
Dor. You may trust him

With any secret that concerns my life,
Falsehood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,
Been bless'd with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd
To holy meditations; and so far [you
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that, for an hour
Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me; without him I fall:
In this life he's my servant, in the other
A wish'd companion

Ang. 'Tis not in the devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

Dor. But you were speaking, lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we,
Even from the cradle, were brought up together,
Our amity increasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,
To make you happy; and the means so easy,
That, be not you an enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it,
By your persuasion.

Cal. But what follow'd, lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,
And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without control,
Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!
All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters,
For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips,
In place of choice delights? our parents' curses
Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,
Fell thick upon us.

Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and reconciled
To our forsaken gods, we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,
Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not devils?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods! your temples! brothel-houses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey
For which the devil angles; your false pleasures
A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

Dor. Which of your powerful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Most pitied women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or anything you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deified to posterity,
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?

Cal. That, piety
And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you, Christeta,
To be hereafter register'd a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead,
"This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistress in the art of wantonness,
Knows every trick, and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest?"

Christ. You judge better of me.
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not.
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore
Flora, the foundress of the public stews,
And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have canonized them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human weakness, and had ample share
In men's most base affections; subject to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,
The shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains:
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your devotions
To things of less power than yourselves?

Cal. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashion'd?
By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confess it is a true one:
A king of Egypt, being to erect
The image of Osiris, whom they honour,
Took from the matrons' neck the richest jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials,
To finish up his work; which perfected,

With all solemnity he set it up,
To be adored, and served himself his idol;
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but, being overthrown,
Enraged against his god, (these are fine gods,
Subject to human fury!) he took down
The senseless thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd
His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use,
Some months it served: his mistress proving false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
Between him and the priests, of the same bason
He made his god again!—Think, think, of this,
And then consider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
To put their trust in dross.

Cal. Oh, that I had been born
Without a father!

Christ. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks his Godhead most, is merciful:
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears:
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy!

Cal. We are caught ourselves,
That came to take you; and, assured of conquest,
We are your captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph:
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed, sisters,
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worse apostacy.

Cal. Never, oh never! steel'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.

Christ. Here's our warrant,
You shall along and witness it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then;
And rest assured, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

Enter ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *and* HARPAX.

Artem. Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sickness: his contempt of us,
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure. If his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace binds us,
Ever your humblest vassals.

Artem. Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection. If the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her;
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.

Theoph. Be happy then,
My lord Sapritius: I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her
To anything they please.

Sap. I wish they may!
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.
[*A shout within: loud music.*

Artem. What means this shout?

Sap. 'Tis seconded with music,
Triumphant music.—Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. My lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, have converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian lady,
The image of great Jupiter born before them,
Sue for access.

Theoph. My soul divined as much.
Blest be the time when first they saw this light!
Their mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble age, filled not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest, with the image of Jupiter, incense and censers; followed by CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA, *leading* DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my body and my mind!
Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort;
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,
Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravish'd
With the excess of joy:—speak, happy daughters,
The blest event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.

Theoph. O my dear girl,
Our gods reward thee!

Dor. Nor was ever time,
On my part better spent.

Christ. We are all now
Of one opinion.

Theoph. My best Christeta!
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your princely hands.

Artem. Most willingly——
Do you refuse it?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.

Theoph. My own child still! here set our god; prepare
The incense quickly: Come, fair Dorothea,
I will myself support you;—now kneel down,
And pay your vows to Jupiter.

Dor. I shall do it
Better by their example.

Theoph. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice.
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint offering.

Christ. Thus—— [*They both spit at the image,*

Cal. And thus.—— [*throw it down, and spurn it.*

Harp. Profane,

And impious! stand you now like a statue?
Are you the champion of the gods? where is
Your holy zeal, your anger?
Theoph. I am blasted;
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion; I would I had no sight too!
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me, thou injured Power! a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled
So blasphemous a deed in any other:—— [at
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.
Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
Theoph. Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace!—I should look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts;—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove?
Dor. Alack, poor Jove!
He is no swaggerer; how smug he stands!
He'll take a kick, or anything.
Sap. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the patient'st godling! do not fear him;
He would not hurt the thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not:
And still 'tis the same quiet thing.
Theoph. Blasphemer!
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this:
Thou art past hope: but for you yet, dear daughters,
Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it,
With true contrition: be yourselves again;
Sue to the offended deity.
Christ. Not to be
The mistress of the earth.
Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like Dorothea, Christians;
And owe her for that happiness.
Theoph. My ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerful to make man wretched.
Artem. Are these they
You bragg'd could convert others!
Sap. That want strength
To stand, themselves!
Harp. Your honour is engaged,
The credit of your cause depends upon it:
Something you must do suddenly.
Theoph. And I will.
Harp. They merit death; but, falling by your
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge, [hand,
And holy fury in you.
Theoph. Do not blow
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power!
Which from my infancy I have adored,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleased,
My fiery zeal inciting me to act,
To call that justice others may style murder.
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. [*Kills them.*
Dor. O most cruel butcher!
Theoph. My anger ends not here: hell's dreadful porter,
Receive into thy ever-open gates
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips
On them alone be wasted; and, when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of that accursed sect; nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.
[*Exit, with* HARPAX.
Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Enter ANGELO, *smiling.*

Dor. Oh, call him back again,
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.
Artem. Not so;
We are not so near reconciled unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.
Ang. Courage, mistress;
These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS, *ragged, at opposite doors.*

Hir. Spungius!

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this tattered world?

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no. The tavern ivy clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then a tavern and a bawdyhouse have faces much alike; the one hath red grates next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within doors: the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdyhouse sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling; from a bawdyhouse, not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozen'd with paltry wine; in a bawdyhouse, by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but to neither can you cry Drawer, you rogue! or, Keep door, rotten bawd! without a silver whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

Hir. Thou didst: I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, look-

ing upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body, (and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts and midriff,) that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her sheers, and cut my thread in two; or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low-minded cobler, a cobler whose seal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

Spun. This shows thou art a cobler's son, by going through stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be coblers!

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famished.

Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon: sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase anything.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

Spun. Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assa fœtida?

Spun. Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

Hir. As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter ANGELO.

Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes;
And would you did so too! Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way
Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread
Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,
To draw drops of repentance from your heart:
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want; till then, my pity dies.
[*Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter HARPAX *behind.*

Spun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *Score a pottle of sack*, is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster wench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be—I do not like when conscience
Thaws: keep her frozen still. [*Comes forward.*] How now, my masters!
Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn?
Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirlwind
Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen yo
Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Yourselves into the service of that lady,
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort of rogues,
And lousy prisoners?

Hir. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Poh!

Harp. You're rightly served; before that peevish lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh, those days! those days!

Harp. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;
Those days shall come again, be ruled by me;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

Harp. Yes, yes; in shew his servant: but— hark, hither!—
Take heed nobody listens.

Spun. Not a mouse stirs.

Harp. I am a prince disguised.

Hir. Disguised! how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk:
I am a prince, and any man by me,
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that, sir, we're so ragged——

Harp. You'll say, you'd serve me?

Hir. Before any master under the zodiac.

Harp. For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you; now that you see
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hang'd!

Spun. And pox'd!

Harp. Why, now you're mine;
Come, let my bosom touch you.

Spun. We have bugs, sir.

Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

Hir. Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress; a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

Harp. How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil,
He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving
To man, than man to man is.

Hir. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him.

Harp. You shall. he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavern to you or other.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him

Harp. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no such cause.

Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?

Harp. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

Harp. As a bearward doth a dog. A catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for anything, see if it does not come.

Spun. Anything!

Harp. Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

Hir. Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

Harp. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you——

Hir. How? on the chaps?

Harp. No, on the shoulder; and cries, O, my brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman?

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst word he gives you:
A pox on't, go on!

Hir. O inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.

Harp. Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass of youth,
And let the sands run merrily: nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away to beggars——

Hir. Hang them!

Harp. And to the scrubbing poor.

Hir. I'll see them hang'd first.

Harp. One service you must do me.

Both. Anything.

Harp. Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, sir?

Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand master,
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company: should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ply you this business; he, her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [*Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master, you rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

ANTONINUS *on a couch, asleep, with* Doctors *about him;* SAPRITIUS *and* MACRINUS.

Sap. O you, that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes
Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,
T' increase the number of this young man's days:
And, for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold
With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,
And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

1 *Doct.* What art can do, we promise; physic's
As apt is to destroy as to preserve, [hand
If heaven make not the med'cine: all this while,
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;
And, from that observation, sure I find
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child? a midwife!

Mac. Yes, with child;
And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow
Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;
And, when his arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form.
Physicians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face:
She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,
The princess' strict command barring that happi-
To me impossible seems. [ness,

Sap. To me it shall not;
I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar
Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than cease
To be a father. [*Exit.*

Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.

Anton. Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Doro-

Mac. She's here:—enjoy her. [thea!

Anton. Where? Why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doating fool
Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty,
(In truth I am bewitch'd,) offer my life,
And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers:
Yet, for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pity.

1 *Doct.* Let him have some music.

Anton. Hell on your fidling!

[*Starting from his couch.*

1 *Doct.* Take again your bed, sir;
Sleep is a sovereign physic.

Anton. Take an ass's head, sir:
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—
Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,
Thy pills and base apothecary drugs
Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

Anton. Myself, Macrinus!
How can I be myself, when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head,
But where's my heart? wherever—that lies dead.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS, *dragging in* DOROTHEA *by the hair,* ANGELO *following.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress! Call up thy spirits,
And, if they can, now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Anton. I am that spirit:
Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my love's beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Anton. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Anton. Would I live in bliss!

Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that
That brings thee health? [man

Anton. It is not in the world.

Sap. It's here.

Anton. To treasure, by enchantment lock'd
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.

Sap. Break that enchanted cave: enter, and
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend [rifle
To a base office, and become thy pander,
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's
Weak wall; to't, 'tis thine own, but beat this down
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery,
How the coy strumpet yields.

1 *Doct.* Shall the boy stay, sir?

Sap. No matter for the boy:—pages are used
To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones.——
Let the pimp stay. [*Exeunt* SAP., MAC., *and* DOCT.

Dor. O, guard me, angels!
What tragedy must begin now?

Anton. When a tiger
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,
Being hunger-starv'd, what tragedy then begins?

Dor. Death; I am happy so; you, hitherto,
Have still had goodness spher'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not, mistress;
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? your
Bears danger in it. [eye

Anton. I must——

Dor. What?

Sap. [*within.*] Speak it out.

Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.

Sap. [*within.*] Plague o' your trees!

Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.

Sap. [*within.*] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!

Dor. Oh, kill me, [*Kneels*

And heaven will take it as a sacrifice;
But, if you play the ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.
Sap. [*within.*] Let her swallow thee!
Anton. Rise:—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced,
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,
That I should seize upon you, as my prey;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villainy of man did ever act.
[*Sapritius breaks in with* Macrinus.
Dor. Die happy for this language!
Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish idiot!
Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.
Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are geldings;
Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine.
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling! Had a tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers,
Had ruffled her by this: but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.
Anton. What will you do, dear sir?
Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

Enter Soldiers *with a* Slave.

Mac. A slave is come; what now?
Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour; from what country
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave?
Slave. From Britain.
Sap. In the west ocean?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An island?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I'm fitted: of all nations
Our Roman swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near
The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then, when the battering ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself: what is for man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.
Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set thee
Upon a piece of work is fit for man;
Brave for a Briton:—drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.
Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am, as yet,
But half a slave; but, when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
Slave. Thou art more slave than I.
[*He is carried in.*
Dor. That Power supernal, on whom waits my soul,
Is captain o'er my chastity.
Anton. Good sir, give o'er:
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down I throw
Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.
Call in ten slaves.

Enter Slaves.

Mac. They are come, sir, at your call.
Sap. Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. Where is the governor?
Anton. There's my wretched father.
Theoph. My lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my lord!
That witch there—
Anton. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
Dor. I do.
Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd. It is thou
Hast done this act infernal.
Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down,
(I can no miracles work,) yet, from my soul,
Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.
Theoph. He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord!
Sap. Where am I?
Theoph. One cheek is blasted.
Sap. Blasted! where's the lamia
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.
Dor. I'm here; do what you please.
Theoph. Spurn her to the bar.
Dor. Come, boy, being there, more near to heaven we are.
Sap. Kick harder; go out, witch! [*Exeunt.*
Anton. O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give thee breath!
Each of thy tortures is my several death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

Enter Harpax, Hircius, *and* Spungius.

Harp. Do you like my service now? say, am not I
A master worth attendance?
Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles.
Hir. A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they are unlucky to meet.
Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your arms.
Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.
Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.
Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole.

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me;
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly;
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah!

Spun. But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp. Your mistress.

Hir. How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my mistress!

Harp. You're coxcombs, silly animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune: say, you fall off,
It must be done. You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whitleather.

Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and each pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes——

Hir. If we be cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Harp. The senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,
The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail,
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.

Spun. And I the hips,—we may strike any where!

Harp. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I must not
To see this done, great business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence. [*Exit.*

Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-bobble, and thwick-thwack-thirlery bouncing.

Enter DOROTHEA, *led prisoner;* SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, *and a* Hangman, *who sets up a Pillar:* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS *sit;* ANGELO *stands by* DOROTHEA. *A* Guard *attending.*

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind
That Christian to a pillar.

Theoph. Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me; me! for flagitious facts,
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer
Any slight sacrifice; or do but swear
By Cæsar's fortune, and —— be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy
Your hangmen; you now shew me whither to fly.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not, dear mistress.

Spun. and *Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the business.

Dor. You two! whom I like foster'd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread.
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors!

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you!

Sap. Strike.

[*They strike at her:* ANGELO *kneeling holds her fast.*

Theoph. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright angels!

Sap. Faster, slaves.

Spun. Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,
I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,
And feast your fury full.

Theoph. These dogs are curs,

[*Comes from his seat.*

Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles! cannot an eye start out,
With these?

Hir. No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis full of iron-work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit?

Ang. There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.
There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever!

Enter HARPAX, *sneaking.*

Theoph. We're mock'd; these bats have power to fell down giants,
Yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these?

Theoph. Cannot these force a shriek?

[*Beats* SPUNGIUS.

Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?

[*Beats* HIRCIUS; *he roars.*

Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they?

Spun. We serve that noble gentleman, there; he enticed us to this dry beating: oh! for one half pot.

Harp. My servants! two base rogues, and sometime servants
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her; hang up these.

Theoph. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?

Harp. What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?
Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on.
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-hounds! traitors!
Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman
Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course
Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;—
But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your best course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here?
To the gallows drag them by the heels;—away!

Spun. By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

Harp. Dispatch them.

Spun. The devil dispatch thee!

[*Exeunt* Guard *with* SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.
See this witch made away too.

Theoph. My soul thirsts for it;
Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.

Dor. O haste me to my coronation day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Place of Execution. A Scaffold, Block, &c.*

Enter ANTONINUS, *supported by* MACRINUS, *and* Servants.

Anton. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus?

Mac. By this preparation,
You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.

Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.

Mac. Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.

Anton. Nay, weep not;
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away. It is decreed
That I must die with her; our clue of life
Was spun together.

Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eye-witness
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.

Anton. Oh, Macrinus!
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharp by my constant love
And true affection? It may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd
Among her blessed actions: and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard *bringing in* DOROTHEA, *a* Headsman *before her; followed by* THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* HARPAX.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer heaven.
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will;
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Anton. Good sir, be not offended; nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be blest with.

Theoph. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines,
(Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem thee:
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Anton. She smiles,
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

Theoph. Derided too! dispatch, I say.

Dor. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of.
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon
Which did require a Hercules to get it.

Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bowers
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.

Anton. O, take me thither with you!

Dor. Trace my steps,
And be assured you shall.

Sap. With my own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.

Theoph. By no means;
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man,
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagined place,
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,
And meet those cursed things I once call'd Daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?

Theoph. The gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant,
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

Enter ANGELO, *in the Angel's habit.*

Harp. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me!

Theoph. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

Theoph. Harpax, my Harpax, speak!

Harp. I dare not stay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compared, (and with what now I suffer,)
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [*Exit.*

Sap. Follow him.

Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die,
Till my return. [*Exeunt* SAP. *and* THEOPH.

Anton. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I see nothing.

Anton. Mark her.

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve!
(For thou art more than mortal,) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo.

Ang. Know, I am the same;
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me,
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask anything from me, and rest assured,
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments. Since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amazed.

Anton. I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss. [*Kneels.*

Re-enter SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

Theoph. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain!

Anton. Sir. I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

Theoph. I'll quickly make a separation of them:
Hast thou aught else to say?

Dor. Nothing, but to blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike quickly;
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
"She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies."
[*Her head is struck off.*

Anton. O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!

Mac. Your son sinks too. [ANTONINUS *falls.*

Sap. Already dead!

Theoph. Die all
That are, or favour this accursed sect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian.

[*Loud music: Exit* ANGELO, *having first laid his hand upon the mouths of* ANTON. *and* DOR.

Sap. Ha! heavenly music!

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

Theoph. Illusions of the devil,
Wrought by some witch of her religion,
That fain would make her death a miracle;
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial; but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THEOPHILUS *discovered sitting in his Study: books about him.*

Theoph. Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,
Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here,
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances,
My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches; no, I'm carried
With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain,*—what? [*Reads.*
A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,
Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine;
And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,
Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starv'd Christians.
Ha! ha!
Again, again,—*East Angles,*—oh, *East Angles:*
Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried
A thousand British rascals, stied up fat
Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter.—*Twelve hundred*
Eyes bored with augres out—Oh! *Eleven thousand*
Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ramm'd in the earth
To the armpits, and full platters round about them,
But far enough for reaching: Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha! [*He rises.*
Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings,
Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

Enter ANGELO *with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one; but let such horror follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake. How now? [*Music.*
Ang. Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!
Theoph. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?
Ang. To you;
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.
Theoph. Cannot I see this garden?
Ang. Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance. [*He vanishes.*
Theoph. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-cheek'd child I ever view'd;
Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these?
In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous,
Compared with these are weeds: is it not February,
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow,
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?—
My delicate boy,—gone! vanish'd! within there,
Julianus! Geta!—

Enter JULIANUS *and* GETA.

Both. My lord.
Theoph. Are my gates shut?
Geta. And guarded.
Theoph. Saw you not
A boy?
Jul. Where?
Theoph. Here he enter'd; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes:
A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket.
Geta. No, sir!
Theoph. Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [*Exeunt* JUL. *and* GETA.
No!—vanish'd and not seen!—Be thou a spirit,
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and howe'er it grows,
Will taste it. [*Eats of the fruit.*
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. So good! I'll have some more, sure.
Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!
Theoph. What art thou?
Harp. A fisherman.
Theoph. What dost thou catch?
Harp. Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.
Theoph. Geta!

Re-enter GETA.

Geta. My lord.
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. What insolent slave is this, dares laugh at me?
Or what is't the dog grins at so?
Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.
Theoph. Jupiter! all within me is not well;
And yet not sick.
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. What's thy name, slave?
Harp. [*at one end of the room.*] Go look.
Geta. 'Tis Harpax' voice.
Theoph. Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
Harp. [*at the other end.*] Fool, thou liest!
Geta. He's yonder, now, my lord.
Theoph. Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.
Harp. [*in the middle.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. He is at barley-break, and the last couple
Are now in hell.
Search for him. [*Exit* GETA.] All this ground, methinks is bloody,

And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes
Whom I have tortured; and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled,
And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings;
And hence he flew:——'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,
For all my sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile?
Or wooden image laugh? [*Music.*] Ha! I remember,
Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,
Or from some better place; a Power divine,
Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay, drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Theoph. Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;
If so toothfull, I will be banqueted. [*Eats again.*

Enter HARPAX *in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.*

Harp. Hold!

Theoph. Not for Cæsar.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theoph. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me!
What art thou?

Harp. I am thy master.

Theoph. Mine!

Harp. And thou my everlasting slave: that Harpax,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

Theoph. Avaunt!

Harp. I will not; cast thou down
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theoph. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? see! [*Eats again.*

Harp. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.

Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted! see, here's more. [*Pulls out a handful of flowers.*

Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee
In a contorted chain of isicles,
In the frigid zone: down with them!

Theoph. At the bottom
One thing I found not yet. See!
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*

Harp. Oh! I am tortured.

Theoph. Can this do't! hence, thou fiend infernal, hence!

Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.

Theoph. At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,
I serve a better master: he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on by thee.—
By thy damn'd rhetoric did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand
Beg a forgiveness.

Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.

Theoph. I serve a strength above thine; this small weapon,
Methinks, is armour hard enough.

Harp. Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*

Theoph. Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound! down!
Me thou hast lost. That arm, which hurls thee hence, [HARPAX *disappears.*
Save me, and set me up, the strong defence,
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow;
And to that garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [*Exit.*

Theoph. It is, it is, some angel. Vanish'd again!
Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st me,
Teach me what I must to do, and, to do well,
That my last act the best may parallel. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—DIOCLESIAN'S *Palace.*

Enter DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, *the* Kings *of* Epire, Pontus *and* Macedon, *meeting* ARTEMIA; Attendants.

Artem. Glory and conquest still attend upon
Triumphant Cæsar!

Diocle. Let thy wish, fair daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love and empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy
To be my mistress.

Artem. Sir, you shew yourself
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is Love;
His bow and arrows are the same: Great Julius,
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd
With the dead carcasses of senators,
And citizens of Rome; when the world knew
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth,)
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,

A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive:
Nor are you more secure.
Max. Were you deform'd,
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent,)
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me;
And I should be more proud in being prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.
Diocle. This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,
With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was: thy fate
Reserved thee for this better choice; embrace it.
Max. This happy match brings new nerves to [give strength
To our continued league.
Diocle. Hymen himself
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the presence of these kings.
K. of Pontus. Who rest most happy,
To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the empire.
Diocle. We much thank your loves:
But where's Sapritius, our governor,
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish
His piety and service.
Artem. Sir, the governor
Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd
Apostate in death; but bold Theophilus,
Who for the same cause, in my presence seal'd
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts;
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her lose her head.
Diocle. He is all worthy:
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.
Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn, (I know his nature,)
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,
Than the least pity.
Diocle. To that end I would hear it.

Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* MACRINUS.

Artem. He comes; with him the governor.
Diocle. O, Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it. Good Theophilus,
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear. [*To* SAPRITIUS.
Theoph. [*aside to* MACRINUS.] By Antoninus' soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves [me,
Receive my signet:—By the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians,
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what shall follow?
Theoph. Haste then to the port;
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound: the Deity
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone:
Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you!
Mac. I'll undertake't; there's something prompts me to it;
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act:
And to be merciful has never been
By moral men themselves esteem'd a sin. [*Exit.*
Diocle. You know your charge?
Sap. And will with care observe it.
Diocle. For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,
My careful, zealous provost! thou hast toil'd
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no change- [ling.
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness or scoffs,
Before my brother and these kings, how took
The Christian her death?
Theoph. And such a presence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellence and wonder.
Diocle. Ha! how is this?
Theoph. O! mark it, therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an embassy from heaven
By a wing'd legate; for the truth deliver'd,
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonized Spartan ladies were,
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own matrons,
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics, in her history
Will find a second urn: Gracchus' Cornelia,
Paulina, that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.
Max. Is he mad?
Diocle. Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more.
Theoph. They, out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A doating mother, as Cornelia was.
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cause
Who only can bestow it; who sent down
Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven, who entertain'd it
With choice celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres; she, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were present at her death: did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?
Sap. Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.
Theoph. I then heard it

With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Diocle. Why, dost thou now?
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing——

Theoph. Were my voice
As loud as is His thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship,
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Diocle. Thou twice a child! for doating age so makes thee,
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost past through, in this last moment
Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or great—
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,
Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?

Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.

Max. Do; no way is left, else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.

Diocle. But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.

Theoph. Hear me, yet;
Hear, for my service past.

Artem. What will he say?

Theoph. As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for;
Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity
To any Christian, being one myself,
Should look for any; no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty. I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians' deaths;
And, were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easy penance, and I should pass through
A gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My suit is, you would have no pity on me.
In mine own house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians; let me feel
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horrid'st you can find; and I will say,
In death, that you are merciful.

Diocle. Despair not;
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:
[*Exeunt some of the* Guard.
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!——
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians
That are in hold; and here, before his face,
Cut them in pieces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy power:
It was the first good deed I ever did.
They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er,
I was determined for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty;
And still I dare thy worst.

Re-enter Guard *with racks and other instruments of torture.*

Diocle. Bind him, I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
Shall have ten thousand drachmas: wretch! I'll force thee
To curse the Power thou worship'st.

Theoph. Never, never:
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on Him,
[*They torment him.*
But what shall speak His majesty or mercy.
I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,
More tortures, more:—alas! you are unskilful—
For heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;
Spare no part of me.

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan,
To witness he hath feeling.

Diocle. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever.
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it:—Oh me!
My ancient enemies again! [*Falls down.*

Enter DOROTHEA *in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by* ANGELO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA *following, all in white, but less glorious;* ANGELO *holds out a crown to* THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Most glorious vision!—
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death! till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [*Dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet
A constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!
[HARPAX *sinks with thunder and lightning*
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.
[*Exit with* DOR. *&c.*

Diocle. I think the centre of the earth be crack'd—
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on.
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.
[*Flourish. Exeunt*

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.

TO

MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, ANTHONY SENTLEGER,

OF OAKHAM IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,—That the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications, and inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, SIR WARHAM SENTLEGER (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered) being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler testimony, than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the author,

Your servant, PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUFORT Senior, *Governor of Marseilles.*
BEAUFORT Junior, *his Son.*
MALEFORT Senior, *Admiral of Marseilles.*
MALEFORT Junior, *his Son.*
CHAMONT, MONTAIGNE, LANOUR, *Assistants to the Governor.*
MONTREVILLE, *a pretended Friend to* MALEFORT Senior.
BELGARDE, *a poor Captain.*
Three Sea Captains, *of the Navy of* MALEFORT Junior.
A Steward.
An Usher.
A Page.

THEOCRINE, *Daughter to* MALEFORT Senior.
Two Waiting-Women.
Two Courtezans.
A Bawd.

Servants *and* Soldiers.

SCENE,—MARSEILLES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Court of Justice.*

Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting-women.

Montr. Now to be modest, madam, when you are
A suitor for your father, would appear
Coarser than boldness: you a while must part with
Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin:
Though I must grant, did not this cause command it,
They are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration. In this age,
If, by our own forced importunity,
Or others purchased intercession, or
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means and industry.
Ush. Here's music
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk opium,
Or eaten mandrakes. Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;
When they (let them do what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos,

Shall cool their feet without; this being the pick-
That never fails. [lock
Montr. 'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. Were I the governor,
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should sign his general pardon.
Theoc. These light words, sir,
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;
And I much wonder you, that do profess
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.
Montr. You mistake me;
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner: and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way
For his enlargement.
Theoc. With all real joy
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.
Montr. Honesty
In a fair she client (trust to my experience)
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked.
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must practise
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it: do not deceive yourself,
By building too much on the false foundations
Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters
Stand further off, and I'll come nearer to you.
1 Wom. Some wicked counsel on my life.
2 Wom. Ne'er doubt it,
If it proceed from him.
Page. I wonder that
My lord so much affects him.
Ush. Thou'rt a child,
And durst not understand on what strong basis
This friendship's raised between this Montreville
And our lord, monsieur Malefort; but I'll teach thee:
From thy years they have been joint purchasers
In fire and water works, and truck'd together.
Page. In fire and water works!
Ush. Commodities, boy,
Which you may know hereafter.
Page. And deal in them,
When the trade has given you over, as appears by
The increase of your high forehead.
Ush. Here's a crack!
I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.
Page. I had an ignorant nurse else. I have
My lady's garter, and can guess—— [tied, sir,
Ush. Peace, infant;
Tales out of school! take heed, you will be breech'd else.
1 Wom. My lady's colour changes.
2 Wom. She falls off too.
Theoc. You are a naughty man, indeed you are;
And I will sooner perish with my father,
Than at this price redeem him.
Montr. Take your own way,
Your modest, legal way: 'tis not your veil,
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.
These courses in an old crone of threescore,
That had seven years together tired the court
With tedious petitions, and clamours,
For the recovery of a straggling husband,
To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her;—
But for a lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only
In such a suit as this is, to gain favour,
Without exchange of courtesy,—you conceive me—

Enter BEAUFORT junior, *and* BELGARDE.

Were madness at the height. Here's brave young Beaufort,
The meteor of Marseilles, one that holds
The governor his father's will and power
In more awe than his own! Come, come, advance,
Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the sun;
Do you think he cares for money? he loves pleasure.
Burn your petition, burn it: he doats on you,
Upon my knowledge: to his cabinet, do,
And he will point you out a certain course,
Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father
Released with much facility. [*Exit.*
Theoc. Do you hear?
Take a pander with you.
Beauf. jun. I tell thee there is neither
Employment yet, nor money.
Belg. I have commanded,
And spent my own means in my country's service.
In hope to raise a fortune.
Beauf. jun. Many have hoped so;
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.
Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern, or a vaulting-house; while men love
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:
Shall I have that?
Beauf. jun. As our prizes are brought in;
Till then you must be patient.
Belg. In the mean time,
How shall I do for clothes?
Beauf. jun. As most captains do:
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.
Belg. But how shall I do, to satisfy colon, monsieur?
There lies the doubt.
Beauf. jun. That's easily decided;
My father's table's free for any man
That hath born arms.
Belg. And there's good store of meat?
Beauf. jun. Never fear that.
Belg. I'll seek no other ordinary then,
But be his daily guest without invitement;
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,
As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis she.
Belg. And further——
Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome;
Designs of more weight——
Belg. Ha! fair Theocrine.
Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my manners:
This is, indeed, great business, mine a gewgaw.
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,

And suddenly, or all will go to wreck;
Charge her home in the flank, my lord: nay, I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Beauf. jun. [*raising* Theoc. *from her knees.*] Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel with you.

Page. I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.

Beauf. jun. What is it can deserve so poor a name,
As a suit to me? This more than mortal form
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat:
Your will but known is served.

Theoc. Great sir, my father,
My brave deserving father;—but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech——

Beauf. jun. I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your fair eyes: I know you labour
The liberty of your father; at the least,
An equal hearing to acquit himself:
And, 'tis not to endear my service to you,
Though I must add, and pray you with patience hear it,
'Tis hard to be effected, in respect
The state's incensed against him: all presuming,
The world of outrages his impious son,
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,
Express'd to this poor country, could not be
With such ease put in execution, if
Your father, of late our great admiral,
Held not or correspondence, or connived
At his proceedings.

Theoc. And must he then suffer,
His cause unheard?

Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolved so,
In their determination. But suppose
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
And render them, that are implacable,
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen;
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
To you, be gracious?

Theoc. You entreat of me, sir,
What I should offer to you, with confession
That you much undervalue your own worth,
Should you receive me, since there come with you
Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time
For me to think of Hymeneal joys.
Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)
That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I
But entertain a thought of those delights,
In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours!
Duty and piety forbid it, sir.

Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father free,
What is your answer?

Theoc. Every minute to me
Will be a tedious age, till our embraces
Are warrantable to the world.

Beauf. jun. I urge no more;
Confirm it with a kiss.

Theoc. [*Kissing him.*] I doubly seal it.

Ush. This would do better abed, the business ended:—
They are the loving'st couple!

Enter Beaufort *senior*, Montaigne, Chamont, *and* Lanour.

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father,
With the Council of War: deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me. [Theoc. *offers a paper*

Beauf. sen. I am sorry, lady,
Your father's guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.

Beauf. jun. For my sake, sir, pray you receive and read it.

Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy! I can deny thee nothing. [*Takes the paper from* Theoc.

Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy, madam: quit the place;
You shall hear how we succeed.

Theoc. Goodness reward you!
[*Exeunt* Theocrine, Usher, Page, *and* Women.

Mont. It is apparent; and we stay too long
To censure Malefort as he deserves.
[*They take their seats.*

Cham. There is no colour of reason that makes for him:
Had he discharged the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practised heretofore, it could not be
Our navy should be block'd up, and, in our sight,
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious issue.

Lan. I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements,
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his country.

Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted.

Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, sir.

Beauf. sen. He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off; bring him before us,
But seek no further favour.

Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. [*Exit*

Beauf. sen. Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour, assistants,
By a commission from the most Christian king,
In punishing or freeing Malefort,
Our late great admiral: though I know you need [not
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with fa- [vour,
To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair actions,
Loyal, and true demeanour; not as now
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; all compassion
* * * * * * *
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;
We sit engaged to censure him with all
Extremity and rigour.

Cham. Your lordship shews us
A path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

Mont. I'll not be singular.

Re-enter Beaufort *junior, with* Montreville, Malefort *senior*, Belgarde, *and* Officers.

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.

Malef. sen. Live I once more
To see these hands and arms free! these, that often,
In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as seamarks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin
To such as durst behold it! These the legs,
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,
He does not run, but flies!
Mont. He still retains
The greatness of his spirit.
Malef. sen. Now crampt with irons,
Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me—
But I forget myself. O, my good lords,
That sit there as my judges, to determine
The life, and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses,
With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten:
And I stand here to give account of that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eyes of him,
For whom I stand suspected.
Beauf. sen. Monsieur Malefort,
Let not your passion so far transport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person, you are question'd:
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son——
Malef. sen. My shame!
Beauf. sen. Pray you, hear with patience,—never
Without assistance or sure aids from you,
Could, with the pirates of Argiers and Tunis,
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit, as with them to be
Made absolute commander; (pray you observe me;)
If there had not some contract pass'd between you,
That, when occasion serv'd, you would join with them,
To the ruin of Marseilles?
Mont. More, what urged
Your son to turn apostata?
Cham. Had he from
The state, or governor, the least neglect,
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?
Lan. Or, if you slept not in your charge, how could
So many ships as do infest our coast,
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,
Come in unfought with?
Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.
Malef. sen. My lords, with as much brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection
With which you charge me. The main ground, on which
You raise the building of your accusation,
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I, therefore,
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him!
Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? was't in me,
With as much ease to fashion up his mind,
As, in his generation, to form
The organs to his body? Must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?——
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish gallies in the streights
But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants,
When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches
By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They owed the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown over-board;
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft express'd against them, entertain
A thought of quarter with them; but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles,
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,
I have so oft protected!
Beauf. sen. What you have done
Is granted and applauded; but yet know
This glorious relation of your actions
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,
To pass unquestion'd.
Cham. No; you must produce
Reasons of more validity and weight,
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
Conclude you innocent.
Mont. The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,
Both what and when to do, but makes against you.
Lan. For had your care and courage been the same
As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in
Had been with ease prevented.
Malef. sen. What have I
Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of
This hell-bred wolf, my son? alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes:
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,
Beset our harbour: make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.—
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,
To make good my integrity and truth;
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal. [*A trumpet within.*
Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet?
Enquire the cause. [*Exit* MONTREVILLE.

Malef. sen. Thou searcher of men's hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins—awhile not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,
Or by some unexpected means confirm,
I am accused unjustly! [*Aside.*

Re-enter MONTREVILLE *with a* Sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak, the motives
That bring thee hither?
Capt. From our admiral thus:
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no public hate
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong: and if from you
He may have leave and liberty to decide it
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,
If he fall in the trial of his right,
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.
Beauf. sen. Speak to the man,
If in this presence he appear to you,
To whom you bring this challenge.
Capt. 'Tis to you.
Beauf. sen. His father!
Montr. Can it be?
Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious!
Malef. sen. Thou seest I stand unmoved: were thy voice thunder,
It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?
Capt. The reverence a father's name may challenge,
And duty of a son no more remember'd,
He does defy thee to the death.
Malef. sen. Go on.
Capt. And with his sword will prove it on thy head,
Thou art a murderer, an atheist;
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies,
Cannot express thee: this he will make good,
If thou dar'st give him meeting.
Malef. sen. Dare I live!
Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,
At my last gasp ask for mercy! How I bless
Thy coming, captain; never man to me
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life in curing
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,
He marks out for destruction! you are just,
Immortal Powers, and in this merciful;
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent,
As you are bound, my honourable lords,
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,
The father of the Roman liberty,
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Than I will shew, when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind received from me.
Beauf. sen. We are sorry, monsieur Malefort, for our error,
And are much taken with your resolution;
But the disparity of years and strength,
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,
We would not so expose you.
Malef. sen. Then you kill me,
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this apostata with death,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded.
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory! I feel
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted
Would make way to him.—As you do affect, sir,
My daughter Theocrine; as you are
My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant;
And as all love a soldier, second me
[*They all sue to the* Governor
In this my just petition. In your looks
I see a grant, my lord.
Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me;
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combat.
Malef. sen. With more joy
Than yet I ever tasted: by the next sun,
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,
And so return in safety. [*To the* Captain.] My good lords,
To all my service.—I will die, or purchase
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,
But his impiety is a potent charm,
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open space without the City.*

Enter three Sea Captains.

2 Capt. He did accept the challenge, then?
1 Capt. Nay more,
Was overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been
A fair invitement to a solemn feast,
And not a combat to conclude with death,
He cheerfully embraced it.
3 Capt. Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?
1 Capt. At the father's suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to them.
2 Capt. You are inward with
Our admiral; Could you yet never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son more than incensed, implacable,
Against the father?
1 Capt. Never; yet I have,
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observed him.
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us.

Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,
We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall;
When I'll exact, for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accompt
Of much more from the heart.
  2 *Capt.* 'Tis wondrous strange.
  3 *Capt.* And past my apprehension.
  1 *Capt.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we, to admiration,
Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made ours; but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey,
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himself
To his private contemplation, no joy
Express'd by him for victory.

Enter MALEFORT *jun.*

  2 *Capt.* Here he comes,
But with more cheerful looks than ever yet
I saw him wear.
  Malef. jun. It was long since resolved on,
Nor must I stagger now [in't.] May the cause,
That forces me to this unnatural act
Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I find rest in death, or my revenge!
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And do not entertain a false belief
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It adds to my calamity, that I have
Discourse and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both ways I am impious Do not, therefore,
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd
All kinds of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock,
Into the deep; or, Curtius like, to fill up,
For my country's safety, and an after-name,
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter
Of this day's single enemy.
  1 *Capt.* If you please, sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.
  Malef. jun. Not for the world:
Yet two things I entreat you; the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference between
Myself and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy;
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
Far from this place, and where you please inter [it.—
I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

Enter BEAUFORT *junior and* MONTREVILLE, *leading in* MALEFORT *senior;* BELGARDE *following, with others.*

  Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour
To be your second.
  Montr. With your pardon, sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.
  Belg. I have served
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it; and if now,
At this downright game, I may but hold your [cards,
I'll not pull down the side.
  Malef. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse them;
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am supposed the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those
That have nor fire nor spirit of their own;
But dare, and do, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice,
In my excuse for that. Now, if you please,
On both parts, to retire to yonder mount
Where you, as in a Roman theatre,
May see the bloody difference determined,
Your favours meet my wishes.
  Malef. jun. 'Tis approved of
By me; and I command you [*To his* Captains.]
And leave me to my fortune. [Lead the way,
  Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am denied
To be an actor) of each blow and thrust,
And punctually observe them.
  Malef. jun. You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time,
If he give suffrage to it.
  Malef sen. Yes, I will;
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: nay, farewell.
  Malef. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, [and with us
Leave deadly hate and fury.
  Malef. sen. From this place
You ne'er shall see both living.
  Belg. What's past help, is
Beyond prevention.
  [*They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and son.*
  Malef. sen. Now we are alone, sir;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.
  Malef. jun. I shall, sir;
But in a perplex'd form and method, which
You only can interpret: Would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety:
But this confest on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak,

And in the action changed the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage,
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes con-
To run my bark of honour on a shelf [strain'd me
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
In a moment razed and ruin'd. That you could
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,
And move no further!

Malef. sen. Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yield satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Malef. jun. This sword divides that slavish

Malef. sen. It cannot: [knot.
It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not
hope it. [thee
Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught
Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plumed Victory
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him, to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself,
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one general cry howling for mercy,
Shall not redeem thee.

Malef. jun. Thou incensed Power,
Awhile forbear thy thunder! let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother ——

Malef. sen. Thou shalt never name her more.
[*They fight.*

BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, *and the three* Sea Captains, *appear on the Mount.*

Beauf. jun. They are at it.

2 Capt. That thrust was put strongly home.

Montr. But with more strength avoided.

Belg. Well come in;
He has drawn blood of him yet: well done, old

1 Capt. That was a strange miss. [cock.

Beauf. jun. That a certain hit.
[*Young* MALEFORT *is slain.*

Belg. He's fallen, the day is ours!

2 Capt. The admiral's slain.

Montr. The father is victorious!

Belg. Let us haste
To gratulate his conquest.

1 Capt. We to mourn
The fortune of the son.

Beauf. jun. With utmost speed
Acquaint the governor with the good success,
That he may entertain, to his full merit,
The father of his country's peace and safety.
[*They retire.*

Malef. sen. Were a new life hid in each
mangled limb,
I would search, and find it: and howe'er to some
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.—
That I have power to be unnatural,
Is my security; die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion:
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on, I being above
All perturbations; nor is it in
The power of fate, again to make me wretched.

Re-enter BEAUFORT junior, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, *and the three* Sea Captains.

Beauf. jun. All honour to the conqueror! who
My friend of treachery now? [dares tax

Belg. I am very glad, sir,
You have sped so well: but I must tell you thus
much.
To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow
Your high-swoll'n tide of happiness, you have
This honour at a high price. [purchased

Malef. 'Tis, Belgarde,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot savour
Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword
Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented; though, indeed, they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cémented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son,
While he was worthy; but when he shook off
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,
Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd,)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor
Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censured rugged, and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest
Well satisfied in myself, being assured that
Extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendor, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis too true, sir,

In the opinion of the multitude;
But for myself, that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, received.

Malef. My daughter
Shall thank you for the favour.

Beauf. jun. I can wish
No happiness beyond it.

1 *Capt.* Shall we have leave
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,
As he enjoin'd us, from this coast?

Malef. Provided
The articles agreed on be observed,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch
Upon this shore.

1 *Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.

Malef. Then as you please dispose of it: 'tis an object
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him!
So far he has my charity.

1. *Capt.* He shall have
A soldier's funeral.

[*The Captains bear the Body off, with sad Music.*

Malef. Farewell!

Beauf. jun. These rites
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance and ceremony,
Wait on the patron of our liberty,
Which he at all parts merits.

Malef. I am honour'd
Beyond my hopes.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: oh, sir, you must; you are too modest.

[*Exeunt with loud Music.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* MALEFORT'S *House.*

Enter THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting-women.

Theoc. Talk not of comfort; I am both ways wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father, or a brother,
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.

1 *Wom.* You must bear it
With patience, madam.

2 *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.

Page. Fear not my brave lord,
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza.

1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son!
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the nearness
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He received life.

[*A shout within.*

2 *Wom.* A general shout——

1 *Wom.* Of joy.

Page. Look up, dear lady; sad news never came
Usher'd with loud applause.

Theoc. I stand prepared
To endure the shock of it.

Enter Usher.

Ush. I am out of breath
With running to deliver first—

Theoc. What?

Ush. We are all made.
My lord has won the day; your brother's slain;
The pirates gone: and by the governor,
And states, and all the men of war, he is
Brought home in triumph:—nay, no musing, pay me
For my good news hereafter.

Theoc. Heaven is just!

Ush. Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to meet him.
I could wish I were a horse, that I might bear you
To him upon my back.

Page. Thou art an ass,
And this is a sweet burthen.

Ush. Peace, you crack-rope!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Loud Music. Enter MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, BEAUFORT senior, BEAUFORT junior; MALEFORT, *followed by* MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

Beauf. sen. All honours we can give you, and rewards,
Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings: let me glory in
Your action, as if it were mine own;
And have the honour, with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.

Mont. Imagine, noble sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured
It shall be freely granted.

Cham. He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think
There's anything within our power to give,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

Lan. And as your own; for we will ever be
At your devotion.

Malef. Much honour'd sir,
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,
And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompense were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over bold.

Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me
Denial or delay.

Malef. Thus then, my lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me, is one daughter; now,

If it may not appear too much presumption,
To seek to match my lowness with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy
To be received into your family,
And married to your son: their years are equal,
And their desires, I think, too; she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.
Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an offer? can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not
The phœnix of the time, the fairest star
In the bright sphere of women?
Beauf. sen. Be not rapt so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgment.

Enter Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting-women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes:
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective.
Malef. Welcome, girl!
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? This shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within:
Nor should you with more curiousness and care
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appear to entertain the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.
Theoc. Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,
And so far duty binds me; yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked,
The tenderness familiar to our sex
May, if you please, excuse.
Malef. Thou art deceived.
He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament and lustre
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha! here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek; how it takes from
Our present happiness! with a father's lips,
A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,
The cause no more remember'd.
Theoc. You forget, sir,
The presence we are in.
Malef. 'Tis well consider'd;
And yet, who is the owner of a treasure
Above all value, but, without offence,
May glory in the glad possession of it?
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,
Or any here, that looking on the daughter,
I feast myself in the imagination
Of those sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,
I tasted from the mother, who still lives
In this her perfect model; for she had
Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such sparkling eyes,
Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver,
Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom,
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As Death himself lamented, being forced
To blast it with his paleness: and if now
Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take and please you,
Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,
This veil removed, in her own natural pureness,
How far she will transport you.
Beauf. jun. Did she need it,
The praise which you (and well deserved) give to her,
Must of necessity raise new desires
In one indebted more to years; to me
Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.
Malef. No more;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit; when I make her yours,
I do possess you of a gift, which I
With much unwillingness part from. My good lords,
Forbear your further trouble; give me leave,
For on the sudden I am indisposed,
To retire to my own house, and rest: to-morrow,
As you command me, I will be your guest,
And having deck'd my daughter like herself,
You shall have further conference.
Beauf. sen. You are master
Of your own will; but fail not, I'll expect you.
Malef. Nay, I will be excused; I must part with you. [*To young* BEAUFORT *and the rest.*
My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
I will support thee.
Theoc. You gripe it too hard, sir.
Malef. Indeed I do, but have no further end in it
But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,
And to be cherish'd.
Theoc. May I still deserve it!
[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Banqueting-room in* BEAUFORT'S *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT *senior, and* Steward.

Beauf. sen. Have you been careful?
Stew. With my best endeavours.
Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, sir.
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.
Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.
I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,
And store of friends to eat it: but with this caution,
I would not have my house a common inn,
For some men that come rather to devour me.

Than to present their service. At this time, too,
It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows,
That, under other men's protection, break in
Without invitement.

Stew. With your favour, then,
You must double your guard, my lord, for on my knowledge,
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a file of musketeers: and 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike,
With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to stop
One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,
The service will be lost else!

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Stew. As tall a trencherman, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly
Were not made up of a much tougher stuff
Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence
Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,
He's eminent for his eating.

Beauf. sen. O, Belgarde!

Stew. The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,
Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of,
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.

Beauf. sen. The more their misery; yet, if you can,
For this day put him off.

Stew. It is beyond
The invention of man.

Beauf. sen. No:—say this only, [*Whispers to him.*
And as from me; you apprehend me?

Stew. Yes, sir.

Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely.

Stew. Never doubt me, sir.

Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And banquet be prepared here. [*Exit.*

Stew. This will make him
Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his share with the pages and the lackies,
Or scramble in the rushes.

Enter BELGARDE.

Belg. 'Tis near twelve;
I keep a watch within me never misses.—
Save thee, master steward!

Stew. You are most welcome, sir.

Belg. Has thy lord slept well to-night? I come to enquire.
I had a foolish dream, that, against my will,
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's disposed.

Stew. He's in most perfect health, sir.

Belg. Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too; for from that ever
I make a certain judgment.

Stew. It holds surely
In your own constitution.

Belg. And in all men's,
'Tis the best symptom; let us lose no time,
Delay is dangerous.

Stew. Troth, sir, if I might,
Without offence, deliver what my lord ha
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favour.

Belg. We'll see it, and discourse,
As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner,
Or rather after supper; willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.

Stew. Nay, good sir,
I will be brief and pithy.

Belg. Prithee be so.

Stew. He bid me say, of all his guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observed you
To twirl a dish about, you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you; or to take
A say of venison, or stale fowl, by your nose,
Which is a solecism at another's table;
But by strong eating of them, did confirm
They never were delicious to your palate,
But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot says,
And so your part grows greater; nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,
Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations,
Which is a master-piece when meat's before you,
Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.

Belg. Be advised,
And end your jeering; for, if you proceed,
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry;
And beating may ensue.

Stew. I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point: my lord much wonders,
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suit.

Belg. To one! 'tis well I have one,
Unpawn'd, in these days; every cast commander
Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you.
But why this question? does this offend him?

Stew. Not much; but he believes it is the reason
You ne'er presume to sit above the salt:
And therefore, this day, our great admiral,
With other states, being invited guests,
He does entreat you to appear among them,
In some fresh habit.

Belg. This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off; these are soldier's garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

Stew. It has stung him. [*Aside.*

Belg. I would I were acquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me: but there is
No faith in brokers; and for believing tailors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen;
And sure they are confined to their own hells,
And there they live invisible. Well, I must not
Be fubb'd off thus: pray you, report my service
To the lord governor; I will obey him:
And though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suit I have, and fill the chair
That makes me worthy of't. [*Exit.*

Stew. We are shut of him,
He will be seen no more here: how my fellows
Will bless me for his absence! he had starved them,
Had he staid a little longer. Would he could,
For his own sake, shift a shirt! and that's the utmost
Of his ambition: adieu, good captain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter BEAUFORT *senior, and* BEAUFORT *junior.*

Beauf. sen. 'Tis a strange fondness.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis beyond example.
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the weightier, is nothing;
But to observe how curious he is
In his own person, to add ornament
To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship
This morning to her, to present my service,
From whom I understand all. There he found him
Solicitous in what shape she should appear;
This gown was rich, but the fashion stale; the other
Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough:
Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage
Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art
To express in every circumstance the form
Of her most delicate foot; then sits in council
With much deliberation, to find out
What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,
And stamps it under foot; then tries a second,
A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length,
With much ado, in that, he grows again
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear
This diamond on her forehead, or between
Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways.
Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl,
(The best of France,) he seriously considers,
Whether he should dispose it on her arm,
Or on her neck; with twenty other trifles,
Too tedious to deliver.
Beauf. sen. I have known him
From his first youth, but never yet observed,
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world speaks him,
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expense,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly: the truth is, I am not
Ambitious of this match; nor will I cross you
In your affections.
Beauf. jun. I have ever found you
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father, [*Loud music.*
And careful of my good:—by the loud music,
As you gave order, for his entertainment,
He's come into the house. Two long hours since,
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wait on him hither.

Enter MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting-women.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.
Malef. You meet, my lord,
Your trouble.
Beauf. sen. Rather, sir, increase of honour,
When you are pleased to grace my house.
Beauf. jun. The favour
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,
Deigns us her presence.
Malef. View her well, brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance; you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful: and were not she mine,
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change
A barren virgin name, with more good omens
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same,
That she was yesterday.
Beauf. sen. Being herself,
She cannot but be excellent; these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,
Nor can add to her.
Malef. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,
You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl,
Thou art above his praise, or mine; nor can
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use
Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth,
Give aught, (for that's impossible,) but take from
Thy more than human graces; and even then,
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That, losing her own servile shape and name,
She will be thought Detraction: but I
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.
Mont. I know not what to think on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.
Malef. I much wrong
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,
Believe my black brood swans.
Beauf. sen. There needs not, sir,
The least excuse for this; nay I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress.
Theoc. I am any thing
That you shall please to make me.
Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more compliment.
Mont. Your will's a law, sir.
[*Loud music. Exeunt* BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT, THEOCRINE, BEAUFORT junior, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE.

Ush. Would I had been born a lord!
1 *Wom.* Or I a lady!
Page. It may be you were both begot in court,
Though bred up in the city; for your mothers,
As I have heard, loved the lobby; and there, nightly,
Are seen strange apparitions: and who knows
But that some noble faun, heated with wine,
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition:—
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

Ush. Why, had I been born a lord, I had been no servant.

1 *Wom.* And whereas now necessity makes us
We had been attended on. [waiters,

2 *Wom.* And might have slept then
As long as we pleased, and fed when we had stomachs,
And worn new clothes, nor lived as now, in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

Page. You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was
Sworn to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logic, that a servant's life
Was better than his master's; and by that
I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

Ush. Proceed, my little wit
In decimo sexto.

Page. Thus then: From the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.

Ush. True.

Page. Well then; and first to you, sir: you complain
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters;
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grim sir above him: if he frown,
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place;
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure [stool,
To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought
Nay, more; that high disposer of all such [it.
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude: and as a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are
But serving-men in rich liveries.

Ush. Most rare infant!
Where learn'dst thou this morality?

Page. Why, thou dull pate,
As I told thee, of my tutor.

2 *Wom.* Now for us, boy.

Page. I am cut off:—the governor.

Enter BEAUFORT *senior and* BEAUFORT *junior, Servants setting forth a banquet.*

Beauf. sen. Quick, quick, sirs.
See all things perfect.

Serv. Let the blame be ours else.

Beauf. sen. And, as I said, when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,
Especially among soldiers; Theocrine
Being retired, as that's no place for her,
Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And lose no opportunity.

Beauf. jun. 'Tis my purpose;
And if I can win her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readiness
To join our hands; for the admiral, her father,
Repents him of his grant to me, and seems
So far transported with a strange opinion
Of her fair features, that, should we defer it,
I think, ere long, he will believe, and strongly,
The dauphin is not worthy of her: I
Am much amazed with't.

Beauf. sen. Nay, dispatch there, fellows.
[*Exeunt* BEAUFORT *senior and* BEAUFORT *junior.*

Serv. We are ready, when you please. Sweet forms, your pardon!
It has been such a busy time, I could not
Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve: but now, the great work ended,
I will attend the less, and with all care
Observe and serve you.

Page. This is a penn'd speech,
And serves as a perpetual preface to
A dinner made of fragments.

Ush. We wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Banquet set forth.*

Loud music. Enter BEAUFORT *senior,* MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BEAUFORT *junior,* MONTREVILLE, *and Servants.*

Beauf. sen. You are not merry, sir.

Malef. Yes, my good lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all cares:—
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*

Beauf. sen. Pray you take your place.

Beauf. jun. And drink a health; and let it be, if you please,
To the worthiest of women.—Now observe him.

Malef. Give me the bowl; since you do me the
I will begin it. [honour,

Cham. May we know her name, sir?

Malef. You shall; I will not choose a foreign queen's,
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of
Tame flattery; nor do their height of title,
Or absolute power, confirm their worth and goodness,
These being heaven's gifts, and frequently con-
On such as are beneath them; nor will I [ferr'd
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she
In his esteem may carry it: but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom,
Not sway'd this way or that, with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equal,)
If it must be to her whose outward form
Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,
I do pronounce a villain: this to her, then.
[*Drinks.*

Mont. What may we think of this?

Beauf. sen. It matters not.

Lan. For my part, I will sooth him, rather than
Draw on a quarrel.

Cham. It is the safest course;
And one I mean to follow.

Beauf. jun. It has gone round, sir. [*Exit.*

Malef. Now you have done her right; if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
I am your pledge.

Beauf. sen. Let's pause here, if you please,
And entertain the time with something else.
Music there! in some lofty strain; the song too
That I gave order for; the new one call'd
The Soldier's Delight. [*Music and a song.*

Enter BELGARDE *in armour, a case of carbines by his side.*

Belg. Who stops me now?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man complete? What court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus
Accoutred, I may enter? Or what feast,
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd
To store it with variety transcending
The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birth-day;
(Where princes only, and confederate kings,
Did sit as guests, served and attended on
By the senators of Rome,) at which a soldier,
In this his natural and proper shape,
Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by
His presence make the great solemnity
More honour'd and remarkable?

Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledged;
And this a grace done to me unexpected.

Mont. But why in armour?

Malef. What's the mystery?
Pray you, reveal that.

Belg. Soldiers out of action,
That very rare * * * * *
* * * * * but, like unbidden guests,
Bring their stools with them, for their own defence,
At court should feed in gauntlets; they may have
Their fingers cut else: there your carpet knights,
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and, with a soldier's freedom,
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff
You threw upon my poverty: you contemn'd
My coarser outside, and from that concluded
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues and embroideries,
Unless I changed my habit: I have done it,
And shew myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight;
And then it was in fashion, not as now,
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,
I've charged through fire that would have singed your sables,
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud colour
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—
But now, as if the trappings made the man,
Such only are admired that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now: and yet remember,
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you;
This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,
That you, with no relenting eyes, look on
Our wants that feed your plenty: or consume,
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand engaged for; or force us,
Against all civil government, in armour
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tender'd ere demanded.

Beauf. sen. I commend
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness; it shews lovely:
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit,
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
Of your profession, like you, discontented
For want of means, shall, in their present payment,
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change, to put your armour on,
But in the face of an enemy; not as now,
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty
I'll add five hundred crowns.

Cham. I, to my power,
Will follow the example.

Mont. Take this, captain,
'Tis all my present store; but when you please,
Command me further.

Lan. I could wish it more.

Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice-humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honours
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd:
When this dumb rhetoric [*Aside.*]—Well, I have a life,
Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,
My noble lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own.—Broker, be happy,
These golden birds fly to thee. [*Exit.*

Beauf. sen. You are dull, sir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.

Malef. Passage! I observed none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my genius tells me

Montr. What chimeras
Work on your fantasy?

Malef. Fantasies! they are truths.
Where is my Theocrine? you have plotted
To rob me of my daughter; bring me to her
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,
You are inhospitable.

Beauf. sen. You amaze me.
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship
With my son, her servant. Why do you hear this
With such distracted looks, since to that end
You brought her hither?

Malef. 'Tis confess'd I did;
But now, pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it:
She is my only care, nor must she yield,
But upon noble terms.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis so determined.
Malef. Yet I am jealous.
Mont. Overmuch, I fear.
What passions are these? [*Aside.*
Beauf. sen. Come, I will bring you
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.
Montr. There is something more
Than fatherly love in this. [*Aside.*
Mont. We wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in* BEAUFORT'S *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT junior, *and* THEOCRINE.

Beauf. jun. Since then you meet my flames with equal ardour,
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,
Nor must I call it debt; yet 'tis your glory,
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.
Theoc. You teach me, sir,
What I should say; since from your sun of favour,
I like dim Phœbe, in herself obscure,
Borrow that light I have.
Beauf. jun. Which you return
With large increase, since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend, were you but pleased
To make what's yet divided one.
Theoc. I have
Already in my wishes; modesty
Forbids me to speak more.
Beauf. jun. But what assurance,
But still without offence, may I demand,
That may secure me that your heart and tongue
Join to make harmony?
Theoc. Choose any,
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,
To ask, and mine to grant.

Enter at a distance BEAUFORT senior, MALEFORT, MONTREVILLE, *and the rest.*

Beauf. sen. Yonder they are.
Malef. At distance too! 'tis yet well.
Beauf. jun. I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes?
Theoc. You may, sir.
Malef. Somewhat too much.
Beauf. jun. And this done, view myself
In these true mirrors?
Theoc. Ever true to you, sir:
And may they lose the ability of sight,
When they seek other object!
Malef. This is more
Than I can give consent to.
Beauf. jun. And a kiss
Thus printed on your lips, will not distaste you?
Malef. Her lips!
Montr. Why, where should he kiss? are you distracted?
Beauf. jun. Then, when this holy man hath made it lawful—— [*Brings in a* Priest.
Malef. A priest so ready too! I must break in.
Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is register'd above:
I must engross those favours to myself
Which are not to be named.
Theoc. All I can give,
But what they are I know not.
Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you.
Malef. O how my blood boils!
Montr. Pray you, contain yourself;
Methinks his courtship's modest.
Beauf. jun. Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies, nay, to your father,
(Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you,)
Must in the ocean of your affection
To me, be swallow'd up, and want a name,
Compared with what you owe me.
Theoc. 'Tis most fit, sir.
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.
Malef. I am ruin'd, if
I come not fairly off.
Beauf. sen. There's nothing wanting
But your consent.
Malef. Some strange invention aid me!
This! yes, it must be so. [*Aside.*
Montr. Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish, is offer'd,
Both parties being agreed too?
Beauf. sen. I'll not court
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,
Though I say my son deserves her.
Malef. 'Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high: for howsoever
From my own fond indulgence I have sung
Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,
That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd,
All that I fancied excellent in her,
Balanced with what is really his own,
Holds weight in no proportion.
Montr. New turnings!
Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?
Malef. Had you observed, my lord,
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedy ear
To his fair modest offers: but so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertain'd,
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall think
Short minutes years, till it be pérfected,
I will defer that which I most desire;
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms
She must embrace it.
Beauf. jun. This is curiousness
Beyond example.
Malef. Let it then begin
From me: in what's mine own I'll use my will,
And yield no further reason. I lay claim to
The liberty of a subject. [*Rushes forward and seizes* THEOC.]—Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the hair
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own way.—O, the inward fires
That, wanting vent, consume me!
[*Exit with* THEOCRINE

Montr. 'Tis most certain
He's mad, or worse.
Beauf. sen. How worse?
Montr. Nay, there I leave you;
My thoughts are free.
Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.
Beauf. sen. Take comfort,
He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him:
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,
And with strong reasons, this gross injury,
I can make use of my authority. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Malefort's *House.*

Enter Malefort.

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me?
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at
Thy altars, Cupid: vindicate thyself,
And do not own it; and confirm it rather,
That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,
Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into
My guilty bosom. O that I was ever
Accurs'd in having issue! my son's blood,
(That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules
Grows to each part about me,) which my hate
Forced from him with much willingness, may admit
Some weak defence; but my most impious love
To my fair daughter Theocrine, none;
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)
That does pursue her, is a greater crime
Than any detestation, with which
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betray'd myself, and did not feel
The scorching heat that now with fury rages!
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.
I thought it no offence to kiss her often,
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,
And by false shadows of a father's kindness
I long deceived myself: but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I strove to be
In her opinion held the worthiest man
In courtship, form, and feature! envying him
That was preferr'd before me; and yet then
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.
But still my fires increased, and with delight
I would call her mistress, willingly forgetting
The name of daughter, choosing rather she
Should style me servant, than, with reverence, father:
Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,
But in my troubled slumbers often thought
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd
At my imagination; which pass'd,
(My eyes being open not condemning it,)
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.
Yet, spite of these temptations, I have reason
That pleads against them, and commands me to
Extinguish these abominable fires:
And I will do it; I will send her back
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there!

Enter Theocrine.

Theoc. Sir, did you call?
Malef. I look no sooner on her.
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,
And passion again usurps her empire.—
Does none else wait me?
Theoc. I am wretched, sir,
Should any owe more duty.
Malef. This is worse
Than disobedience; leave me.
Theoc. On my knees, sir,
As I have ever squared my will by yours,
And liked and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech
To teach me what the nature of my fault is, [you
That hath incens'd you; sure 'tis one of weakness
And not of malice, which your gentler temper,
On my submission, I hope, will pardon:
Which granted by your piety, if that I,
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sink ever
Under your dread command, sir.
Malef. O my stars!
Who can but doat on this humility,
That sweetness——Lovely in her tears!——The fetters,
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,
By this grow heavier on me. [*Aside.*
Theoc. Dear sir—
Malef. Peace!
I must not hear thee.
Theoc. Nor look on me?
Malef. No,
Thy looks and words are charms.
Theoc. May they have power then
To calm the tempest of your wrath! Alas, sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence,
In my repentance I would show my sorrow
For what is past, and, in my care hereafter,
Kill the occasion, or cease to be:
Since life, without your favour, is to me
A load I would cast off.
Malef. O that my heart
Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried! yet I know not——
With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milk of tigers; rise, and I,
But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,
Will make relation: That which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,
And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst been born
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;
Moor-lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd.
With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist;
Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all
A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
And made thee shunn'd of human fellowships;
I had been blest.
Theoc. Why, would you wish a monster
(For such a one, or worse, you have described)
To call you father?

Malef. Rather than as now,
(Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,)
Appearing, as thou dost, a new Pandora,
With Juno's fair cow-eyes, Minerva's brow,
Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,
Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet.

Theoc. Sir, you have liked and loved them, and oft forced,
With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,
My modesty to a defensive red,
Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were pleased
To style the purest white.

Malef. And in that cup
I drank the poison I now feel dispersed
Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedom, from the magazine
Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that
Which was already in itself too potent.
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,
Seconded with thy care and watchful studies
To please, and serve my will, in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All opposition: and, my ranks of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compell'd me
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,
And with a kind of flattering joy, to glory
In my captivity.

Theoc. I, in this you speak, sir,
Am ignorance itself.

Malef. And so continue;
For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids
For thee to help me: and 'twere cruelty
In me to wound that spotless innocence,
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,
Thy plurisy of goodness is thy ill;
Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,
As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious insultation, and no sign
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak
In thy defence, though but in silent action,
Would make the hurt, already deeply fester'd,
Incurable: and therefore, as thou wouldst not
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,
I do conjure thee by a father's power,
(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)
Without reply to leave me.

Theoc. My obedience
Never learn'd yet to question your commands,
But willingly to serve them; yet I must,
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. [*Exit.*

Malef. O that I
Have reason to discern the better way,
And yet pursue the worse! When I look on her,
I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another
Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me;
And which of these afflictions brings less torture,
I hardly can distinguish: Is there then
No mean? no; so my understanding tells me,
And that by my cross fates it is determined
That I am both ways wretched.

Enter Usher *and* MONTREVILLE.

Ush. Yonder he walks, sir,
In much vexation he hath sent my lady,
His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is,
Rests yet in supposition.

Montr. I guess at it,
But must be further satisfied; I will sift him
In private, therefore quit the room.

Ush. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Malef. Ha! who disturbs me? Montreville! your pardon.

Montr. Would you could grant one to yourself! I speak it
With the assurance of a friend, and yet,
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd
To the governor and his son; nay, to yourself;
For there begins my sorrow.

Malef. Would I had
No greater cause to mourn, than their displeasure!
For I dare justify——

Montr. We must not do
All that we dare. We're private, friend. I observed
Your alterations with a stricter eye,
Perhaps than others; and, to lose no time
In repetition, your strange demeanour
To your sweet daughter.

Malef. Would you could find out
Some other theme to treat of!

Montr. None but this;
And this I'll dwell on; how ridiculous,
And subject to construction——

Malef. No more!

Montr. You made yourself, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials interchanged between us
Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Esteem'd by you, as they hold weight with me,
No inward trouble should be of a shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secret'st thoughts; though the most innocent were
Loud crying sins.

Malef. And so, perhaps, they are:
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which known, must make you hate me.

Montr. Think not so.
I am yours in right and wrong: nor shall you find
A verbal friendship in me, but an active;
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the disease is, but, if you give leave,
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness?
I am familiarly acquainted with
A deap-read man, that can with charms and herbs
Restore you to your reason: or, suppose
You are bewitch'd,—he with more potent spells
And magical rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's anger?
With penitence and sacrifice appease it.——
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can
Imagine dreadful: in your fame and fortunes
You are secure; your impious son removed too,
That render'd you suspected to the state;
And your fair daughter——

Malef. Oh! press me no further.

Montr. Are you wrung there! Why, what of her? hath she
Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspired

Against your life? or seal'd a contract with
The devil of hell, for the recovery of
Her young Inamorato?

Malef. None of these;
And yet, what must increase the wonder in you,
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me;
But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how
I am persuaded, from my confidence
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with
My dearest secret; pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not insulting
On my calamity.

Montr. Forward.

Malef. This same daughter——

Montr. What is her fault?

Malef. She is too fair to me.

Montr. Ha! how is this?

Malef. And I have look'd upon her
More than a father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a husband.

Montr. Heaven forbid it!

Malef. And this is all the comfort you can give me!
Where are your promised aids, your charms, your herbs,
Your deep-read scholar's spells and magic rites?
Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be
My own physician, and upon myself
Practise a desperate cure.

Montr. Do not contemn me:
Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard
I'll undertake it. What means have you practised
To quench this hellish fire?

Malef. All I could think on,
But to no purpose; and yet sometimes absence
Does yield a kind of intermission to
The fury of the fit.

Montr. See her no more, then.

Malef. 'Tis my last refuge; and 'twas my intent,
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

Montr. Command it.

Malef. Thus then: you have a fort, of which you are
The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her:
And that the sight of her may not again
Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessen'd,
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,
That though my now calm'd passions should rage higher
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me
Once more to wish to see her; though I use
Persuasions mix'd with threat'nings, (nay, add to it,
That I, this failing, should with hands held up thus,
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,)
Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations,
Only to look upon her, though at distance,
You still must be obdurate.

Montr. If it be
Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved,
I will endeavour.

Malef. You must swear to be
Inexorable, as you would prevent
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.

Montr. Well, I will obey you.
But how the governor will be answer'd yet,
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.

Malef. Leave that to me. I'll presently give order
How you shall surprise her; be not frighted with
Her exclamations.

Montr. Be you constant to
Your resolution, I will not fail
In what concerns my part.

Malef. Be ever bless'd for't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter BEAUFORT *junior*, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

Cham. Not to be spoke with, say you?

Beauf. jun. No.

Lan. Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?

Beauf. jun. Neither.
His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude
Dwells round about them, no access allow'd
To friend or enemy; but——

Cham. Nay, be not moved, sir;
Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.

Beauf. jun. Or in his death,
Which, for her sake, till now I have forborn,
I will revenge the injury he hath done to
My true and lawful love.

Lan. How does your father,
The governor, relish it?

Beauf. jun. Troth, he never had
Affection to the match; yet in his pity
To me, he's gone in person to his house,
Nor will he be denied; and if he find not
Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him
In a kind he does not look for.

Cham. In the mean time,
Pray you put on cheerful looks.

Enter MONTAIGNE.

Beauf. jun. Mine suit my fortune.

Lan. O, here's Montaigne.

Mont. I never could have met you
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest
By my relation; but if you will look on
The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up,
With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object
Worthy of your noting.

Beauf. jun. Look you the comedy
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.

Mont. I'll hazard that; observe now.

BELGARDE *comes out of his house in a gallant habit; stays at the door with his sword drawn.*

Several voices within. Nay, captain! glorious captain!

Belg. Fall back, rascals!
Do you make an owl of me? this day I will
Receive no more petitions.—
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour!
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses,
Not a dog mark'd me; every officer shunn'd me,
And not one lousy prison would receive me:
But now, as the ballad says, *I am turn'd gallant*,
There does not live that thing I owe a sous to,
But does torment me. A faithful cobler told me,
With his awl in his hand, I was behindhand with him

2 *Court.* We'll find a time to fit him.
[*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Courtezans.
Beauf. sen. Why in this heat, Belgarde?
Belg. You are the cause of't.
Beauf. sen. Who, I?
Belg. Yes, your pied livery and your gold
Draw these vexations on me; pray you strip me,
And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the freedom which I had
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth
Fair France is proud of.
Beauf. sen. We at better leisure
Will learn the cause of this.
Beauf. jun. What answer, sir,
From the admiral?
Beauf. sen. None; his daughter is removed
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself
In person fled, but where, is not discover'd:
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice
The power of our great master is contemn'd,
The sacred laws of God and man profaned;
And if I sit down with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgment: draw up all the troops;
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare,
From fear or from connivance, others ill,
Though not in act, assist them in their will.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street near* MALEFORT'S *House*

Enter MONTREVILLE *and* Servants, *with* THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting-women.

Montr. Bind them, and gag their mouths sure; I alone
Will be your convoy.
1 *Wom.* Madam!
2 *Wom.* Dearest lady!
Page. Let me fight for my mistress.
Serv. 'Tis in vain,
Little cockerel of the kind.
Montr. Away with them,
And do as I command you.
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* Page *and* Waiting-women.
Theoc. Montreville,
You are my father's friend; nay more, a soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful war you had surprised
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate,
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to,
Is such an insolence——
Montr. How her heart beats!
Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's foot,
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot fly from!—Sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you,
But love and service.
Theoc. They came never clothed
In force and outrage. Upon what assurance
(Remembering only that my father lives,
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace,)
Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,
And, as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty and attendance
Of my poor servants!
Montr. Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want observance; I will be
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.
Theoc. In what kind?
Montr. As you had done young Beaufort's.
Theoc. How!
Montr. So, lady;
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke
Too heavy for your tender neck, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress,
'Twill be sufficient.
Theoc. Blessed angels guard me!
What frontless impudence is this? what devil
Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joys, submission nor repentance
Shall expiate this foul intent.
Montr. Intent!
'Tis more, I'll make it act.
Theoc. Ribald, thou darest not:
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)
Thou but consider that I have a father,
And such a father, as, when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust taught thee
To nourish these bad hopes;—and 'tis my wonder
Thou darest forget how tender he is of me,
And that each shadow of wrong done to me,
Will raise in him a tempest not to be
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this, when I see him——
Montr. As thou shalt never.
Theoc. Wilt thou murder me?
Montr. No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, fool.
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The injury: know, thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presumest upon, that father,
That, when I sought thee in a noble way,
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match, from his excess of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious and most unnatural lust,
That now he fears his furious desires
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.
Theoc. O me, most wretched!
Montr. Never hope again
To blast him with those eyes: their golden beams
Are unto him arrows of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore, since what I so long in vain
Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him
Given up to my possession; do not flatter
Thyself with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,

Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,
I ever should admit you to her sight,
Much less restore her to you.
Malef. Are we soldiers,
And stand on oaths!
Montr. It is beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our words, much more our vows.
Malef. Heaven pardon all!
How many thousands, in our heat of wine,
Quarrels, and play, and in our younger days,
In private I may say, between ourselves,
In points of love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that way?
Montr. You say well:
And very aptly call to memory
Two oaths, against all ties and rights of friendship
Broken by you to me.
Malef. No more of that.
Montr. Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose:
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you
As a visitant to my mistress then, (the mother
Of this same daughter,) whom, with dreadful words,
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply
For my sake never to attempt; yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,
I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms
(Unless in wealth and fame you were above me)
You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the second waited on
The burial of the first, that to the world
Brought your dead son: this I sat tamely down by,
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power
To be at the height revenged.
Malef. Yet this you seem'd
Freely to pardon.
Montr. As perhaps I did.
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marriage,
I was a suitor for her, had your word,
Upon your honour, and our friendship made
Authentical, and ratified with an oath,
She should be mine: but vows with you being like
To your religion, a nose of wax
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governor's son but making his approaches
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand
In which you wrote your full consent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd since,
You bear a register in your own bosom,
That can at large inform you.
Malef. Montreville,
I do confess all that you charge me with
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodness made me mine own judge,
I should not shew the least compassion
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith!
My ills, if not return'd by you, will add
Lustre to your much good; and to o'ercome
With noble sufferance, will express your strength,
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too,
My black deeds being only known to you,
And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried,
You not alone make me your slave, (for I
At no part do deserve the name of friend,)
But in your own breast raise a monument
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice
You may express all cruelty.
Montr. You much move me.
Malef. O that I could but hope it! To revenge
An injury, is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,
Peculiar to princes. See! these knees, [*Kneels.*
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this
That may speak my submission? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility,
To kill her growing appetite?
Montr. I required not
To be sought to this poor way; yet 'tis so far
A kind of satisfaction, that I will
Dispense a little with those serious oaths
You made me take: your daughter shall come to you,
I will not say, as you deliver'd her,
But, as she is, you may dispose of her
As you shall think most requisite. [*Exit.*
Malef. His last words
Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force
Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,
Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit tears: there's now no turning backward.
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it!

Enter Soldiers below, thrusting forth THEOCRINE; *her garments loose, her hair dishevelled.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.
Theoc. Hath he robb'd me of
Mine honour, and denies me now a room
To hide my shame!
2 *Sold.* My lord the admiral
Attends your ladyship.
1 *Sold.* Close the port, and leave them.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Malef. Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!
It cannot be: and yet this creature has
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,
My Theocrine! but as different
From that she was, as bodies dead are, in
Their best perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.
Theoc. 'Tis most true, sir;
I am dead indeed to all but misery.
O come not near me, sir, I am infectious:
To look on me at distance, is as dangerous
As, from a pinnacle's cloud-kiss'ng spire,
With giddy eyes to view the deep descent;
But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.
O, sir.
Malef. Speak, Theocrine, force me not
To further question; my fears already
Have choked my vital spirits.
Theoc. Pray you turn away
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath
Give me leave to accuse you: What offence,
From my first infancy, did I commit,
That for a punishment you should give up
My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
Of goatish Montreville?
Malef. What hath he done?
Theoc. Abused me, sir, by violence; and this told,

I cannot live to speak more: may the cause
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him!—
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [*Dies.*

Malef. Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate spirit!
'Tis fled already.—How the innocent,
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!
But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharp knife often. I would help
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons,
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring
The villain in the reach of my good sword!
The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransom,
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,
And through them reach his soul! Libidinous monster!
Foul ravisher! as thou durst do a deed
Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face
Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear,
And as a man defend it; or, like me,
Shew some compunction for it.

Enter MONTREVILLE *on the Walls, above.*

Montr. Ha, ha, ha!

Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth?

Montr. Yes, yes.

Malef. My daughter's dead.

Montr. Thou hadst best follow her;
Or, if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear thy hair,
Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thyself,
And in an equal balance poise the nothing,
Or little mischief I have done, compared
With the pond'rous weight of thine: and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape,
And she being in a kind contracted to me,
The fact may challenge some qualification:
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,
And done, had caused an earthquake.

Enter Soldiers *above.*

1 *Sold.* Captain!

Montr. Ha!

2 *Sold.* Our outworks are surprised, the centinel slain,
The corps de guard defeated too.

Montr. By whom?

1 *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the night
Forbids the knowledge; make up speedily,
Or all is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Montr. In the devil's name, whence comes this? [*Exit.*

[*A storm; with thunder and lightning.*

Malef. Do, do rage on! rend open, Æolus,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue! Blustering Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful hurricano. Though this centre
Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.—

Enter the Ghost *of young* MALEFORT, *naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the* Shadow *of a* Lady, *her face leprous.*

Ha! is't fancy?
Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial? Yes, I do; and now
I view these apparitions, I feel
I once did know the substances. For what come you?
Are your aerial forms deprived of language,
And so denied to tell me, that by signs
[*The* Ghosts *use various gestures.*
You bid me ask here of myself? 'Tis so:
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to lance my sear'd up conscience; yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs,
And cruelty to you! I do confess it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me, thy father, had its spring and source
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,
That with all duty and obedience served me,
(For now with horror I acknowledge it,)
Removed unjustly: yet, thou being my son,
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answered still by signs.*]—'Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt,
Or can repentance save me?—
[*The* Ghosts *disappear.*
They are vanish'd!
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate,
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being——
[*He is kill'd with a flash of lightning.*

Enter BELGARDE, *with* Soldiers.

Belg. Here's a night
To season my silks! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee:
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now!
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen,
And hid in the sink; and yet 't had been dishonour
To have charged without it.—Wilt thou never cease?
Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?

1 *Sold.* It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.

Belg. These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poor I
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry, in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence: I much thank
Their manners, or their fear. Second me, soldiers;

They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the air; and I will do it.
Rather than blow my nails here.

2 *Sold.* O brave captain! [*Exeunt.*

An Alarum; noise and cries within. After a flourish, enter BEAUFORT *senior,* BEAUFORT *junior,* MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BELGARDE, *and* Soldiers, *with* MONTREVILLE, *prisoner.*

Montr. Racks cannot force more from me than I have
Already told you: I expect no favour;
I have cast up my accompt.

Beauf. sen. Take you the charge
Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have deserved it.

Belg. I thank your excellence: this will keep me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weep,
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.

Mont. Her father too lies breathless here, I think
Struck dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent: how
His carcass smells!

Lan. His face is alter'd to
Another colour.

Beauf. jun. But here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down heaven's anger.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past help.—We will refer, bad man,
Your sentence to the king. May we make use of
This great example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above,
To punish murder, and unlawful love! [*Exeunt.*

THE DUKE OF MILAN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT MORE ADMIRED FOR HER VIRTUE,

THE LADY KATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE, BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,—If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble servant to your Ladyship, and yours. PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUDOVICO SFORZA, *supposed Duke of Milan.*
FRANCISCO, *his especial Favourite.*
TIBERIO, STEPHANO, } *Lords of his Counc*
GRACCHO, *a creature of* MARIANA.
JULIO, GIOVANNI, } *Courtiers.*
CHARLES, *the Emperor.*
PESCARA, *an Imperialist, but a Friend to* SFORZA.
HERNANDO, MEDINA, ALPHONSO, } *Captains to the Emperor.*
Three Gentlemen.
Fiddlers.
An Officer.
Two Doctors.
Two Couriers.

MARCELIA, *the Dutchess, Wife to* SFORZA.
ISABELLA, *Mother to* SFORZA.
MARIANA, *Wife to* FRANCISCO, *and Sister to* SFORZA.
EUGENIA, *Sister to* FRANCISCO.
A Gentlewoman.

Guards, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE,—FOR THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTS, IN MILAN; DURING PART OF THE THIRD, IN THE IMPERIAL CAMP NEAR PAVIA; THE REST OF THE PLAY, IN MILAN, AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MILAN. *An outer Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI, *with Flaggons.*

Grac. Take every man his flaggon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I am sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.
Jul. Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?
Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry, '*Tis rare music!* bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva print,
Lay him by the heels.
Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason:
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd,
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,

And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not: what's a private man,
For the public honour! We've nought else to think on.
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the dutchess!

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?
Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse. Long live the dutchess! [*Exeunt* GRAC. JUL. *and* GIO.
Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face! which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.
Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.
Steph. I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;
The people well affected; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.
Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interess'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.
Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.
Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.
Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.
Tib. But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause: for the success,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.
Steph. But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs! in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.
Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the dutchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but her's:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doated;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.
Steph. She's, indeed,
A lady of most exquisite form.
Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.
Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.
Tib. On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But, when beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd
It will at length break out.
Steph. He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!
Tib. Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.
Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.
Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,

Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty?
Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself?
Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.
Mari. Others are as fair;
I am sure, as noble.
Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure,
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be played with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.
Isab. 'Tis but truth:
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;
But not to serve his idol.
Mari. I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.
Fran. Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.
[*Exeunt.*

—◆—

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

Enter three Gentlemen, *setting forth a Banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the court put on
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery
Be only thought of.
2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.
3 *Gent.* There's a masque:
Have you heard what's the invention?
1 *Gent.* No matter:
It is intended for the dutchess' honour;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke. [*Loud music.*] They come.
3 *Gent.* All is in order.

Flourish. Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcelia, Isabella, Mariana, *and* Attendants.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possest of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,
The phœnix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.
Fran. She's, indeed,
The wonder of all times.
Tib. Your excellence,
Though I confess, you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.
Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!
Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.
Sfor. A mistress, mother! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,
May think their wooing done: no night to me
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat,
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it number'd
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
Conferr'd upon mankind.
Marc. My worthiest lord!
The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant: By these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——
Sfor. O swear, for ever swear!
Marc. I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure: and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.
Sfor. 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.
Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On those gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch
To sing the ditty that I last composed,

Enter a Courier.

In praise of my Marcelia.——From whence?
Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.
Sfor. Speak, is all lost?
Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform you. [*Exit.*
Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!
Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.
Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.

Your Highness's humble servant,
GASPERO.

Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure. [*Aside.*
Marc. My lord.
Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power
By supernatural, not usual means,
T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me. [*Aside.*
Fran. Excellent lady,
This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.
Marc. I will run the hazard.—
My lord!
Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.
Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.
Sfor. Out of my sight! [*Throws away the Letter.*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a masque.
Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it.
Sfor. Bid them enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd
To do thee honour.
Marc. And my life to serve you.
[*A Horn without.*
Sfor. Anotner post! Go hang him, hang him, I say;
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.
Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.
Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?
Cour. That was, my lord.
Sfor. How! dead?
Cour. [*Delivers a Letter.*] With the delivery of this, and prayers,
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. [*Exit.*
Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music;
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.
Marc. My lord!
Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but usher'd
Sorrow and ruin.
Marc. Bless us, heaven!
Isab. My son.
Marc. What sudden change is this?
Sfor. All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience?—Stay, Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.

Marc. And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy and courage
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me
With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
Sfor. O, Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The king of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.
Marc. Then you have just cause
To shew you are a man.
Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command

On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates; suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so . . . forced, Marcelia: and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;
Or those sweet lips yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,
There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his;
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The Marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*

Sfor. The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with* PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might end so,
And not add this,—to fear!

Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favoured.——But my haste forbids
All compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best frien
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*

Sfor. With all care,
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?

Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement: and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your lovè
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear, so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,

Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.
Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now!
To fall upon't like thunder.
Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.
Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come near us.—
Art thou not shaken yet?
Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd——
Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
Fran. As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?
Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;
Her innocence, her honour:—O, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations: there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies,
That she would have removed——
Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of her's would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.
Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the instrument!
Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world:
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks,
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.
Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.
Sfor. I will, Francisco:
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—but
I know thee honest.
Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.
Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open space before the Castle.*

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Steph. How! left the court?
Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.
Steph. No enemy near, to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?
Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength, conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:
To me they are riddles.
Steph. Well, he shall not be
My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.

But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.
Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off,
(What promises soever past between them,)
Upon the sight of this, forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raised up to this height.
Steph. But how is
His absence born?
Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private cham- [ber,
No visitants admitted. In the church,
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast off: and she, that lately
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.
Steph. It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
Tib. You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the dutchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.
Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter GRACCHO *with* Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.
Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.
1 *Fid.* But if we should offend,
The dutchess having silenced us;—and these lords,
Stand by to hear us.—
Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'll be for my lady's.
Tib. Signior Graccho.
Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.
Tib. Come; we know
You are a man in grace.
Grac. Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next morning.
Steph. He derides us.
Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all.
Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times: I should ask of your lordships,
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them;
Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:
It is our element; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.
Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.
Tib. And would be laid by the heels.
Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change places too.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA; GRACCHO *whispers the latter.*

Tib. The princess!
We must be patient.
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. See, the informing rogue!
Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!
Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To anything of mine.—Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you're noble;—look to your wives too;
The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.
Tib. No way to be a freeman!
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.
Grac. Your Excellence hath the best gift to dispatch
These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.
Mari. I can speak sometimes.
Grac. And cover so your bitter pills with sweet- [ness
Of princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallow'd.
Isab. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?
Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.
Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall! A devil of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside*
Mari. On her birthday,
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too.—Play anything
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport. [*Music and a song*

Marcelia appears at a Window above, in black.

Isab. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
Mari. May it please your greatness,
We heard that your late physic hath not work'd;
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your highness' vassals,
And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antic?
Isab. 'Twould shew rare in ladies.
Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.
Isab. Fie! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.
Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will enshrine it as a holy relic.
Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.
Marc. If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger——
Isab. A set speech, on my life.
Mari. Penn'd by her chaplain.
Marc. Yes, it can speak, without instruction speak,
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.
Grac. Now the game begins.
Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.
Mari. Note her, now.
Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
Isab. How, a nurse!
Marc. A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.
Isab. I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!
Marc. For you, puppet——
Mari. What of me, pine-tree?
Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him, as a subject, due to me——
Mari. To you?
Marc. To me: and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
Isab. A princess!
Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.
Isab. Scornful thing!
Proud of a white face.
Mari. Let her but remember
The issue in her leg.
Isab. The charge she puts
The state to, for perfumes.
Mari. And howsoe'er
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her nails
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those eyes out.
Do but come down.
Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbraved thus. [*She retires*
Grac. Forty ducats
Upon the little hen; she's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit. [*Aside.*
Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen—

Re-enter Marcelia below.

Marc. Where are you,
You modicum, you dwarf!
Mari. Here, giantess, here.

Enter Francisco, Tiberio, Stephano, and Guards.

Fran. A tumult in the court!
Mari. Let her come on.
Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.
Mari. I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, sir
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.
Isab. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Fran. O forbear;
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you;
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.
Mari. This is fine, i'faith.
Grac. I would I were well off!
Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown not,
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.
Mari. O base!
Isab. We are like
To have an equal judge!
Fran. But, should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a prince.
1 *Fid.* Without reward.
Pray you dismiss us.
Grac. Would I were five leagues hence!
Fran. I will be partial
To none, not to myself;
Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion.
Name those that have offended you.

Isab. I am one,
And I will justify it.
Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.
Fran. Remember, she's the dutchess.
Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,
Which with all willingness I would make my prison
During the absence of my lord, denied me:
But if he e'er return—
Fran. Were you an actor
In this lewd comedy?
Mari. Ay, marry was I;
And will be one again.
Isab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you;
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.
Isab. Mari. Prisoners!
Fran. Bear them hence;
This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.
Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!
Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a paradise at her entreaty;
And, for you, upstart——
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. What shall become of these?
Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.
Tib. Now, signior Graccho,
What think you of your greatness?
Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
1 *Fid.* I was never yet
At such a hunt's-up, nor was so rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* MARCELIA.
Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow? [*Aside.*
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell, circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and useful form of speech:
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——
Marc. Keep off!—O you Powers!——
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from.
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!
Fran. Hear my excuse.
Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.
Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,

Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.
Marc. Unheard-of impudence!
Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity; and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate! You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.
Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or anything that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.
Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—
and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.
Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.
Fran. Pray you do so.

Marc. [*Reads.*] You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*Swoons.*
Fran. What have I done?
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body: this is yet some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—
Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will
be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance, you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new
creature;
And know what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!
Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.
Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.
Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*
Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could
make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my
pilot!
Revenge first wrought me; murder's his twin
brother:
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another! [*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Imperial Camp, before* PAVIA.

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war;
And now expect reward.
Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd:
When usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.
Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour——
Med. I long to be at it;
To see these chuffs, that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins:
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.
Hern. I would be tousing
Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,
Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thousands;
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,
Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd,
Durst enter into any common brothel,
Though all varieties of stink contend there;
Yet praise the entertainment.
Med. I may live
To see the tatter'd'st rascals of my troop
Drag them out of their closets, with a vengeance!
When neither threat'ning, flattering, kneeling, howling,
Can ransome one poor jewel, or redeem
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.
Hern. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.
Alph. Every day,
We look for a remove.
Med. For Lodowick Sforza.
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.
Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in.
Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.
Med. The emperor!

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, *and* Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder:—nay, it is no counsel,
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have thought,
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)
First kneel for mercy?
Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.
Charl. Who, but the duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.
Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!
Med. With your honour
You cannot hear him.
Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.
Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:
Yet, for our glory, and to show him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.
[*Exit* PESCARA.
Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue: all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it; then add to that
A tale of king Tigranes, and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely; 'twas more honour
To make a king, than kill one: which, applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted

To him an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary. [*Aside to* MED.
Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA *with* SFORZA, *strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.
Hern. I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name!
Med. Hear him speak.
Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,
More than thyself, and all men.
Med. By saint Jaques,
This is no flattery.
Hern. There is fire and spirit in't;
But not long-lived, I hope.
Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.
Alph. Nobly spoken!
Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.
Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and cherish'd
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.
Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.
Sfor. But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders, should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies, for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.
Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.
Med. How like a block
The emperor sits!
Hern. He hath deliver'd reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely, (I myself am one,
I care not who knows it,) as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir.
Mercy, an't be thy will!
Charl. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That, since my purposes must now be changed,
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.
Hern. This sounds well.
Charl. All former passages of hate be buried:
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take

From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.
[*Flourish. Exit with* Attendants.

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour:
And there we are your scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend
In love hereafter; in the mean time, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet;
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And when great Charles commands me to his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the favour.

Hern. In this, and all things,
We are your servants.

Sfor. A name I ever owe you.
[*Exeunt* MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.

Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter an Officer *with* GRACCHO.

Offic. What I did I had warrant for; you have tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?

Offic. Fie! no,
Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me, to take off
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good, sir:
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?

Offic. Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off
With oil of angels.

Grac. 'Twas a sovereign cure.

Offic. There was a sectary too, that would not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his haunches,
Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed:
Had he not cause to thank me?

Grac. There was physic
Was to the purpose.

Offic. Now, for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.

Offic. There was lately
A fine she-waiter in the court that doted
Extremely of a gentleman, that had
His main dependence on a signior's favour
I will not name, but could not compass him
On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight,
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at push-pin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd?
Prithee be brief.

Offic. Why this, sir: She deliver'd,
Had store of crowns assign'd her by her patron,
Who forc'd the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her, and say he was the party
Found in Lob's pound: so she, that, before, gladly
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you, knave.

Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*

Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge.

Enter JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!

Jul. As he came
From a close fight at sea under the hatches,
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak too,
Or I am cozen'd.

Giov. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd to an owl?—
The wonder, gentlemen?

Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But now I look on you my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason, sir?

Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, Signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.

Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second:
And then I'll answer you.

Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.
[*Exeunt* JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO *and a* Servant.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!
My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*

Fran If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.

Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?

Fran. Say, I am rid
Abroad to take the air: but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.

Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*

Fran. Within there, ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?

Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the dutchess.

Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.

Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.

Gentlew. I once swore
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be
With a great lord, as you are; and, I know not how,
I feel a yielding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.

Fran. Pox on thy maidenhead!
Where is thy lady?

Gentlew. If you venture on her,
She's walking in the gallery; perhaps,
You will find her less tractable.

Fran. Bring me to her.

Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold entertainment, when
You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.

Fran. Pr'ythee, leave fooling:
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;
He is train'd up for his master's ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* Gentlew.

Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the dutchess; and I whipt!
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.—
But this may prove but courtship! let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be hoped
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?

Fran. Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better;
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.

Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning! [*Aside.*

Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself,
Will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you, there being no more,
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.

Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear,
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.
Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.
Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love.
And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza,)
No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead, (for no man after me
Must e'er enjoy her,) fail not to kill her——
But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,)
Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in her's.
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it. [*Draws his sword.*
Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which though, such is my love, I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.
Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.
Marc. Have your wishes;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.
Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.
[*Aside and exit.—Shout and flourish.*
Marc. What shout is that?

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!
Marc. He's welcome.
Steph. How coldly she receives it!
Tib. Observe the encounter.

Flourish. Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, GRACCHO, *and* Attendants.

Mari. What you have told me, Graccho, is believed,
And I'll find time to stir in't.
Grac. As you see cause;
I will not do ill offices.
Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have born me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.
Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.
Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me;
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds:—come; kiss me.
Marc. I obey you.
Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?
Marc. Neither, sir:
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me: there was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.
Sfor. How!
Marc. The pleasures,
That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;
And there is more of beast in't than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not,
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.
Grac. Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance;
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
Mari. No more; I mark it.
Steph. How the duke stands!
Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.
Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?
Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,

Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit* MARC.]—Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;
And harshness deadly hatred! From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight.
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship,
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;
And you may please to grant me so much know- [ledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common,
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved [so,
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives
Rewards for them in private.

Fran. Well observed.
Put on; we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing;
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offer'd
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.

Fran. True:
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hoped for.

Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such things [seen
In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own for- [tunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the dutchess.

Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this [secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull Graccho,
My power and honours were conferred upon me,
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, two,
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her,)
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your ruin:
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cozen'd;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss

In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true:
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!

Tib. 'Twas in his fury.

Steph. And he repents it, madam.

Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.

Steph. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence. I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private:
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit* Gentlewoman.

Tib. How! Francisco?

Steph. He, that at every stage keeps livery mistresses;
The stallion of the state!

Tib. They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.

Steph. If I were
The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

Enter FRANCISCO.

I should wear yellow breeches. Here he comes.

Tib. Nay, spare your labour, lady; we know our duty,
And quit the room.

Steph. Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?

Fran. O, best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness
Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy,
Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.

Marc. Jealousy!

Fran. [*Aside.*] It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster!

Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*

Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, *and three* Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.
1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.
2 *Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make [choice
Of that which best affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; you are rude.
3 *Gent.* I have my answer,
Before I ask the question. [*Aside.*
Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve. I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.
Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject!
Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.
Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you return'd with honour, [you,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues.
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?
—Yet I have seen her equals.
Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all men else my sword should make reply,)
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.
But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe; or, if she were averse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
Her excellence increasing with her years too,
I might have fallen into idolatry,
And, from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no Power above her;
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.
Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,
As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement.
Sfor. Time, and my submission.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

May work her to it.—O! you are well return'd;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.
Tib. She, sir, yet is froward
And desires respite, and some privacy.
Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted, seem'd not
Implacable.
Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.
Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and coun- [try,
Basely begg'd mercy!
Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.
Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.
Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?
Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.
Pesc. Well said, old fellow. [*Aside.*
Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your favours,
Though to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.
[SFORZA *lays his hand on his sword.*
Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.
Steph. It may be they confer of joining lord- [ships;
I'm sure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd trades- [men,
The undeserving lord, or the unable!
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic
From her young doctor, physic upon her back,
Because thou hast the palsy in that part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:
Were I matched to another Messaline,
While I found merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment; but, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian,
I am too secure.
Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Grac. There he is—now speak,
Or he for ever silent.
Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.
Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.
Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.
Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A lump of patience only? no fire in you?
But do your pleasure:—here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adultress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.
Sfor. Take her head off!
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.
Isab. Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a whore?
Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer!
Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion, that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,
Hath leap'd into her bed.
Sfor. Some proof, vile creature!
Or thou hast spoke thy last.
Mari. The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,
This were enough, but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesses.
Isab. Would you have us
To be her bawds?
Sfor. O the malice
And envy of base women, that with horror,
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted!
Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends,
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have raised
A monumental trophy to her pureness,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.
Isab. All is in vain; he is not to be moved.
Mari. She has bewitch'd him.
Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shews a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within*.

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.
Serv. [*within.*] I shall, my lord.
Grac. He's come.
What gimcrack have we next?
Fran. Great sir.
Sfor. Francisco,
Though all the joys in woman are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
Fran. I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
Sfor. All leave the room. [*Exeunt* ISAB. MARI. *and* GRACCHO.]—Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
Pesc. You speak, sir,
The language I should use. [*Exit.*
Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
Tib. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt* TIB. *and* STEPH.
Sfor. Say on, my comfort.
Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
Fran. Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! Curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.
Sfor. I am on the rack:
Dissolve this doubtful riddle.
Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your dutchess loves me.
Sfor. Loves thee!
Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.
Sfor. Oh!
Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.
Sfor. O women! women!
Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger;
Denied her, and with scorn.
Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.
Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,
And, like to me, a thing so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust
To all-deceiving women! Or, since it is
The will of heaven, to preserve mankind,
That we must know and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do!—Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest!——I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree in hate.

Enter Tiberio *and* Stephano.

Tib. My lord.
Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—
Steph. What wicked woman, sir?
Sfor. The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act.
Steph. There's no disputing.
Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dream'd of?
[*Exeunt* Tiberio *and* Stephano.
Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.
Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.
Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.
Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. [*Aside and exit.*

Re-enter Tiberio, Stephano, *and* Guard, *with* Marcelia.

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here, sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me,
Without a seal of shame?
Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?
Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou deserv'st;
Though willingly I had given up myself
To every common letcher.
Sfor. Your chief minion,
Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's dead,
And by my hand.
Marc. The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.
Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*
Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.
Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco;—for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit* Stephano.
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him;
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

Re-enter Stephano.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.
Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.
Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.
Marc. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*
Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.
Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.
Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.
Steph. Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.
Sfor. O my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* MILANESE. *A Room in* EUGENIA'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, *and* EUGENIA *in male attire.*

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
And an assurance of all happiness,
But hastened her sad ruin.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.

Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.

Eug. Dead!

Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.

Eug. Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime,
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort,
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and tears,
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour,
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible, that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever! Vengeance, arm'd with fury,
Possess me wholly now!

Fran. The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?

Eug. Ask thy fears:
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not.
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge: Only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking; we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied:
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit* Servant.
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life.
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now, my good Graccho!
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

Grac. Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord.

That you could wish conceal'd. The dutchess' wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.
Fran. This I expected;
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.
Grac. I would not hurt you.
Fran. How! hurt me? such another word's thy death;
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
To outlive what I determine?
Grac. How he awes me! [*Aside.*
Fran. Be brief; what brought thee hither?
Grac. Care to inform you
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.
Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.
Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadful preparations.
Fran. 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.
Grac. He instructs me
What I should do. [*Aside.*
Fran. What's that?
Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am deliver'd of't.
Fran. I told you.—
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.
Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended; confident that there
They never should be sought for.
Eug. 'Tis a strange one!
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.
Fran. And not to be discover'd?
Grac. But by myself.
Fran. By thee! Alas! I know thee honest, Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within there?
Grac. In the devil's name, what means he!

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast:
I would not part with him.
Grac. My good lord.
Fran. Dispatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping,
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee! thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead,
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings;
And then, at my return, perhaps, I'll free thee,
To make me further sport. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* GRACCHO.
We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.
Steph. In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.
Tib. For Francisco,
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.
Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.
Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed,) and cried that heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness;
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent,

That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd
them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd them both; but he restrain'd, and
they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself;
When wisely his physicians, looking on
The Dutchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out, it was not mortal.
Tib. 'Twas well thought on.
Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else; flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his duke-
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour [dom.
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit
To suffer intermission or extremes:
For his behaviour since——
Sfor. [*within.*] As you have pity,
Support her gently.
Pesc. Now, be your own witnesses;
I am prevented.

Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors, *and* Servants *with the body of* MARCELIA.

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you,
The gentlest touch torments her; and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men! you have a patient,
On whom to express the excellence of art,
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it
pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
That I presume (dyed o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!
Yet in this temper, she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,
The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.
Mari. Is not this strange?
Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact——

Enter a Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

Mari. 'Tis now past help.
Pesc. With me? What is he?
Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.
Pesc. Bring me to him;
As I find cause I'll do. [*Exeunt* PES. *and* Serv.
Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?
1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but if we shou'd
wake her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.
Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.
1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.
Sfor. She was ever kind;
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream [*Kneels.*
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient;) let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile
creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near
All women that posterity can bring forth [which,
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursed hand and arm that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly——
1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
Her sweet repose.
Sfor. I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent down-
wards,
Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.
2 *Doct.* He's past hope.
1 *Doct.* The body too will putrify, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.
Tib. Which, in his death, will quickly be dis-
I can but weep his fortune. [cover'd

Steph. Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him; time
May lessen his distraction.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO, *as a Jew doctor, and* EUGENIA *disguised as before.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run high too,
As if they had true motion.
Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.
Fran. The art I use
Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.
Pesc. I will procure it.
2 *Doct.* What stranger's this?
Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
There's a main end in it.
Fran. Beware!
Eug. I am warn'd.
Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.
Sfor. From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were, [*Rises.*
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things: be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* EUGENIA.
Fran. 'Tis my purpose;
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!
Eug. You amaze me:
What follows now?
Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
In the court of Death. But I lose time.
Eug. What mean you?
Fran. Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks pale;
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.—
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adored in court, borrow these helps, [*Paints the cheeks.*
And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this.—Your mouth smells sour too,
But here is that shall take away the scent;
A precious antidote old ladies use,
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten. [*Paints the lips*
These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. [*Paints the hands.*]
—So! 'tis done.
How do you like my workmanship?
Eug. I tremble:
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead,
Is most inhuman.
Fran. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity! Now to the upshot,
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke!
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA *and the rest.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?
Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once;
That will ask longer time.
Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange!
Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
These lips invite too: I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter GRACCHO *hastily.*

Grac. Treason, treason!
Tib. Call up the guard.
Fran. Graccho! then we are lost. [*Aside.*

Enter Guard.

Grac. I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done it,
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.
Sfor. Speak.
Grac. I am out of breath,
But this is——
Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.
All. Monster of men!
Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The minion of the time; the same Francisco,
That would have whored this trunk when it had life;
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.
Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.
Fran. I dare the worst.
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood: 'tis Eugenia.

Sfor. Eugenia!

Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduced and fool'd by thee: but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work
yet!—
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
Thou art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee
poison
In this cup, now observe me, which, thy lust
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.

Pesc. O damn'd villain!

Isab. How do you, sir?

Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him!

Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Fran. Farewell, sister!
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.
[*Exeunt* Guard *with* FRANCISCO.

Steph. A desperate wretch!

Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frensy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be—— [*Dies*

Tib. His speech is stopp'd.

Steph. Already dead!

Pesc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn, from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt*

THE BONDMAN.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD

PHILIP EARL OF MONTGOMERY,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it; leaving his to be ever most glad and ready, to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest service to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted stamp of your lordship's allowance: and if in the perusal of any vacant hour, when your honour's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer, in your lordship's judgment, the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

The humblest of those that truly honour your lordship, PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMOLEON, *the General, of Corinth.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *Prætor of Syracusa.*
DIPHILUS, *a Senator of Syracusa.*
CLEON, *a fat impotent Lord.*
MARULLO, *the* BONDMAN (*i. e.* PISANDER, *a Gentleman of Thebes; disguised as a Slave*).
POLIPHRON, *Friend to* MARULLO; *also disguised as a Slave.*
LEOSTHENES, *a Gentleman of Syracusa, enamoured of* CLEORA.
ASOTUS, *a foolish Lover, and the Son of* CLEON.
TIMAGORAS, *the Son of* ARCHIDAMUS.
GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, } *Slaves.*
A Gaoler.

CLEORA, *Daughter of* ARCHIDAMUS.
CORISCA, *a proud wanton Lady, Wife to* CLEON.
OLYMPIA, *a rich Widow.*
TIMANDRA, *Slave to* CLEORA (*i. e.* STATILIA, *Sister to* PISANDER).
ZANTHIA, *Slave to* CORISCA.

Other Slaves, Soldiers, Officers, Senators.

SCENE,—SYRACUSE, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of* TIMOLEON, *near* SYRACUSE.

Enter TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES.

Timag. Why should you droop, Leosthenes, or despair
My sister's favour? What, before, you purchased
By courtship and fair language, in these wars
(For from her soul you know she loves a soldier)
You may deserve by action.

Leost. Good Timagoras,
When I have said my friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you believe,
The dreadful voice of war that shakes the city,
The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army
Raised to make good those threats, affright not me.—
If fair Cleora were confirmed his prize,
That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,
I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,
As if she were a mistress; and bless fortune,
That offers my young valour to the proof,
How much I dare do for your sister's love.
But, when that I consider how averse
Your noble father, great Archidamus,
Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,
Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear,
What seeds soever I sow in these wars
Of noble courage, his determinate will
May blast, and give my harvest to another,
That never toil'd for it.

Timag. Prithee, do not nourish
These jealous thoughts; I am thine, (and pardon me,
Though I repeat it,) thy Timagoras,
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,
Far-famed Pisander, for my sister's love,
Sent him disgraced and discontented home.
I wrought my father then; and I, that stopp'd not
In the career of my affection to thee,
When that renowned worthy, that, brought with him
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates
To mediate for him; never will consent
A fool, that only has the shape of man,
Asotus, though he be rich Cleon's heir,
Shall bear her from thee.
Leost. In that trust I love.
Timag. Which never shall deceive you.

Enter MARULLO.

Mar. Sir, the general,
Timoleon, by his trumpets hath given warning
For a remove.
Timag. 'Tis well; provide my horse.
Mar. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Leost. This slave has a strange aspect.
Timag. Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd knave:
My father bought him for my sister's litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common—
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
And ladies think they keep not state enough,
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born
In triumph on men's shoulders.
Leost. Who commands
The Carthaginian fleet?
Timag. Gisco's their admiral,
And 'tis our happiness; a raw young fellow,
One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance;
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack
His woman's neck.
Leost. No more of him.—The motives,
That Corinth gives us aid?
Timag. The common danger;
For Sicily being afire, she is not safe:
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,
That, to enlarge her empire, strives to fasten
An unjust gripe on us that live free lords
Of Syracusa, will not end, till Greece
Acknowledge her their sovereign.
Leost. I am satisfied.
What think you of our general?
Timag. He's a man [*Trumpets within.*
Of strange and reserved parts; but a great soldier.
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his character:
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large
He will express himself.
Leost. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—SYRACUSE. *A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter CLEON, CORISCA, *and* GRACCULO.

Coris. Nay, good chuck.
Cleon. I've said it; stay at home:
I cannot brook your gadding; you're a fair one,
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels
Are soon tripp'd up.
Coris. Deny me! by my honour,
You take no pity on me. I shall swoon
As soon as you are absent; ask my man else,
You know he dares not tell a lie.
Grac. Indeed,
You are no sooner out of sight, but she
Does feel strange qualms; then sends for her young doctor,
Who ministers physic to her on her back,
Her ladyship lying as she were entranced:
(I've peep'd in at the keyhole, and observed them:)
And sure his potions never fail to work,
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.
Coris. And all's to make you merry,
When you come home.
Cleon. You flatter me; I am old,
And wisdom cries, Beware!
Coris. Old! duck. To me
You are a young Adonis.
Grac. Well said, Venus!
I am sure she Vulcans him. [*Aside.*
Coris. I will not change thee
For twenty boisterous young things without beards
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,
And such a sweet dew flows on them, it cures
My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly!
'Tis a down pillow to my back; I sleep
So quietly by it: and this tunable nose,
Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music,
That I curse all night-fiddlers.
Grac. This is gross.
Not finds she flouts him! [*Aside.*
Coris. As I live, I am jealous.
Cleon. Jealous of me, wife?
Coris. Yes; and I have reason;
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.
Cleon. Hum, hum!
Grac. This is no cunning quean! 'slight, sh will make him
To think that, like a stag, he has cast his horns,
And is grown young again. [*Aside.*
Coris. You have forgot
What you did in your sleep, and, when you waked,
Call'd for a candle.
Grac. It was in his sleep;
For, waking, I durst trust my mother with him. [*Aside.*
Coris. I long to see the man of war: Cleora,
Archidamus' daughter, goes, and rich Olympia;
I will not miss the show.
Cleon. There's no contending:
For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Senate-house.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, CORISCA, CLEORA, *and* ZANTHIA.

Archid. So careless we have been, my noble lords,
In the disposing of our own affairs,
And ignorant in the art of government,
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth,
Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay
On Syracusa, hath vouchsafed to lend us
Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend
Our country and our liberties.
Diph. 'Tis a favour

We are unworthy of, and we may blush
Necessity compels us to receive it.

Archid. O shame! that we, that are a populous nation,
Engaged to liberal nature, for all blessings
An island can bring forth; we, that have limbs,
And able bodies; shipping, arms, and treasure,
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our general.

Cleon. I am old and fat;
I could say something, else.

Archid. We must obey
The time and our occasions; ruinous buildings,
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,
Must use supporters: we are circled round
With danger; o'er our heads, with sail-stretch'd wings,
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,
Roused up by brave Timoleon.

Cleon. When arrives he?

Diph. He is expected every hour.

Archid. The braveries
Of Syracusa, among whom my son,
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,
Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon, two days since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The city; every minute we expect
To be bless'd with his presence.

[*Shouts within; then a flourish of trumpets.*

Cleon. What shout's this?

Diph. 'Tis seconded with loud music.

Archid. Which confirms
His wish'd-for entrance. Let us entertain him
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From slavery and oppression.

Cleon. I'll lock up
My doors, and guard my gold: these lads of Corinth
Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;
They are far off.

Archid. And, ladies, be it your care
To welcome him and his followers with all duty:
For rest resolved, their hands and swords must keep you
In that full height of happiness you live;
A dreadful change else follows.

[*Exeunt* ARCHIDAMUS, CLEON, *and* DIPHILUS.

Olymp. We are instructed.

Coris. I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any she in Corinth.

Olymp. Were he a courtier,
I've sweatmeat in my closet shall content him,
Be his palate ne'er so curious.

Coris. And, if need be,
I have a couch and a banqueting-house in my orchard,
Where many a man of honour has not scorn'd
To spend an afternoon.

Olymp. These men of war,
As I have heard, know not to court a lady.
They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our hands,
Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,
Commend our feet and legs, and so search upwards;
A sweet becoming boldness! they are rough,
Boisterous, and saucy. and at the first sight
Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.

Coris. 'Troth, I like them the better:
I can't endure to have a perfumed sir
Stand cringing in the hams, licking his lips
Like a spaniel over a furmenty-pot, and yet
Has not the boldness to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend
A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine language,
His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
The wearing of his clothes, his fair complexion;
Take presents from him, and extol his bounty:
Yet, though he observe, and waste his estate upon us
If he be staunch, and bid not for the stock
That we were born to traffic with; the truth is,
We care not for his company.

Coris. Musing, Cleora?

Olymp. She's studying how to entertain these strangers,
And to engross them to herself.

Cleo. No, surely;
I will not cheapen any of their wares,
Till you have made your market; you will buy,
I know, at any rate.

Coris. She has given it you.

Olymp. No more; they come: the first kiss for this jewel.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, ASOTUS, TIMOLEON *in black, led in by* ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CLEON; *followed by* MARULLO, GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, *and other Slaves.*

Archid. It is your seat: which, with a general suffrage, [*Offering* TIMOLEON *the state.*
As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders,
And prays Timoleon to accept.

Timol. Such honours
To one ambitious of rule or titles,
Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command,
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,
And veins swollen high with pride, be entertain'd.
They take not me; for I have ever loved
An equal freedom, and proclaim'd all such
As would usurp on others' liberties,
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons:
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost
'Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves,
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know
Honours and great employments are great burthens,
And must require an Atlas to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of courage,
And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.

Archid. Sir, empty men
Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,
That are not in opinion, but in proof,
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leave the report of what you are to fame;
Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,
Aloud proclaims you.

Diph. Besides, you stand bound,
Having so large a field to exercise
Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart
Your strength to such as need it.

Timol. 'Tis confess'd:
And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you, and for the liberty of Greece,
I am most ready to lay down my life:
But yet consider, men of Syracusa,
Before that you deliver up the power,
Which yet is yours, to me,—to whom 'tis given;
To an impartial man, with whom nor threats,
Nor prayers, shall prevail; for I must steer
An even course.
Archid. Which is desired of all.
Timol. Timophanes, my brother, for whose death
I am tainted in the world, and foully tainted;
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,
In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,
Can witness for me how much I detest
Tyrannous usurpation. With grief,
I must remember it; for, when no persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,
To change the aristocracy of Corinth
Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient son
To my country, my best mother, than to lend
Assistance to Timophanes, though my brother,
That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot
Upon the city's freedom.
Timag. 'Twas a deed
Deserving rather trophies than reproof.
Leost. And will be still remember'd to your honour,
If you forsake not us.
Diph. If you free Sicily
From barbarous Carthage' yoke, it will be said,
In him you slew a tyrant.
Archid. But, giving way
To her invasion, not vouchsafing us
That fly to your protection, aid and comfort,
'Twill be believed, that, for your private ends,
You kill'd a brother.
Timol. As I then proceed,
To all posterity may that act be crown'd
With a deserved applause, or branded with
The mark of infamy!—Stay yet; ere I take
This seat of justice, or engage myself
To fight for you abroad, or to reform
Your state at home, swear all upon my sword,
And call the gods of Sicily to witness
The oath you take, that whatsoe'er I shall
Propound for safety of your commonwealth,
Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obey'd.
Archid. Diph. Cleon. So may we prosper,
As we obey in all things!
Timag. Leost. Asot. And observe
All your commands as oracles!
Timol. Do not repent it. [*Takes the state.*
Olymp. He ask'd not our consent.
Coris. He's a clown, I warrant him.
Olymp. I offer'd myself twice, and yet the churl
Would not salute me.
Coris. Let him kiss his drum!
I'll save my lips, I rest on it.
Olymp He thinks women
No part of the republic.
Coris. He shall find
We are a commonwealth.
Cleo. The less your honour.
Timol. First, then, a word or two, but without bitterness,
(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer,)
Concerning your ill government of the state;
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand, in the first file, guilty.
Cleon. Ha! how's this?
Timol. You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends;
Factious among yourselves, preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction.
Leost. Sharp!
Timag. The better.
Timol. Your senate-house, which used not to admit
A man, however popular, to stand
At the helm of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by action; whose experience,
Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to his counsels,
Heard and received with reverence, is now fill'd
With green heads, that determine of the state
Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
Afford them leisure; or supplied by those
Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,
Are eminent for their wealth, not for their wisdom:
Which is the reason that to hold a place
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.
Timag. He speaks home.
Leost. And to the purpose.
Timol. From whence it proceeds,
That the treasure of the city is engross'd
By a few private men, the public coffers
Hollow with want; and they, that will not spare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume,
In plate, and jewels, and superfluous slaves,
What would maintain an army.
Coris. Have at us!
Olymp. We thought we were forgot.
Cleo. But it appears,
You will be treated of.
Timol. Yet, in this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd
In martial discipline; and your ships unrigg'd,
Rot in the harbour: no defence prepared,
But thought unuseful; as if that the gods,
Indulgent to your sloth, hath granted you
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,
No change fear'd or expected. Now you find
That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,
And dull security, was invited to
Invade your territories.
Archid. You have made us see, sir,
To our shame, the country's sickness: now, from you,
As from a careful and a wise physician,
We do expect the cure.
Timol. Old fester'd sores
Must be lanced to the quick, and cauterized;
Which born with patience, after I'll apply
Soft unguents. For the maintenance of the war,
It is decreed all monies in the hand
Of private men, shall instantly be brought
To the public treasury.
Timag. This bites sore.
Cleon. The cure

Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to't:
What could the enemy, though victorious,
Inflict more on us? All that my youth hath toil'd for,
Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,
Forced from me in a moment!

Diph. This rough course
Will never be allow'd of.

Timol. O blind men!
If you refuse the first means that is offer'd
To give you health, no hope's left to recover
Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck
Above your liberties; and rather choose
To be made bondmen, than to part with that
To which already you are slaves? Or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,
You can capitulate with the conquerors,
And keep that yours which they come to possess,
And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?
—But take your own ways; brood upon your gold.
Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve
The prey entire, and merit the report
Of careful stewards: yield a just account
To your proud masters, who, with whips of iron,
Will force you to give up what you conceal,
Or tear it from your throats: adorn your walls
With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;
Cover the floors, on which they are to tread,
With costly Median silks? perfume the rooms
With cassia and amber, where they are
To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms,
You wait upon their trenchers: feed their eyes
With massy plate, until your cupboards crack
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your [wives
And daughters in as many varied shapes
As there are nations, to provoke their lusts,
And let them be embraced before your eyes,
The object may content you! and, to perfect
Their entertainment, offer up your sons,
And able men, for slaves; while you, that are
Unfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve,
Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,
In the remembrance of what once you were.

Leost. The blood turns.

Timag. Observe how old Cleon shakes,
As if in picture he had shewn him what
He was to suffer.

Coris. I am sick; the man
Speaks poniards and diseases.

Olymp. O my doctor!
I never shall recover.

Cleo. [*Coming forward.*] If a virgin,
Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with fear;
One knowing modesty and humble silence
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,
In the presence of so many reverend men
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,
Let her find pardon. First to you, great sir,
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to hea- [ven,
For all prosperity that the gods can give
To one whose piety must exact their care,
Thus low I offer.

Timol. 'Tis a happy omen.
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly. On my virtue,
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring
Sweet rivers ever flow.

Cleo. Then, thus to you,
My noble father, and these lords, to whom
I next owe duty: no respect forgotten
To you, my brother, and these bold young men,
(Such I would have them,) that are, or should be,
The city's sword and target of defence.
To all of you I speak; and, if a blush
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your paleness, willingly I would not say,
Your cowardice or fear: Think you all treasure
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwreck'd
In Neptune's wat'ry kingdom, can hold weight,
When liberty and honour fill one scale,
Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is
Too dear a salary for such as hazard
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! so far
I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,
With such devotion as our flamens offer
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply
The meanest of their wants.
[*Lays down her jewels, &c.; the rest follow her example.*

Timol. Brave masculine spirit!

Diph. We are shown, to our shame, what we in [honour
Should have taught others.

Archid. Such a fair example
Must needs be follow'd.

Timag. Ever my dear sister,
But now our family's glory!

Leost. Were she deform'd,
The virtues of her mind would force a stoic
To sue to be her servant.

Cleon. I must yield;
And though my heart-blood part with it, I will
Deliver in my wealth.

Asot. I would say something;
But, the truth is, I know not what.

Timol. We have money;
And men must now be thought on.

Archid. We can press
Of labourers in the country, men inured
To cold and heat, ten thousand.

Diph. Or, if need be,
Enrol our slaves, lusty and able varlets,
And fit for service.

Cleon. They shall go for me;
I will not pay and fight too.

Cleo. How! your slaves?
O stain of honour!——Once more, sir, your pardon;
And, to their shames, let me deliver what
I know in justice you may speak.

Timol. Most gladly:
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ
Than your tongue, to express them.

Cleo. Are you men!
(For age may qualify, though not excuse,
The backwardness of these,) able young men!
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake,
Honour and glorious triumph made the garland
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast
Prepared by victory, of immortal viands,
Not for base men, but such as with their swords
Dare force admittance, and will be her guests:
And can you coldly suffer such rewards
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?
While you, that are born noble, to whom these,
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,

Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim!
Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth
Make them become your masters!
Timol. By my hopes,
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.
Cleo. No; far, far be it from you;
Let these of meaner quality contend
Who can endure most labour; plough the earth,
And think they are rewarded when their sweat
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords;
Let them prove good artificers, and serve you
For use and ornament, but not presume
To touch at what is noble. If you think them
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant them
The privilege and prerogative of great minds,
Which you were born to? Honour won in war,
And to be styled preservers of their country,
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,
And not for bondmen: had I been born a man,
And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize
To bold heroic courage, by Diana,
I would not to my brother, nay, my father,
Be bribed to part with the least piece of honour
I should gain in this action!
Timol. She's inspired,
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,
To fire your blood in her defence: I am rapt
With the imagination. Noble maid,
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though youthful heats,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since buried in me; while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind,
That does transcend all precedents.
Cleo. 'Tis an honour, [*Gives her scarf.*
And so I do receive it.
Coris. Plague upon it!
She has got the start of us: I could even burst
With envy at her fortune.
Olymp. A raw young thing!
We have too much tongue sometimes, our husbands say,—
And she out-strip us!
Leost. I am for the journey.
Timag. May all diseases sloth and letchery bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home!
Archid. Though old,
I will be there in person.
Diph. So will I:
Methinks I am not what I was; her words
Have made me younger, by a score of years,
Than I was when I came hither.
Cleon. I am still
Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire
To be excused at home.
Asot. 'Tis my suit too:
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone
To rule the slaves at home: I can so yerk them—
But in my conscience I shall never prove
Good justice in the war.
Timol. Have your desires;
You would be burthens to us, no way aids.—
Lead, fairest, to the temple; first we'll pay
A sacrifice to the gods for good success:
For all great actions the wish'd course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun.
[*Exeunt all but* MAR. GRAC. *and* CIMB.
Mar. Stay, Cimbrio and Gracculo.
Cimb. The business?
Mar. Meet me to-morrow night near to the grove,
Neighbouring the east part of the city.
Grac. Well.
Mar. And bring the rest of our condition with you:
I've something to impart may break our fetters,
If you dare second me.
Cimb. We'll not fail.
Grac. A cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.
Mar. Think on't, and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, TIMAGORAS, LEOSTHENES, *with gorgets; and* MARULLO

Archid. So, so, 'tis well: how do I look?
Mar. Most sprightfully.
Archid. I shrink not in the shoulders; though I'm old
I'm tough, steel to the back; I have not wasted
My stock of strength in feather-beds: here's an arm too;
There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword
As well as any beardless boy of you all.
Timag. I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared
To endure the travail of the war.
Archid. Go to, sirrah!
I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,
For all your flaunting feathers; nay, Leosthenes,
You are welcome too, all friends and fellows now.
Leost. Your servant, sir.
Archid. Pish! leave these compliments,
They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry,
For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity!
And must be bold to put a question to you,
Without offence I hope.
Leost. Sir, what you please.
Archid. And you will answer truly?
Timag. On our words, sir.
Archid. Go too, then: I presume you will confess
That you are two notorious whoremasters—
Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself,
A smack or so for physic does no harm;
Nay, it is physic, if used moderately:
But to lie at rack and manger——
Leost. Say we grant this,
For if we should deny't, you'll not believe us.
What will you infer upon it?
Archid. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell us,
There's a month call'd October, which brings in

Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,
In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too,
Named *lying perdue*, do you mark me? 'tis a game
Which you must learn to play at: now in these seasons,
And choice variety of exercises,
(Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion,
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations;
And, in a frosty morning, looks as if
He could with ease creep into a pottle-pot,
Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses
The time he spent in midnight visitations;
And finds what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good at length, and well breath'd,
If but retrieved into his back again,
Would keep him warmer than a scarlet waistcoat,

Enter DIPHILUS *and* CLEORA.

Or an armour lined with fur—O welcome! welcome!
You have cut off my discourse; but I will perfect
My lecture in the camp.

Diph. Come, we are stay'd for;
The general's afire for a remove,
And longs to be in action.

Archid. 'Tis my wish too.
We must part—nay, no tears, my best Cleora;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look [*To* MARULLO.
You with that care and reverence observe her,
Which you would pay to me.—A kiss; farewell, girl!

Diph. Peace wait upon you, fair one!
[*Exeunt* ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* MARULLO.

Timag. 'Twere impertinence
To wish you to be careful of your honour,
That ever keep in pay a guard about you
Of faithful virtues: farewell!—Friend, I leave you
To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers
Part with more circumstance and ceremony:
Which I give way to. [*Exit.*

Leost. 'Tis a noble favour,
For which I ever owe you. We are alone;
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.

Cleo. And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.

Leost. Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and cherish'd,
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleo. May it not burn here,
And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers,
Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes,
Safe from the rocks of lust into the harbour
Of pure affection! rising up an example
Which aftertimes shall witness, to our glory,
First took from us beginning.

Leost. 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.

Cleo. Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fix'd
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.

Leost. I'll stay at home, then.

Cleo. No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune.
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world, most worthy
To be beloved, (with me you're at the height,
And can advance no further,) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.

Leost. Sweet, take comfort!
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me
Or I am wretched. All the dangers that
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;
My enemies abroad to be contemn'd:
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.

Cleo. With me!

Leost. Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.

Cleo. Where?

Leost. There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.

Cleo. This is strange!

Leost. But true, sweet;
Excess of love can work such miracles!
Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay:
This hand Sibylla's golden bough to guard them
Through hell, and horror, to the Elysian springs:
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.

Cleo. Can you think
I may be tempted?

Leost. You were never proved.
For me, I have conversed with you no further
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich presents
For my artillery, to batter down
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts,
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods:

And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.
Cleo. And 'twas
That modesty that took me, and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness;
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.
Leost. But, Cleora,
When I am absent, as I must go from you,
(Such is the cruelty of my fate,) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests,
Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
Is here to owe you, brother to advise you,
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine, [senses,
And blow your chastity up; when your weak
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge, before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.
Cleo. Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,
At your return, how I have born myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts; when, like a Vestal,
I show you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder;
When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starv'd
For want of seeming matter to accuse me;
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
From my just anger.
Leost. What will you do?
Cleo. Obey me,
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;
And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,
'Till the return of this distrustful man!
Now bind them sure;—nay, do't: [*He binds her eyes with her scarf.*] If, uncompell'd,
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin
To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,
My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter ASOTUS *driving in* GRACCULO.

Asot. You slave! you dog! down, cur.
Grac. Hold, good young master,
For pity's sake!
Asot. Now am I in my kingdom:—
Who says I am not valiant? I begin
To frown again: quake, villain!
Grac. So I do, sir;
Your looks are agues to me.
Asot. Are they so, sir!
'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me,
And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make [them
Feel that I am a lion.
Grac. Do not roar, sir,
As you are a valiant beast: but do you know
Why you use me thus?
Asot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a reason. O! I have it:
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,
(Because I durst not strike him,) when I came home,
That I would break thy head.
Grac. Plague on his mirth!
I am sure I mourn for't.
Asot. Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my horse good manners yet; this morn- [ing
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade
Threw me, and kick'd me,
Grac. I thank him for't. [*Aside*
Asot. What's that?
Grac. I say, sir, I will teach him to hold his [heels,
If you will rule your fingers.
Asot. I'll think upon't.
Grac. I am bruised to jelly: better be a dog.
Than slave to a fool or coward. [*Aside*
Asot. Here's my mother,

Enter CORISCA *and* ZANTHIA.

She is chastising too: how brave we live,
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath
When we want exercise!
Coris. Careless harlotry, [*Striking her.*
Look to't; if a curl fall, or wind or sun
Take my complexion off, I will not leave
One hair upon thine head.
Grac. Here's a second show
Of the family of pride! [*Aside.*
Coris. Fie on these wars!
I'm starv'd for want of action; not a gamester left
To keep a woman play. If this world last
A little longer with us, ladies must study
Some new-found mystery to cool one another,
We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there have been
Such arts in a long vacation; would they were
Reveal'd to me! they have made my doctor, too,
Physician to the army: he was used
To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now
Quite unprovided.
Asot. My mother-in-law is, sure,
At her devotion.
Coris. There are none but our slaves left,
Nor are they to be trusted. Some great women,
Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At small game; but I am so queasy-stomach'd,
And from my youth have been so used to dainties,

I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that are hungry
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall
From such as mend mats in their galleries;
Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't!
'Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with
A gallant's breeches, and conceive upon them,
Than stoop so low.

Asot. Fair madam, and my mother.

Coris. Leave the last out, it smells rank of the country,
And shews coarse breeding; your true courtier knows not
His niece, or sister, from another woman,
If she be apt and cunning.—I could tempt now
This fool, but he will be so long a working!
Then he's my husband's son:—the fitter to
Supply his wants; I have the way already,
I'll try if it will take.—When were you with
Your mistress, fair Cleora?

Asot. Two days sithence;
But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can
Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied for her,
Her woman calls her away.

Coris. Here's a dull thing!
But better taught, I hope.—Send off your man.

Asot. Sirrah, begone.

Grac. This is the first good turn
She ever did me. [*Aside, and exit*

Coris. We'll have a scene of mirth;
I must not have you shamed for want of practice.
I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion,
That you may tell her what her woman should do,
Repeat the lesson over that I taught you,
When my young lord came to visit me: if you miss
In a syllable or posture——

Zant. I am perfect.

Asot. Would I were so! I fear I shall be out.

Coris. If you are, I'll help you in. Thus I walk musing:
You are to enter, and, as you pass by, [
Salute my woman;—be but bold enough,
You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin.

Asot. Have at it——
Save thee, sweet heart! a kiss.

Zant. Venus forbid, sir,
I should presume to taste your honour's lips
Before my lady.

Coris. This is well on both parts.

Asot. How does thy lady?

Zant. Happy in your lordship,
As oft as she thinks on you.

Coris. Very good;
This wench will learn in time.

Asot. Does she think of me?

Zant. O, sir! and speaks the best of you; admires
Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and swears, but that
You are not forward enough for a lord, you were
The most complete and absolute man,—I'll show
Your lordship a secret.

Asot. Not of thine own?

Zant. O! no, sir,
'Tis of my lady: but, upon your honour,
You must conceal it.

Asot. By all means.

Zant. Sometimes
I lie with my lady, as the last night I did;
She could not say her prayers for thinking of you:
Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd out,
O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward,
That I must ravish thee! and in that fervour
She took me in her arms, threw me upon her,
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and wept,
Because 'twas but a dream. [

Coris. This will bring him on,
Or he's a block.—A good girl!

Asot. I am mad,
Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, sir,
With, *Away, I dare not:—fie, you are immodest;*
My brother's up;—My father will hear.—Shoot home, sir,
You cannot miss the mark.

Asot. There's for thy counsel.
This is the fairest interlude—if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a player.

Coris. Now my turn comes.—
I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page
For young Asotus, I cannot live without him;
Pray him to visit me; yet, when he's present,
I must be strange to him.

Asot. Not so, you are caught:
Lo, whom you wish; behold Asotus here!

Coris. You wait well, minion; shortly I shall not speak
My thoughts in my private chamber, but they must
Lie open to discovery.

Asot. 'Slid, she's angry.

Zant. No, no, sir, she but seems so. To her again.

Asot. Lady, I would descend to kiss your hand,
But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me sick;
And to presume to taste your lips not safe,
Your woman by.

Coris. I hope she's no observer
Of whom I grace. [ZANTHIA *looks on a book.*

Asot. She's at her book, O rare! [*Kisses her.*

Coris. A kiss for entertainment is sufficient;
Too much of one dish cloys me.

Asot. I would serve in
The second course; but still I fear your woman.

Coris. You are very cautelous. [ZANTHIA *seems to sleep.*

Asot. 'Slight, she's asleep!
'Tis pity these instructions are not printed;
They would sell well to chambermaids. 'Tis no time now
To play with my good fortune, and your favour;
Yet to be taken, as they say:—a scout,
To give the signal when the enemy comes, [*Exit* ZANTHIA.
Were now worth gold.—She's gone to watch.
A waiter so train'd up were worth a million
To a wanton city madam.

Coris. You are grown conceited.

Asot. You teach me. Lady, now your cabinet—

Coris. You speak as it were yours.

Asot. When we are there,
I'll shew you my best evidence. [*Seizing her.*

Coris. Hold! you forget,
I only play Cleora's part.

Asot. No matter,
Now we've begun, let's end the act.

Coris. Forbear, sir;
Your father's wife!—

Asot. Why, being his heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no satisfaction to you,
To see his debts paid.

Re-enter ZANTHIA *running.*

Zant. Madam, my lord·

Coris. Fall off·
I must trifle with the time too, hell confound it !

Asot. Plague on his toothless chaps ! he cannot do't
Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs.

Enter CLEON.

Cleon. Where are you, wife ? I fain would go abroad,
But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter ;
I am tired. Your shoulder, son ;—nay, sweet, thy hand too :
A turn or two in the garden, and then to supper,
And so to bed.

Asot. Never to rise, I hope, more. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near the Walls of* SYRACUSE.

Enter MARULLO *and* POLIPHRON. *A Table set out with wine, &c.*

Mar. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.

Poliph. You may do your pleasure ;
But, in my judgment, better to make use of
The present opportunity.

Mar. No more.

Poliph. I am silenced.

Mar. More wine ; prithee drink hard, friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other* Slaves.

Second with vehemence.—Men of your words, all welcome !
Slaves use no ceremony : sit down, here's a health.

Poliph. Let it run round, fill every man his glass.

Grac. We look for no waiters ;—this is wine !

Mar. The better,
Strong, lusty wine : drink deep, this juice will make us
As free as our lords. [*Drinks.*

Grac. But if they find we taste it,
We are all damn'd to the quarry during life,
Without hope of redemption.

Mar. Pish ! for that
We'll talk anon : another rouse ! we lose time ; [*Drinks.*
When our low blood's wound up a little higher,
I'll offer my design ; nay, we are cold yet ;
These glasses contain nothing :—do me right, [*Takes the bottle.*
As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely ;
How do you feel yourselves now ?

Cimb. I begin
To have strange conundrums in my head.

Grac. And I
To loath base water : I would be hang'd in peace now,
For one month of such holidays.

Mar. An age, boys,
And yet defy the whip ; if you are men,
Or dare believe you have souls.

Cimb. We are no brokers.

Grac. Nor whores, whose marks are out of their mouths, they have none ;
They hardly can get salt enough to keep them
From stinking above ground.

Mar. Our lords are no gods—

Grac. They are devils to us, I am sure.

Mar. But subject to
Cold, hunger, and diseases.

Grac. In abundance.
Your lord that feels no ache in his chine at twenty,
Forfeits his privilege ; how should their surgeons build else,
Or ride on their footcloths ?

Mar. Equal Nature fashion'd us
All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear,
Nor the wolf the wolf ; 'twas odds of strength in tyrants,
That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain
With which that THING OF THINGS bound in the world.
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,
To love our liberty, if not command,
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, deform'd ones ?
Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
To ignorant fools ? All's but the outward gloss,
And politic form, that does distinguish us.—
Cimbrio, thou art a strong man ; if, in place
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been train'd up
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,
As fortunate as Timoleon.

Cimb. A little fighting
Will serve a general's turn.

Mar. Thou, Gracculo,
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit ;
And, I think, cover'd with a senator's robe,
Formally set on the bench, thou would'st appear
As brave a senator.

Grac. Would I had lands,
Or money to buy a place ! and if I did not
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of them, play with my chain,
Look on my watch, when my guts chimed twelve, and wear
A state beard, with my barber's help, rank with them
In their most choice peculiar gifts ; degrade me,
And put me to drink water again, which, now
I have tasted wine, were poison !

Mar. 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a gownman : none of these, I think too,
But would prove good burghers.

Grac. Hum ! the fools are modest ;
I know their insides : here's an ill-faced fellow,
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop,)
If he did not in a month learn to outswear,
In the selling of his wares, the cunning'st tradesman
In Syracuse, I have no skill. Here's another,
Observe but what a cozening look he has !—
Hold up thy head, man ; if, for drawing gallants
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and gumm'd velvets,
He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his patent : pass the rest ; they'll all make
Sufficient beccos, and, with their brow-antlers,
Bear up the cap of maintenance.

Mar. Is't not pity, then,
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves ?

Cimb. Our fortune.

Mar. 'Tis your folly ; daring men
Command and make their fates. Say, at this instant,
I mark'd you out a way to liberty ;
Possess'd you of those blessings, our proud lords

So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,
Arm you with power, by strong hand to revenge
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride
The insolence of such as tread upon
Your patient sufferings; fill your famish'd mouths
With the fat and plenty of the land; redeem you
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you
Upon a hill of happiness; what would you do
To purchase this, and more?

Grac. Do! any thing:
To burn a church or too, and dance by the light
Were but a May-game. [on't,

Poliph. I have a father living;
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,
He should excuse me.

Cimb. 'Slight! I would cut mine own,
Rather than miss it; so I might but have
A taste on't ere I die.

Mar. Be resolute men;
You shall run no such hazard, nor groan under
The burthen of such crying sins.

Cimb. The means?

Grac. I feel a woman's longing.

Poliph. Do not torment us
With expectation.

Mar. Thus, then: Our proud masters,
And all the able freemen of the city,
Are gone unto the wars——

Poliph. Observe but that.

Mar. Old men, and such as can make no re-
Are only left at home—— [sistance,

Grac. And the proud young fool,
My master—if this take, I'll hamper him.

Mar. Their arsenal, their treasure, 's in our power,
If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall
In the present action, the whole country's ours:
Say they return victorious, we have means
To keep the town against them; at the worst,
To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasures
You have been barr'd from, with one voice cry with me,
Liberty! liberty!

All. Liberty! liberty!

Mar. Go then, and take possession: use all freedom;
But shed no blood. [*Exeunt* Slaves.]—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended, till't be done. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Gallery in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter MARULLO *and* TIMANDRA.

Mar. Why, think you that I plot against myself?
Fear nothing, you are safe: these thick-skinn'd
I use as instruments to serve my ends, [slaves,
Pierce not my deep designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an arm against you.

Timand. With your will.
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves
With ease, are not so soon laid; they oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Mar. 'Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have consider'd seriously their natures,
Proceeded with mature advice, and know
I hold their will and faculties in more awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their license,
And riot in the city, I can make
A just defence and use: it may appear too
A politic prevention of such ills
As might with greater violence and danger,
Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for't,
It matters not:—however, I'm resolv'd;
And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora
Constant to her rash vow?

Timand. Beyond belief;
To me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.
By signs I guess at her commands, and serve them
With silence; such her pleasure is, made known
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,
Sleeps less, as I imagine; once a day
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offer'd
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,
She points back to her prison.

Mar. Guide her hither,
And make her understand the slaves' revolt;
And, with your utmost eloquence, enlarge
Their insolence, and rapes done in the city
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,
As I'm Marullo, caused this sudden uproar,
To make way to enjoy her.

Timand. Punctually
I will discharge my part. [*Exit.*

Enter POLIPHRON.

Poliph. O, sir, I sought you:
You've miss'd the best sport! Hell, I think's broke
There's such variety of all disorders, [loose;
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,
Among the slaves; answer'd with crying, howling,
By the citizens and their wives; such a confusion,
In a word, not to tire you, as I think,
The like was never read of.

Mar. I share in
The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some
Revenge for my disgrace.

Poliph. But, sir, I fear,
If your authority restrain them not,
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.

Mar. I will among them;
But must not long be absent.

Poliph. At your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.—A Room in the same.*

Shouts within. Enter CLEORA *and* TIMANDRA.

Timand. They are at our gates: my heart! affrights and horrors

Increase each minute. No way left to save us,
No flattering hope to comfort us, or means,
But miracle, to redeem us from base lust
And lawless rapine! Are there gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil
Of brutish appetite? or, since they decree
To ruin nature's masterpiece, of which
They have not left one pattern, must they choose,
To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute
The spring of chastity, and poison it
With their most loath'd embraces? and of those,
He that should offer up his life to guard it,
Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own bondman,
Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours?—
Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left
One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest
Yet ever practised in a captive city,
He, doating on your beauty, and to have fellows
In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves,
Who have begun the game by violent rapes
Upon the wives and daughters of their lords:
And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,
By force comes to enjoy you—do not wring
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break
A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,
And with the majesty of commanding beauty,
Strike dead his loose affections: if that fail,
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive
Impression from your words; or eyes so stern
But, from the clear reflection of your tears,
Must melt, and bear them company. Will you not
Do these good offices to yourself? poor I, then,
Can only weep your fortune: here he comes.

Enter MARULLO, *speaking at the door.*

Mar. He that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword:
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
Timand. Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.
Mar. Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—
The organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover, whom
Not fortune but affection marks your slave:—
Shake not, best lady! for believ't, you are
As far from danger as I am from force:
All violence I shall offer, tends no further
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,
You shew you are pleased to hear me.
Timand. If you are,
Hold forth your right hand.
[CLEORA *holds forth her right hand.*
Mar. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours,
I made exchange of, to become your servant:
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,
Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me
The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:
And that was his protection. [CLEORA *bows.*
Timand. See, she bows
Her head in sign of thankfulness.
Mar. He removed by
The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected: and, even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[CLEORA *starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved,
Since duty must not take the name of merit,)
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
Forget not that I lose myself to save you:
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? and, what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,
I do deny you to myself, to give you,
A pure unspotted present, to my rival.
I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.
[CLEORA *kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to* MARULLO.
Timand. See, she kneels;
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her fair right hand.
Mar. I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber:
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.
[*Exeunt.* CLEORA *makes a low courtesy as she goes off.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* CLEON'S *House.*

Enter GRACCULO, *leading* ASOTUS *in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck;* ZANTHIA *in* CORISCA'S *clothes, she bearing up her train.*

Grac. Come on, sir.
Asot. Oh!
Grac. Do you grumble? you were ever
A brainless ass; but if this hold, I'll teach you

To come aloft and do tricks like an ape.
Your morning's lesson: if you miss——
Asot. O no, sir.
Grac. What for the Carthaginians? [ASOTUS *makes moppes.*] A good beast.
What for ourself, your lord? [*Dances.*] Exceeding well.
There's your reward. [*Gives him an apple.*]—Not kiss your paw! So, so, so.
Zant. Was ever lady, the first day of her honour,
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? She looks now,
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes,
Like the last day of January! and stinks worse
Than a hot brache in the dog-days. Further off!
So—stand there like an image; if you stir,
Till, with a quarter of a look, I call you,
You know what follows.
Coris. O, what am I fallen to!
But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,
Justly return'd upon me.
Grac. How dost thou like
Thy ladyship, Zanthia?
Zant. Very well; and bear it
With as much state as your lordship.
Grac. Give me thy hand:
Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph,
Our captives following; then mount our tribunals,
And make the slaves our footstools.
Zant. Fine, by Jove!
Are your hands clean, minion?
Coris. Yes, forsooth.
Zant. Fall off then.
So! now come on; and, having made your three duties——
Down, I say—are you stiff in the hams?—now kneel,
And tie our shoe: now kiss it, and be happy.
Grac. This is state, indeed!
Zant. It is such as she taught me;
A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladies
Expect from their poor waiters: we have changed parts;
She does what she forced me to do in her reign,
And I must practise it in mine.
Grac. 'Tis justice:
O! here come more.

Enter CIMBRIO, CLEON, POLIPHRON, *and* OLYMPIA.

Cimb. Discover to a drachma,
Or I will famish thee.
Cleon. O! I am pined already.
Cimb. Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawns
From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the coals
For carbonadoes.
Poliph. Spare the old jade, he's founder'd.
Grac. Cut his throat then,
And hang him out for a scarecrow.
Poliph. You have all your wishes
In your revenge, and I have mine. You see
I use no tyranny: when I was her slave,
She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her back
In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties,
Which still she had in her belly again ere morning;
And in requital of those courtesies,
Having made one another free, we are married:
And, if you wish us joy, join with us in
A dance at our wedding.
Grac. Agreed; for I have thought of
A most triumphant one, which shall express
We are lords, and these our slaves.
Poliph. But we shall want
A woman.
Grac. No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve;
Carry your body swimming.—Where's the music?
Poliph. I have placed it in yon window.
Grac. Begin then sprightly.
[*Music, and then a dance.*

Enter MARULLO *behind.*

Poliph. Well done on all sides! I have prepared [a banquet;
Let's drink and cool us.
Grac. A good motion.
Cimb. Wait here;
You have been tired with feasting, learn to fast now.
Grac. I'll have an apple for jack, and may be [some scraps
May fall to your share.
[*Exeunt* GRAC. ZANT. CIMB. POLIPH. *and* OLYMP.
Coris. Whom can we accuse
But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art just,
Thou all-creating Power! and misery
Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledged
No deity beyond my lust and pride,
There is a heaven above us, that looks down
With the eyes of justice, upon such as number
Those blessings freely given, in the accompt
Of their poor merits: else it could not be,
Now miserable I, to please whose palate
The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd
Of nature, as not liberal enough
In her provision of rarities
To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh,
Should wish in vain for bread.
Cleon. Yes, I do wish too,
For what I fed my dogs with.
Coris. I, that forgot
I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silk
Spun by the diligent worm out of their entrails,
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down
Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look
On virtue being in rags, that stopp'd my nose
At those who did not use adulterate arts
To better nature; that from those that served me
Expected adoration, am made justly
The scorn of my own bondwoman.
Asot. I am punish'd,
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural father:
Had I been gelded then, or used myself
Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and forced
To play an overgrown ape.
Cleon. I know I cannot
Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I forgive [both:
'Tis in vain to be angry; let us, therefore,
Lament together like friends.
Mar. What a true mirror
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness!
Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The glass of servile flattery, might behold
The weak foundation upon which they build
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school!
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew
That their prosperity, like too large a sail
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach

The port they long to touch at; so these wretches,
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;
That did believe they could with giant arms
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weakness, and make known
Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own.

Cleon. O for some meat! they sit long.

Coris. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight;
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings;
Nor did we hold ourselves served to the height,
But when we did exact and force their duties
Beyond their strength and power.

Asot. We pay for't now:
I now could be content to have my head
Broke with a rib of beef, or for a coffin,
Be buried in the dripping-pan.

Re-enter POLIPHRON, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, ZANTHIA, *and* OLYMPIA, *drunk and quarrelling.*

Cimb. Do not hold me:
Not kiss the bride!

Poliph. No, sir.

Cimb. She's common good,
And so we'll use her.

Grac. We'll have nothing private.

Mar. [*coming forward.*] Hold!

Zant. Here's Marullo.

Olymp. He's your chief.

Cimb. We are equals;
I will know no obedience.

Grac. Nor superior—
Nay, if you are lion drunk, I will make one;
For lightly ever he that parts the fray,
Goes away with the blows.

Mar. Art thou mad too?
No more, as you respect me.

Poliph I obey, sir.

Mar. Quarrel among yourselves!

Cimb. Yes, in our wine, sir,
And for our wenches.

Grac. How could we be lords else?

Mar. Take heed; I've news will cool this heat, and make you
Remember what you were.

Cimb. How!

Mar. Send off these,
And then I'll tell you. [ZANTHIA *beats* CORISCA.

Olymp. This is tyranny,
Now she offends not.

Zant. 'Tis for exercise,
And to help digestion. What is she good for else?
To me it was her language.

Mar. Lead her off.
And take heed, madam minx, the wheel may turn.
Go to your meat, and rest; and from this hour
Remember, he that is a lord to-day,
May be a slave to-morrow.

Cleon. Good morality!

[*Exeunt* CLEON. ASOT. ZANT. OLYMP. *and* CORIS.

Cimb. But what would you impart?

Mar. What must invite you
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting;
Or but imagine what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assured you are so.
Our masters are victorious.

All. How!

Mar. Within
A day's march of the city, flesh'd with spoil,
And proud of conquest; the armado sunk,
The Carthaginian admiral, hand to hand,
Slain by Leosthenes.

Cimb. I feel the whip
Upon my back already.

Grac. Every man
Seek a convenient tree, and hang himself.

Poliph. Better die once, than live an age to suffer
New tortures every hour.

Cimb. Say, we submit,
And yield us to their mercy?—

Mar. Can you flatter
Yourselves with such false hopes? Or dare you think
That your imperious lords, that never fail'd
To punish with severity petty slips
In your neglect of labour, may be won
To pardon those licentious outrages
Which noble enemies forbear to practise
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just revenge with horror.
And studied cruelty? we have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our courage,
And daring, lies our safety: if you are not
Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell
Our lives with the most advantage, than to trust
In a forestall'd remission, or yield up
Our bodies to the furnace of their fury,
Thrice heated with revenge.

Grac. You led us on.

Cimb. And 'tis but justice you should bring us off.

Grac. And we expect it.

Mar. Hear then, and obey me;
And I will either save you, or fall with you.
Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports;
Boldly deny their entrance, and rip up
Your grievances, and what compell'd you to
This desperate course: if they disdain to hear
Of composition, we have in our powers
Their aged fathers, children, and their wives,
Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly
Make intercession for us. 'Tis not time now
To talk, but do: a glorious end, or freedom,
Is now proposed us; stand resolved for either,
And, like good fellows, live or die together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country near* SYRACUSE. *The Camp of* TIMOLEON.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timag. I am so far from envy, I am proud
You have outstripp'd me in the race of honour.
O 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won!
Your bold performance gave such lustre to
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged
For their so great success.

Leost. The gods first honour'd,
The glory be the general's; 'tis far from me
To be his rival.

Timag. You abuse your fortune,
To entertain her choice and gracious favours
With a contracted brow; plumed Victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look.

Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.
Leost. O, Timagoras,
You only are acquainted with the cause
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead;
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got
Assisted by the general applause [honour,
The soldier crowns it with, nor all war's glories,
Can lessen or remove: and, would you please,
With fit consideration, to remember
How much I wrong'd Cleora's innocence
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,
To pluck away the vulture, jealousy,
That fed upon my liver; you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a stranger to
The thought of mirth or pleasure.
Timag. You have redeem'd
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom
Of honourable action, as my sister
Must of necessity confess her sufferings,
Weigh'd down by your fair merits; and, when she views you,
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the senators
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
Smoaking with thankful incense to the gods:
The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your praise,
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
The queen of love, with their particular vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can Cleora
(Though, in the glass of self-love, she behold
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,
What she endured was but a noble trial
You made of her affection? and her anger,
Rising from your too amorous cares, soon drench'd
In Lethe, and forgotten.
Leost. If those glories
You so set forth were mine, they might plead for
But I can lay no claim to the least honour [me;
Which you, with foul injustice, ravish from her.
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me
From her free bounties; she inspired me with
That valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair reflection of her mind,
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,
Stock'd me with virtuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour; and, she being the owner
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her
A just account of all, as fits a factor.
And, howsoever others think me happy,
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage;
One frown of her dislike at my return,
Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for,
Strikes dead all comfort.
Timag. Tush! these fears are needless;
She cannot, must not, shall not, be so cruel.
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.
The general is your own, and, sure, my father
Repents his harshness; for myself, I am
Ever your creature.—One day shall be happy
In your triumph, and your marriage.
Leost. May it prove so,
With her consent and pardon.
Timag. Ever touching
On that harsh string! She is your own, and you
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Syracuse. *A Room in* Archidamus's *House.*

Enter Marullo *and* Timandra.

Mar. She has her health, then?
Timand. Yes, sir; and as often
As I speak of you, lends attentive ear
To all that I deliver; nor seems tired,
Though I dwell long on the relation of
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise
On your unequall'd temperance, and command
You hold o'er your affections.
Mar. To my wish:
Have you acquainted her with the defeature
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with?
Timand. With all care.
Mar. And how does she receive it?
Timand. As I guess,
With a seeming kind of joy; but yet appears not
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain ruin
You must encounter with at their arrival
In Syracusa, and that death, with torments,
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,
And a reward of pure unspotted love,
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,
Though she were in your power; and, still spurr'd on
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession
You have call'd on the fury of your lord,
Than that she should be grieved, or tainted in
Her reputation——
Mar. Doth it work compunction?
Pities she my misfortune?
Timand. She express'd
All signs of sorrow which, her vow observed,
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hearing,
She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs
In which she silently seem'd to complain
Of heaven's injustice.
Mar. 'Tis enough: wait carefully,
And, on all watch'd occasions, continue
Speech and discourse of me: 'tis time must work her.
Timand. I'll not be wanting, but still strive to serve you. [*Exit.*

Enter POLIPHRON.

Mar. Now, Poliphron, the news?
Poliph. The conquering army
Is within ken.
Mar. How brook the slaves the object?
Poliph. Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,
And seem to scoff at danger; 'tis your presence
That must confirm them: with a full consent
You are chosen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to,
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the last man.
Mar. I'll instantly among them.
If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forsake us.
Poliph. 'Tis our best refuge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Walls of* SYRACUSE.

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, LEOSTHENES, TIMAGORAS, *and* Soldiers.

Timol. Thus far we are return'd victorious; crown'd
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and death,
Banish'd your peaceful confines,) and bring home
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,
And with the dear expense of sweat and blood
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap
The harvest of their toil: and we stand bound,
Out of the first file of the best deservers,
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits,)
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,
For your heroic valour.
Archid. When I look on
The labour of so many men and ages,
This well-built city, not long since design'd
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of
The gods, and you, their ministers, preserved,
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer
These tears for a glad sacrifice.
Diph. Sleep the citizens?
Or are they overwhelm'd with the excess
Of comfort that flows to them?
Leost. We receive
A silent entertainment.
Timag. I long since
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,
The old men striving with their age, the priests,
Carrying the images of their gods before them,
Should have met us with procession.—Ha! the gates
Are shut against us!
Archid. And, upon the walls,
Arm'd men seem to defy us!

Enter above, on the Walls, MARULLO, POLIPHRON, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other* Slaves.

Diph. I should know
These faces: they are our slaves.
Timag. The mystery, rascals!
Open the ports, and play not with an anger
That will consume you.
Timol. This is above wonder.
Archid. Our bondmen stand against us!
Grac. Some such things
We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are turn'd
Lords of the town, or so—nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security
You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our garrets or outhouses:
Your great looks cannot carry it.
Cimb. The truth is,
We've been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters——
Leost. O my prophetic soul!
Grac. Rifled your chests,
Been busy with your wardrobes.
Timag. Can we endure this?
Leost. O my Cleora!
Grac. A caudle for the gentleman;
He'll die o' the pip else.
Timag. Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?
Hold parley with our bondmen! force our entrance,
Then, villains, expect——
Timol. Hold! You wear men's shapes,
And if, like men, you have reason, shew a cause
That leads you to this desperate course, which must end
In your destruction.
Grac. That, as please the Fates;
But we vouchsafe——Speak, captain.
Timag. Hell and furies!
Archid. Bay'd by our own curs!
Cimb. Take heed you be not worried.
Poliph. We are sharp set.
Cimb. And sudden.
Mar. Briefly thus, then,
Since I must speak for all.—Your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills, beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things order'd
With such decorum, as wise lawmakers,
From each well-govern'd private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possessed of.

Grac. And not leave
One house unfired.
Cimb. Or throat uncut of those
We have in our power
Poliph. Nor will we fall alone;
You shall buy us dearly.
Timag. O the gods!
Unheard-of insolence!
Timol. What are your demands?
Mar. A general pardon first, for all offences
Committed in your absence. Liberty
To all such as desire to make return
Into their countries; and, to those that stay,
A competence of land freely allotted
To each man's proper use, no lord acknowledged:
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives
Out of your families.
Timag. Let the city sink first.
Leost. And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe
To such conditions.
Archid. Carthage, though victorious,
Could not have forced more from us.
Leost. Scale the walls;
Capitulate after.
Timol. He that wins the top first
Shall wear a mural wreath. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. Each to his place. [*Flourish and alarms.*
Or death or victory! Charge them home, and fear not. [*Exeunt* MARULLO *and* Slaves.

Re-enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, *and* Senators.

Timol. We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punish'd,
To deal with bondmen, as if we encounter'd
An equal enemy.
Archid. They fight like devils;
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts
Were proof beyond their armour.

Re-enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

Timag. Make a firm stand.
The slaves, not satisfied they have beat us off,
Prepare to sally forth.
Timol. They are wild beasts,
And to be tamed by policy. Each man take
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used
To punish them with, as masters: in your looks
Carry severity and awe; 'twill fright them
More than your weapons. Savage lions fly from
The sight of fire; and these, that have forgot
That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords,
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And stoop to due obedience.
Archid. Here they come.

Enter, from the City, CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other* Slaves.

Cimb. Leave not a man alive; a wound's but a flea-biting,
To what we suffer'd being slaves.
Grac. O, my heart!
Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip! our masters!
Timag. Dare you rebel, slaves!
[*The* Senators *shake their whips, the* Slaves *throw away their weapons, and run off.*
Cimb. Mercy! mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their fury?
Grac. Fly, they follow.
O, we shall be tormented!
Timol. Enter with them,
But yet forbear to kill them: still remember
They are part of your wealth; and being disarm'd,
There is no danger.
Archid. Let us first deliver
Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure
Determine of their punishment.
Leost. Friend, to you
I leave the disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your sister,
She is only worth my thought; and, till I see
What she has suffer'd, I am on the rack,
And Furies my tormentors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—SYRACUSE. *A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter MARULLO *and* TIMANDRA.

Mar. I know I am pursued; nor would I fly,
Although the ports were open, and a convoy
Ready to bring me off: the baseness of
These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,
Hath thrown me to the bottomless abyss
Of horror and despair: had they stood firm,
I could have bought Cleora's free consent
With the safety of her father's life, and brother's;
And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,
And kneel a suitor for me.
Timand. You must not think
What might have been, but what must now be practised,
And suddenly resolve.
Mar. All my poor fortunes
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.
Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber;
For in her sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended: do not enquire
The reason why, but help me. [*Knocking within.*
Timand. Make haste,—one knocks. [*Exit* MARULLO.
Jove turn all to the best!

Enter LEOSTHENES.

You are welcome, sir.
Leost. Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.
Timand. Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,
Comfort's a stranger to us.
Leost. Fears! your sufferings:—
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour:
For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.
Timand. How mean you, fell, sir?
I understand you not.
Leost. I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape: confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your o'ermatch'd innocence could make no resistance;
Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too,
Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Nor daring to look on it! In her sufferings
All sorrow's comprehended: what Timandra,

Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be named.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.

Leost. O, Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother
Could wish her children crown'd with—but I must [not
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive
To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,)
That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger
But near him in aspect, I may conclude,
Though men and angels should proclaim him [honest,
He is a hell-bred villain.

Timand. You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted:
Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
Come forth, dear madam. [*Leads in* CLEORA.

Leost. Ha! [*Kneels.*

Timand. Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart; that, to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestal,
Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living funeral, must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with
Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd
To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeem'd her.

Leost. Might! O do not shew me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means by which she was freed? speak, O speak quickly;
Each minute of delay's an age of torment;
O speak, Timandra.

Timand. Free her from her oath;
Herself can best deliver it.

Leost. O blest office! [*Unbinds her eyes.*
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight, as now
I find myself possess'd of.—Now I behold
True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions: and if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.

Cleo. I forgive you.

Leost. How greedily I receive this! Stay, best [lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—
So! now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,
By your unspotted truth I do conjure you
To answer truly, suffer'd in your honour,
By force, I mean, for in your will I free you,
Since I left Syracusa?

Cleo. I restore
This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,
When I last saw you.

Leost. Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you: I am like
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire oows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady!
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him;
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.

Cleo. If that goodness,
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway,
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,
He, that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.

Leost. Forward.

Cleo. Or if ever
The Powers above did mask in human shapes,
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures, I believe
He's more than man.

Leost. You do describe a wonder.

Cleo. Which will encrease, when you shall un- [derstand
He was a lover.

Leost. Not yours, lady?

Cleo. Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes; nay, more, so doted,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not,
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.

Leost. A rare temper!

Cleo. I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise
I can bestow upon it will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival,
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,
Against himself, to serve you.

Leost. You conceal still
The owner of these excellencies.

Cleo. 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.

Leost. Ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Why do you laugh?

Leost. To hear the labouring mountain of your praise
Deliver'd of a mouse.

Cleo. The man deserves not
This scorn, I can assure you.
Leost. Do you call
What was his duty, merit?
Cleo. Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem, as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly;
And I could add, as I desired, but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.
Leost. Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance, that your slave
Should dare to love you?
Cleo. The immortal gods
Accept the meanest altars, that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old disease! I'll fit you. [*Aside.*
Leost. You seem moved.
Cleo. Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake, above example;
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?
Leost. One kiss, and I am silenced.
Cleo. I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: no; when the city
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath
Made for your satisfaction:—the poor wretch,
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.
Leost. Pray you end:
The story does not please me.
Cleo. Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*
Leost. What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears [helps,
Cracking what should support me! and those
Which confidence lends to others, are from me
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Timagoras, Cleon, Asotus, Corisca, *and* Olympia.

Cleon. But are you sure we are safe?
Timag. You need not fear;
They are all under guard, their fangs pared off:
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured
With the balm of your revenge.
Asot. And shall I be
The thing I was born, my lord?
Timag. The same wise thing.
'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! [Africk never
Produced the like.
Asot. I think so:—nor the land
Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and walnuts,
On the same tree. Not all the catalogue
Of conjurers or wise women bound together
Could have so soon transform'd me, as my rascal
Did with his whip; for not in outside only,
But in my own belief, I thought myself
As perfect a baboon——
Timag. An ass thou wert ever.
Asot. And would have given one leg, with all my heart,
For good security to have been a man
After three lives, or one and twenty years,
Though I had died on crutches.
Cleon. Never varlets
So triumph'd o'er an old fat man: I was famish'd.
Timag. Indeed you are fallen away.
Asot Three years of feeding
On cullises and jelly, though his cooks
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,
Will not recover him.
Timag. But your ladyship looks
Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd
Your ten-crown amber possets, good to smooth
The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you
Active, and high, for an afternoon's encounter
With a rough gamester, on your couch. Fie on't!
You are grown thrifty, smell like other women;
The college of physicians have not sat,
As they were used, in counsel, how to fill
The crannies in your cheeks, or raise a rampire
With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat,
To keep off age and time.
Coris. Pray you, forbear;
I am an alter'd woman.
Timag. So it seems;
A part of your honour's ruff stands out of rank too.
Coris. No matter, I have other thoughts.
Timag. O strange!
Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more
Than the loss of your good name: pity, this cure
For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry, [Olympia
Seems to bear up still.
Olymp. I complain not, sir;
I have borne my fortune patiently.
Timag. Thou wert ever
An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,
If you may choose your carriage.

Enter Leosthenes *and* Diphilus *with a* Guard.

How now, friend!
Looks our Cleora lovely?
Leost. In my thoughts, sir.
Timag. But why this guard?
Diph. It is Timoleon's pleasure:
The slaves have been examin'd, and confess
Their riot took beginning from your house;
And the first mover of them to rebellion,
Your slave Marullo. [*Exeunt* Diph. *and* Guard.

Leost. Ha! I more than fear.
Timag. They may search boldly.

Enter TIMANDRA, *speaking to the* Guard *within.*

Timand. You are unmanner'd grooms,
To pry into my lady's private lodgings;
There's no Marullos there.

Re-enter DIPHILUS, *and* Guard *with* MARULLO.

Timag. Now I suspect too.
Where found you him?
Diph. Close hid in your sister's chamber.
Timag. Is that the villain's sanctuary?
Leost. This confirms
All she deliver'd false.
Timag. But that I scorn
To rust my good sword in thy slavish blood,
Thou now wert dead.
Mar. He's more a slave than fortune
Or misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweapon'd innocence.
Timag. Prate, you dog!
Mar. Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks
Frighted them, being free.
Timag. As a wild beast,
Drive him before you.
Mar. O divine Cleora!
Leost. Dar'st thou presume to name her?
Mar. Yes, and love her;
And may say, have deserved her.
Timag. Stop his mouth,
Load him with irons too.
[*Exit* Guard *with* MARULLO.
Cleon. I am deadly sick
To look on him.
Asot. If he get loose, I know it,
I caper like an ape again: I feel
The whip already.
Timand. This goes to my lady. [*Exit.*
Timag. Come, cheer you, sir; we'll urge his punishment
To the full satisfaction of your anger.
Leost. He is not worth my thoughts. No corner left
In all the spacious rooms of my vex'd heart,
But is fill'd with Cleora: and the rape
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,
The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

Enter ARCHIDAMUS *and* CLEORA.

Archid. Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours
And glories centupled, as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy, yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force affection.
Cleo. It needs not, sir; I prize him to his worth,
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slaved
To his jealous humours: since, by the hopes of heaven,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.
Archid. 'Tis believed, Cleora;
And much the rather, our great gods be praised
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign [for't!
Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,
As if I had been present.
Cleo. May that move you
To pity poor Marullo!
Archid. 'Tis my purpose
To do him all the good I can, Cleora;
But this offence, being against the state,
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged
No further to Leosthenes, than you may
Come off with honour; for, being once his wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands,
And not dispute them:—ere it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the senate. [*Exit.*
Cleo. I am much distracted: in Leosthenes,
I can find nothing justly to accuse,
But his excess of love, which I have studied
To cure with more than common means; yet still
It grows upon him. And, if I may call
My sufferings merit, I stand bound to think on
Marullo's dangers—though I save his life,
His love is unrewarded:—I confess,
Both have deserved me; yet, of force, must be
Unjust to one; such is my destiny.—

Enter TIMANDRA.

How now! whence flow these tears?
Timand. I have met, madam,
An object of such cruelty, as would force
A savage to compassion.
Cleo. Speak, what is it?
Timand. Men pity beasts of rapine, if o'ermatch'd,
Though baited for their pleasure; but these monsters,
Upon a man that can make no resistance,
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slave, he's still a man;
A capital offender, yet in justice
Not to be tortur'd, till the judge pronounce
His punishment.
Cleo Where is he?
Timand. Dragg'd to prison
With more than barbarous violence; spurn'd and [spit on
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pinion'd behind his back; loaden with fetters:
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.
Cleo. O my grieved soul!—
By whose command?
Timand. It seems, my lord your brother's,
For he's a looker-on: and it takes from
Honour'd Leosthenes, to suffer it,
For his respect to you, whose name in vain
The grieved wretch loudly calls on.
Cleo. By Diana,
'Tis base in both; and to their teeth I'll tell them
That I am wrong'd in't. [*Going forth*
Timand. What will you do?

Cleo. In person
Visit and comfort him.
Timand. That will bring fuel
To the jealous fires which burn too hot already
In lord Leosthenes.
Cleo. Let them consume him!
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor love, nor honour. [*Exit.*
Timand. So! it works.
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course
To serve my brother's purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

I study mine own ends. They come:—assist me
In these my undertakings, Love's great patron,
As my intents are honest!
Leost. 'Tis my fault:
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,
From diffidence in ourselves: but I will strive,
With the assurance of my worth and merits,
To kill this monster, jealousy.
Timag. 'Tis a guest,
In wisdom, never to be entertain'd
On trivial probabilities; but, when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashion'd
By idle doubts and fears, to be received:
They make their own horns that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth and being
From mere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equal with mine own,
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family, I prefer
Our friendship, and your peace of mind so far
Above my own respects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true value in the test,
'Tis far from my ambition, for her cure
That you should wound yourself.
Timand. This argues for me. [*Aside.*
Timag. Why she should be so passionate for a bondman,
Falls not in compass of my understanding,
But for some nearer interest: or he raise
This mutiny, if he loved her, as, you say,
She does confess he did, but to enjoy,
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,
To me's a riddle.
Leost. Pray you, no more; already
I have answered that objection, in my strong
Assurance of her virtue.
Timag. 'Tis unfit then,
That I should press it further.
Timand. Now I must
Make in, or all is lost. [*Rushes forward distractedly.*
Timag. What would Timandra?
Leost. How wild she looks! How is it with thy lady?
Timag. Collect thyself, and speak.
Timand. As you are noble,
Have pity, or love piety.—Oh!
Leost. Take breath.
Timag. Out with it boldly.
Timand. O, the best of ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.
Leost. Who, Cleora?
Timag. Deliver, how? 'Sdeath, be a man, sir!—Speak.
Timand. Take it then in as many sighs as words,
My lady——
Timag. What of her?
Timand. No sooner heard
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell
Into a deadly swoon.
Timag. But she recover'd:
Say so, or he will sink too; hold, sir; fie!
This is unmanly.
Timand. Brought again to life,
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if
They labour'd, from the prison of her flesh,
To give her grieved soul freedom. On the sudden,
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,
Enter'd the common prison.
Leost. This confirms
What but before I fear'd.
Timand. There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a sister——
Timag. Damn her!
Timand. Or you respect her safety as a lover,
Procure Marullo's liberty.
Timag. Impudence
Beyond expression!
Leost. Shall I be a bawd
To her lust, and my dishonour?
Timand. She'll run mad, else,
Or do some violent act upon herself:
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,
Labours to gain his freedom.
Leost. O, the devil!
Has she bewitch'd him too?
Timag. I'll hear no more.
Come, sir, we'll follow her; and if no persuasion
Can make her take again her natural form,
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,
This sword shall disenchant her.
Leost. O my heart-strings!
[*Exeunt* LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.
Timand. I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair Cleora,
Though I appear a traitress; which thou wilt do,
In pity of my woes, when I make known
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.* MARULLO *discovered in chains.*

Enter CLEORA *and* Gaoler.

Cleo. There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind his hands.
Gaol. I dare not, madam.
Cleo. I will buy thy danger.
Take more gold;—do not trouble me with thanks,
I do suppose it done. [*Exit* Gaoler
Mar. My better angel
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since, from the choice of all celestial figures,
He could not take a visible form so full
Of glorious sweetness. [*Kneels.*
Cleo. Rise. I am flesh and blood,
And do partake thy tortures.
Mar. Can it be,
That charity should persuade you to descend
So far from your own height, as to vouchsafe
To look upon my sufferings? How I bless
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune
For my captivity—no, my freedom, rather!
For who dare think that place a prison, which
You sanctify with your presence? or believe,
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made

Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once
All engines to assault him?
Cleo. Indeed virtue,
With which you have made evident proofs that you
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken
With the shock of fierce temptations; but still triumphs
In spite of opposition. For myself,
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,
(A sure retreat, which never will deceive you,)
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow
For what I cannot help.
Mar. Do you weep for me!
O, save that precious balm for nobler uses:
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,
Which, in your prodigality of pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's vengeance,
Call'd down by crying sins, though, at that instant,
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd
For my intent of violence to such pureness;
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,
A soft and gentle penance.
Cleo. Which is ended
In this your free confession.

Enter LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS *behind.*

Leost. What an object
Have I encountered!
Timag. I am blasted too:
Yet hear a little further.
Mar. Could I expire now,
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream
To be transported, without the help of Charon,
To the Elysian shades. You make me bold;
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,
May give offence.
Cleo. No; for believe't, Marullo,
You've won so much upon me, that I know not
That happiness in my gift, but you may challenge.
Leost. Are you yet satisfied?
Cleo. Nor can you wish
But what my vows will second, though it were
Your freedom first, and then in me full power
To make a second tender of myself,
And you receive the present. By this kiss,
From me a virgin bounty, I will practise
All arts for your deliverance; and that purchased,
In what concerns your further aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope——
[TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES *come forward.*
Timag. To have the hangman,
When he is married to the cross, in scorn
To say, *Gods give you joy!*
Leost. But look on me,
And be not too indulgent to your folly;
And then, but that grief stops my speech, imagine
What language I should use.
Cleo. Against thyself:
Thy malice cannot reach me.
Timag. How?
Cleo. No, brother,
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me:
What I have done, I'll justify; and these favours,
Which, you presume, will taint me in my honour,
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out
One stain in my behaviour, or envy
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear
My best perfections. For, to the world,
I can in my defence allege such reasons,
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them;.
When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,
Which fortune claims a share in.
Timag. The base villain
Shall never live to hear it. [*Draws his sword.*
Cleo. Murder! help!
Through me, you shall pass to him.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* Officers.

Archid. What's the matter?
On whom is your sword drawn? are you a judge?
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office,
Before it be design'd you?—You are bold, too;
Unhand my daughter.
Leost. She's my valour's prize.
Archid. With her consent, not otherwise. You may urge
Your title in the court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely.—Guard him safely off too.
Timag. You'll hear me, sir?
Archid. If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just judge of Timoleon.
Diph. You must
Of force now use your patience.
[*Exeunt all but* TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES.
Timag. Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of rage possess me: you are wrong'd
Beyond a Stoic sufferance; yet you stand
As you were rooted.
Leost. I feel something here,
That boldly tells me, all the love and service
I pay Cleora is another's due,
And therefore cannot prosper.
Timag. Melancholy;
Which now you must not yield to.
Leost. 'Tis apparent:
In fact your sister's innocent, however
Changed by her violent will.
Timag. If you believe so,
Follow the chase still; and in open court
Plead your own interest: we shall find the judge
Our friend, I fear not.
Leost. Something I shall say,
But what——
Timag. Collect yourself as we walk thither.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEORA, *and* Officers.

Timol. 'Tis wonderous strange! nor can it fall within
The reach of my belief, a slave should be
The owner of a temperance which this age
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords.
Or kings proud of their purple.
Archid. 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit!
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.

Cleo. Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress; but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the preserver of my fame and honour.
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That, since I had ability of speech,
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.
Timol. I'll rather doubt
The oracles of the gods, than question what
Your innocence delivers; and as far
As justice and mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:
[*Exeunt* Officers.
And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can allege in his own cause,
Marullo, so, I think you call his name
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

Enter CLEON, ASOTUS, DIPHILUS, OLYMPIA, *and* CORISCA.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places;
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured.
Cleon. With all rigour,
We do expect.
Coris. Temper'd I say, with mercy.

Enter at one door LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS; *at the other*, Officers *with* MARULLO, *and* TIMANDRA.

Timol. Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt,
You, that have been victorious in the war,
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.
Leost. My deserts, sir,
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,
Arm me from doubt and fear.
Timol. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy fortune
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.
Mar. I had rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt,
And partial, in his censure.
Archid. Note his language;
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.
Timol. I observe it.
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.
Leost. Am I fallen so low?
My birth, my honour, and, what's dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew anything but want and emptiness?
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute
For ever be forgotten! I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.
Cleo. Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.
Leost. You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove what some hold of your sex,
You are all made up of passion: for, if reason
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,
Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on, in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you,
With joy, should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?
The honours I can call mine own, thought scandals?
Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burthen
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman:
Or any other boisterous exercise,
Assuring a strong back to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave.
Cleo. You are foul-mouth'd.
Archid. Ill-manner'd too.
Leost. I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour; him, to whom,
Next to the general, and the gods and fautors,
The country owes her safety.
Timag. Are you stupid?
'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—
Oh! you expect your slave's reply; no doubt
We shall have a fine oration: I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
Archid. You forget
The dignity of the place.
Diph. Silence!
Timol. [*to* MARULLO.] Speak boldly.
Mar. 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such
As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of, neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,

The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve,) with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,
Question that goodness to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he that truly loved
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion:
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.

Timag. Bold, presumptuous villain!

Mar. I will go further, and make good upon him,
I' the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.

Leost. Thou liest.

Timag. Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt decided,
Punish him with a halter.

Mar. O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a whip!—
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have march'd disguised; [*Throws off his disguise.*] that, when they know
Whom they have injured, they may faint with horror
Of my revenge, which, wretched men! expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer.

Leost. Ha! Pisander!

Timag. 'Tis the bold Theban!

Asot. There's no hope for me then:
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And borne Cleora from them both; but now,
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.

Pisan. Now as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time,—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,
False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when
Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,
That thou wert not thine own: for proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress; such as when first you saw her,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One call'd Statilia?

Leost. 'Tis the same! My guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.

Pisan. This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: This the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken
In the Spartan war, that, begg'd thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!

Statil. No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.

Pisan. The wrong done her,
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill thee:
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her; love, the mistress of
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister,
As a present, to Cleora.

Timol. Strange meanders!

Pisan. There how I bare myself, needs no relation:
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honour'd;
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;
The clearness of my interest, may deserve
A noble recompense in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.

Cleo. Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune; but if that,
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,
I gladly tender it.

Archid. With my consent too,
All injuries forgotten.

Timag. I will study
In my future service, to deserve your favour,
And good opinion.

Leost. Thus I gladly fee
This advocate to plead for me. [*Kissing* STATILIA.

Pisan. You will find me
An easy judge. When I have yielded reasons
Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedience,
Then after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel usage, and made trial
How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To look with more prevention and care
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little
They have committed; nor was ever cure,
But with some pain, effected. I confess,
In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora,
I urged them to defend the town against you;
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,
So soon got entrance: In this I am guilty;
Now, as you please, your censure.

Timol. Bring them in;
And, though you've given me power, I do entreat
Such as have undergone their insolence,
It may not be offensive, though I study
Pity, more than revenge.

Coris. 'Twill best become you.

Cleon. I must consent.

Asot. For me, I'll find a time
To be revenged hereafter.

Enter GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, POLIPHRON, ZANTHIA, *and the other* Slaves, *with halters about their necks.*

Grac. Give me leave;
I'll speak for all.

Timol. What canst thou say, to hinder
The course of justice?
Grac. Nothing.—You may see
We are prepared for hanging, and confess
We have deserved it: our most humble suit is,
We may not twice be executed.
Timol. Twice!
How mean'st thou?
Grac. At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
Sung to some villainous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and, before
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's made,
Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take order
For the redress of this abuse, recording
'Twas done by my advice, and, for my part,
I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder,
As ever merry Greek did.
Timol. Yet I think
You would shew more activity to delight
Your master for a pardon.
Grac. O! I would dance,
As I were all air and fire. [*Capers.*
Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble?
Grac. As his spaniel,
Though he kick'd me for exercise; and the like
I promise for all the rest.
Timol. Rise then, you have it.
All the Slaves. Timoleon! Timoleon!
Timol. Cease these clamours.
And now, the war being ended to our wishes,
And such as went the pilgrimage of love,
Happy in full fruition of their hopes,
'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the Powers divine,
To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.
[*Exeunt.*

THE RENEGADO.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARDING.

BARON BERKELEY, OF BERKELEY CASTLE, AND KNIGHT OF THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

My good Lord,—To be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you: but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the Muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem, is yours, and almost without a rival. I despair not therefore, but that my ambition to present my service in this kind, may in your clemency meet with a gentle interpretation. Confirm it, my good lord, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some pieces worthy the perusal, it should have been taught an humbler flight; and the writer, your countryman, never yet made happy in your notice and favour, had not made this an advocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your service. I may live to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strain; and till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your height to receive

Your honour's commanded servant, Philip Massinger.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Asambeg, *Viceroy of Tunis.*
Mustapha, *Basha of Aleppo.*
Vitelli, *a Venetian Gentleman, disguised as Merchant.*
Francisco, *a Jesuit.*
Antonio Grimaldi, *the* Renegado.
Carazie, *an Eunuch.*
Gazet, *Servant to* Vitelli.
Aga.
Capiaga.
Janizaries.
Master.
Boatswain.
Sailors.
A Gaoler.
Turks.

Donusa, *Niece to* Amurath.
Paulina, *Sister to* Vitelli.
Manto, *Servant to* Donusa.

SCENE,—Tunis.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street near the Bazar*

Enter Vitelli *and* Gazet.

Vitel. You have hired a shop, then?
Gaz. Yes, sir; and our wares,
Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen,
Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
Or China dish needs soldering; our choice pictures,
As they came from the workman without blemish:
And I have studied speeches for each piece,
And, in a thrifty tone, to sell them off,
Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant,
That this is mistress to the great duke of Florence,
That, niece to old king Pepin, and a third,
An Austrian princess by her Roman nose,
Howe'er my conscience tells me they are figures
Of bawds and common courtesans in Venice.
Vitel. You make no scruple of an oath, then?
Gaz. Fie, sir!
'Tis out of my indentures; I am bound there,
To swear for my master's profit, as securely
As your intelligencer must for his prince,
That sends him forth an honourable spy,
To serve his purposes. And, if it be lawful
In a Christian shopkeeper to cheat his father,
I cannot find but to abuse a Turk
In the sale of our commodities, must be thought
A meritorious work.
Vitel. I wonder, sirrah,
What's your religion?
Gaz. Troth, to answer truly
I would not be of one that should command me
To feed upon poor John, when I see pheasants
And partridges on the table: nor do I like

The other, that allows us to eat flesh
In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be
Thought superstitious; as your zealous cobler,
And learned botcher, preach at Amsterdam,
Over a hotchpotch. I would not be confined
In my belief: when all your sects and sectaries
Are grown of one opinion, if I like it,
I will profess myself,—in the mean time,
Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,
I'm of that country's faith.

Vitel. And what in Tunis?
Will you turn Turk here?

Gas. No: so I should lose
A collop of that part my Doll enjoin'd me
To bring home as she left it: 'tis her venture,
Nor dare I barter that commodity,
Without her special warrant.

Vitel. You are a knave, sir:
Leaving your roguery, think upon my business,
It is no time to fool now
Remember where you are too: though this mart-time
We are allow'd free trading, and with safety,
Temper your tongue, and meddle not with the Turks,
Their manners, nor religion.

Gas. Take you heed, sir,
What colours you wear. Not two hours since, there landed
An English pirate's whore, with a green apron,
And, as she walked the streets, one of their muftis,
We call them priests at Venice, with a razor
Cuts it off, petticoat, smock and all, and leaves her
As naked as my nail; the young fry wondering
What strange beast it should be. I scaped a scouring——
My mistress's busk point, of that forbidden colour,
Then tied my codpiece; had it been discover'd,
I had been capon'd.

Vitel. And had been well served.
Haste to the shop, and set my wares in order,
I will not long be absent.

Gas. Though I strive, sir,
To put off melancholy, to which you are ever
Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me,
With my best care, to serve you. [*Exit.*

Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I believe thee.—
O welcome, sir! stay of my steps in this life,
And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter.
What comforts, sir? Have your endeavours prosper'd?
Have we tired Fortune's malice with our sufferings?
Is she at length, after so many frowns,
Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon us?

Fran. You give too much to fortune and your passions,
O'er which a wise man, if religious, triumphs.
That name fools worship; and those tyrants, which
We arm against our better part, our reason,
May add, but never take from our afflictions.

Vitel. Sir, as I am a sinful man, I cannot
But like one suffer.

Fran. I exact not from you
A fortitude insensible of calamity,
To which the saints themselves have bow'd and shown
They are made of flesh and blood; all that I challenge,
Is manly patience. Will you, that were train'd up
In a religious school, where divine maxims,
Scorning comparison with moral precepts,
Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial,
Not like Vitelli, but a village nurse,
With curses in your mouth, tears in your eyes?—
How poorly it shows in you.

Vitel. I am school'd, sir,
And will hereafter, to my utmost strength,
Study to be myself.

Fran. So shall you find me
Most ready to assist you; neither have I
Slept in your great occasions: since I left you
I have been at the viceroy's court, and press'd,
As far as they allow, a Christian entrance;
And something I have learn'd, that may concern
The purpose of this journey.

Vitel. Dear sir, what is it?

Fran. By the command of Asambeg, the viceroy,
The city swells with barbarous pomp and pride,
For the entertainment of stout Mustapha,
The basha of Aleppo, who in person
Comes to receive the niece of Amurath,
The fair Donusa, for his bride.

Vitel. I find not
How this may profit us.

Fran. Pray you give me leave.
Among the rest that wait upon the viceroy
Such as have, under him, command in Tunis,
Who, as you've often heard, are all false pirates,
I saw the shame of Venice, and the scorn
Of all good men, the perjured Renegado,
Antonio Grimaldi.

Vitel. Ha! his name
Is poison to me.

Fran. Yet again?

Vitel. I have done, sir.

Fran. This debauch'd villain, whom we ever thought
(After his impious scorn done, in St. Mark's,
To me, as I stood at the holy altar)
The thief that ravish'd your fair sister from you,
The virtuous Paulina, not long since,
As I am truly given to understand,
Sold to the viceroy a fair Christian virgin
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature,
Asambeg dotes extremely.

Vitel. 'Tis my sister:
It must be she, my better angel tells me
'Tis poor Paulina. Farewell all disguises!
I'll show, in my revenge, that I am noble.

Fran. You are not mad?

Vitel. No, sir; my virtuous anger
Makes every vein an artery; I feel in me
The strength of twenty men; and, being arm'd
With my good cause, to wreak wrong'd innocence,
I dare alone run to the viceroy's court,
And with this poniard, before his face,
Dig out Grimaldi's heart.

Fran. Is this religious?

Vitel. Would you have me tame now? Can I know my sister
Mew'd up in his seraglio, and in danger
Not alone to lose her honour, but her soul;
The hell-bred villain by too, that has sold both
To black destruction, and not haste to send him
To the devil, his tutor? To be patient now,
Were, in another name, to play the pander
To the viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim!
While he, by force or flattery, compels her

To yield her fair name up to his foul lust,
And, after, turn apostata to the faith
That she was bred in.

Fran. Do but give me hearing,
And you shall soon grant how ridiculous
This childish fury is. A wise man never
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easy
For any single arm to quell an army,
As to effect your wishes. We come hither
To learn Paulina's fate, and to redeem her:
Leave your revenge to heaven. I oft have told you
Of a relic that I gave her, which has power,
If we may credit holy men's traditions,
To keep the owner free from violence:
This on her breast she wears, and does preserve
The virtue of it, by her daily prayers.
So, if she fall not by her own consent,
Which it were sin to think, I fear no force.
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd shape,
Till time and opportunity present us
With some fit means to see her; which perform'd,
I'll join with you in any desperate course
For her delivery.

Vitel. You have charm'd me, sir,
And I obey in all things: pray you, pardon
The weakness of my passion.

Fran. And excuse it.
Be cheerful, man; for know that good intents
Are, in the end, crown'd with as fair events.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* DONUSA'S *Palace.*

Enter DONUSA, MANTO, *and* CARAZIE.

Don. Have you seen the Christian captive,
The great basha is so enamour'd of?

Mant. Yes, an it please your excellency,
I took a full view of her, when she was
Presented to him.

Don. And is she such a wonder,
As 'tis reported?

Mant. She was drown'd in tears then,
Which took much from her beauty; yet, in spite
Of sorrow, she appear'd the mistress of
Most rare perfections; and, though low of stature,
Her well-proportion'd limbs invite affection:
And, when she speaks, each syllable is music
That does enchant the hearers: but your highness,
That are not to be parallel'd, I yet never
Beheld her equal.

Don. Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,
Seldom distaste our servants, though they give us
More than we can pretend to. I have heard
That Christian ladies live with much more freedom
Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks
Never permit their fair wives to be seen,
But at the public bagnios, or the mosques,
And, even then, veil'd and guarded. Thou, Carazie,
Wert born in England; what's the custom there,
Among your women? Come, be free and merry:
I am no severe mistress; nor hast thou met with
A heavy bondage.

Car. Heavy! I was made lighter
By two stone weight, at least, to be fit to serve you.
But to your question, madam; women in England,
For the most part, live like queens. Your country ladies
Have liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast,
To give free entertainment to all comers.
To talk, to kiss; there's no such thing known there
As an Italian girdle. Your city dame,
Without leave, wears the breeches, has her husband
At as much command as her prentice; and, if need be,
Can make him cuckold by her father's copy.

Don. But your court lady?

Car. She, I assure you, madam,
Knows nothing but her will; must be allow'd
Her footmen, her caroch, her ushers, pages,
Her doctor, chaplains; and, as I have heard,
They're grown of late so learn'd, that they maintain
A strange position, which their lords, with all
Their wit, cannot confute.

Don. What's that, I prithee?

Car. Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful.
Your madam there, her much rest and high feeding
Duly consider'd, should, to ease her husband,
Be allow'd a private friend: they have drawn a bill
To this good purpose, and, the next assembly,
Doubt not to pass it.

Don. We enjoy no more,
That are o' the Othoman race, though our religion
Allows all pleasure. I am dull: some music.
Take my chapines off. So, a lusty strain.
[*A galliard. Knocking within.*
Who knocks there?
[MANTO *goes to the door, and returns.*

Mant. 'Tis the basha of Aleppo,
Who humbly makes request he may present
His service to you.

Don. Reach a chair. We must
Receive him like ourself, and not depart with
One piece of ceremony, state, and greatness,
That may beget respect and reverence
In one that's born our vassal. Now admit him.

Enter MUSTAPHA; *he puts off his yellow pantofles.*

Musta. The place is sacred; and I am to enter
The room where she abides, with such devotion
As pilgrims pay at Mecca, when they visit
The tomb of our great prophet. [*Kneels.*

Don. Rise; the sign
[CARAZIE *takes up the pantofles.*
That we vouchsafe your presence.

Musta. May those Powers
That raised the Othoman empire, and still guard it,
Reward your highness for this gracious favour
You throw upon your servant! It hath pleased
The most invincible, mightiest Amurath,
(To speak his other titles would take from him
That in himself does comprehend all greatness,)
To make me the unworthy instrument
Of his command. Receive, divinest lady,
[*Delivers a letter.*
This letter, sign'd by his victorious hand,
And made authentic by the imperial seal.
There, when you find me mention'd, far be it from you
To think it my ambition to presume
At such a happiness, which his powerful will,
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit,
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your consent
Join with his good opinion and allowance,
To perfect what his favours have begun,
I shall, in my obsequiousness and duty,
Endeavour to prevent all just complaints,
Which want of will to serve you may call on me.

Don. His sacred majesty writes here, that your valour

Against the Persian hath so won upon him,
That there's no grace or honour in his gift,
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;
And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,
It is his pleasure you should be received
Into his royal family—provided,
For so far I am unconfined, that I
Affect and like your person. I expect not
The ceremony which he uses in
Bestowing of his daughters and his nieces:
As that he should present you for my slave,
To love you, if you pleased me; or deliver
A poniard, on my least dislike, to kill you.
Such tyranny and pride agree not with
My softer disposition. Let it suffice,
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you:
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Hereafter, some time spent to make enquiry
Of the good parts and faculties of your mind,
You shall hear further from me.

Musta. Though all torments
Really suffer'd, or in hell imagined
By curious fiction, in one hour's delay
Are wholly comprehended; I confess
That I stand bound in duty, not to check at
Whatever you command, or please to impose,
For trial of my patience.

Don Let us find
Some other subject; too much of one theme cloys
Is't a full mart? [me:

Musta. A confluence of all nations
Are met together: there's variety, too,
Of all that merchants traffic for.

Don. I know not—
I feel a virgin's longing to descend
So far from my own greatness, as to be,
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on
Their strange commodities.

Musta. If without a train
You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine,
And wait upon you as a common man,
And satisfy your wishes.

Don. I embrace it.
Provide my veil; and, at the postern gate,
Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.

Musta. It is my happiness you deign to command me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Bazar.*

GAZET *in his Shop;* FRANCISCO *and* VITELLI *walking before it.*

Gaz. What do you lack? Your choice China dishes, your pure Venetian crystal of all sorts, of all neat and new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the private utensil of her chambermaid; and curious pictures of the rarest beauties of Europe: What do you lack, gentlemen?

Fran. Take heed, I say; howe'er it may appear
Impertinent, I must express my love,
My advice, and counsel. You are young, Vitelli,
And may be tempted; and these Turkish dames,
(Like English mastiffs, that increase their fierceness
By being chain'd up,) from the restraint of freedom,
If lust once fire their blood from a fair object,
Will run a course the fiends themselves would
To enjoy their wanton ends. [shake at,

Vitel. Sir, you mistake me:
I am too full of woe, to entertain
One thought of pleasure, though all Europe's queens
Kneel'd at my feet, and courted me; much less
To mix with such, whose difference of faith
Must, of necessity, (or I must grant
Myself neglectful of all you have taught me,)
Strangle such base desires.

Fran. Be constant in
That resolution; I'll abroad again,
And learn, as far as it is possible,
What may concern Paulina. Some two hours
Shall bring me back. [*Exit.*

Vitel. All blessings wait upon you!

Gaz. Cold doings, sir? a mart do you call this? 'slight!
A pudding-wife, or a witch with a thrum cap,
That sells ale underground to such as come
To know their fortunes in a dead vacation,
Have, ten to one, more stirring.

Vitel. We must be patient.

Gaz. Your seller by retail ought to be angry,
But when he's fingering money.

Enter GRIMALDI, *Master,* *Boatswain,* *Sailors, and* *Turks.*

Vitel. Here are company——
Defend me, my good angel, [*seeing* GRIMALDI.] I
A basilisk! [behold

Gaz. What do you lack? what do you lack? pure China dishes, clear crystal glasses, a dumb mistress to make love to? What do you lack, gentlemen?

Grim. Thy mother for a bawd; or, if thou hast
A handsome one, thy sister for a whore;
Without these, do not tell me of your trash,
Or I shall spoil your market.

Vitel. —Old Grimaldi!

Grim. 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to sea, or
The raging winds, aloft, or p—— upon [stand
The foamy waves, when they rage most; deride
The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly
A merchant's ship for prize, though we behold
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up? wherefore shake we off
Those scrupulous rags of charity and conscience,
Invented only to keep churchmen warm,
Or feed the hungry mouths of famish'd beggars;
But, when we touch the shore, to wallow in
All sensual pleasures?

Mast. Ay, but, noble captain,
To spare a little for an after-clap,
Were not improvidence.

Grim. Hang consideration!
When this is spent, is not our ship the same,
Our courage too the same, to fetch in more?
The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not
More than three harvests, while the glorious sun
Posts through the zodiac, and makes up the year.
But the sea, which is our mother, (that embraces
Both the rich Indies in her outstretch'd arms,)
Yields every day a crop, if we dare reap it.
No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrift,
And usurers hoard up; let our expense
Be, as our comings in are, without bounds.
We are the Neptunes of the ocean.
And such as traffic shall pay sacrifice
Of their best lading; I will have this canvass
Your boy wears, lined with tissue, and the cates
You taste, serv'd up in gold:—Though we carouse
The tears of orphans in our Greekish wines,

The sighs of undone widows paying for
The music bought to cheer us, ravish'd virgins
To slavery sold, for coin to feed our riots,
We will have no compunction.

Gaz. Do you hear, sir?
We have paid for our ground.

Grim. Hum!

Gaz. And hum, too!
For all your big words, get you further off,
And hinder not the prospect of our shop,
Or——

Grim. What will you do?

Gaz. Nothing, sir—but pray
Your worship to give me handsel.

Grim. [*Seizing him.*] By the ears,
Thus, sir, by the ears.

Mast. Hold, hold!

Vitel. You'll still be prating.

Grim. Come, let's be drunk; then each man to his whore.
'Slight, how do you look? you had best go find a corner
To pray in, and repent: do, do, and cry;
It will shew fine in pirates. [*Exit.*

Mast. We must follow,
Or he will spend our shares.

Boatsw. I fought for mine.

Mast. Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:
We will not sit out for our parts.

Boatsw. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Mast. Boatsw. Sailors.

Gaz. The devil gnaw off his fingers! If he were
In London, among the clubs, up went his heels,
For striking of a prentice.—What do you lack?
What do you lack, gentlemen?

1 *Turk.* I wonder how the viceroy can endure
The insolence of this fellow.

2 *Turk.* He receives profit
From the prizes he brings in; and that excuses
Whatever he commits. Ha! what are these?

Enter MUSTAPHA *with* DONUSA *veiled.*

1 *Turk.* They seem of rank and quality: observe them.

Gaz. What do you lack? see what you please to buy;
Wares of all sorts, most honourable madona.

Vitel. Peace, sirrah, make no noise; these are not people
To be jested with.

Don. Is this the Christians' custom,
In the venting their commodities?

Musta. Yes, best madam.
But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing
But toys and trifles, not worth your observing.

Don. Yes, for variety's sake: pray you, shew us, friend,
The chiefest of your wares.

Vitel. Your ladyship's servant;
And if, in worth, or title you are more,
My ignorance plead my pardon!

Don. He speaks well.

Vitel. Take down the looking-glass. Here is a mirror
Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from
Nor flattering the object it returns
To the beholder, that Narcissus might
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)
View his fair feature in't.

Don. Poetical, too!

Vitel. Here China dishes to serve in a banquet,
Though the voluptuous Persian sat a guest.
Here crystal glasses, such as Ganymede
Did fill with nectar to the Thunderer,
When he drank to Alcides, and received him
In the fellowship of the gods; true to the owners:
Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds,
Conceal'd oft deadly poison; this pure metal
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress
Or master that possesses it, that, rather
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.

Don. How movingly could this fellow treat upon
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse
To grace a trifle!

Vitel. Here's a picture, madam;
The masterpiece of Michael Angelo,
Our great Italian workman; here's another,
So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion
Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus
To have given it life, and his carved ivory image
By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rarest beauties of the Christian world,
And no where to be equall'd.

Don. You are partial
In the cause of those you favour; I believe
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your pardon, madam,
I am incredulous.

Don. Can you match me this? [*Lifts her veil hastily.*

Vitel. What wonder look I on! I'll search above,
And suddenly attend you. [*Exit.*

Don. Are you amazed?
I'll bring you to yourself. [*Throws down the Glasses.*

Musta. Ha! what's the matter?

Gaz. My master's ware!—We are undone!—O strange!
A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses!
'Tis time to shut up shop then.

Musta. You seem moved:
If any language of these Christian dogs
Have call'd your anger on, in a frown shew it,
And they are dead already.

Don. The offence
Looks not so far. The foolish, paltry fellow,
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,
For what I valued at so many aspers,
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me;
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a beggar
Receive least loss from me.

Musta. Is it no more?

Don. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire
For one Donusa; that word gives him passage
Through all the guard: say, there he shall receive
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.

Musta. I wait you. [*Exeunt* MUSTA. *and* DON.

1 *Turk.* We must not know them.—Let's shift off, and vanish. [*Exeunt* Turks.

Gaz. The swine's-pox overtake you! there's a curse
For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh.

Re-enter VITELLI.

Vitel. Is she gone?

Gaz. Yes: You may see her handywork.

Vitel. No matter.
Said she aught else?

Gaz. That you should wait upon her,
And there receive court payment; and, to pass

The guards, she bids you only say you come
To one Donusa.
Vitel. How! Remove the wares;
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece!
I have heard, among the Turks, for any lady
To shew her face bare, argues love, or speaks
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear? my for-
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me [tune,
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard
She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina—
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die
Is a full period to calamity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DONUSA'S *Palace.*

Enter CARAZIE *and* MANTO.

Car. In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath
Done with herself; since yesterday? [my lady
Mant. I know not.
Malicious men report we are all guided
In our affections by a wandering planet:
But such a sudden change in such a person,
May stand for an example, to confirm
Their false assertion.
Car. She's now pettish, froward;
Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.
Mant. She slept not the last night; and yet pre-
The rising sun, in being up before him: [vented
Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms
Should be perfumed; ransack'd her cabinets
For her choice and richest jewels, and appears now
Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on
By the fairest of the stars.
Car. Can you guess the reason,
Why the aga of the janizaries, and he
That guards the entrance of the inmost port,
Were call'd before her?
Mant. They are both her creatures,
And by her grace preferr'd: but I am ignorant
To what purpose they were sent for.

Enter DONUSA.

Car. Here she comes,
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.
What a frown was that!
Mant. Forbear.
Car. I pity her.
Don. What magic hath transform'd me from myself?
Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up
My scorched entrails; what unknown desires
Invade, and take possession of my soul.
All virtuous objects vanish'd? I, that have stood
The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd mine ears
Against all Syren notes lust ever sung,
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd course)
Into the gulf of a deserved ill-fame,
Now fall unpitied; and, in a moment,
With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury
The monumental heap of all my years,
Employ'd in noble actions. O my fate!
—But there is no resisting. I obey thee,
Imperious god of love, and willingly
Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph:
'Twere therefore more than cruelty in thee,
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means
Must I make use of now! and flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,
One gracious look of mine would have erected
An altar to my service! How, now, Manto!—
My ever careful woman; and Carazie,
Thou hast been faithful too.
Car. I dare not call
My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly
Will part with it, whene'er you shall command me;
And think I fall a martyr, so my death
May give life to your pleasures.
Mant. But vouchsafe
To let me understand what you desire
Should be effected; I will undertake it,
And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused
To ask a reason why.
Don. I am comforted
In the tender of your service, but shall be
Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance.
Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you
But what you stand engaged for to a mistress,
Such as I have been to you. All I ask,
Is faith and secrecy.
Car. Say but you doubt me,
And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue;
I am libb'd in the breech already.
Mant. Do not hinder
Yourself, by these delays.
Don. Thus then I whisper
Mine own shame to you.—O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!
And, further—[*Whispers, and uses vehement action.*
Mant. Is this all?
Don. Think it not base;
Although I know the office undergoes
A coarse construction.
Car. Coarse! 'tis but procuring;
A smock employment, which has made more knights,
In a country I could name, than twenty years
Of service in the field.
Don. You have my ends.
Mant. Which say you have arrived at: be not
To yourself, and fear not us. [wanting
Car. I know my burthen;
I'll bear it with delight.
Mant. Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt* CAR. *and* MANT.
Don. O love, what poor shifts thou dost force us to! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Court in the Same.*

Enter Aga, Capiaga, *and* Janizaries.

Aga. She was ever our good mistress, and our maker,
And should we check at a little hazard for her,
We were unthankful.
Cap. I dare pawn my head,
'Tis some disguised minion of the court,
Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her
The viceroy's actions.
Aga. That concerns not us;

His fall may be our rise: whate'er he be,
He passes through my guards.
Cap. And mine—provided
He give the word.

Enter VITELLI.

Vitel. To faint now, being thus far,
Would argue me of cowardice.
Aga. Stand: the word;
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,
Forfeits thy life.
Vitel. Donusa.
Aga. Pass in peace. [*Exeunt* Aga *and* Janizaries.
Vitel. What a privilege her name bears!
'Tis wondrous strange! If the great officer,
The guardian of the inner port, deny not—
Cap. Thy warrant: Speak, or thou art dead.
Vitel. Donusa.
Cap. That protects thee;
Without fear enter. So:—discharge the watch.
[*Exeunt* VITELLI *and* Capiaga.

SCENE III.—*An outer Room in the same.*

Enter CARAZIE *and* MANTO.

Car. Though he hath past the aga and chief [porter,
This cannot be the man.
Mant. By her description,
I am sure it is.
Car. O women, women,
What are you? A great lady dote upon
A haberdasher of small wares!
Mant. Pish! thou hast none.
Car. No; if I had, I might have served the turn.
This 'tis to want munition, when a man
Should make a breach, and enter.

Enter VITELLI.

Mant. Sir, you are welcome:
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.
Car. Perfume the rooms there, and make way. Let music
With choice notes entertain the man the princess
Now purposes to honour.
Vitel. I am ravish'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the same. A table set forth, with jewels and bags of money upon it.*

Loud music. Enter DONUSA, (*followed by* CARAZIE,) *and es her seat.*

Don. Sing o'er the ditty that I last composed
Upon my love-sick passion: suit your voice
To the music that's placed yonder, we shall hear
With more delight and pleasure. [you
Car. I obey you. [*Song.*

During the song, enter MANTO *and* VITELLI.

Vitel. Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades,
Where innocent spirits reside? or do I dream,
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever,
It is a sight too glorious to behold,
For such a wretch as I am.
Car. He is daunted.
Mant. Speak to him, madam; cheer him up, or
Destroy what you have built. [you
Car. Would I were furnish'd
With his artillery, and if I stood
Gaping as he does, hang me. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* CARAZIE *and* MANTO.
Vitel. That I might
Ever dream thus! [*Kneels.*
Don. Banish amazement.
You wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor.
And, to assure you that I am a substance,
And no aërial figure, thus I raise you.
Why do you shake? my soft touch brings no ague;
No biting frost is in this palm; nor are
My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that turn
Men into statues; rather they have power,
Or I have been abused, where they bestow
Their influence, (let me prove it truth in you,)
To give to dead men motion.
Vitel. Can this be?
May I believe my senses? Dare I think
I have a memory, or that you are
That excellent creature that of late disdain'd not
To look on my poor trifles?
Don. I am she.
Vitel. The owner of that blessed name, Donusa,
Which, like a potent charm, although pronounced
By my profane, but much unworthier, tongue,
Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,
Where Christian yet ne'er trod?
Don. I am the same.
Vitel. And to what end, great lady—pardon me,
That I presume to ask. did your command
Command me hither? Or what am I, to whom
You should vouchsafe your favours; nay, your
If any wild or uncollected speech, [angers?
Offensively deliver'd, or my doubt
Of your unknown perfections, have displeased you,
You wrong your indignation to pronounce,
Yourself, my sentence: to have seen you only,
And to have touch'd that fortune-making hand,
Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that
A flinty hangman's rage could execute,
Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.
Don. How the abundance of good flowing to thee,
Is wrong'd in this simplicity! and these bounties,
Which all our Eastern kings have kneel'd in vain
Do, by thy ignorance, or wilful fear, [for,
Meet with a false construction! Christian, know
(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,
That title, though abhorr'd here, takes not from
Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion
Among the greatest and the fairest dames
This Turkish empire gladly owes and bows to,
To punish where there's no offence, or nourish
Displeasures against those, without whose mercy
They part with all felicity. Prithee, be wise,
And gently understand me; do not force her,
That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er
The elements of affection, but from such [read
As gladly sued to her, in the infancy
Of her new-born desires, to be at once
Importunate and immodest.
Vitel. Did I know,
Great lady, your commands; or, to what purpose
This personated passion tends, (since 'twere
A crime in me deserving death, to think
It is your own,) I should, to make you sport,
Take any shape you please t'impose upon me;
And with joy strive to serve you.
Don. Sport! Thou art cruel,
If that thou canst interpret my descent

From my high birth and greatness, but to be
A part, in which I truly act myself:
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator,
If it stir not affection, and invite
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught
By my example, to make satisfaction
For wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly
I do confess my fault; I injured thee
In some poor petty trifles: thus I pay for
The trespass I did to thee. Here—receive
These bags, stuff'd full of our imperial coin;
Or, if this payment be too light, take here
These gems, for which the slavish Indian dives
To the bottom of the main: or, if thou scorn
These as base dross, which take but common minds,
But fancy any honour in my gift,
Which is unbounded as the sultan's power,
And be possest of it.

Vitel. I am overwhelm'd
With the weight of happiness you throw upon me:
Nor can it fall in my imagination,
What wrong you e'er have done me; and much less
How, like a royal merchant, to return
Your great magnificence.

Don. They are degrees,
Not ends, of my intended favours to thee.
These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on
A glebe I have not tried:—but, be thou thankful;
The harvest is to come.

Vitel. What can be added
To that which I already have received,
I cannot comprehend.

Don. The tender of
Myself. Why dost thou start? and in that gift,
Full restitution of that virgin freedom
Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet, I profess,
I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it,
That, were it possible thou couldst restore
What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me,
I should refuse the present.

Vitel. How I shake
In my constant resolution! and my flesh,
Rebellious to my better part, now tells me,
As if it were a strong defence of frailty,
A hermit in a desert, trench'd with prayers,
Could not resist this battery.

Don. Thou an Italian,
Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian,
Such as are courtiers born to please fair ladies,
Yet come thus slowly on!

Vitel. Excuse me, madam:
What imputation soe'er the world
Is pleased to lay upon us, in myself
I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis
That I should offer.

Don. By instinct I'll teach thee,
And with such ease as love makes me to ask it.
When a young lady wrings you by the hand, thus,
Or with an amorous touch presses your foot,
Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks,
Do not you find, without a tutor's help,
What 'tis she looks for?

Vitel. I am grown already
Skilful in the mystery.

Don. Or, if thus she kiss you,
Then tastes your lips again—— [*Kisses him.*

Vitel. That latter blow
Has beat all chaste thoughts from me.

Don. Say, she points to
Some private room the sunbeams never enter,
Provoking dishes passing by, to heighten
Declined appetite, active music ushering
Your fainting steps, the waiters too, as born dumb,
Not daring to look on you.
[*Exit, inviting him to follow*

Vitel. Though the devil
Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find
That virtue's but a word, and no sure guard,
If set upon by beauty and reward. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter Aga, Capiaga, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, *and* Sailors.

Aga. The devil's in him, I think.

Grim. Let him be damn'd too.
I'll look on him, though he stared as wild as hell;
Nay, I'll go near to tell him to his teeth.
If he mends not suddenly, and proves more thankful,
We do him too much service. Were't not for shame now,
I could turn honest, and forswear my trade;
Which, next to being truss'd up at the mainyard
By some low country butterbox, I hate
As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace
When meat cools on the table.

Cap. But take heed;
You know his violent nature.

Grim. Let his whores
And catamites know't! I understand myself,
And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home,
And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards,
If every week we bring not home new pillage,
For the fatting his seraglio.

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, *and* Attendants.

Aga. Here he comes.

Cap. How terrible he looks!

Grim. To such as fear him.
The viceroy, Asambeg! were he the sultan's self
He'll let us know a reason for his fury;
Or we must take leave, without his allowance,
To be merry with our ignorance.

Asam. Mahomet's hell
Light on you all! You crouch and cringe now—Where
Was the terror of my just frowns, when you suffer'd
Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbour,
To board a ship, and bear her safely off,
While you stood idle lookers on?

Aga. The odds
In the men and shipping, and the suddenness
Of their departure, yielding us no leisure
To send forth others to relieve our own,
Deterr'd us, mighty sir.

Asam. Deterr'd you, cowards!
How durst you only entertain the knowledge
Of what fear was, but in the not performance
Of our command? In me great Amurath spake;
My voice did echo to your ears his thunder,
And will'd you, like so many sea-born tritons,
Arm'd only with the trumpets of your courage,
To swim up to her, and, like remoras
Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight,
Till rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off.
You think you're safe now. Who durst but dispute it.

Or make it questionable, if, this moment,
I charged you, from yon hanging cliff, that glasses
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,
To throw yourselves down headlong? or, like faggots,
To fill the ditches of defended forts,
While on your backs we march'd up to the breach?

Grim. That would not I.

Asam. Ha.

Grim. Yet I dare as much
As any of the sultan's boldest sons,
Whose heaven and hell hang on his frown or smile,
His warlike janizaries.

Asam. Add one syllable more,
Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence
That, earthquake-like, will swallow thee.

Grim. Let it open,
I'll stand the hazard: those contemned thieves,
Your fellow-pirates, sir, the bold Maltese,
Whom with your looks you think to quell, at Rhodes
Laugh'd at great Solyman's anger: and, if treason
Had not delivered them into his power,
He had grown old in glory as in years,
At that so fatal siege; or risen with shame,
His hopes and threats deluded.

Asam. Our great prophet!
How have I lost my anger and my power!

Grim. Find it, and use it on thy flatterers,
And not upon thy friends, that dare speak truth.
These knights of Malta, but a handful to
Your armies, that drink rivers up, have stood
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses
Struck pale your horned moons; these men of Malta,
Since I took pay from you, I've met and fought with
Upon advantage too; yet, to speak truth,
By the soul of honour, I have ever found them
As provident to direct, and bold to do,
As any train'd up in your discipline,
Ravish'd from other nations.

Musta. I perceive
The lightning in his fiery looks: the cloud
Is broke already. [*Aside.*

Grim. Think not, therefore, sir,
That you alone are giants, and such pigmies
You war upon.

Asam. Villain! I'll make thee know
Thou hast blasphemed the Othoman power, and safer,
At noonday, might'st have given fire to St. Mark's,
Your proud Venetian temple.—Seize upon him:
I am not so near reconciled to him,
To bid him die; that were a benefit
The dog's unworthy of. To our use confiscate
All that he stands possess'd of; let him taste
The misery of want, and his vain riots,
Like to so many walking ghosts, affright him,
Where'er he sets his desperate foot. Who is't
That does command you?

Grim. Is this the reward
For all my service, and the rape I made
On fair Paulina?

Asam. Drag him hence:—he dies.
That dallies but a minute.
[GRIMALDI *is dragged off, his head covered.*

Boatsw. What's become of
Our shares now, master?

Mast. Would he had been born dumb!
The beggar's cure, patience, is all that's left us.
[*Exeunt* Master, Boatswain, *and* Sailors.

Musta. 'Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him;
Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out
For a deserving fellow.

Asam. At Aleppo,
I durst not press you so far: give me leave
To use my own will, and command in Tunis;
And if you please, my privacy.

Musta. I will see you,
When this high wind's blown o'er. [*Exit.*

Asam. So shall you find me
Ready to do you service. Rage, now leave me;
Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms
Attending on dread majesty, fly from
Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug
[*Pulls out a key.*
So near my heart, what leads me to my prison;
Where she that is inthrall'd, commands her keeper,
And robs me of the fierceness I was born with?
Stout men quake at my frowns, and, in return,
I tremble at her softness. Base Grimaldi
But only named Paulina, and the charm
Had almost choak'd my fury, ere I could
Pronounce his sentence. Would, when first I saw her,
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and, in place
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks
Of mandrakes had made music to my slumbers!
For now I only walk a loving dream,
And but to my dishonour never wake;
And yet am blind, but when I see the object,
And madly dote on it. Appear, bright spark
[*Opens a door;* PAULINA *comes forth.*
Of all perfection! any simile
Borrow'd from diamonds, or the fairest stars,
To help me to express how dear I prize
Thy unmatch'd graces, will rise up, and chide me
For poor detraction.

Paul. I despise thy flatteries:
Thus spit at them, and scorn them; and being arm'd
In the assurance of my innocent virtue,
I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures,
Thy barbarous cruelty, or, what's worse, thy dotage,
The worthy parent of thy jealousy,
Can shower upon me.

Asam. If these bitter taunts
Ravish me from myself, and make me think
My greedy ears receive angelical sounds;
How would this tongue, tuned to a loving note,
Invade, and take possession of my soul,
Which then I durst not call mine own!

Paul. Thou art false,
Falser than thy religion. Do but think me
Something above a beast, nay more, a monster
Would fright the sun to look on, and then tell me,
If this base usage can invite affection?
If to be mew'd up, and excluded from
Human society: the use of pleasures;
The necessary, not superfluous duties
Of servants, to discharge those offices
I blush to name—

Asam. Of servants! Can you think
That I, that dare not trust the eye of heaven
To look upon your beauties; that deny
Myself the happiness to touch your pureness,
Will e'er consent an eunuch, or bought handmaid,

Shall once approach you?—There is something in you
That can work miracles, or I am cozen'd.
Dispose and alter sexes, to my wrong,
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,
Your woman, your physician, and your fool;
Till, with your free consent, which I have vow'd
Never to force, you grace me with a name
That shall supply all these.

Paul. What is it?

Asam. Your husband.

Paul. My hangman, when thou pleasest.

Asam. Thus I guard me
Against your further angers. [*Leads her to the door.*

Paul. Which shall reach thee,
Though I were in the centre.

[Asambeg *closes the door upon her, and locks it.*

Asam. Such a spirit,
In such a small proportion, I ne'er read of,
Which time must alter: Ravish her I dare not;
The magic that she wears about her neck,
I think, defends her:—this devotion paid
To this sweet saint, mistress of my sour pain,
'Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Street near* Donusa's *Palace.*

Enter Francisco *and* Gazet.

Fran. I think he's lost.

Gaz. 'Tis ten to one of that;
I ne'er knew citizen turn courtier yet,
But he lost his credit though he saved himself.
Why look you, sir, there are so many lobbies,
Out-offices, and dispartations here,
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Enter Vitelli *richly habited,* Carazie, *and* Manto.

Fran. I am troubled,
Troubled exceedingly. Ha! what are these?

Gaz. One, by his rich suit, should be some French embassador:
For his train, I think they are Turks.

Fran. Peace! be not seen.

Car. You are now past all the guards, and, undiscover'd,
You may return.

Vitel. There's for your pains; forget not
My humblest service to the best of ladies.

Mant. Deserve her favour, sir, in making haste
For a second entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Carazie *and* Manto.

Vitel. Do not doubt me;
I shall not live till then.

Gaz. The train is vanish'd:
They have done him some good office, he's so free
And liberal of his gold.—Ha! do I dream,
Or is this mine own natural master?

Fran. 'Tis he.
But strangely metamorphosed.—You have made, sir
A prosperous voyage; heaven grant it be honest,
I shall rejoice then too.

Gaz. You make him blush,
To talk of honesty:—you were but now
In the giving vein, and may think of Gazet,
Your worship's prentice.

Vitel. There's gold: be thou free too,
And master of my shop, and all the wares
We brought from Venice.

Gaz. Rivo! then.

Vitel. Dear sir,
This place affords not privacy for discourse;
But I can tell you wonders: my rich habit
Deserves least admiration; there is nothing
That can fall in the compass of your wishes,
Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves
From the Turkish gallies, or, at home, to erect
Some pious work, to shame all hospitals,
But I am master of the means.

Fran. 'Tis strange.

Vitel. As I walk, I'll tell you more.

Gaz. Pray you, a word, sir;
And then I will put on: I have one boon more.

Vitel. What is't? speak freely.

Gaz. Thus then: As I am master
Of your shop and wares, pray you help me to some trucking
With your last she-customer; though she crack my best piece,
I will endure it with patience.

Vitel. Leave your prating.

Gaz. I may: you have been doing; we will do too.

Fran. I am amazed, yet will not blame nor chide you,
Till you inform me further: yet must say,
They steer not the right course, nor traffic well,
That seek a passage to reach heaven through hell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

Enter Donusa *and* Manto.

Don. When said he he would come again?

Mant. He swore,
Short minutes should be tedious ages to him,
Until the tender of his second service;
So much he seem'd transported with the first.

Don. I am sure I was. I charge thee, Manto, tell me,
By all my favours, and my bounties, truly,
Whether thou art a virgin, or, like me,
Hast forfeited that name?

Mant. A virgin, madam,
At my years! being a waiting-woman, and in court too!
That were miraculous. I so long since lost
That barren burthen, I almost forget
That ever I was one.

Don. And could thy friends
Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou
Hadst parted with it?

Mant. No, indeed: I past
For current many years after, till, by fortune,
Long and continued practice in the sport
Blew up my deck; a husband then was found out
By my indulgent father, and to the world
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,

That, at your pleasure, may repair your honour,
Durst any envious or malicious tongue
Presume to taint it?

Enter CARAZIE.

Don. How now?
Car. Madam, the basha
Humbly desires access.
Don. If it had been
My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.
Tell him we would be private.
Car. So I did,
But he is much importunate.
Mant. Best dispatch him:
His lingering here else will deter the other
From making his approach.
Don. His entertainment
Shall not invite a second visit. Go;
Say we are pleased.

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Must. All happiness——
Don. Be sudden.
'Twas saucy rudeness in you, sir, to press
On my retirements; but ridiculous folly
To waste the time, that might be better spent,
In complimental wishes.
Car. There's a cooling
For his hot encounter! [*Aside*.
Don. Come you here to stare?
If you have lost your tongue, and use of speech,
Resign your government; there's a mute's place void
In my uncle's court, I hear; and you may work me,
To write for your preferment.
Musta. This is strange!
I know not, madam, what neglect of mine
Has call'd this scorn upon me.
Don. To the purpose——
My will's a reason, and we stand not bound
To yield account to you.
Musta. Not of your angers:
But with erected ears I should hear from you
The story of your good opinion of me,
Confirm'd by love and favours.
Don. How deserved?
I have considered you from head to foot,
And can find nothing in that wainscot face,
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim aspéct, or tadpole-like complexion.
Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry tale,
Than all your battles won with blood and sweat,
Though you belch forth the stink too in the service,
And swear by your mustachios all is true.
You are yet too rough for me: purge and take physic,
Purchase perfumers, get me some French tailor
To new-create you; the first shape you were made with
Is quite worn out; let your barber wash your face too,
You look yet like a bugbear to fright children;
Till when I take my leave—Wait me Carazie.
[*Exeunt* DONUSA *and* CARAZIE.
Musta. Stay you, my lady's cabinet-key.
[*Seizes* MANTO.
Mant. How's this, sir?
Musta. Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall fall else,
Not to firk your belly up, flounder-like, but never
To rise again. Offer but to unlock
These doors that stop your fugitive tongue, (observe me,)
And, by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt
[*Draws his scimitar*.
To bar thy speech for ever. So! be safe now;
And but resolve me, not of what I doubt,
But bring assurance to a thing believed,
Thou makest thyself a fortune; not depending
On the uncertain favours of a mistress,
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question
My judgment and observance, as to ask
Why I am slighted and contemn'd; but in
Whose favour it is done? I, that have read
The copious volumes of all women's falsehood,
Commented on by the heart-breaking groans
Of abused lovers; all the doubts wash'd off
With fruitless tears, the spider's cobweb veil
Of arguments alleged in their defence,
Blown off with sighs of desperate men, and they
Appearing in their full deformity;
Know that some other hath displanted me,
With her dishonour. Has she given it up?
Confirm it in two syllables.
Mant. She has.
Musta. I cherish thy confession thus, and thus;
[*Gives her jewels*.
Be mine. Again I court thee thus, and thus:
Now prove but constant to my ends.
Mant. By all——
Musta. Enough; I dare not doubt thee.—O land crocodiles,
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women!
But 'tis no time to rail—come, my best Manto.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*A Street*.

Enter VITELLI *and* FRANCISCO.

Vitel. Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound
Not to reveal whatever I discover
In that religious way: nor dare I doubt you.
Let it suffice you have made me see my follies,
And wrought, perhaps, compunction; for I would not
Appear an hypocrite. But, when you impose
A penance on me beyond flesh and blood
To undergo, you must instruct me how
To put off the condition of a man:
Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse
My disobedience. Yet, despair not, sir;
For, though I take mine own way, I shall do
Something that may hereafter, to my glory,
Speak me your scholar.
Fran. I enjoin you not
To go, but send.
Vitel. That were a petty trial;
Not worth one, so long taught, and exercised,
Under so grave a master. Reverend Francisco,
My friend, my father, in that word, my all!
Rest confident you shall hear something of me,
That will redeem me in your good opinion;
Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet
(She shall give order that he may have entrance)
To acquaint you with my fortunes. [*Exit*.
Fran. Go, and prosper.
Holy saints guide and strengthen thee! however,
As thy endeavours are, so may they find
Gracious acceptance.

Enter GAZET, *and* GRIMALDI *in rags.*

Gas. Now, you do not roar, sir:
ou speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent from
poor shop-keeper. Do you remember that, sir?
wear your marks here still.

Fran. Can this be possible?
All wonders are not ceased then.

Grim. Do, abuse me,
Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose,
Thrust out these fiery eyes, that yesterday
Would have look'd thee dead.

Gas. O save me, sir!

Grim. Fear nothing.
I am tame and quiet; there's no wrong can force me
To remember what I was. I have forgot
I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steel'd heart,
Insensible of compassion to others;
Nor is it fit that I should think myself
Worth mine own pity. Oh!

Fran. Grows this dejection
From his disgrace, do you say?

Gas. Why, he's cashier'd, sir;
His ships, his goods, his livery-punks, confiscate:
And there is such a punishment laid upon him!—
The miserable rogue must steal no more,
Nor drink, nor drab.

Fran. Does that torment him?

Gas. O, sir,
Should the state take order to bar men of acres
From these two laudable recreations,
Drinking and whoring, how should panders purchase,
Or thrifty whores build hospitals? 'Slid! if I,
That, since I am made free, may write myself
A city gallant, should forfeit two such charters,
I should be stoned to death, and ne'er be pitied
By the liveries of those companies.

Fran. You'll be whipt, sir,
If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the palace,
Your master looks for you.

Gas. My quondam master.
Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers;
In servants 'tis more pardonable: as a companion,
Or so, I may consent: but, is there hope, sir,
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you, write
A word or two in my behalf.

Fran. Out, rascal!

Gas. I feel some insurrections.

Fran. Hence!

Gas. I vanish. [*Exit.*

Grim. Why should I study a defence or comfort,
In whom black guilt and misery, if balanced,
I know not which would turn the scale? look upward
I dare not; for, should it but be believed
That I, dyed deep in hell's most horrid colours,
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave
No check or feeling in men innocent,
To catch at sins the devil ne'er taught mankind yet.
No! I must downward, downward: though repentance
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,
My mountainous weight of sins would crack their pinions,
And sink them to hell with me.

Fran. Dreadful! Hear me,
... miserable man.

... Good sir, deny not

But that there is no punishment beyond
Damnation.

Enter Master and Boatswain.

Master. Yonder he is; I pity him.

Boats. Take comfort, captain; we live still to serve you.

Grim. Serve me! I am a devil already: leave me—
Stand further off, you are blasted else! I have heard
Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed
Of the four elements; and, as in league together
They nourish life, so each of them affords
Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary
Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice of?
The fire? no; I shall feel that hereafter,
The earth will not receive me. Should some whirlwind
Snatch me into the air, and I hang there,
Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth;
And those superior bodies, that pour down
Their cheerful influence, deny to pass it,
Through those vast regions I have infected.
The sea? ay, that is justice: there I plough'd up
Mischief as deep as hell: there, there, I'll hide
This cursed lump of clay. May it turn rocks,
Where plummet's weight could never reach the sands,
And grind the ribs of all such barks as press
The ocean's breast in my unlawful course!
I haste then to thee; let thy ravenous womb,
Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb! [*Exit.*

Master. Follow him, and restrain him. [*Exit Boatswain.*

Fran. Let this stand
For an example to you. I'll provide
A lodging for him, and apply such cures
To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent me.
He's now my second care; and my profession
Binds me to teach the desperate to repent,
As far as to confirm the innocent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, AGA, *and* CAPIAGA.

Asam. Your pleasure?

Musta. 'Twill exact your private ear;
And, when you have received it, you will think
Too many know it.

Asam. Leave the room: but be
Within our call.— [*Exeunt Aga and Capiag*
Now, sir, what burning secr
With which, it seems, you are turn'd cinder bring you,
To quench in my advice or power?

Musta. The fire
Will rather reach you.

Asam. Me!

Musta. And consume both;
For 'tis impossible to be put out,
But with the blood of those that kindle it:
And yet one vial of it is so precious,
In being borrow'd from the Othoman spring
That better 'tis, I think, both we should pe
Than prove the desperate means that m
From spreading further. [

Asam. To the point, and quickly:
These winding circumstances in relations,
Seldom environ truth.
Musta. Truth, Asambeg!
Asam. Truth, Mustapha. I said it, and add more,
You touch upon a string that, to my ear,
Does sound Donusa.
Musta. You then understand
Who 'tis I aim at.
Asam. Take heed, Mustapha;
Remember what she is, and whose we are:
'Tis her neglect, perhaps, that you complain of;
And, should you practice to revenge her scorn,
With any plot to taint her in her honour,——
Must. Hear me.
Asam. I will be heard first,—there's no tongue
A subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.
Musta. Well, take your way.
Asam. I then again repeat it;
If Mustapha dares with malicious breath,
On jealous suppositions, presume
To blast the blossom of Donusa's fame,
Because he is denied a happiness
Which men of equal, nay, of more desert,
Have sued in vain for——
Musta. More!
Asam. More. 'Twas I spake it.
The basha of Natolia and myself
Were rivals for her; either of us brought
More victories, more trophies, to plead for us
To our great master, than you dare lay claim to;
Yet still, by his allowance, she was left
To her election: each of us owed nature
As much for outward form and inward worth,
To make way for us to her grace and favour,
As you brought with you. We were heard, repulsed;
Yet thought it no dishonour to sit down
With the disgrace, if not to force affection
May merit such a name.
Musta. Have you done yet?
Asam. Be, therefore, more than sure the ground [on which
You raise your accusation, may admit
No undermining of defence in her:
For if, with pregnant and apparent proofs,
Such as may force a judge, more than inclined,
Or partial in her cause, to swear her guilty,
You win not me to set off your belief;
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites
Of sacred hospitality, to which
I would not offer violence, shall protect you:
—Now, when you please.
Musta. I will not dwell upon
Much circumstance; yet cannot but profess,
With the assurance of a loyalty
Equal to yours, the reverence I owe
The sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;
That there is not a vein of mine, which yet is
Unemptied in his service, but this moment
Should freely open, so it might wash off
The stains of her dishonour. Could you think,
Or, though you saw it, credit your own eyes,
That she, the wonder and amazement of
Her sex, the pride and glory of the empire,
That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted
A frozen coldness, which no appetite
Or height of blood could thaw; should now so far
Be hurried with the violence of her lust,
As, in it burying her high birth, and fame,
Basely descend to fill a Christian's arms;
And to him yield her virgin honour up,
Nay, sue to him to take it?
Asam. A Christian!
Musta. Temper
Your admiration:—and what Christian, think you?
No prince disguised, no man of mark, nor honour;
No daring undertaker in our service,
But one, whose lips her foot should scorn to touch;
A poor mechanic pedlar.
Asam. He!
Musta. Nay, more;
Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,
To find him out, but me? What place make choice of
To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,
But in the palace? Who the instruments
Of close conveyance, but the captain of
Your guard, the aga, and that man of trust,
The warden of the inmost port?—I'll prove this;
And, though I fail to shew her in the act,
Glued like a neighing gennet to her stallion,
Your incredulity shall be convinced
With proofs I blush to think on.
Asam. Never yet
This flesh felt such a fever. By the life
And fortune of great Amurath, should our prophet
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,
'Twould make me doubtful of my faith!—Lead on;
And, when my eyes and ears are, like yours, guilty,
My rage shall then appear; for I will do
Something—but what, I am not yet determin'd.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*An outer Room in* DONUSA'S *Palace.*

Enter CARAZIE, MANTO, *and* GAZET *gaily dressed.*

Car. They are private to their wishes?
Mant. Doubt it not.
Gaz. A pretty structure this! a court do you call it?
Vaulted and arch'd! O, here has been old jumbling
Behind this arras.
Car. Prithee let's have some sport
With this fresh codshead.
Mant. I am out of tune,
But do as you please.—My conscience!—tush! the hope
Of liberty throws that burthen off; I must
Go watch, and make discovery. [*Aside, and exit.*
Car. He is musing,
And will talk to himself; he cannot hold:
The poor fool's ravish'd.
Gaz. I am in my master's clothes,
They fit me to a hair too; let but any
Indifferent gamester measure us inch by inch,
Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass:
I have been proved and proved again true metal.
Car. How he surveys himself!
Gaz. I have heard, that some
Have fooled themselves at court into good fortunes,
That never hoped to thrive by wit in the city,
Or honesty in the country. If I do not
Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself,
If they give me hearing: 'tis resolved—I'll try
What may be done. By your favour, sir, I pray [you,
Were you born a courtier?
Car. No, sir; why do you ask?
Gaz. Because I thought that none could be pre- [ferr'd
But such as were begot there.

Car. O, sir! many;
And, howsoe'er you are a citizen born,
Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,
And ever long'd to see a masque at court,
It is an even lay, but that you had
A courtier to your father; and I think so,
You bear yourself so sprightly.
Gas. It may be;
But pray you, sir, had I such an itch upon me
To change my copy, is there hope a place
May be had here for money?
Car. Not without it,
That I dare warrant you.
Gas. I have a pretty stock,
And would not have my good parts undiscover'd;
What places of credit are there?
Car. There's your beglerbeg.
Gas. By no means that; it comes too near the beggar,
And most prove so, that come there.
Car. Or your sanzacke.
Gas. Sauce-jack! fie, none of that.
Car. Your chiaus.
Gas. Nor that.
Car. Chief gardener.
Gas. Out upon't!
'Twill put me in mind my mother was an herb-woman.
What is your place, I pray you?
Car. Sir, an eunuch.
Gas. An eunuch! very fine, i'faith; an eunuch!
And what are your employments?
Car. Neat and easy:
In the day, I wait on my lady when she eats,
Carry her pantofles, bear up her train;
Sing her asleep at night, and, when she pleases,
I am her bedfellow.
Gas. How! her bedfellow?
And lie with her?
Car. Yes, and lie with her.
Gas. O rare!
I'll be an eunuch, though I sell my shop for't,
And all my wares.
Car. It is but parting with
A precious stone or two: I know the price on't.
Gas. I'll part with all my stones; and, when I am
An eunuch, I'll so toss and tousè the ladies——
Pray you help me to a chapman.
Car. The court surgeon
Shall do you that favour.
Gas. I am made! an eunuch!

Enter Manto.

Mant. Carazie, quit the room.
Car. Come, sir; we'll treat of
Your business further.
Gas. Excellent! an eunuch! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An inner Room in the same.*

Enter Donusa *and* Vitelli.

Vitel. Leave me, or I am lost again: no prayers,
No penitence, can redeem me.
Don. Am I grown
Old or deform'd since yesterday?
Vitel. You are still,
(Although the sating of your lust hath sullied
The immaculate whiteness of your virgin beauties,)
Too fair for me to look on: and, though pureness,
The sword with which you ever fought and conquer'd,
Is ravish'd from you by unchaste desires,
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,
Though iron grates were interposed between us,
To warrant me from treason.
Don. Whom do you fear?
Vitel. That human frailty I took from my mother,
That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me;
That still pursues me, and, though once recover'd,
In scorn of reason, and, what's more, religion,
Again seeks to betray me.
Don. If you mean, sir,
To my embraces, you turn rebel to
The laws of nature, the great queen and mother
Of all productions, and deny allegiance,
Where you stand bound to pay it.
Vitel. I will stop
Mine ears against these charms, which, if Ulysses
Could live again, and hear this second Syren,
Though bound with cables to his mast, his ship too
Fasten'd with all her anchors, this enchantment
Would force him, in despite of all resistance,
To leap into the sea, and follow her;
Although destruction, with outstretch'd arms,
Stood ready to receive him.
Don. Gentle sir,
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe
To look upon me: though I use no language,
The grief for this unkind repulse will print
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,
As will not only plead but prevail for me.
Vitel. I am a coward. I will see and hear you,
The trial, else, is nothing; nor the conquest,
My temperance shall crown me with hereafter,
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my virtue!
And holy thoughts and resolutions arm me
Against this fierce temptation! give me voice
Tuned to a zealous anger, to express
At what an over-value I have purchased
The wanton treasure of your virgin bounties;
That, in their false fruition, heap upon me
Despair and horror.—That I could with that ease
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up
The poison I received into my entrails,
From the alluring cup of your enticements,
As now I do deliver back the price [*Returns the jewels.*
And salary of your lust! or thus unclothe me
Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery [*Throws off his cloak and doublet.*
Of wicked pleasure, which but worn and heated
With the fire of entertainment and consent,
Like to Alcides' fatal shirt, tears off
Our flesh and reputation both together,
Leaving our ulcerous follies bare and open
To all malicious censure!
Don. You must grant,
If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted
That poison, as you call it, I brought with me
A palate unacquainted with the relish
Of those delights, which most, as I have heard,
Greedily swallow; and then the offence,
If my opinion may be believed,
Is not so great: howe'er, the wrong no more,
Than if Hippolitus and the virgin huntress
Should meet and kiss together.
Vitel. What defences
Can lust raise to maintain a precipice

Enter ASAMBEG *and* MUSTAPHA, *above.*

To the abyss of looseness!—but affords not
The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.
Musta. By Mahomet, she courts him!
[DONUSA *kneels.*
Asam. Nay, kneels to him!
Observe, the scornful villain turns away too,
As glorying in his conquest.
Don. Are you marble?
If Christians have mothers, sure they share in
The tigress' fierceness; for, if you were owner
Of human pity, you could not endure
A princess to kneel to you, or look on
These falling tears which hardest rocks would soften,
And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me
A taste of happiness in your embraces,
That the remembrance of the sweetness of it
Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?
Or shew'd me what it was to be a wife,
To live a widow ever?
Asam. She has confest it!——
Seize on him, villains.

Enter Capiaga *and* Aga, *with* Janizaries.

O the Furies!
[*Exeunt* ASAMBEG *and* MUSTAPHA *above.*
Don. How!
Are we betray'd?
Vitel. The better; I expected
A Turkish faith.
Don. Who am I, that you dare this?
'Tis I that do command you to forbear
A touch of violence.
Aga. We, already, madam,
Have satisfied your pleasure further than
We know to answer it.
Cap. Would we were well off!
We stand too far engaged, I fear.
Don. For us?
We'll bring you safe off: who dares contradict
What is our pleasure.

Re-enter ASAMBEG *and* MUSTAPHA, *below.*

Asam. Spurn the dog to prison.
I'll answer you anon.
Vitel. What punishment
Soe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian.
[*Exit* Guard *with* VITELLI.
Don. What bold presumption's this? Under what law
Am I to fall, that set my foot upon
Your statutes and decrees?
Musta. The crime committed,
Our Alcoran calls death.
Don. Tush! who is here,
That is not Amurath's slave, and so, unfit
To sit a judge upon his blood?
Asam. You have lost,
And shamed the privilege of it; robb'd me too
Of my soul, my understanding, to behold
Your base unworthy fall from your high virtue.
Don. I do appeal to Amurath.
Asam. We will offer
No violence to your person, till we know
His sacred pleasure; till when, under guard
You shall continue here.
Don. Shall!
Asam. I have said it.
Don. We shall remember this.
Asam. It ill becomes
Such as are guilty, to deliver threats
Against the innocent. [*The Guard leads off* DONUSA.]—I could tear this flesh now,
But 'tis in vain; nor must I talk, but do.
Provide a well-mann'd galley for Constantinople:
Such sad news never came to our great master.
As he directs, we must proceed, and know
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* GRIMALDI'S *House.*

Enter Master *and* Boatswain.

Mast. He does begin to eat?
Boatsw. A little, master;
But our best hope for his recovery is, that
His raving leaves him; and those dreadful words,
Damnation and despair, with which he ever
Ended all his discourses, are forgotten.
Mast. This stranger is a most religious man sure;
And I am doubtful, whether his charity
In the relieving of our wants, or care
To cure the wounded conscience of Grimaldi,
Deserves more admiration.
Boatsw. Can you guess
What the reason should be, that we never mention
The church, or the high altar, but his melancholy
Grows and increases on him?
Mast. I have heard him,
When he gloried to profess himself an atheist,
Talk often, and with much delight and boasting,
Of a rude prank he did ere he turn'd pirate;
The memory of which, as it appears,
Lies heavy on him.
Boatsw. Pray you, let me understand it.
Mast. Upon a solemn day, when the whole city
Join'd in devotion and with barefoot steps
Pass'd to St. Mark's, the duke, and the whole signiory,
Helping to perfect the religious pomp
With which they were received; when all men else
Were full of tears, and groan'd beneath the weight
Of past offences, of whose heavy burthen
They came to be absolved and freed; our captain,
Whether in scorn of those so pious rites
He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it
Out of a wanton, irreligious madness,
(I know not which,) ran to the holy man,
As he was doing of the work of grace,
And snatching from his hands the sanctified means,
Dash'd it upon the pavement.
Boatsw. How escaped he,
It being a deed deserving death with torture?
Mast. The general amazement of the people
Gave him leave to quit the temple, and a gondola,
Prepared, it seems, before, brought him aboard;
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remembrance

Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated
With a strong belief he cannot receive pardon
For this foul fact, but from his hands, against whom
It was committed.

Boatsw. And what course intends
His heavenly physician, reverend Francisco,
To beat down this opinion?

Mast. He promised
To use some holy and religious fineness,
To this good end; and, in the meantime, charged me
To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants:
But on no terms to cross him. Here he comes.

Enter Grimaldi, *with a book.*

Grim. For theft, he that restores treble the value,
Makes satisfaction; and, for want of means
To do so, as a slave must serve it out,
Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left here.
Oh! with what willingness would I give up
My liberty to those that I have pillaged;
And wish the numbers of my years, though wasted
In the most sordid slavery, might equal
The rapines I have made; till, with one voice,
My patient sufferings might exact, from my
Most cruel creditors, a full remission,
An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb:
A sad account!—yet, to find peace within here,
Though all such as I have maim'd and dismember'd
In drunken quarrels, or o'ercome with rage,
When they were given up to my power, stood here now,
And cried for restitution; to appease them,
I would do a bloody justice on myself:
Pull out these eyes, that guided me to ravish
Their sight from others; lop these legs, that bore me
To barbarous violence; with this hand cut off
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly
I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

Enter Francisco *in a cope, like a* Bishop.

Of petty forfeitures! In this reverend habit,
All that I am turn'd into eyes, I look on
A deed of mine so fiend-like, that repentance,
Though with my tears I taught the sea new tides,
Can never wash off: all my thefts, my rapes,
Are venial trespasses, compared to what
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too,
Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [*Kneels.*

Fran. 'Tis forgiven:
I with his tongue, whom, in these sacred vestments,
With impure hands thou didst offend, pronounce it.
I bring peace to thee; see that thou deserve it
In thy fair life hereafter.

Grim. Can it be!
Dare I believe this vision, or hope
A pardon e'er may find me?

Fran. Purchase it
By zealous undertakings, and no more
'Twill be remembered.

Grim. What celestial balm [*Rises.*
I feel now pour'd into my wounded conscience!
What penance is there I'll not undergo,
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more pleasure
Than flesh and blood e'er tasted! shew me true Sorrow,
Arm'd with an iron whip, and I will meet
The stripes she brings along with her, as if
They were the gentle touches of a hand
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem me?
I will rise up a wonder to the world,
When I have given strong proofs how I am alter'd.
I, that have sold such as profess'd the faith
That I was born in, to captivity,
Will make their number equal, that I shall
Deliver from the oar; and win as many
By the clearness of my actions, to look on
Their misbelief, and loath it. I will be
A convoy for all merchants; and thought worthy
To be reported to the world, hereafter,
The child of your devotion; nurs'd up,
And made strong by your charity, to break through
All dangers hell can bring forth to oppose me.
Nor am I, though my fortunes were thought desperate,
Now you have reconciled me to myself,
So void of worldly means, but, in despite
Of the proud viceroy's wrongs, I can do something
To witness of my change: when you please, try me,
And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me,
Or fall a joyful martyr.

Fran. You will reap
The comfort of it; live yet undiscover'd,
And with your holy meditations strengthen
Your Christian resolution: ere long,
You shall hear further from me. [*Exit.*

Grim. I'll attend
All your commands with patience:—come, my mates,
I hitherto have lived an ill example,
And, as your captain, led you on to mischief;
But now will truly labour, that good men
May say hereafter of me, to my glory,
(Let but my power and means hand with my will,)
His good endeavours did weigh down his ill. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Francisco, *in his usual habit.*

Fran. This penitence is not counterfeit: howsoever,
Good actions are in themselves rewarded.
My travail's to meet with a double crown.
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove
Himself the master of his wild affections—

Enter Gazet.

O, I shall have intelligence; how now, Gazet,
Why these sad looks and tears?

Gaz. Tears, sir! I have lost
My worthy master. Your rich heir seems to mourn for
A miserable father, your young widow,
Following a bedrid husband to his grave,
Would have her neighbours think she cries and roars
That she must part with such a goodman Do-nothing;
When 'tis, because he stays so long above ground,
And hinders a rich suitor.—All's come out, sir.
We are smoak'd for being coney-catchers: my master
Is put in prison; his she-customer
Is under guard too; these are things to weep for:—
But mine own loss consider'd, and what a fortune
I have had, as they say, snatch'd out of my chops,
Would make a man run mad.

Fran. I scarce have leisure,
I am so wholly taken up with sorrow
For my loved pupil, to enquire thy fate;
Yet I will hear it.

Gas. Why, sir, I had bought a place,
A place of credit too, an I had gone through with it;
I should have been made an eunuch: there was honour
For a late poor prentice! when, upon the sudden,
There was such a hurlyburly in the court,
That I was glad to run away, and carry
The price of my office with me.
Fran. Is that all?
You have made a saving voyage: we must think [now,
Though not to free, to comfort sad Vitelli;
My grieved soul suffers for him.
Gas. I am sad too;
But had I been an eunuch——
Fran. Think not on it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter ASAMBEG; *he unlocks a Door, and* PAULINA *comes forth.*

Asam. Be your own guard: obsequiousness and service
Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint
For ever take your leave, no threats shall awe you,
No jealous doubts of mine disturb your freedom,
No fee'd spies wait upon your steps: your virtue,
And due consideration in yourself
Of what is noble, are the faithful helps
I leave you, as supporters, to defend you
From falling basely.
Paul. This is wondrous strange:
Whence flows this alteration?
Asam. From true judgment;
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,
Hemm'd in with walls of brass, strict guards, high [birth,
The forfeiture of honour, nor the fear
Of infamy or punishment, can stay
A woman slaved to appetite, from being
False and unworthy.
Paul. You are grown satirical
Against our sex. Why, sir, I durst produce
Myself in our defence, and from you challenge
A testimony that's not to be denied,
All fall not under this unequal censure.
I, that have stood your flatteries, your threats,
Borne up against your fierce temptations; scorn'd
The cruel means you practised to supplant me,
Having no arms to help me to hold out,
But love of piety, and constant goodness:
If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly
Enter into the lists, and combat with
All opposites man's malice can bring forth
To shake me in my chastity, built upon
The rock of my religion.
Asam. I do wish
I could believe you; but, when I shall shew you
A most incredible example of
Your frailty, in a princess, sued and sought to
By men of worth, of rank, of eminence; courted
By happiness itself, and her cold temper
Approved by many years; yet she to fall,
Fall from herself, her glories, nay, her safety,
Into a gulf of shame and black despair;
I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding
Her punishment, for ever be deterr'd
From yielding basely.
Paul. I would see this wonder;
'Tis, sir, my first petition.

Asam. And thus granted:
Above, you shall observe all. [*Exit* PAULINA.

Enter MUSTAPHA.

Musta. Sir, I sought you,
And must relate a wonder. Since I studied,
And knew what man was, I was never witness
Of such invincible fortitude as this Christian
Shews in his sufferings: all the torments that
We could present him with, to fright his constancy,
Confirm'd, not shook it; and those heavy chains,
That eat into his flesh, appear'd to him
Like bracelets made of some loved mistress' hairs
We kiss in the remembrance of her favours.
I am strangely taken with it, and have lost
Much of my fury.
Asam. Had he suffer'd poorly,
It had call'd on my contempt; but manly patience,
And all-commanding virtue, wins upon
An enemy. I shall think upon him.—Ha!

Enter Aga *with a black Box.*

So soon return'd! This speed pleads in excuse
Of your late fault, which I no more remember.
What's the grand signior's pleasure?
Aga. 'Tis enclosed here.
The box too that contains it may inform you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this, On forfeit of your head,
She must have a speedy trial.
Asam. Bring her in
In black, as to her funeral: [*Exit* Aga.] 'tis the colour
Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice,
I dare not pity. Sit, and take your place:
However in her life she has degenerated,
May she die nobly, and in that confirm
Her greatness and high blood!

Solemn Music. Re-enter the Aga, *with the* Capiaga *leading in* DONUSA *in black, her train borne up by* CARAZIE *and* MANTO. *A Guard attending.* PAULINA *enters above.*

Musta. I now could melt—
But soft compassion leave me.
Mant. I am affrighted
With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying
Of loose desires find ever such conclusions,
All women would be Vestals.
Don. That you clothe me
In this sad livery of death, assures me
Your sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty cause
To use qualification or excuse——
Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths,
But borrow, from my modesty, boldness, to
Enquire by whose authority you sit
My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave
In the frowns you dart against my life?
Asam. See here,
This fatal sign and warrant! This, brought to
A general, fighting in the head of his
Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand
His even then conquering sword; this, shewn unto
The sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers
His deadly anger; and, all hopes laid by,
Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven;
Which would stand with the quiet of your soul,
To think upon, and imitate.
Don. Give me leave
A little to complain; first, of the hard

Condition of my fortune, which may move you,
Though not to rise up intercessors for me,
Yet, in remembrance of my former life,
(This being the first spot tainting mine honour,)
To be the means to bring me to his presence;
And then I doubt not, but I could allege
Such reasons in mine own defence, or plead
So humbly, (my tears helping,) that it should
Awake his sleeping pity.

Asam. 'Tis in vain.
If you have aught to say, you shall have hearing;
And, in me, think him present.

Don. I would thus then
First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him
How long I had been his darling; what delight
My infant years afforded him; how dear
He prized his sister in both bloods, my mother:
That she, like him, had frailty, that to me
Descends as an inheritance; then conjure him,
By her blest ashes, and his father's soul,
The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand
Holding the sceptre and the Othoman fortune,
To have compassion on me.

Asam. But suppose
(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then
Could you infer?

Don. I, then, would thus rise up,
And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,
A most voluptuous and insatiable epicure
In his own pleasures, which he hugs so dearly,
As proper and peculiar to himself,
That he denies a moderate lawful use
Of all delight to others. And to thee,
Unequal judge, I speak as much, and charge thee,
But with impartial eyes to look into
Thyself, and then consider with what justice
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind nature,
To make weak women servants, proud men masters!
Indulgent Mahomet, do thy bloody laws
Call my embraces with a Christian death,
Having my heat and May of youth to plead
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish
These that, with scorn, break through thy cobweb edicts,
And laugh at thy decrees? To tame their lusts
There's no religious bit: let her be fair,
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor,
Idolatress, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged,
And freely may enjoy her. At this instant,
I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power
A lovely Christian virgin; thy offence
Equal, if not transcending mine: why, then,
(We being both guilty,) dost thou not descend
From that usurp'd tribunal, and with me
Walk hand in hand to death?

Asam. She raves; and we
Lose time to hear her: Read the law.

Don. Do, do;
I stand resolved to suffer.

Aga. [*Reads.*] If any virgin, of what degree, or quality soever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal looseness, and incontinence with any Christian, she is, by the decree of our great prophet, Mahomet, to lose her head.

Asam. Mark that, then tax our justice!

Aga. Ever provided, That if she, the said offender, by any reasons, arguments, or persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soul to the Mahometan sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace, and punishment whatsoever.

Don. I lay hold on that clause, and challenge
The privilege of the law.

Must. What will you do?

Don. Grant me access and means, I'll undertake
To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him:
This trial you cannot deny.

Musta. O base!
Can fear to die make you descend so low
From your high birth, and brand the Othoman line
With such a mark of infamy?

Asam. This is worse
Than the parting with your honour. Better suffer
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have
A place in our great prophet's paradise,
Than have an act to aftertimes remember'd,
So foul as this is.

Must. Cheer your spirits, madam;
To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with
A mountain of vexations.

Asam. Think of your honour:
In dying nobly, you make satisfaction
For your offence, and you shall live a story
Of bold heroic courage.

Don. You shall not fool me
Out of my life: I claim the law, and sue for
A speedy trial; if I fail, you may
Determine of me as you please.

Asam. Base woman!
But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in them,
For, if thou fall again into my power,
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand tortures,
Cry out for death, that death which now thou fliest from.
Unloose the prisoner's chains. Go, lead her on.
To try the magic of her tongue. I'll follow.
[*Exeunt all but* ASAMBEG.
I'm on the rack—descend, my best Paulina.
[*Exit with* PAULINA.

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* Goaler.

Fran. I come not empty-handed; I will purchase
Your favour at what rate you please. There's gold.

Gaol. 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard
A check for your content.—Below, there!

Vitel. [*below.*] Welcome!
Art thou the happy messenger, that brings me
News of my death?

Gaol. Your hand. *Plucks up* VITELLI

Fran. Now, if you please,
A little privacy.

Gaol. You have bought it, sir;
Enjoy it freely. [*Exit.*

Fran. O, my dearest pupil.
Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you,
'Till now, look lovely; nor durst I ever glory
In the mind of any man I had built up
With the hands of virtuous and religious precepts,
Till this glad minute. Now you have made good
My expectation of you. By my order,
All Roman Cæsars, that led kings in chains,
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if
Compared with that true glory and full lustre
You now appear in; all their boasted honours,
Purchased with blood and wrong, would lose their names
And be no more remember'd!

Vitel. This applause,
Confirm'd in your allowance, joys me more
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd theatres
Should clap their eager hands, to witness that
The scene I act did please, and they admire it.
But these are, father, but beginnings, not
The ends, of my high aims. I grant, to have
The rebel appetite of flesh and blood, [master'd
Was far above my strength; and still owe for it
To that great Power that lent it: but, when I
Shall make't apparent the grim looks of Death
Affright me not, and that I can put off
The fond desire of life, (that, like a garment,
Covers and clothes our frailty,) hastening to
My martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,
To which I was a choice invited guest;
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough,
Or trust the barren and ungrateful sands
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.
Fran. You do instruct your teacher. Let the sun
Of your clear life, that lends to good men light,
But set as gloriously as it did rise,
(Though sometimes clouded,) you may write *nil ultra*
To human wishes.
Vitel. I have almost gain'd
The end o' the race, and will not faint or tire now.

Re-enter Gaoler *with* Aga.

Aga. Sir, by your leave,—nay, stay not, [*to the* Gaoler, *who goes out*] I bring comfort.
The viceroy, taken with the constant bearing
Of your afflictions; and presuming too
You will not change your temper, does command
Your irons should be ta'en off. [*They take off his irons.*] Now arm yourself
With your old resolution; suddenly
You shall be visited. You must leave the room too,
And do it without reply.
Fran. There's no contending:
Be still thyself, my son.
[*Exeunt* Aga *and* FRANCISCO.
Vitel. 'Tis not in man.

Enter DONUSA, *followed at a distance by* ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, *and* PAULINA.

To change or alter me.
Paul. Whom do I look on?
My brother? 'tis he!—but no more, my tongue;
Thou wilt betray all. [*Aside.*
Asam. Let us hear this temptress:
The fellow looks as he would stop his ears
Against her powerful spells.
Paul. He is undone else. [*Aside.*
Vitel. I'll stand the encounter—charge me home.
Don. I come, sir, [*Bows herself.*
A beggar to you, and doubt not to find
A good man's charity, which if you deny,
You are cruel to yourself; a crime a wise man
(And such I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of; nor let it find less welcome,
Though I, a creature you contemn, now shew you
The way to certain happiness; nor think it
Imaginary or fantastical,
And so not worth the acquiring, in respect
The passage to it is nor rough nor thorny;
No steep hills in the way which you must climb up,
No monsters to be conquer'd, no enchantments
To be dissolved by counter charms, before
You take possession of it.
Vitel. What strong poison
Is wrapp'd up in these sugar'd pills?
Don. My suit is,
That you would quit your shoulders of a burthen,
Under whose ponderous weight you wilfully
Have too long groan'd, to cast those fetters off,
With which, with your own hands, you chain your freedom:
Forsake a severe, nay, imperious mistress,
Whose service does exact perpetual cares,
Watchings, and troubles; and give entertainment
To one that courts you, whose least favours are
Variety, and choice of all delights
Mankind is capable of.
Vitel. You speak in riddles.
What burthen, or what mistress, or what fetters,
Are those you point at?
Don. Those which your religion,
The mistress you too long have served, compels you
To bear with slave-like patience.
Vitel. Ha!
Paul. How bravely
That virtuous anger shews!
Don. Be wise, and weigh
The prosperous success of things; if blessings
Are donatives from heaven, (which, you must grant,
Were blasphemy to question,) and that
They are call'd down and pour'd on such as are
Most gracious with the great Disposer of them,
Look on our flourishing empire, if the splendor,
The majesty, and glory of it dim not
Your feeble sight; and then turn back, and see
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant
Rent in as many factions and opinions
As you have petty kingdoms;—and then, if
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,
You must confess the Deity you worship
Wants care or power to help you.
Paul. Hold out now,
And then thou art victorious. [*Aside.*
Asam. How he eyes her!
Musta. As if he would look through her.
Asam. His eyes flame too,
As threatening violence.
Vitel. But that I know
The devil, thy tutor, fills each part about thee,
And that I cannot play the exorcist
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear
Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to
The Furies, that expect it; I would now
Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphemed
The great Omnipotency, at whose nod
The fabric of the world shakes. Dare you bring
Your juggling prophet in comparison with
That most inscrutable and infinite Essence,
That made this All, and comprehends his work!—
The place is too profane to mention him
Whose only name is sacred. O Donusa!
How much, in my compassion, I suffer,
That thou, on whom this most excelling form,
And faculties of discourse, beyond a woman,
Were by his liberal gift conferred, shouldst still
Remain in ignorance of him that gave it!
I will not foul my mouth to speak the sorceries
Of your seducer, his base birth, his whoredoms,
His strange impostures; nor deliver how
He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear,
Then made his credulous followers believe
It was an angel, that instructed him
In the framing of his Alcoran—pray you, mark me

Asam. These words are death, were he in nought [else guilty.
Vitel. Your intent to win me
To be of your belief, proceeded from
Your fear to die. Can there be strength in that
Religion, that suffers us to tremble
At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to?
Don. This is unanswerable, and there's some- [thing tells me
I err in my opinion.
Vitel. Cherish it,
It is a heavenly prompter; entertain
This holy motion, and wear on your forehead
The sacred badge he arms his servants with;
You shall, like me, with scorn look down upon
All engines tyranny can advance to batter
Your constant resolution. Then you shall
Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness answers
Your outward beauties.
Don. I came here to take you,
But I perceive a yielding in myself
To be your prisoner.
Vitel. 'Tis an overthrow,
That will outshine all victories. O Donusa,
Die in my faith, like me; and 'tis a marriage
At which celestial angels shall be waiters,
And such as have been sainted welcome us:
Are you confirm'd?
Don. I would be; but the means
That may assure me?
Vitel. Heaven is merciful,
And will not suffer you to want a man
To do that sacred office, build upon it.
Don. Then thus I spit at Mahomet.
Asam. [*coming forward.*] Stop her mouth:
In death to turn apostata! I'll not hear
One syllable from any.—Wretched creature!
With the next rising sun prepare to die.—
Yet, Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,
Be thy faith right or wrong, receive this favour;
In person I'll attend thee to thy death:
And boldly challenge all that I can give,
But what's not in my grant, which is—to live.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter VITELLI *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. You are wondrous brave and jocund.
Vitel. Welcome, father.
Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks
Upon my wedding day, it were ominous,
And shew'd I did repent it; which I dare not,
It being a marriage, howsoever sad
In the first ceremonies that confirm it,
That will for ever arm me against fears,
Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring
Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet
To the glad couple.
Fran. I well understand you;
And my full joy to see you so resolved
Weak words cannot express. What is the hour
Design'd for this solemnity?
Vitel. The sixth:
Something before the setting of the sun,
We take our last leave of his fading light,
And with our soul's eyes seek for beams eternal.
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much
Perplex'd and troubled, which I know you can
Resolve me of.
Fran. What is't?
Vitel. This, sir; my bride,
Whom I first courted, and then won, not with
Loose lays, poor flatteries, apish compliments,
But sacred and religious zeal, yet wants
The holy badge that should proclaim her fit
For these celestial nuptials: willing she is,
I know, to wear it, as the choicest jewel,
On her fair forehead; but to you, that well
Could do that work of grace, I know the viceroy
Will never grant access. Now, in a case
Of this necessity, I would gladly learn,
Whether, in me, a layman, without orders,
It may not be religious and lawful,
As we go to our deaths, to do that office?
Fran. A question in itself with much ease an- [swer'd:
Midwives upon necessity, perform it;
And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full
Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmets
The fount, out of which with their holy hands
They drew that heavenly liquor; 'twas approved then
By the holy church, nor must I think it now,
In you, a work less pious.
Vitel. You confirm me:
I will find a way to do it. In the mean time,
Your holy vows assist me!
Fran. They shall ever
Be present with you.
Vitel. You shall see me act
This last scene to the life.
Fran. And though now fall,
Rise a bless'd martyr.
Vitel. That's my end, my all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter GRIMALDI, *Master, Boatswain and Sailors.*

Boatsw. Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
Never expect the like.
Mast. With as much ease now
We may steal the ship out of the harbour, captain,
As ever gallants, in a wanton bravery,
Have set upon a drunken constable,
And bore him from a sleepy rug-gown'd watch:
Be therefore wise.
Grim. I must be honest too.
And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe [me,
If that you purpose to continue mine.
Think you ingratitude can be the parent
To our unfeign'd repentance? Do I owe
A peace within here, kingdoms could not purchase.
To my religious creditor, to leave him
Open to danger, the great benefit
Never remembered! no; though in her bottom
We could stow up the tribute of the Turk;
Nay, grant the passage safe too; I will never
Consent to weigh an anchor up, till he,
That only must, commands it.

Boatsw. This religion
Will keep us slaves and beggars.
Mast. The fiend prompts me
To change my copy: plague upon't! we are seamen;
What have we to do with't, but for a snatch or so,
At the end of a long Lent?

Enter FRANCISCO.

Boatsw. Mum: see who is here.
Grim. My father!
Fran. My good convert. I am full
Of serious business which denies me leave
To hold long conference with you: only thus much
Briefly receive; a day or two, at the most,
Shall make me fit to take my leave of Tunis,
Or give me lost for ever.
Grim. Days nor years,
Provided that my stay may do you service,
But to me shall be minutes.
Fran. I much thank you:
In this small scroll you may in private read
What my intents are; and, as they grow ripe,
I will instruct you further: in the mean time
Borrow your late distracted looks and gesture;
The more dejected you appear, the less
The viceroy must suspect you.
Grim. I am nothing,
But what you please to have me be.
Fran. Farewell, sir.
Be cheerful, master, something we will do,
That shall reward itself in the performance;
And that's true prize indeed.
Mast. I am obedient.
Boatsw. And I: there's no contending.
[*Exeunt* GRIM. Mast. Boatsw. *and* Sailors.
Fran. Peace to you all!
Prosper, thou Great Existence, my endeavours,
As they religiously are undertaken,
And distant equally from servile gain,

Enter PAULINA, CARAZIE, *and* MANTO.

Or glorious ostentation!—I am heard,
In this blest opportunity, which in vain
I long have waited for. I must shew myself.
O, she has found me! now if she prove right,
All hope will not forsake us.
Paul. Further off;
And in that distance know your duties too.
You were bestow'd on me as slaves to serve me,
And not as spies to pry into my actions,
And after, to betray me. You shall find
If any look of mine be unobserved,
I am not ignorant of a mistress' power,
And from whom I receive it.
Car. Note this, Manto,
The pride and scorn with which she entertains us,
Now we are made her's by the viceroy's gift!
Our sweet condition'd princess, fair Donusa,
Rest in her death wait on her! never used us
With such contempt. I would he had sent me
To the gallies, or the gallows, when he gave me
To this proud little devil.
Mant. I expect
All tyrannous usage, but I must be patient;
And though, ten times a-day, she tears these locks,
Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice.
Paul. 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father.
My chastity preserved by miracle,
Or your devotions for me; and, believe it,
What outward pride soe'er I counterfeit,
Or state, to these appointed to attend me,
I am not in my disposition alter'd,
But still your humble daughter, and share with you
In my poor brother's sufferings:—all hell's torments
Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's soul,
That, in his rape of me, gave a beginning
To all the miseries that since have follow'd!
Fran. Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle daughter.
He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault
In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too
Your forced captivity, for 'tis no better,
Though you wear golden fetters, and of him,
Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly
Paul. You are still the same good counsellor.
Fran. And who knows,
(Since what above is purposed, is inscrutable,)
But that the viceroy's extreme dotage on you
May be the parent of a happier birth
Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference
May prove unsafe for you and me; however
(Perhaps for trial) he allows you freedom.—
[*Delivers a paper.*
From this learn therefore what you must attempt,
Though with the hazard of yourself: heaven guard you,
And give Vitelli patience! then I doubt not
But he will have a glorious day, since some
Hold truly,—such as suffer, overcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, Aga, *and* Capiaga.

Asam. What we commanded, see perform'd; and fail not
In all things to be punctual.
Aga. We shall, sir. [*Exeunt* Aga, *and* Capiaga.
Musta. 'Tis strange, that you should use such circumstance
To a delinquent of so mean condition.
Asam. Had he appeared in a more sordid shape
Than disguised greatness ever deign'd to mask in,
The gallant bearing of his present fortune
Aloud proclaims him noble.
Musta. If you doubt him
To be a man built up for great employments,
And, as a cunning spy, sent to explore
The city's strength, or weakness, you by torture
May force him to discover it.
Asam. That were base;
Nor dare I do such injury to virtue
And bold assured courage; neither can I
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,
I shoot against the moon. He that hath stood
The roughest battery, that captivity
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper;
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness,
By beauty, in her full perfection, tender'd;
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,
And from the surplusage of his own firmness,
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure
A feeble woman; will not, Mustapha,
Be alter'd in his soul for any torments
We can afflict his body with.
Musta. Do your pleasure:
I only offer'd you a friend's advice,
But without gall or envy to the man
That is to suffer. But what do you determine

Of poor Grimaldi? the disgrace call'd on him,
I hear, has run him mad.
Asam. There weigh the difference
In the true temper of their minds. The one,
A pirate, sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all
That make a slave relentless and obdurate,
Yet, of himself wanting the inward strengths
That should defend him, sinks beneath compassion
Or pity of a man: whereas this merchant,
Acquainted only with a civil life;
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd and fortified
With his own virtue, valuing life and death
At the same price, poorly does not invite
A favour, but commands us do him right;
Which unto him, and her we both once honour'd
As a just debt, I gladly pay;—they enter.
Now sit we equal hearers.

A dreadful music. Enter at one door, the Aga, Janizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, *and* Gazet; *at the other,* Donusa, *(her train borne up),* Paulina, Carazie, *and* Manto.

Musta. I shall hear
And see, sir, without passion; my wrongs arm me.
Vitel. A joyful preparation! To whose bounty
Owe we our thanks for gracing thus our hymen?
The notes, though dreadful to the ear, sound here
As our epithalamium were sung
By a celestial choir, and a full chorus
Assured us future happiness. These that lead me
Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride,
Nor for their service are repaid by me
With jealousies or fears; nor do they envy
My passage to those pleasures from which death
Cannot deter me. Great sir, pardon me:
Imagination of the joys I haste to
Made me forget my duty; but the form
And ceremony past, I will attend you,
And with our constant resolution feast you;
Not with coarse cates, forgot as soon as tasted,
But such as shall, while you have memory,
Be pleasing to the palate.
Fran. Be not lost
In what you purpose. [*Exit.*
Gaz. Call you this a marriage!
It differs little from hanging; I cry at it.
Vitel. See, where my bride appears! in what full lustre!
As if the virgins that bear up her train
Had long contended to receive an honour
Above their births, in doing her this service.
Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,
Which, once past o'er, immortal pleasures follow.
I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage
Her forward steps; and I should offer wrong
To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask
How she can brook the rough high-going sea,
Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd
With hope and strong assurance, must transport us.
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the haven,
Which tempests shall not hinder, what loud welcome
Shall entertain us; nor commend the place,
To tell whose least perfection would strike dumb
The eloquence of all boasted in story,
Though join'd together.
Don. 'Tis enough, my dearest,
I dare not doubt you; as your humble shadow,
Lead where you please, I follow.
Vitel. One suit, sir,
And willingly I cease to be a beggar;
And that you may with more security hear it,
Know, 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer
Our deaths, but a few minutes.
Asam. Speak; 'tis granted.
Vitel. We being now to take our latest leave,
And grown of one belief, I do desire
I may have your allowance to perform it,
But in the fashion which we Christians use
Upon the like occasions.
Asam. 'Tis allow'd of.
Vitel. My service: haste, Gazet, to the next spring,
And bring me of it.
Gaz. Would I could as well
Fetch you a pardon; I would not run but fly,
And be here in a moment. [*Exit.*
Musta. What's the mystery
Of this? discover it.
Vitel. Great sir, I'll tell you.
Each country hath its own peculiar rites:
Some, when they are to die, drink store of wine,
Which, pour'd in liberally, does oft beget
A bastard valour, with which arm'd, they bear
The not-to-be declined charge of death
With less fear and astonishment: others take
Drugs to procure a heavy sleep, that so
They may insensibly receive the means
That casts them in an everlasting slumber;
Others——

Re-enter Gazet, *with water.*

O welcome!
Asam. Now the use of yours?
Vitel. The clearness of this is a perfect sign
Of innocence: and as this washes off
Stains and pollutions from the things we wear
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power
To purge those spots that cleave upon the mind.
[*Sprinkles it on her face.*
If thankfully received.
Asam. 'Tis a strange custom.
Vitel. How do you entertain it, my Donusa?
Feel you no alteration, no new motives,
No unexpected aids, that may confirm you
In that to which you were inclined before?
Don. I am another woman;—till this minute
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.
How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,
By this blest means, I feel the films of error
Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine physician!
That hast bestow'd a sight on me, which Death,
Though ready to embrace me in his arms,
Cannot take from me: let me kiss the hand
That did this miracle, and seal my thanks
Upon those lips from whence these sweet words vanish'd,
That freed me from the cruellest of prisons,
Blind ignorance and misbelief. False prophet!
Impostor Mahomet!——
Asam. I'll hear no more,
You do abuse my favours; sever them:
Wretch, if thou hadst another life to lose,
This blasphemy deserved it;—instantly
Carry them to their deaths.
Vitel. We part now, blest one,
To meet hereafter in a kingdom, where
Hell's malice shall not reach us.
Paul. Ha! ha! ha!
Asam. What means my mistress?
Paul. Who can hold her spleen,
When such ridiculous follies are presented,

The scene, too, made religion! O, my lord,
How from one cause two contrary effects
Spring up upon the sudden!

Asam. This is strange.

Paul. That which hath fool'd her in her death, wins me,
That hitherto have barr'd myself from pleasure,
To live in all delight.

Asam. There's music in this.

Paul. I now will run as fiercely to your arms
As ever longing woman did, borne high
On the swift wings of appetite.

Vitel. O devil!

Paul. Nay, more; for there shall be no odds betwixt us,
I will turn Turk.

Gaz. Most of your tribe do so,
When they begin in whore. [*Aside.*

Asam. You are serious, lady?

Paul. Serious!—but satisfy me in a suit
That to the world may witness that I have
Some power upon you, and to-morrow challenge
Whatever's in my gift; for I will be
At your dispose.

Gaz. That's ever the subscription
To a damn'd whore's false epistle. [*Aside.*

Asam. Ask this hand,
Or, if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt
Beyond myself with joy. Speak, speak, what is it?

Paul. But twelve short hours reprieve for this base couple.

Asam. The reason, since you hate them?

Paul. That I may
Have time to triumph o'er this wretched woman.
I'll be myself her guardian; I will feast,
Adorned in her choice and richest jewels:
Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this,
I am no more mine own, but yours.

Asam. Enjoy it;
Repine at it who dares: bear him safe off
To the black tower, but give him all things useful:
The contrary was not in your request?

Paul. I do contemn him.

Don. Peace in death denied me!

Paul. Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy grave;
For one night a sultana is my slave.

Musta. A terrible little tyranness!

Asam. No more;
Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter FRANCISCO, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, *and* Sailors.

Grim. Sir, all things are in readiness; the Turks,
That seized upon my ship, stow'd under hatches;
My men resolved and cheerful. Use but means
To get out of the ports, we will be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be but pleased)
This, for the viceroy's fleet!

Fran. Discharge your parts;
In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, master;
Something will come along to fraught your bark,
That you will have just cause to say you never
Made such a voyage.

Mast. We will stand the hazard.

Fran. What's the best hour?

Boatsw. After the second watch.

Fran. Enough: each to his charge.

Grim. We will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter PAULINA, DONUSA, CARAZIE, *and* MANTO.

Paul. Sit, madam, it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,
To which the sooner you will be invited,
When you shall understand, no way was left me
To free you from a present execution,
But by my personating that which never
My nature was acquainted with.

Don. I believe you.

Paul. You will, when you shall understand I may
Receive the honour to be known unto you
By a nearer name:—and, not to rack you further,
The man you please to favour is my brother;
No merchant, madam, but a gentleman
Of the best rank in Venice.

Don. I rejoice in't;
But what's this to his freedom? for myself,
Were he well off, I were secure.

Paul. I have
A present means, not plotted by myself,
But a religious man, my confessor,
That may preserve all, if we had a servant
Whose faith we might rely on.

Don. She, that's now
Your slave, was once mine; had I twenty lives,
I durst commit them to her trust.

Mant. O madam!
I have been false,—forgive me: I'll redeem it
By anything, however desperate,
You please to impose upon me.

Paul. Troth, these tears,
I think, cannot be counterfeit; I believe her,
And, if you please, will try her

Don. At your peril;
There is no further danger can look towards me.

Paul. This only then—canst thou use means to carry
This bake meat to Vitelli?

Mant. With much ease;
I am familiar with the guard; beside,
It being known it was I that betray'd him,
My entrance hardly will of them be question'd.

Paul. About it then. Say, that 'twas sent to him
From his Donusa: bid him search the midst of it,
He there shall find a cordial.

Mant. What I do
Shall speak my care and faith. [*Exit.*

Don. Good fortune with thee!

Paul. You cannot eat?

Don. The time we thus abuse
We might employ much better.

Paul. I am glad
To hear this from you. As for you, Carazie,
If our intents do prosper, make choice, whether
You'll steal away with your two mistresses,
Or take your fortune.

Car. I'll be gelded twice first;
Hang him that stays behind.

Paul. I wait you, madam.
Were but my brother off, by the command
Of the doting viceroy, there's no guard dare stay me;
And I will safely bring you to the place,
Where we must expect him.

Don. Heaven be gracious to us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Black Tower.*

Enter VITELLI, Aga *and* Guard, *at the door.*

Vitel. Paulina to fall off thus! 'tis to me
More terrible than death, and, like an earthquake,
Totters this walking building, such I am;
And in my sudden ruin would prevent,
By choaking up at once my vital spirits,
This pompous preparation for my death.
But I am lost; that good man, good Francisco,
Deliver'd me a paper, which till now
I wanted leisure to peruse. [*Reads the paper.*

Aga. This Christian
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching sun,
Whose second rise he never must salute.

Enter MANTO *with the baked-meat.*

1 *Guard.* Who's that?

2 *Guard.* Stand.

Aga. Manto!

Mant. Here's the viceroy's ring,
Gives warrant to my entrance; yet you may
Partake of anything I shall deliver.
'Tis but a present to a dying man,
Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.

Aga. Use your own freedom.

Mant. I would not disturb
This his last contemplation.

Vitel. O, 'tis well!
He has restored all, and I at peace again
With my Paulina.

Mant. Sir, the sad Donusa,
Grieved for your sufferings, more than for her [own,
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage
You are to take, presents you with this cordial,
Which privately she wishes you should taste of;
And search the middle part, where you shall find
Something that hath the operation to
Make death look lovely.

Vitel. I will not dispute
What she commands, but serve it. [*Exit.*

Aga. Prithee, Manto,
How hath the unfortunate princess spent this [night,
Under her proud new mistress?

Mant. With such patience
As it o'ercomes the other's insolence,
Nay, triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now
Commands me hence; but, the sad tragedy past,
I'll give you satisfaction to the full
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character
Of the proud Christian's nature. [*Exit.*

Aga Break the watch up;
What should we fear i' the midst of our own strengths?
'Tis but the basha's jealousy. Farewell, soldiers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*An upper Room in the same.*

Enter VITELLI *with the baked-meat.*

Vit. There's something more in this than means [to cloy
A hungry appetite, which I must discover.
She will'd me search the midst: thus, thus I pierce it. [thread!
—Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in pack-
What may the mystery be? [*Reads.*

Son, let down this packthread at the west window of the castle. By it you shall draw up a ladder of ropes, by which you may descend: your dearest Donusa with the rest of your friends below attend you. Heaven prosper you!

O best of men! he that gives up himself
To a true religious friend, leans not upon
A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds
Upon a rock; which now with joy I find
In reverend Francisco, whose good vows,
Labours, and watchings, in my hoped-for freedom,
Appear a pious miracle. I come,
I come with confidence; though the descent
Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide,
Being call'd down by such a faithful guide. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

Enter ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, *and* Janizaries.

Asam. Excuse me, Mustapha, though this night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one
Was to the world, when Jove on fair Alcmena
Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter [hours
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow-paced
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would,
With your continued wishes, strive to imp
New feathers to the broken wings of time,
And chide the amorous sun, for too long dalliance
In Thetis' watery bosom.

Musta. You are too violent
In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain;
Having no more assurance to enjoy them,
Than a weak woman's promise, on which wise men
Faintly rely.

Asam. Tush! she is made of truth;
And what she says she will do, holds as firm
As laws in brass, that know no change: [*A chamber shot off.*] What's this?
Some new prize brought in, sure—

Enter Aga *hastily.*

Why are thy looks
So ghastly? Villain, speak!

Aga. Great sir, hear me,
Then after, kill me:—we are all betray'd.
The false Grimaldi, sunk in your disgrace,
With his confederates, has seized his ship,
And those that guarded it stow'd under hatches.
With him the condemn'd princess, and the merchant,
That, with a ladder made of ropes, descended
From the black tower, in which he was enclosed,
And your fair mistress——

Asam. Ha!

Aga. With all their train,
And choicest jewels, are gone safe aboard:
Their sails spread forth, and with a fore-right gale
Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit,
As a farewell, they shew'd a broadside to us.

Asam. No more.

Musta. Now note your confidence!

Asam. No more.
O my credulity! I am too full
Of grief and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool!
Worthy of all the tortures that the frown
Of thy incensed master can throw on thee,
Without one man's compassion! I will hide
This head among the desarts, or some cave
Fill'd with my shame and me; where I alone
May die without a partner in my moan. [*Exeunt*

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS FAR AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REMAINING SCENES OF THIS PLAY.

CHARLES VIII. *King of France.*
DUKE OF ORLEANS.
DUKE OF NEMOURS.
CHAMONT, *a Nobleman, once Guardian to* BELLISANT.
PHILAMOUR, LAFORT, } *Counsellors.*
MONTROSE, *a noble Gentleman, in Love with* BELLISANT
CLERMOND, *in Love with* LEONORA.
CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, } *Wild Courtiers.*
DINANT, *Physician to the Court.*

BELLISANT, *a noble Lady.*
LAMIRA, *Wife to* CHAMONT.
BEAUPRE, (*supposed* CALISTA,) *Wife to* CLARINDORE.
LEONORA.
CLARINDA, *Wife to* DINANT.

Other Courtiers, Priest, Officers, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE,—PARIS, AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* BELLISANT'S *House.*

Enter CHAMONT *and* BELLISANT.

Cham. - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
I did discharge the trust imposed upon me,
Being your guardian.
Bell. 'Tis with truth acknowledged.
Cham. The love I then bore to you, and desire
To do you all good offices of a friend,
Continues with me, nay, increases, lady;
And, out of this assurance, I presume,
What, from a true heart, I shall now deliver,
Will meet a gentle censure.
Bell. When you speak,
Whate'er the subject be, I gladly hear.
Cham. To tell you of the greatness of your state,
And from what noble stock you are derived,
Were but impertinence, and a common theme,
Since you well know both. What I am to speak of,
Touches you nearer; therefore, give me leave
To say, that, howsoever your great bounties,
Continual feasting, princely entertainments,
May gain you the opinion of some few
Of a brave generous spirit, (the best harvest
That you can hope for from such costly seed,)
You cannot yet, amongst the multitude,
(Since, next unto the princes of the blood,
The eyes of all are fix'd on you,) but give
Some wounds, which will not close without a scar,
To your fair reputation, and good name;
In suffering such a crew of riotous gallants,
Not of the best repute, to be so frequent
Both in your house and presence; this, 'tis rumour'd,
Little agrees with the curiousness of honour,
Or modesty of a maid.
Bell. Not to dwell long
Upon my answer, I must thank your goodness,
And provident care, that have instructed me
What my revenues are, by which I measure
How far I may expend; and yet I find not
That I begin to waste; nor would I add
To what I now possess. I am myself;
And for my fame, since I am innocent here,
This, for the world's opinion!
Cham. Take heed, madam.
That [world's] opinion, which you slight, confirms
This lady for immodest, and proclaims
Another for a modest; whereas the first
Ne'er knew what loose thoughts were, and the praised second
Had never a cold dream.
Bell. I dare not argue:
But what means to prevent this?
Cham. Noble marriage.
Bell. Pardon me, sir; and do not think I scorn
Your grave advice, which I have ever followed,
Though not pleased in it.——
Would you have me match with wealth? I need it not:
Or hunt for honour, and increase of titles?
In truth, I rest ambitious of no greater
Than what my father left. Or do you judge
My blood to run so high, that 'tis not in
Physic to cool me? I yet feel no such heat:
But when, against my will, it grows upon me,
I'll think upon your counsel.
Cham. If you resolve, then,
To live a virgin, you have - - - -
To which you may retire, and ha- - - -
To - - - - - - - - - - - -

In - - - - - - - - - - - - -
And live cont - - - -

Bell. What proof
Should I give of my continence, if I lived
Not seen, nor seeing any? Spartan Helen,
Corinthian Lais, or Rome's Messaline,
So mew'd up, might have died as they were born,
By lust untempted: no, it is the glory
Of chastity to be tempted, tempted home too
The honour else is nothing! I would be
The first example to convince, for liars,
Those poets, that with sharp and bitter rhymes
Proclaim aloud, that chastity has no being,
But in a cottage: and so confident
I am in this to conquer, that I will
Expose myself to all assaults; see masques,
And hear bewitching sonnets; change discourse
With one that, for experience, could teach Ovid
To write, a better way, his *Art of Love:*
Feed high, and take and give free entertainment,
Lend Cupid eyes, and new artillery,
Deny his mother for a deity;
Yet every burning shot he made at me,
Meeting with my chaste thoughts, should lose their ardour;
Which when I have o'ercome, malicious men
Must, to their shame, confess it's possible,
For a young lady, (some say fair,) at court,
To keep her virgin honour.

Cham. May you prosper
In this great undertaking! I'll not use
A syllable to divert you: but must be
A suitor in another kind.

Bell. Whate'er it be,
'Tis granted.

Cham. It is only to accept
A present from me.

Bell. Call you this a suit?

Cham. Come in, Calista.

Enter BEAUPRE, *disguised as a Moorish Slave.*

This is one I would
Bestow upon you.

Bell. 'Tis the handsomest
I e'er saw of her country; she hath neither
Thick lips, nor rough curl'd hair.

Cham. Her manners, lady,
Upon my honour, better her good shape:
She speaks our language too, for being surprised
In Barbary, she was bestow'd upon
A pirate of Marseilles, with whose wife
She lived five years, and learn'd it; there I bought [her,
As pitying her hard usage; if you please
To make her yours, you may.

Bell. With many thanks.
Come hither, pretty one; fear not, you shall find [me
A gentle mistress.

Beau. With my care and service,
I'll study to preserve you such.

Bell. Well answered.
Come, follow me; we'll instantly to court,
And take my guests along.

Cham. They wait you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A State-room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ORLEANS, NEMOURS, PHILAMOUR, *and* LAFORT.

Char. What solitude does dwell about our court!
Why this dull entertainment? Have I march'd
Victorious through Italy, enter'd Rome,
Like a triumphant conqueror, set my foot
Upon the neck of Florence, tamed the pride
Of the Venetians, scourged those petty tyrants,
That - - - - - den of the world, to be
- - - - home, nay, my house neglected!

(New Speaker.) - - - the courtiers would appear
- - - - - - therefore they presumed
- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

(New Speaker.) - - - - the ladies, sir,
- - - - - - - that glad time
- - - - - - - - - - the choice.

Enter BELLISANT, LEONORA, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, CHAMONT, MONTROSE, CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, *and other* Courtiers.

Phil. Here they come.

Ladies. All happiness to your majesty!

Courtiers. And victory sit ever on your sword!

Char. Our thanks to all.
But wherefore come you in divided troops,
As if the mistresses would not accept
Their servants' guardship, or the servants, slighted,
Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks:
On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth
Which his face used to promise; on Montrose
There hangs a heavy dulness; Cleremond
Droops e'en to death, and Clarindore hath lost
Much of his sharpness; nay, these ladies too,
Whose sparkling eyes did use to fire the court
With various inventions of delight,
Part with their splendour. What's the cause? from whence
Proceeds this alteration?

Peri. I am troubled
With the toothach, or with love, I know not whether;
There is a worm in both. [*Aside.*

Clarin. It is their pride.

Bell. Or your unworthiness.

Cler. The honour that
The French dames held for courtesy, above
All ladies of the earth, dwells not in these,
That glory in their cruelty.

Leon. The desert
The chevaliers of France were truly lords of,
And which your grandsires really did possess,
At no part you inherit.

Bell. Ere they durst
Presume to offer service to a lady,
In person they perform'd some gallant acts
The fame of which prepared them gracious hearing,
Ere they made their approaches: what coy she, [then,
Though great in birth, not to be parallel'd
For nature's liberal bounties, both set off
With fortune's trappings, wealth; but, with delight,
Gladly acknowledged such a man her servant,
To whose heroic courage, and deep wisdom,
The flourishing commonwealth, and thankful king,
Confess'd themselves for debtors? Whereas, now,
If you have travelled Italy, and brought home
Some remnants of the language, and can set
Your faces in some strange and ne'er-seen posture,
Dance a lavolta, and be rude and saucy;
Protest, and swear, and damn, (for these are acts
That most think grace them,) and then view your- [selves
In the deceiving mirror of self-love,
You do conclude there hardly is a woman
That can be worthy of you.

Mont. We would grant
We are not equal to our ancestors
In noble undertakings, if we thought,
In us a free confession would persuade you,
Not to deny your own most wilful errors:
And where you tax us for unservice, lady,
I never knew a soldier yet, that could
Arrive into your favour: we may suffer
The winter's frost, and scorching summer's heat,
When the hot lion's breath singeth the fields,
To seek out victory; yet, at our return,
Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,
You say they do deform us, and the loss
Of much blood that way, renders us unfit
To please you in your chambers.
Clarin. I must speak
A little in the general cause: Your beauties
Are charms that do enchant so - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Knowing that we are fastened in your toils;
In which to struggle, or strive to break out,
Increases the captivity. Never Circe,
Sated with such she purposed to transform,
Or cunning Siren, for whose fatal music
Nought but the hearer's death could satisfy,
Knew less of pity. Nay, I dare go further,
And justify your majesty hath lost
More resolute and brave courageous spirits
In this same dull and languishing fight of love,
Than e'er your wars took from you.
Char. No reply:——
This is a cause we will determine of,
And speedily redress: Tamed Italy,
With fear, confesses me a warlike king,
And France shall boast I am a prince of love.
Shall we, that keep perpetual parliaments
For petty suits, or the least injury
Offer'd the goods or bodies of our subjects,
Not study a cure for the sickness of the mind,
Whose venomous contagion hath infected
Our bravest servants, and the choicest beauties
Our court is proud of? These are wounds require
A kingly surgeon, and the honour worthy
By us to be accepted.
Phil. It would add
To the rest of your great actions.
Laf. But the means
Most difficult, I fear.
Cham. You shall do more, sir,
If you perform this, than I e'er could read
The sons of Saturn, that by lot divided
The government of the air, the sea, and hell,
Had spirit to undertake.
Char. Why, this more fires me;
And now partake of my design. With speed
Erect a place of justice near the court,
Which we'll have styled, the PARLIAMENT OF [LOVE:
Here such whose humble service is not consider'd
By their proud mistresses, freely may complain;
And shall have hearing and redress.
Nov. O rare!
Peri. I like this well.
Char. And ladies that are wrong'd
By such as do profess themselves their servants,
May cite them hither, and their cause deliver'd
Or by their own tongues, or fee'd advocates,
Find sudden satisfaction.
Nov. What a rascal
Was I to leave the law! I might have had
Clients and clients. Ne'er was such a time
For any smooth-chinn'd advocate.
Peri. They will get the start
Of the ladies' spruce physicians, starve their chap-
Though never so well timber'd. [lains,
Char. 'Tis our will,
Nor shall it be disputed. Of this court,
Or rather sanctuary of pure lovers,
My lord of Orleans, and Nemours, assisted
By the messieurs Philamour and Lafort, are judges.
You have worn Venus's colours from your youth,
And cannot, therefore, but be sensible
Of all her mysteries: what you shall determine,
In the way of penance, punishment, or reward,
Shall - - - the trial; a month we grant you
- - - - - - - - amours, which expired,
- - - - make your complaints, and be assured
- - - impartial hearing; this determined,
- - - - - - - rest of our affairs. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CLARINDORE'S *House.*

Enter CLARINDORE, MONTROSE, PERIGOT, *and* NOVALL.

Peri. I do not relish
The last part of the king's speech, though I was
Much taken with the first.
Nov. Your reason, tutor?
Peri. Why, look you, pupil; the decree, that women
Should not neglect the service of their lovers,
But pay them from the exchequer they were born with,
Was good and laudable; they being created
To be both tractable and tactable,
When they are useful: but to have it order'd,
All women that have stumbled in the dark,
Or given, by owl-light, favours, should complain,
Is most intolerable: I myself shall have,
Of such as trade in the streets, and scaped my pockets
Of progress laundresses, and marketwomen,
When the king's pleasure's known, a thousand bills
Preferr'd against me.
Clarin. This is out of season:
Nothing to madam Bellisant, that, in public,
Hath so inveigh'd against us.
Nov. She's a Fury,
I dare no more attempt her.
Peri. I'll not venture
To change six words with her for half her state,
Or stay, till she be trimm'd, from wine and women,
For any new monopoly.
Mont. I will study
How to forget her, shun the tempting poison,
Her looks, and magic of discourse, still offer,
And be myself again: since there's no hope,
'Twere madness to pursue her.
Peri. There are madams
Better brought up, 'tis thought, and wives that dare not

Complain in parliament; there's safe trading, pupil;
And, when she finds she is of all forsaken,
Let my lady Pride repent in vain, and mump,
And envy others' markets.
Clarin. May I ne'er prosper
But you are three of the most fainting spirits,
That ever I conversed with! You do well
To talk of progress laundresses, punks, and beggars;
The wife of some rich tradesman with three teeth,
And twice so many hairs:—truck with old ladies,
That nature hath given o'er, that owe their doctors
For an artificial life, that are so frozen,
That a sound plague cannot thaw them; but [despair,
I give you over: never hope to take
A velvet petticoat up, or to commit
With an Italian cutwork smock, when torn too.
Mont. And what hopes nourish you?
Clarin. Troth, mine are modest.
I am only confident to win the lady
You dare not look on, and now, in the height
Of her contempt and scorn, to humble her,
And teach her at what game her mother play'd,
When she was got; and, cloy'd with those poor
As I find her obedient and pleasing, [toys,
I may perhaps descend to marry her:
Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair,
Command a sudden muster of my servants,
And, after two or three majestic hums,
It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,
Let out this manor, at an easy rate,
To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns,
For the redemption of his mortgaged land,
Give to each by-blow I know mine, a farm,
Erect - - - - - - - - this in conse- - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
That pleased me in my youth, but now grown stale.
These things first ordered by me, and confirm'd
By Bellisant, my wife, I care not much
If, out of her own lands, I do assign her
Some pretty jointure.
Peri. Talk'st thou in thy sleep?
Nov. Or art thou mad?
Clarin. A little elevated
With the assurance of my future fortune:
Why do you stare and grin? I know this must be,
And I will lay three thousand crowns, within
A month I will effect this.
Mont. How!
Clarin. Give proof
I have enjoyed fair Bellisant, evident proof
I have pluck'd her virgin rose, so long preserved,
Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring
Stolen by corruption, but, against her will,
Make her confess so much.
Mont. Impossible.
Clarin. Then the disgrace be mine, the profit
If that you think her chastity a rock [yours,
Not to be moved or shaken, or hold me
A flatterer of myself, or overweener,
Let me pay for my foolery.
Peri. I'll engage
Myself for a thousand.
Nov. I'll not out for a second.
Mont. I would gladly lose a third part for
No virgin can stand constant long. [assurance
Clarin. Leave that
To the trial: let us to a notary,
Draw the conditions, see the crowns deposited,
And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me!
But—Love, blind archer, aid me!
Peri. Look you thrive;
I would not be so jeer'd and hooted at,
As you will be else.
Clarin. I will run the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* LEONORA'S *House.*

Enter LEONORA *and a* Servant.

Serv. He will not be denied.
Leon. Slave, beat him back.
I feed such whelps!——
Serv. Madam, I rattled him,
Rattled him home.
Leon. Rattle him hence, you rascal,
Or never see me more.

Enter CLEREMOND.

Serv. He comes: a sword!
What would you have me do? Shall I cry murder,
Or raise the constable?
Leon. Hence, you shaking coward!
Serv. I am glad I am so got off: here's a round sum [*Looking at his money.*
For a few bitter words! Be not shook off, sir;
I'll see none shall disturb you. [*Exit.*
Cler. You might spare
These frowns, good lady, on me; they are useless:
I am shot through and through with your disdain,
And on my heart the darts of scorn so thick,
That there's no vacant place left to receive
Another wound; their multitude is grown
My best defence, and do confirm me that
You cannot hurt me further.
Leon. Wert thou not
Made up of impudence, and slaved to folly,
Did any drop of noble blood remain
In thy lustful veins, hadst thou or touch, or relish,
Of modesty, civility, or manners,
Or but in thy deformed outside only
Thou didst retain the essence of a man,
- - - - - - - - so many - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
And loathing to thy person, thou wouldst not
Force from a blushing woman that rude language,
Thy baseness first made me acquainted with.
Cler. Now saint-like patience guard me!
Leon. I have heard
Of mountebanks, that to vent their drugs and oils,
Have so enured themselves to poison, that
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,
Better than wholesome viands: in the list
Of such I hold thee; for that bitterness
Of speech, reproof, and scorn, by her delivered
Whom thou professest to adore, and shake at,
Which would deter all mankind but thyself,
Do nourish in thee saucy hopes, with pleasure.
Cler. Hear but my just defence.
Leon. Yet, since thou art
So spaniel-like affected, and thy dotage
Increases from abuse and injury,
That way I'll once more feast thee. Of all men
I ever saw yet, in my settled judgment,
Spite of thy barber, tailor, and perfumer,
And thine adulterate and borrow'd helps,
Thou art the ugliest creature; and when trimm'd up
To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine eyes,

A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice
He is infectious,) in respect of thee,
Appears a young Adonis.
Cler. You look on me
In a false glass, madam.
Leon. Then thy dunghill mind,
Suitable to the outside, never yet
Produced one gentle thought, knowing her want
Of faculties to put it into act.
Thy courtship, as absurd as any zany's,
After a practised manner; thy discourse,
Though full of bombast phrase, never brought matter
Worthy the laughing at, much less the hearing.—
But I grow weary; for, indeed, to speak thee,
Thy ills I mean, and speak them to the full,
Would tire a thousand women's voluble tongues,
And twice so many lawyers'—for a farewell,
I'll sooner clasp an incubus, or hug
A fork'd-tongued adder, than meet thy embraces,
Which, as the devil, I fly from.
Cler. Now you have spent
The utmost of your spleen, I would not say
Your malice, set off to the height with fiction,
Allow me leave, (a poor request, which judges
Seldom deny unto a man condemn'd,)
A little to complain: for, being censured,
Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,
Were but to wash an Ethiop. How oft, with tears,
When the inhuman porter has forbid
My entrance by your most severe commands,
Have these eyes wash'd your threshold! Did there ever
Come novelty to Paris, rich or rare,
Which but as soon as known was not presented,
Howe'er with frowns refused? Have I not brought
The braveries of France before your window,
To fight at barriers, or to break a lance,
Or, in their full career, to take the ring,
To do you honour? and then, being refused
To speak my grief, my arms, my impresses,
The colours that I wore, in a dumb sorrow
Express'd how much I suffer'd in the rigour
Of your displeasure.
Leon. Two months hence I'll have
The - - - - - -
Cler. Stay, best madam,
I am growing to a period.
Leon. Pray you do;
I here shall take a nap else, 'tis so pleasing.
Cler. Then only this: the voice you now contemn,
You once did swear was musical; you have met too
These lips in a soft encounter, and have brought
An equal ardour with you: never lived
A happier pair of lovers. I confess,
After you promised marriage, nothing wanting
But a few days expired, to make me happy,
My violent impatience of delay
Made me presume, and with some amorous force,
To ask a full fruition of those pleasures
Which sacred Hymen to the world makes lawful,
Before his torch was lighted; in this only,
You justly can accuse me.
Leon. Dar'st thou think
That this offence can ever find a pardon,
Unworthy as thou art!
Cler. But you most cruel,
That, in your studied purpose of revenge,
Cast both divine and human laws behind you,
And only see their rigour, not their mercy.
Offences of foul shape, by holy writ
Are warranted remission, provided
That the delinquent undergo the penance
Imposed upon him by his confessor:
But you, that should be mine, and only can
Or punish or absolve me, are so far
From doing me right, that you disdain to hear me.
Leon. Now I may catch him in my long-wish'd toils;
My hate help me to work it! [*Aside.*]—To what purpose,
Poor and pale spirited man, should I expect
From thee the satisfaction of a wrong,
Compared to which, the murder of a brother
Were but a gentle injury?
Cler. Witness, heaven,
All blessings hoped by good men, and all tortures
The wicked shake at, no saint left unsworn by,
That, uncompell'd, I here give up myself
Wholly to your devotion: if I fail
To do whatever you please to command,
To expiate my trespass to your honour,
So that, the task perform'd, you likewise swear,
First to forgive, and after marry me,
May I endure more sharp and lingering torments
Than ever tyrants found out! may my friends
With scorn, not pity, look upon my sufferings,
And at my last gasp, in the place of hope,
Sorrow, despair, possess me!
Leon. You are caught,
Most miserable fool, but fit to be so;—
And 'tis but justice that thou art delivered
Into her power that's sensible of a wrong,
And glories to revenge it. Let me study
What dreadful punishment, worthy my fury,
I shall inflict upon thee; all the malice
Of injured women help me! Death? that's nothing,
'Tis, to a conscious wretch, a benefit,
And not a penance; else, on the next tree,
For sport's sake I would make thee hang thyself.
Cler. What have I done?
Leon. What cannot be recall'd.
To row for seven years in the Turkish gallies?
A flea-biting! To be sold to a brothel,
Or a common bagnio? that's a trifle too!
- - - - Furies, - - - - - -
The lashes of their whips pierce through the mind.
I'll imitate them:—I have it too.
Cler. Remember
You are a woman.
Leon. I have heard thee boast,
That of all blessings in the earth next me,
The number of thy trusty, faithful friends,
Made up thy happiness: out of these, I charge thee,
And by thine own repeated oaths conjure thee,
To kill the best deserver. Do not start;
I'll have no other penance. Then to practise,
To find some means he that deserves thee best,
By undertaking something others fly from:
This done, I am thine.
Cler. But hear me.
Leon. Not a syllable:
And till then, never see me. [*Exit.*
Cler. I am lost,
Foolishly lost and sunk by mine own baseness:
I'll say only,
With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave,
Better the devil's than a woman's slave. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* BELLISANT'S *House.*

Enter CLARINDORE *and* BEAUPRE'.

Clarin. Nay, prithee, good Calista—
Beau. As I live, sir,
She is determined to be private, and charged me,
Till of herself she broke up her retirement,
Not to admit a visitant.
Clarin. Thou art a fool,
And I must have thee learn to know thy strength;
There never was a sure path to the mistress,
But by her minister's help, which I will pay for:
[*Gives her his Purse.*
But yet this is but trash; hark in thine ear—
By Love! I like thy person, and will make
Full payment that way; be thou wise.
Beau. Like me, sir!
One of my dark complexion!
Clarin. I am serious:
The curtains drawn, and envious light shut out,
The soft touch heightens appetite, and takes more
Than colour, Venus' dressing, in the day-time,
But never thought on in her midnight revels.
Come, I must have thee mine.
Beau. But how to serve you?
Clarin. By speaking still my praises to thy lady,
How much I love and languish for her bounties:
You may remember too, how many madams
Are rivals for me, and, in way of caution,
Say you have heard, when I was wild, how dreadful
My name was to a profess'd courtezan,
Still asking more than she could give—

Enter BELLISANT.

Beau. My lady!
Bell. Be within call:
[*Aside to the* Servants *within.*
How now, Clarindore,
Courting my servant! Nay, 'tis not my envy—
You now express yourself a complete lover,
That, for variety's sake, if she be woman,
Can change discourse with any.
Clarin. All are foils
I practise on, but when you make me happy
In doing me that honour: I desired
To hear her speak in the Morisco tongue;
Troth, 'tis a pretty language.
Bell. Yes, to dance to:—
Look to those sweetmeats. [*Exit* BEAUPRE'.
Clarin. How! by heaven, she aims
To speak with me in private! [*Aside.*
Bell. Come, sit down;
Let's have some merry conference.
Clarin. In which - - - -
It - - - - - - - - - - - -
That my whole life employ'd to do you service,
At no part can deserve.
Bell. If you esteem it
At such a rate, do not abuse my bounty,
Or comment on the granted privacy, further
Than what the text may warrant; so you shall
Destroy what I have built.
Clarin. I like not this. [*Aside.*
Bell. This new-erected Parliament of Love,
It seems, has frighted hence my visitants!
How spend Montrose and Perigot their hours?
Novall and Cleremond vanish'd in a moment;
I like your constancy yet.
Clarin. That's good again;
She hath restored all: [*Aside.*]—Pity them, good madam;
The splendour of your house and entertainment,
Enrich'd with all perfections by yourself,
Is too, too glorious for their dim eyes:
You are above their element; modest fools,
That only dare admire! and bar them from
Comparing of these eyes to the fairest flowers,
Giving you Juno's majesty, Pallas' wit,
Diana's hand, and Thetis' pretty foot;
Or, when you dance, to swear that Venus leads
The Loves and Graces from the Idalian green,
And such hyperboles stolen out of playbooks,
They would stand all day mute, and, as you were
Some curious picture only to be look'd on,
Presume no further.
Bell. Pray you, keep your distance,
And grow not rude.
Clarin. Rude, lady! manly boldness
Cannot deserve that name; I have studied you,
And love hath made an easy gloss upon
The most abstruse and hidden mysteries
Which you may keep conceal'd. You well may praise
A bashful suitor, that is ravish'd with
A feather of your fan, or if he gain
A riband from your shoe, cries out, *Nil ultra!*
Bell. And what would satisfy you?
Clarin. Not such poor trifles,
I can assure you, lady. Do not I see
You are gamesome, young, and active? that you love
A man that, of himself, comes boldly on,
That will not put your modesty to trouble,
To teach him how to feed, when meat's before him?
That knows that you are flesh and blood, a creature,
And born with such affections, that, like me,
Now I have opportunity, and your favour,
Will not abuse my fortune? Should I stand now
Licking my fingers, cry Ah me! then kneel,
And swear you were a goddess, kiss the skirts
Of your proud garments, when I were gone, I am sure
I should be kindly laugh'd at for a coxcomb;
The story made the subject of your mirth,
At your next meeting, when you sit in council,
Among the beauties.
Bell. Is this possible?
All due respect forgotten!
Clarin. Hang respect!
Are we not alone? See, I dare touch this hand,
And without adoration unglove it.
A spring of youth is in this palm; here Cupid,
The moisture turn'd to diamonds, heads his arrows:
The far-famed English Bath, or German Spa,
One drop of this will purchase. Shall this nectar
Run useless, then, to waste? or - - - these lips,
That open like the morn, breathing perfumes
On such as dare approach them, be untouch'd?
They must—nay, 'tis in vain to make resistance,—
Be often kiss'd and tasted:—You seem angry
At - - - I have displeased you.
Bell. [*to the* Servants *within.*] - - - - - - -
And come prepared, as if some Africk monster,
By force had broke into my house.

Enter Servants *with drawn Swords.*

Clarin. How's this?
Bell. Circle him round with death, and if he stir,
Or but presume to speak, till I allow it,
His body be the navel to the wheel,

In which your rapiers, like so many spokes,
Shall meet and fix themselves.
Clarin. Were I off with life,
This for my wager! [*Aside.*
Bell. Villain, shake and tremble
At my just anger! Which of all my actions,
Confined in virtuous limits, hath given life
And birth to this presumption? Hast thou ever
Observed in me a wanton look or gesture,
Not suiting with a virgin? Have I been
Prodigal in my favours, or given hopes,
To nourish such attempts? swear, and swear truly,
What in thy soul thou think'st of me.
Clarin. As of one
Made up of chastity; and only tried,
Which I repent, what this might work upon you.
Bell. The intent deserves not death; but, sirrah, know
'Tis in my power to look thee dead.
Clarin. 'Tis granted.
Bell. I am not so cruel; yet, for this insolence,
Forbear my house for ever: if you are hot,
You, ruffian-like, may force a parting kiss,
As from a common gamester.
Clarin. I am cool:—
She's a virago. [*Aside.*
Bell. Or you may go boast.
How bravely you came on, to your companions;
I will not bribe your silence: no reply.—
Now thrust him headlong out of doors, and see
He never more pass my threshold. [*Exit*
Clarin. This comes of
My daring: all hell's plagues light on the proverb
That says, *Faint heart* — but it is stale.
Serv. Pray you walk, sir,
We must shew you the way else.
Clarin. Be not too officious.
I am no bar for you to try your strength on.—
Sit quietly by this disgrace I cannot:
Some other course I must be forced to take,
Not for my wager now, but honour's sake. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CHAMONT'S *House.*

Enter CHAMONT, PERIGOT, NOVALL, DINANT, LAMIRA, *and* CLARINDA.

Peri. 'Twas prince-like entertainment.
Cham. You o'erprize it.
Din. Your cheerful looks made every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.
Lam. For my part,
I hold society and honest mirth
The greatest blessing of a civil life.
Cla. Without good company, indeed, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.
Nov. By this light,
She speaks well too! I'll have a fling at her:
She is no fit electuary for a doctor:
A coarser julap may well cool his worship;
This cordial is for gallants. [*Aside.*
Cham. Let me see,
The night grows old: pray you often be my guests.
Such as dare come unto a - - - table,
Although not crack'd with curious delicates,
Have liberty to command it as their own:
I may do the like with you, when you are married.
Peri. Yes, 'tis likely,
When there's no forage to be had abroad,
Nor credulous husbands left to father children
Of bachelors' begetting; when court wives
Are won to grant variety is not pleasing,
And that a friend at a pinch is useless to them,
I - - - - - - - - - but till then
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Cham. You have a merry time of't;——
But we forget ourselves:—Gallants, good night.
Good master doctor, when your leisure serves,
Visit my house; when we least need their art,
Physicians look most lovely.
Din. All that's in me,
Is at your lordship's service. Monsieur Perigot,
Monsieur Novall, in what I may be useful,
Pray you command me.
Nov. We'll wait on you home.
Din. By no means, sir: good night.
[*Exeunt all but* NOVALL *and* PERIGOT.
Nov. The knave is jealous.
Peri. 'Tis a disease few doctors cure themselves of.
Nov. I would he were my patient!
Peri. Do but practise
To get his wife's consent, the way is easy.
Nov. You may conclude so; for myself, I grant
I never was so taken with a woman,
Nor ever had less hope.
Peri. Be not dejected;
Follow but my directions, she's your own:
I'll set thee in a course that shall not fail.—
I like thy choice; but more of that hereafter:
Adultery is a safe and secret sin;
The purchase of a maidenhead seldom quits
The danger and the labour: build on this,
He that puts home shall find all women coming,
The frozen Bellisant ever excepted.
Could you believe the fair wife of Chamont,
A lady never tainted in her honour,
Should, at the first assault, (for till this night
I never courted her,) yield up the fort
That she hath kept so long?
Nov. 'Tis wondrous strange.
What winning language used you?
Peri. Thou art a child;
'Tis action, not fine speeches, take a woman.
Pleasure's their heaven; and he that gives assurance
That he hath strength to tame their hot desires,
Is the prevailing orator: she but saw me
Jump over six join'd stools, and after cut
Some forty capers; tricks that never miss,
In a magnificent masque, to draw the eyes
Of all the beauties in the court upon me,
But straight she wrung my hand, trod on my toe,
And said my mistress could not but be happy
In such an able servant. I replied
Bluntly, I was ambitious to be hers;
And she, nor coy nor shy, straight entertain'd me;
I begg'd a private meeting, it was granted,
The time and place appointed.
Nov. But remember
Chamont is your friend.
Peri. Now out upon thee, puisne! K

As if a man so far e'er loved that title,
But 'twas much more delight and tickling to him,
To hug himself, and say, This is my cuckold!
Nov. But did he not observe thee?
Peri. Though he did,
As I am doubtful, I will not desist;
The danger will endear the sport.

Enter CLARINDORE.

Nov. Forbear;
Here's Clarindore.
Peri. We will be merry with him;
I have heard his entertainment. Join but with me,
And we will jeer this self-opinion'd fool
Almost to madness.
Nov. He's already grown
Exceeding melancholy, and some say
That's the first step to frenzy.
Peri. I'll upon him.—
Save you, good monsieur! no reply? grown proud
Of your success? it is not well - - - -
Clar. 'Tis come out; these goslings
Have heard of my - - - - - - -
Nov. We gratulate,
Though we pay for't, your happy entrance to
The certain favours, nay, the sure possession,
Of madam Bellisant.
Clarin. The young whelp too!—
'Tis well, exceeding well.
Peri. 'Tis so, with you, sir;
But bear it modestly, faith it will become you:
And being arrived at such a lordly revenue,
As this your happy match instates you with,
Two thousand crowns from me, and from Novall
Though we almost confess the wager lost,
Will be a small addition.
Nov. You mistake him;
Nor do I fear, out of his noble nature,
But that he may be won to license us
To draw our venture.
Clarin. Spend your frothy wits,
Do, do; you snarl, but hurt not.
Nov. O, give leave
To losers for to speak.
Peri. 'Tis a strange fate
Some men are born to, and a happy star
That reign'd at your nativity! it could not be else,
A lady of a constancy like a rock,
Not to be moved, and held impregnable,
Should yield at the first assault!
Nov. 'Tis the reward
Of a brave daring spirit.
Peri. Tush! we are dull;
Abuse our opportunities.
Clarin. Have you done yet?
Peri. When he had privacy of discourse, he knew
How to use that advantage; did he stand
Fawning, and crouching? no; he ran up boldly,
Told her what she was born to, ruffled her,
Kiss'd her, and toused her:—all the passages
Are at court already; and, 'tis said, a patent
Is granted him, if any maid be chaste,
For him to humble her, and a new name given him,
The scornful-virgin tamer.
Clarin. I may tame
Your buffoon tongues, if you proceed.
Nov. No anger.
I have heard that Bellisant was so taken with
Your manly courage, that she straight prepared you
A sumptuous banquet.
Peri. Yet his enemies
Report it was a blanket.
Nov. Malice, malice!
She was shewing him her chamber too, and call'd [for
Perfumes, and cambric sheets.
Peri. When, see the luck on't!
Against her will, her most unmannerly grooms,
For so 'tis rumour'd, took him by the shoulders,
And thrust him out of doors.
Nov. Faith, sir, resolve us;
How was it? we would gladly know the truth,
To stop the mouth of calumny.
Clarin. Troth, sir, I'll tell you:
One took me by the nose thus,—and a second
Made bold with me thus—but one word more, you shall
Feel new expressions—and so, my gentle boobies,
Farewell, and be hang'd! [*Exit.*
Nov. We have nettled him.
Peri. Had we stung him to death, it were but [justice,
An overweening braggard!
Nov. This is nothing
To the doctor's wife.
Peri. Come, we'll consult of it,
And suddenly.
Nov. I feel a woman's longing
Till I am at it.
Peri. Never fear; she's thine own, boy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CLEREMOND.

Cler. What have my sins been, heaven? yet thy great pleasure
Must not be argued. Was wretch ever bound
On such a black adventure, in which only
To wish to prosper is a greater curse
Than to - - - - - - - - - - me
Of reason, understanding, and true judgment.
'Twere a degree of comfort to myself
I were stark mad; or, like a beast of prey,
Prick'd on by griping hunger, all my thoughts
And faculties were wholly taken up
To cloy my appetite, and could look no further:
But I rise up a new example of
Calamity, transcending all before me;
And I should gild my misery with false comforts,
If I compared it with an Indian slave's,
That, with incessant labour to search out
Some unknown mine, dives almost to the centre;
And, if then found, not thank'd of his proud mas[ter.
But this, if put into an equal scale
With my unparallel'd fortune, will weigh nothing;
For from a cabinet of the choicest jewels
That mankind e'er was rich in, whose least gem
All treasure of the earth, or what is hid
In Neptune's watery bosom, cannot purchase,
I must seek out the richest, fairest, purest,
And when by proof 'tis known it holds the value,
As soon as found destroy it. O most cruel!
And yet, when I consider of the many
That have profess'd themselves my friends, and vow'd
Their lives were not their own, when my engagements
Should summon them to be at my devotion,
Not one endures the test; I almost grow
Of the world's received opinion, that holds
Friendship but a mere name, that binds no further

Than to the altar—to retire with safety.
Here comes Montrose.

Enter MONTROSE *and* BEAUPRE.

What sudden joy transports him?
I never saw man rapt so.

Mon. Purse and all,
And 'tis too little, though it were cramm'd full
With crowns of the sun. O blessed, blessed paper!
But made so by the touch of her fair hand.
What shall I answer? Say I am her creature,
Or, if thou canst find out a word that may
Express subjection in an humbler style,
Use it, I prithee; add too, her commands
Shall be with as much willingness perform'd,
As I in this fold, this, receive her favours.

Beau. I shall return so much.

Mont. And that two hours
Shall bring me to attend her.

Beau. With all care
And circumstance of service from yourself,
I will deliver it.

Mont. I am still your debtor. [*Exit* BEAUPRE.

Cler. I read the cause now clearly; I'll slip by:
For though, even at this instant, he should prove
Himself, which others' falsehood makes me doubt,
That constant and best friend I go in quest of,
It were inhuman in their birth to strangle
His promising hopes of comfort.

Mont. Cleremond
Pass by me as a stranger! at a time too
When I am fill'd with such excess of joy,
So swollen and surfeited with true delight,
That had I not found out a friend, to whom
I might impart them, and so give them vent,
In their abundance they would force a passage,
And let out life together! Prithee, bear,
For friendship's sake, a part of that sweet burthen
Which I shrink under; and when thou hast read
Fair Bellisant subscribed, so near my name too,
Observe but that,—thou must, with me, confess,
There cannot be room in one lover's heart
Capacious enough to entertain
Such multitudes of pleasures.

Cler. I joy with you,
Let that suffice, and envy not your blessings;
May they increase! Farewell, friend.

Mont. How! no more?
By the snow-white hand that writ these characters,
It is a breach of courtesy and manners,
So coldly to take notice of his good,
Whom you call friend! See further: here she writes
That she is truly sensible of my sufferings,
And not alone vouchsafes to call me servant,
But to employ me in a cause that much
Concerns her in her honour; there's a favour!
Are you yet stupid?—and, that, two hours hence,
She does expect me in the private walks
Neighbouring the Louvre: cannot all this move [you?
I could be angry. A tenth of these bounties
But promised to you from Leonora,
To witness my affection to my friend,
In his behalf, had taught me to forget
All mine own miseries.

Cler. Do not misinterpret
This coldness in me; for alas! Montrose,
I am a thing so made up of affliction,
So every way contemn'd, that I conclude
My sorrows are infectious; and my company,
Like such as have foul ulcers running on them,
To be with care avoided. May your happiness,
In the favour of the matchless Bellisant,
Hourly increase! and—my best wishes guard you!
'Tis all that I can give.

Mont. You must not leave me.

Cler. Indeed I must and will; mine own engage-[ments
Call me away.

Mont. What are they? I presume
There cannot be a secret of that weight,
You dare not trust me with; and should you doubt [me,
I justly might complain that my affection
Is placed unfortunately.

Cler. I know you are honest;
And this is such a business, and requires
Such sudden execution, that it cannot
Fall in the compass of your will, or power,
To do me a friend's office. In a word,
On terms that near concern me in mine honour,
I am to fight the quarrel, mortal too,
The time some two hours hence, the place ten miles
Distant from Paris; and when you shall know
I yet am unprovided of a second,
You will excuse my sudden parting from you.
Farewell, Montrose!

Mont. Not so; I am the man
Will run the danger with you; and must tell you,
That, while I live, it was a wrong to seek
Another's arm to second you. Lead the way;
My horse stands ready.

Cler. I confess 'tis noble,
For you to offer this, but it were base
In me to accept it.

Mont. Do not scorn me, friend.

Cler. No; but admire and honour you; and
Serious consideration, must refuse [from that
The tender of your aid. France knows you valiant,
And that you might, in single opposition,
Fight for a crown; but millions of reasons
Forbid me your assistance. You forget
Your own designs; being, the very minute
I am to encounter with mine enemy,
To meet your mistress, such a mistress too,
Whose favour you so many years have sought:
And will you then, when she vouchsafes access,
Nay more, invites you, check at her fair offer?
Or shall it be repeated, to my shame,
For my own ends I robb'd you of a fortune
Princes might envy? Can you even hope
She ever will receive you to her presence,
If you neglect her now?—Be wise, dear friend,
And, in your prodigality of goodness,
Do not undo yourself. Live long and happy,
And leave me to my dangers.

Mont. Cleremond,
I have with patience heard you, and consider'd
The strength of your best arguments; weigh'd the [dangers
I run in mine own fortunes: but again,
When I oppose the sacred name of friend
Against those joys I have so long pursued,
Neither the beauty of fair Bellisant,
Her wealth, her virtues, can prevail so far,
In such a desperate case as this, to leave you.—
To have it to posterity recorded,
At such a time as this I proved true gold,
And current in my friendship, shall be to me
A thousand mistresses, and such embraces
As leave no sting behind them; therefore, on:
I am resolved, unless you beat me off,
I will not leave you.

Cler. Oh! here is a jewel
Fit for the cabinet of the greatest monarch!
But I of all men miserable——
Mont. Come, be cheerful;
Good fortune will attend us.
Cler. That, to me,
To have the greatest blessing, a true friend,
Should be the greatest curse!—Be yet advised.
Mont. It is in vain.
Cler. That e'er I should have cause
To wish you had loved less!
Mont. The hour draws on:
We'll talk more as we ride.
Cler. Of men most wretched! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* BELLISANT'S *House.*

Enter BELLISANT *and* BEAUPRE.

Bell. Nay, pray you, dry your eyes, or your sad story,
Whose every accent still, methinks, I hear,
'Twas with such passion, and such grief deliver'd,
Will make mine bear your's company. All my fear is,
The rigorous repulse this worst of men,
False, perjured Clarindore—I am sick to name him—
Received at his last visit, will deter him
From coming again.
Beau. No; he's resolved to venture;
And has bribed me, with hazard of your anger,
To get him access, but in another shape:
The time prefix'd draws near too.
Bell. 'Tis the better. [*Knocking within*
One knocks.
Beau. I am sure 'tis he.
Bell. Convey him in;
But do it with a face of fear: [*Exit* BEAUPRE.
I cannot
Resolve yet with what looks to entertain him.
You Powers that favour innocence, and revenge
Wrongs done by such as scornfully deride
Your awful names, inspire me! [*Walks aside.*

Re-enter BEAUPRE, *with* CLARINDORE *disguised.*

Beau. Sir, I hazard
My service in this action.
Clarin. Thou shalt live
To be the mistress of thyself and others,
If that my projects hit: all's at the stake now;
And as the die falls, I am made most happy,
Or past expression wretched.
Bell. Ha! who's that?
What bold intruder usher you? This rudeness!—
From whence? what would he?
Beau He brings letters, madam,
As he says, from lord Chamont.
Clarin. How her frowns fright me!
Bell. From lord Chamont? Are they of such import,
That you, before my pleasure be enquired,
Dare bring the bearer to my private chamber?
No more of this: your packet, sir?
Clarin. The letters
Deliver'd to my trust and faith are writ
In such mysterious and dark characters,
As will require the judgment of your soul,
More than your eye, to read and understand them.
Bell. What riddle's this? [*Discovering* CLARIN.]
—Ha! am I then contemn'd?
Dare you do this, presuming on my soft
And gentle nature?—Fear not, I must shew
A seeming anger. [*Aside to* BEAUPRE.]—What new boist'rous courtship,
After your late loose language, and forced kiss,
Come you to practise? I know none beyond it.
If you imagine that you may commit
A rape in mine own house, and that my servants
Will stand tame lookers on——
Clarin. If I bring with me
One thought, but of submission and sorrow,
Or nourish any hope, but that your goodness
May please to sign my pardon, may I perish
In your displeasure! which, to me, is more
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confess,
The violence I offered to your sweetness,
In my presumption, with lips impure,
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime
Than if I should have mix'd lascivious flames
With those chaste fires that burn at Dian's altar.
That 'twas a plot of treason to your virtues,
To think you could be tempted, or believe
You were not fashion'd in a better mould,
And made of purer clay, than other women.
Since you are, then, the phœnix of your time,
And e'en now, while you bless the earth, partake
Of their angelical essence, imitate
Heaven's aptness to forgive, when mercy's sued for,
And once more take me to your grace and favour.
Bell. What charms are these! What an enchanting tongue!
What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should, in his actions, be so ill!
Beau. Take heed,
Lose not yourself.
Bell. So well, sir, you have pleaded,
And like an advocate, in your own cause,
That, though your guilt were greater, I acquit you,
The fault no more remember'd; and for proof,
My heart partakes in my tongue, thus seal your pardon; [*Kisses him.*
And with this willing favour (which forced from me,
Call'd on my anger) make atonement with you.
Clarin. If I dream now, O, may I never wake,
But slumber thus ten ages!
Bell. Till this minute,
You ne'er to me look'd lovely.
Clarin. How!
Bell. Nor have I
E'er seen a man, in my opinion, worthy
The bounty I vouchsafe you: therefore fix here,
And make me understand that you can bear
Your fortune modestly.
Clarin. I find her coming:
This kiss was but the prologue to the play,
And not to seek the rest, were cowardice.
Help me, dissimulation! [*Aside.*]—Pardon, madam,
Though now, when I should put on cheerful looks,
In being blest with what I durst not hope for,
I change the comic scene, and do present you
With a most tragic spectacle.
Bell. Heaven avert
This prodigy! What mean you?
Clarin. To confirm,
In death, how truly I have loved. I grant
Your favours done me, yield this benefit,
As to make way for me to pass in peace
To my long rest; what I have tasted from you,
Informs me only of the much I want:
For in your pardon, and the kiss vouchsafed me,

You did but point me out a fore-right way
To lead to certain happiness, and then will'd me
To move no further. Pray you, excuse me, therefore,
Though I desire to end a lingering torment.
And, if you please, with your fair hand, to make me
A sacrifice to your chastity, I will meet
The instrument you make choice of, with more fervour
Than ever Cæsar did, to hug the mistress,
He doted on, plumed Victory: but if that
You do abhor the office, as too full
Of cruelty, and horror, yet give leave,
That, in your presence, I myself may be
Both priest and offering. [*Draws his sword.*

Bell. Hold, hold, frantic man!
The shrine of love shall not be bathed in blood.
Women, though fair, were made to bring forth men,
And not destroy them; therefore, hold, I say!
I had a mother, and she look'd upon me
As on a true epitome of her youth:
Nor can I think I am forbid the comfort
To bring forth little models of myself,
If heaven be pleased (my nuptial joys perform'd)
To make me fruitful.

Clarin. Such celestial music
Ne'er blest these ears. O! you have argued better
For me, than I could for myself.

Bell. For you!
What, did I give you hope to be my husband?

Clarin. Fallen off again! [*Aside.*

Bell. Yet since you have given sure proof
Of love and constancy, I'll unmask those thoughts,
That long have been conceal'd; I am yours, but how?
In an honourable way.

Clarin. I were more than base,
Should I desire you otherwise.

Bell. True affection
Needs not a contract: and it were to doubt me,
To engage me further; yet, my vow expired,
Which is, to live a virgin for a year,
Challenge my promise.

Clarin. For a year! O, madam!
Play not the tyranness; do not give me hopes,
And in a moment change them to despair.
A year! alas, this body, that's all fire,
If you refuse to quench it with your favour,
Will in three days be cinders; and your mercy
Will come too late then. Dearest lady, marriage
Is but a ceremony; and a hurtful vow
Is in the breach of it better commended,
Than in the keeping. O! I burn, I burn;
And if you take not pity, I must fly
To my last refuge. [*Offers to stab himself.*

Bell. Hold! Say I could yield
This night, to satisfy you to the full,
And you should swear, until the wedding-day,
To keep the favours I now grant conceal'd;
You would be talking.

Clarin. May my tongue rot out, then!

Bell. Or boast to your companions of your conquest,
And of my easiness.

Clarin. I'll endure the rack first.

Bell. And, having what you long for, cast me off,
As you did madam Beaupré.

Clarin. May the earth
First gape, and swallow me!

Bell. I'll press you no further.
Go in, your chamber's ready; if you have
A bedfellow, so: but silence I enjoin you,
And liberty to leave you when I please:
I blush, if you reply.

Clarin. Till now ne'er happy! [*Exit.*

Beau. What means your ladyship?

Bell. Do not ask, but do
As I direct you: though as yet we tread
A rough and thorny way, faint not; the ends
I hope to reach shall make a large amends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DINANT'S *House.*

Enter NOVALL *and* DINANT.

Din. You are welcome first, sir; and that spoke,
A faithful promise, all that art, or long
Experience, hath taught me, shall enlarge
Themselves for your recovery. [receive

Nov. Sir, I thank you,
As far as a weak, sick, and unable man
Has power to express; but what wants in my tongue,
My hand (for yet my fingers feel no gout)
Shall speak in this dumb language. [*Gives him his purse.*

Din. You are too magnificent.

Nov. Fie! no, sir; health is, sure, a precious jewel,
We cannot buy it too dear.

Din. Take comfort, sir;
I find not, by your urine, nor your pulse,
Or any outward symptom, that you are
In any certain danger.

Nov. Oh! the more my fear:
Infirmities that are known are - - - cured,
But when the causes of them are conceal'd,
As these of mine are, doctor, they prove mortal:
Howe'er, I'll not forget you while I live,
Do but your parts.

Din. Sir, they are at your service.
I'll give you some preparatives, to instruct me
Of your inward temper; then, as I find cause,
Some gentle purge.

Nov. Yes, I must purge; I die else:
But where, dear doctor, you shall not find out.
This is a happy entrance, may it end well!
I'll mount your nightcap, Doddipol. [*Aside.*

Din. In what part,
(We are sworn to secrecy, and you must be free,)
Do you find your greatest agony?

Nov. Oh! I have
Strange motions on the sudden; villainous tumours,
That rise, then fall, then rise again; oh, doctor!
Not to be shewn or named.

Din. Then, in my judgment,
You had best leave Paris: choose some fresher air;
That does help much in physic.

Nov. By no means.
Here, in your house, or no where, you must cure me:

The eye of the master fats the horse; and when
His doctor's by, the patient may drink wine
In a fit of a burning fever: for your presence
Works more than what you minister. Take physic,
Attended on by ignorant grooms, mere strangers
To your directions, I must hazard life,
And you your reputation! whereas, sir,
I hold your house a college of your art,
And every boy you keep, by you instructed,
A pretty piece of a Galenist: then the females,
From your most fair wife to your kitchen drudge,
Are so familiar with your learned courses,
That, to an herb, they know to make thin broth:
Or, when occasion serves, to cheer the heart,
And such ingredient I shall have most need of,
How many cocks o' the game make a strong cullis,
Or pheasant's eggs a caudle.

Din. I am glad
To hear you argue with such strength.

Enter CLARINDA *and whispers* DINANT.

Nov. A flash, sir:
But now I feel my fit again.—She is
Made up of all perfection; any danger
That leads to the enjoying so much sweetness
Is pleasure at the height: I am ravish'd with
The mere imagination. Oh happiness!— [*Aside.*

Din. How's this! One from the Duke Nemours?

Cla. Yes, sir.

Din. 'Tis rank:
The sight of my wife hath forced him to forget
To counterfeit: [*Aside.*]—I now guess at your sickness,
And if I fit you not——

Cla. The gentleman stays you.

Din. I come to him presently; in the mean time, wife,
Be careful of this monsieur: nay, no coyness,
You may salute him boldly; his pale lips
Enchant not in the touch.

Nov. Her's do, I'm sure.

Din. Kiss him again.

Cla. Sir, this is more than modest.

Din. Modest! why, fool, desire is dead in him:
Call it a charitable, pious work,
If it refresh his spirits.

Nov. Yes, indeed, sir.
I find great ease in it.

Din. Mark that! and would you
Deny a sick man comfort? meat's against
- - - - - physic, must be granted too,
- - - - wife - - - - you shall,
In person, wait on him; nay, hang not off,
I say you shall: this night, with your own hands,
I'll have you air his bed, and when he eats
Of what you have prepared, you shall sit by him,
And, with some merry chat, help to repair
Decayed appetite; watch by him when he slumbers;
Nay, play his page's part: more, I durst trust you,
Were this our wedding-day, you yet a virgin,
To be his bedfellow; for well I know
Old Priam's impotence, or Nestor's hernia is
Herculean activeness, if but compared
To his debility: put him to his oath,
He'll swear he can do nothing.

Nov. Do! O no, sir;
I am past the thought of it.

Din. But how do you like
The method I prescribe?

Nov. Beyond expression:
Upon the mere report I do conceive
Hope of recovery.

Cla. Are you mad?

Din. Peace, fool.
This night you shall take a cordial to strengthen
Your feeble limbs:—'twill cost ten crowns a draught.

Nov. No matter, sir.

Din. To-morrow you shall walk
To see my garden; then my wife shall shew you
The choice rooms of my house; when you are weary,
Cast yourself on her couch.

Nov. Oh, divine doctor!
What man in health would not be sick, on purpose
To be your patient?

Din. Come, sir, to your chamber;
And now I understand where your disease lies,
(Nay, lead him by the hand,) doubt not I'll cure you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An open part of the Country near Paris.*

Enter CLEREMOND *and* MONTROSE.

Cler. This is the place.

Mont. An even piece of ground,
Without advantage; but be jocund, friend:
The honour to have entered first the field,
However we come off, is ours.

Cler. I need not,
So well I am acquainted with your valour,
To dare, in a good cause, as much as man,
Lend you encouragement; and should I add,
Your power to do, which Fortune, howe'er blind,
Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt
But victory still sits upon your sword,
And must not now forsake you.

Mont. You shall see me
Come boldly up; nor will I shame your cause,
By parting with an inch of ground not bought
With blood on my part.

Cler. 'Tis not to be question'd:
That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it,)
Is, that you would forget your usual softness,
Your foe being at your mercy; it hath been
A custom in you, which I dare not praise,
Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword,
To tempt your fate, by yielding it again;
Then run a second hazard.

Mont. When we encounter
A noble foe, we cannot be too noble.

Cler. That I confess; but he that's now to oppose you,
I know for an arch villain; one that hath lost
All feeling of humanity, one that hates
Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself;
A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too gentle,
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example,
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong
Which only death can satisfy.

Mont. You describe
A monster to me.

Cler. True, Montrose, he is so.
Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies,
Never produced his equal! be wise, therefore,
And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him:
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,

And let the worm escape, than you vouchsafe him
A minute to repent: for 'tis a slave
So sold to hell and mischief; that a traitor
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,
A parricide, who, when his garners are
Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,
Being old, and weak, to starve for want of bread;
Compared to him, are innocent.
Mont. I ne'er heard
Of such a cursed nature; if long-lived,
He would infect mankind: rest you assured,
He finds from me small courtesy.
Cler. And expect
As little from him: blood is that he thirsts for,
Not honourable wounds.
Mont. I would I had him
Within my sword's length!
Cler. Have thy wish: Thou hast!
[CLEREMOND *draws his Sword.*
Nay, draw thy sword, and suddenly; I am
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,
Ingrateful wretch, friend-hater, or what else
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement,
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee,
From him that's turn'd a Fury. I am made
Her minister, whose cruelty but named,
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd stars,
Than all those dreadful words which conjurers use,
To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me
As I am, Cleremond; I have parted with
The essence that was his, and entertain'd
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit;
I could not else be an apt instrument
To bloody Leonora.
Mont. To my knowledge
I never wrong'd her.
Cler. Yes, in being a friend
To me she hated, my best friend; her malice
Would look no lower:—and for being such,
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,
And no performance! or that thou hadst made
Some little stop in thy career of kindness!
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,
Despise the favours of fair Bellisant,
And all those certain joys that waited for thee?
Snatch at this fatal offer of a second,
Which others fled from?—'Tis in vain to mourn now,
When there's no help; and therefore, good Montrose,
Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou stand'st now
A champion for more than king or country;
Since, in thy fall. goodness itself must suffer.
Remember too, the baseness of the wrong
- - - friendship; let it edge thy sword,
And kill compassion in thee; and forget not
I will take all advantages: and so,
Without reply, have at thee!
[*They fight.* CLEREMOND *falls.*
Mont. See, how weak
An ill cause is! you are already fallen:
What can you look for now?
Cler. Fool, use thy fortune:
And so he counsels thee, that, if we had
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,
Or digg'd thy heart out.
Mont. In requital of
That savage purpose, I must pity you;
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest,
But of true sorrow for your misery.
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,
Make use of reason, as an exorcist
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you;
This fiend of false affection.
Cler. Will you not kill me?
You are then more tyrannous than Leonora.
An easy thrust will do it: you had ever
A charitable hand; do not deny me,
For our old friendship's sake: no! will't not be?
There are a thousand doors to let out life;
You keep not guard of all: and I shall find,
By falling headlong from some rocky cliff,
Poison, or fire, that long rest which your sword
Discourteously denies me. [*Exit.*
Mont. I will follow;
And something I must fancy, to dissuade him
From doing sudden violence on himself:
That's now my only aim; and that to me,
Succeeding well, is a true victory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—PARIS.—*An outer Room in* CHAMONT'S *House.*

Enter CHAMONT *disguised, and* DINANT.

Din. Your lady tempted too!
Cham. And tempted home;
Summon'd to parley, the fort almost yielded,
Had not I stepp'd in to remove the siege:
But I have countermined his works, and if
You second me, will blow the letcher up,
And laugh to see him caper.
Din. Any thing:
Command me as your servant, to join with you:
All ways are honest we take, to revenge us
On these lascivious monkies of the court,
That make it their profession to dishonour
Grave citizens' wives; nay, those of higher rank,
As 'tis, in your's, apparent. My young rambler,
That thought to cheat me with a feign'd disease,
I have in the toil already; I have given him,
Under pretence to make him high and active,
A cooler:—I dare warrant it will yield
Rare sport to see it work; I would your lordship
Could be a spectator.
Cham. It is that I aim at:
And might I but persuade you to dispense
A little with your candour, and consent
To make your house the stage, on which we'll act
A comic scene; in the pride of all their hopes,
We'll shew these shallow fools sunk-eyed despair,
And triumph in their punishment.
Din. My house,
Or whatsoever else is mine, shall serve
As properties to grace it.
Cham. In this shape, then,
Leave me to work the rest.
Din. Doubt not, my lord,
You shall find all things ready. [*Exit*

Enter PERIGOT.

Cham. This sorts well
With my other purposes. Perigot! to my wish.
Aid me, invention!

Peri. Is the quean fallen off?
I hear not from her?—'tis the hour and place
That she appointed.
What have we here? This fellow has a pimp's face,
And looks as if he were her call, her fetch——
With me?
Cham. Sir, from the party,
The lady you should truck with, the lord's wife
Your worship is to dub, or to make free
Of the company of the horners.
Peri. Fair Lamira?
Cham. The same, sir.
Peri. And how, my honest squire o'dames? I see
Thou art of her privy council.
Cham. Her grant holds, sir.
Peri. O rare! But when?
Cham. Marry, instantly.
Peri. But where?
Cham. She hath outgone the cunning of a woman,
In ordering it both privately and securely:
You know Dinant, the doctor?
Peri. Good.
Cham. His house
And him she has made at her devotion, sir.
Nay, wonder not; most of these empirics
Thrive better by connivance in such cases,
Than their lame practice: framing some distemper,
The fool, her lord——
Peri. Lords may be what they please;
I question not their patent.
Cham. Hath consented
That this night, privately, she shall take a clyster;
Which he believes the doctor ministers,
And never thinks of you.
Peri. A good wench still.
Cham. And there, without suspicion——
Peri. Excellent!
I make this lord my cuckold?
Cham. True; and write
The reverend drudging doctor, my copartner,
And fellow bawd: next year we will have him warden
Of our society.
Peri. There! there! I shall burst,
I am so swollen with pleasure; no more talking,
Dear keeper of the vaulting door; lead on.
Cham. Charge you as boldly.
Peri. Do not fear; I have
A staff to taint, and bravely.
Cham. Save the splinters,
If it break in the encounter.
Peri. Witty rascal! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* BELLISANT'S *House.*

Enter CLARINDORE, BELLISANT, *and* BEAUPRE.

Clarin. Boast of your favours, madam!
Bell. Pardon, sir,
My fears, since it is grown a general custom,
In our hot youth, to keep a catalogue
Of conquests this way got; nor do they think
Their victory complete, unless they publish,
To their disgrace, that are made captives to them,
How far they have prevail'd.
Clarin. I would have such rascals
First gelded, and then hang'd.
Bell. Remember too, sir,
To what extremities your love had brought you;
And, since I saved your life, I may, with justice,
By silence charge you to preserve mine honour;
Which, howsoever to my conscious self
I am tainted, foully tainted, to the world
I am free from all suspicion.
Clarin. Can you think
I'll do myself that wrong? although I had
A lawyer's mercenary tongue, still moving,
- - - -le this precious carcanet, these jewels,
- - of your magnificence, would keep me
A Pythagorean, and ever silent.
No, rest secure, sweet lady; and excuse
My sudden and abrupt departure from you:
And if the fault makes forfeit of your grace,
A quick return shall ransome and redeem it.
Bell. Be mindful of your oaths.
[*Walks aside with* BEAUPRE.
Clarin. I am got off,
And leave the memory of them behind me.
Now, if I can find out my scoffing gulls,
Novall and Perigot, besides my wager,
Which is already sure, I shall return
Their bitter jests, and wound them with my tongue,
Much deeper than my sword. Oh! but the oaths
I have made to the contrary, and her credit,
Of which I should be tender:—tush! both hold
With me an equal value. The wise say,
That the whole fabric of a woman's lighter
Than wind or feathers: what is then her fame?
A kind of nothing;—not to be preserved
With the loss of so much money: 'tis sound doctrine,
And I will follow it. [*Exit.*
Bell. Prithee, be not doubtful;
Let the wild colt run his course.
Beau. I must confess
I cannot sound the depth of what you purpose,
But I much fear——
Bell. That he will blab; I know it,
And that a secret scalds him: that he suffers
Till he hath vented what I seem to wish
He should conceal;—but let him, I am arm'd for't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* DINANT'S *House.*

Enter CHAMONT, DINANT, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

Cham. For Perigot, he's in the toil ne'er doubt it.
O, had you seen how his veins swell'd with lust,
When I brought him to the chamber! how he gloried,
And stretch'd his limbs, preparing them for action;
And, taking me to be a pander, told me
'Twas more delight to have a lord his cuckold,
Than to enjoy my lady!—there I left him
In contemplation, greedily expecting
Lamira's presence; but, instead of her,
I have prepared him other visitants.——
You know what you have to do?
1 *Serv.* Fear not, my lord,
He shall curvet, I warrant him, in a blanket.
2 *Serv.* We'll discipline him with dog-whips and take off
His rampant edge.
Cham. His life; save that—remember,
You cannot be too cruel.
Din. For his pupil,
My wife's Inamorato, if cold weeds,
Removed but one degree from deadly poison,
Have not forgot their certain operation,
You shall see his courage cool'd; and in that

Till he have howl'd himself into my pardon,
I vow to keep him.

Nov. [*within.*] Ho, doctor! master doctor!

Din. The game's afoot; we will let slip: conceal
Yourselves a little. [*Exeunt all but* DINANT.

Enter NOVALL.

Nov. Oh! a thousand agues
Play at barley-break in my bones; my blood's a pool
On the sudden frozen, and the isicles
Cut every vein: 'tis here, there, every where;
Oh dear, dear, master doctor!

Din. I must seem
Not to understand him; 'twill increase his torture.— [*Aside.*
How do you, sir? has the potion wrought? do you feel
An alteration? have your swellings left you?
Is your blood still rebellious?

Nov. Oh, good doctor,
I am a ghost! I have nor flesh, nor blood,
Nor heat, nor warmth, about me.

Din. Do not dissemble;
I know you are high and jovial.

Nov. Jovial! doctor;
No, I am all amort, as if I had lain
Three days in my grave already.

Din. I will raise you:
For, look you, sir, you are a liberal patient,
Nor must I, while you can be such, part with you;
'Tis against the laws of our college. Pray you, mark me;
I have with curiosity consider'd
Your constitution to be hot and moist,
And that at your nativity Jupiter
And Venus were in conjunction, whence it follows,
By necessary consequence, you must be
A most insatiate letcher.

Nov. Oh! I have been,
I have been, I confess: but now I cannot
Think of a woman.

Din. For your health you must, sir,
Both think, and see, and touch; you're but a dead man else.

Nov. That way, I am already.

Din. You must take,
And suddenly, ('tis a conceal'd receipt,)
A buxom, juicy wench.

Nov. Oh! 'twill not down, sir
I have no swallow for't.

Din. Now, since I would
Have the disease as private as the cure,
(For tis a secret,) I have wrought my wife
To be both physic and physician,
To give you ease:—will you walk to her?

Nov. Oh! doctor,
I cannot stand; in every sense about me
I have the palsy, but my tongue.

Din. Nay then,
You are obstinate, and refuse my gentle offer
Or else 'tis foolish modesty:—Come hither,
Come, my Clarinda,

Re-enter CLARINDA.

'tis not common courtesy;
Comfort the gentleman.

Nov. This is ten times worse.

Cham. [*within.*] He does torment him rarely.

Din. She is not coy, sir.
What think you, is not this a pretty foot,
And a clean instep? I will leave the calf
For you to find and judge of: here's a hand too;
Try it. the palm is moist; the youthful blood
Runs strong in every azure vein: the face too
Ne'er knew the help of art; and, all together,
May serve the turn, after a long sea voyage,
For the captain's self.

Nov. I am a swabber, doctor,
A bloodless swabber; have not strength enough
To cleanse her poop.

Din. Fie! you shame yourself,
And the profession of your rutting gallants,
That hold their doctors' wives as free for them,
As some of us do our apothecaries'!

Nov. Good sir, no more.

Din Take her aside; cornute me;
I give you leave: what should a quacksalve,
A fellow that does deal with drugs, as I do,
That has not means to give her choice of gowns,
Jewels, and rich embroidered petticoats,
Do with so fair a bedfellow? she being fashion'd
To purge a rich heir's reins, to be the mistress
Of a court gallant! Did you not tell her so?

Nov. I have betray'd myself! I did, I did.

Din. And that rich merchants, advocates, and doctors,
Howe'er deserving from the commonwealth,
On forfeit of the city's charter, were
Predestined cuckolds?

Nov. Oh, some pity, doctor!
I was an heretic, but now converted.
Some little, little respite!

Din. No, you town-bull;
- - - -venge all good men's wrongs,
And now will play the tyrant. To dissect thee,
Eat thy flesh off with burning corrosives,
Or write with aquafortis in thy forehead,
Thy last intent to wrong my bed, were justice;
And to do less were foolish pity in me:
I speak it, ribald!

Nov. Perigot! Perigot!
Woe to thy cursed counsel.

Re-enter CHAMONT *and* LAMIRA.

Cham. Perigot!
Did he advise you to this course?

Nov. He did.

Cham. And he has his reward for't.

Peri. [*within.*] Will you murder me!

Serv. [*within.*] Once more, aloft with him.

Peri. [*within.*] Murder! murder! murder!

Re-enter Servants, *with* PERIGOT *in a blanket.*

Cham. What conceal'd bake-meats have you there? a present?
Is it goat's flesh? It smells rank.

1 *Serv.* We have had
Sweet work of it, my lord.

2 *Serv.* I warrant you tis tender,
It wants no cooking; yet, if you think fit,
We'll bruise it again.

Peri. As you are Christians, spare me!
I am jelly within already, and without
Embroidered all o'er with statute lace.
What would you more?

Nov. My tutor in the gin, too!
This is some comfort: he is as good as drench'd:
And now we'll both be chaste.

Cham. What, is't a cat
You have encounter'd, monsieur, you are scratch'd so?
My lady, sure, forgot to pare her nails,
Before your soft embraces.

Din. He has ta'en great pains:
What a sweat he's in!
Cham. O! he's a master-dancer,
Knows how to caper into a lady's favour:
One lofty trick more, dear monsieur.
Nov. That I had
But strength enough to laugh at him! blanketted like a dog,
And like a cut-purse whipt! I am sure that now,
He cannot jeer me.
Peri. May not a man have leave
To hang himself?
Cham. No; that were too much mercy.
Live to be wretched; live to be the talk
Of the conduit and the bakehouse. I will have thee
Pictured as thou art now, and thy whole story
Sung to some villainous tune in a lewd ballad;
And make thee so notorious to the world,
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee: come, Lamira,
And triumph o'er him.—Dost thou see this lady,
My wife, whose honour foolishly thou thought'st
To undermine, and make a servant to
Thy brutish lusts, laughing at thy affliction?
And, as a sign she scorns thee, set her foot
Upon thy head? Do so:—'Sdeath! but resist,
Once more you caper.
Peri. I am at the stake,
And must endure it.
Cham. Spurn him, too.
Lam. Troth, sir,
I do him too much grace.
Cham. Now, as a schoolboy
Does kiss the rod that gave him chastisement,
To prove thou art a slave, meet, with thy lips,
This instrument that corrects thee.
Peri. Have you done yet?
Din. How like a pair of crest-fall'n jades they look now!
Cla. They are not worth our scorn.
Peri. O pupil, pupil!
Nov. Tutor, I am drench'd: let us condole together.
Cham. And where's the tickling itch now, my dear monsieur,
To say, *This lord's my cuckold!*—I am tired:
That we had fresh dogs to hunt them!

Enter CLARINDORE.

Clarin. - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - I am acquainted with the story;
The doctor's man has told me all.
Din. Upon them.
Peri. Clarindore! worst of all:—for him to know this,
Is a second blanketting to me.
Nov. I again
Am drench'd to look on him.
Clarin. How is't? nay, bear up;
You that commend adultery, I am glad
To see it thrive so well. Fie, Perigot!
Dejected? Haply thou wouldst have us think,
This is the first time that thou didst curvet,
And come aloft in a blanket. By St. Dennis!
Here are shrewd scratches too; but nothing to
A man of resolution, whose shoulders
Are of themselves armour of proof against
A bastinado, and will tire ten beadles.
Peri. Mock on; know no mercy.
Clarin. Thrifty young men!
What a charge is saved in wenching! and 'tis timely——
A certain wager of three thousand crowns
Is lost, and must be paid, my pair of puppies:
The coy dame, Bellisant, hath stoop'd! bear witness
This chain and jewels you have seen her wear.
The fellow, that her grooms kick'd down the stairs,
Hath crept into her bed; and to assure you
There's no deceit, she shall confess so much,
I have enjoy'd her.
Cham. Are you serious?
Clarin. Yes, and glory in it.
Cham. Nay then, give over fooling.——
Thou liest, and art a villain, a base villain,
To slander her.
Clarin. You are a lord, and that
Bids me forbear you; but I will make good
Whatever I have said.
Cham. I'll not lose time
To change words with thee. The king hath ordain'd
A Parliament of Love to right her wrongs,
To which I summon thee. [*Exit.*
Clarin. Your worst: I care not.—Farewell, babions! [*Exit.*
Din. Here was a sudden change!
Nay, you must quit my house: shog on, kind patient,
And, as you like my physic, when you are
Rampant again, you know I have that can cool you.
Nay, monsieur Perigot, help your pupil off too,
Your counsel brought him on. Ha! no reply?
Are you struck dumb? If you are wrong'd, complain.
Peri. We shall find friends to right us.
Din. And I justice,
The cause being heard; I ask no more. Hence! vanish! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter CHAMONT, PHILAMOUR, *and* LAFORT.

Phil. Montrose slain! and by Cleremond!
Cham. 'Tis too true.
Laf. But wondrous strange, that any difference,
Especially of such a deadly nature,
Should e'er divide so eminent a friendship.
Phil. The miracle is greater, that a lady,
His most devoted mistress, Leonora,
Against the usual softness of her sex,
Should with such violence and heat pursue
Her amorous servant; since I am inform'd
That he was apprehended by her practice,
And, when he comes to trial for his life,
She'll rise up his accuser.
Cham. So 'tis rumour'd:
And that's the motive that young Cleremond
Makes it his humble suit, to have his cause
Decided in the Parliament of Love;
For he pretends the bloody quarrel grew
From grounds that claim a reference to that place:

Nor fears he, if you grant him equal hearing,
But, with unanswerable proof, to render
The cruel Leonora tainted with
A guilt beyond his.
Laf. The king is acquainted
Already with the accident; besides,
He hath vouchsafed to read divers petitions
Preferr'd on several causes; one against
Monsieur Dinant, his doctor, by Novall;
A second, in which madam Bellisant
Complains 'gainst Clarindore; there is a bill too,
Brought in by Perigot, against your lordship;
All which, in person, he resolves to hear,
Then, as a judge, to censure. [*A flourish within.*
Phil. See the form!
Choice musick ushers him.
Cham. Let us meet the troop,
And mix with them.
Phil. 'Twill poize your expectation. [*Exeunt.*

Loud Music. Enter CHARLES *followed by* ORLEANS, NEMOURS, CHAMONT, LAFORT, *and* PHILAMOUR. *A Priest with the image of Cupid; then enter* CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, BELLISANT, LEONORA, BEAUPRE', LAMIRA, CLARINDA, *and* Officers. MONTROSE *is brought forward on a bier, and placed before the Bar.*

Char. Let it not seem a wonder, nor beget
An ill opinion in this fair assembly,
That here I place this statue; 'tis not done,
Upon the forfeit of our grace, that you
Should, with a superstitious reverence,
Fall down and worship it: nor can it be
Presumed, we hope, young Charles, that justly holds
The honour'd title of *most Christian King*,
Would ever nourish such idolatrous thoughts.
'Tis rather to instruct deceived mankind,
How much pure Love, that has his birth in heaven,
And scorns to be received a guest, but in
A noble heart prepared to entertain him,
Is, by the gross misprision of weak men,
Abused and injured. That celestial fire,
Which hieroglyphically is described
In this his bow, his quiver, and his torch,
First warm'd their bloods, and after gave a name
To the old heroic spirits: such as Orpheus,
That drew men, differing little then from beasts,
To civil government; or famed Alcides,
The tyrant-queller, that refused the plain
And easy path leading to vicious pleasures,
And ending in a precipice deep as hell,
To scale the ragged cliff, on whose firm top
Virtue and Honour, crown'd with wreaths of stars,
Did sit triumphant. But it will be answer'd,
(The world decaying in her strength,) that now
We are not equal to those ancient times,
And therefore 'twere impertinent and tedious
To cite more precedents of that reverend age,
But rather to endeavour, as we purpose,
To give encouragement, by reward, to such
As with their best nerves imitate that old goodness;
And, with severe correction, to reform
The modern vices.—Begin: read the bills.
Peri. Let mine be first, my lord; 'twas first preferr'd.
Bell. But till my cause be heard, our whole sex
Off. Back! keep back, there! [suffers—
Nov. Prithee, gentle officer,
Handle me gingerly, or I fall to pieces,
Before I can plead mine.
Peri. I am bruised - - -
Omnes. Justice! Justice!
Char. Forbear these clamours, you shall all be
And, to confirm I am no partial judge, [heard:
By lottery decide it; here's no favour.——
Whose bill is first, Lafort? [*The names are drawn.*
Laf. 'Tis Cleremond's.
Char. The second?
Laf. Perigot's; the third Novall's.
Nov. Our cases are both lamentable, tutor.
Peri. And I am glad they shall be heard together;
We cannot stand asunder.
Char. What's the last?
Laf. The injured lady Bellisant's.
Char. To the first, then;
And so proceed in order.
Phil. Stand to the bar. [CLER. *comes forward.*
Leon. Speak, Cleremond, thy grief, as I will mine.
Peri. A confident little pleader! were I in case,
I would give her a double fee.
Nov. So would I, tutor.
Off. Silence! silence!
Cler. Should I rise up to plead my innocence,
Though, with the favour of the court, I stood
Acquitted to the world, yea, though the wounds
Of my dead friend, (which, like so many mouths
With bloody tongues, cry out aloud against me,)
By your authority, were closed; yet here,
A not to be corrupted judge, my conscience,
Would not alone condemn me, but inflict
Such lingering tortures on me, as the hangman,
Though witty in his malice, could not equal.
I therefore do confess a guilty cause,
Touching the fact, and, uncompell'd, acknowledge
Myself the instrument of a crime the sun,
Hiding his face in a thick mask of clouds,
As frighted with the horror, durst not look on.
But if your laws with greater rigour punish
Such as invent a mischief, than the organs
By whom 'tis put in act, (they truly being
The first great wheels by which the lesser move,)
Then stand forth, Leonora; and I'll prove
The white robe of my innocence tainted with
But one black spot of guilt, and even that one
By thy hand cast on me; but thine, died o'er,
Ten times in grain, in hell's most ugly colours.
Leon. The fellow is distracted: see how he
Now as I live, if detestation of [raves!
His baseness would but give me leave, I should
Begin to pity him.
Cler. Frontless impudence,
And not to be replied to! Sir, to you,
And these subordinate ministers of yourself,
I turn my speech: to her I do repent
I e'er vouchsafed a syllable. My birth
Was noble as 'tis ancient, nor let it relish
Of arrogance, to say my father's care,
With curiousness and cost, did train me up
In all those liberal qualities that commend
A gentleman: and when the tender down
Upon my chin told me I was a man,
I came to court; there youth, ease, and example,
First made me feel the pleasing pains of love:
And there I saw this woman; saw, and loved her
With more than common ardour: for that deity,
(Such our affection makes him,) whose dread power
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - the choicest arrow, headed with
Not loose but loyal flames, which aim'd at me,
Who came with greedy haste to meet the shaft,

- - - -ing, that my captive heart was made
- - - - - - - - - Love's divine artillery,
- - - - preserved - - - no relation.
But the shot made at her was not, like mine,
Of gold, nor of pale lead that breeds disdain;
Cupid himself disclaims it: I think rather,
As by the sequel 'twill appear, some Fury
From burning Acheron snatch'd a sulphur brand,
That smoak'd with hate, the parent of red murder,
And threw it in her bosom. Pardon me,
Though I dwell long upon the cause that did
Produce such dire effects; and, to omit,
For your much patience' sake, the cunning trap
In which she caught me, and, with horrid oaths,
Embark'd me in a sea of human blood,
I come to the last scene——

Leon. 'Tis time; for this
Grows stale and tedious.

Cler. When, I say, she had,
To satisfy her fell rage, as a penance,
Forced me to this black deed, her vow, too, given,
That I should marry her, and she conceal me;
When to her view I brought the slaughter'd body
Of my dear friend, and labour'd with my tears
To stir compunction in her, aided too
By the sad object, which might witness for me,
At what an over-rate I had made purchase
Of her long-wish'd embraces; then, great sir,—
But that I had a mother, and there may be
Some two or three of her - - - sex less faulty,
I should affirm she was the perfect image
Of the devil, her tutor, that had left hell empty,
To dwell in wicked woman.

Leon. Do; rail on.

Cler. For not alone she gloried in my sufferings,
Forswore what she had vow'd, refused to touch me,
Much less to comfort me, or give me harbour;
But, instantly, ere I could re-collect
My scatter'd sense, betray'd me to your justice,
Which I submit to; hoping, in your wisdom,
That as, in me, you lop a limb of murder,
You will, in her, grub up the root. I have said, sir.

Leon. Much, I confess, but much to little purpose.
And though, with your rhetorical flourishes,
You strive to gild a rotten cause, the touch
Of reason, fortified by truth, deliver'd
From my unletter'd tongue, shall shew it dust;
And so to be contemn'd: You have trimm'd up
All your deservings, should I grant them such,
With more care than a maiden of threescore
Does hide her wrinkles, which, if she encounter
The rain, the wind, or sun, the paint wash'd off,
Are to dim eyes discover'd. I forbear
The application, and in a plain style
Come roundly to the matter. 'Tis confess'd,
This pretty, handsome gentleman, (for thieves
Led to the gallows are held proper men,
And so I now will call him,) would needs make me
The mistress of his thoughts; nor did I scorn,
For truth is truth, to grace him as a servant.
Nay, he took pretty ways to win me too,
For a court novice; every year I was
His Valentine, and, in an anagram,
My name worn in his hat; he made me banquets,
As if he thought that ladies, like to flies,
Were to be caught with sweetmeats; quarrell'd with
My tailor, if my gown were not the first
Of that edition; beat my shoemaker,
If the least wrinkle on my foot appear'd,
As wronging the proportion; and, in time,
Grew bolder, usher'd me to masques, and - - -
Or else paid him that wrote them; - - -
With such a deal of p- - - - - - -
And of good rank, are taken with such gambols:
In a word, I was so; and a solemn contract
Did pass betwixt us; and the day appointed,
That should make our embraces warrantable,
And lawful to the world: all things so carried,
As he meant nought but honourable love.

Char. A pretty method.

Phil. Quaintly, too, deliver'd.

Leon. But, when he thought me sure, he then gave proof
That foul lust lurk'd in the fair shape of love;
For, valuing neither laws divine, nor human,
His credit, nor my fame, with violence born
On black-sail'd wings of loose and base desires,
As if his natural parts had quite forsook him,
And that the pleasures of the marriage bed
Were to be reap'd with no more ceremony
Than brute beasts couple,—I yet blush to speak it,
He tempted me to yield my honour up
To his libidinous twines; and, like an atheist,
Scoff'd at the form and orders of the church;
Nor ended so, but, being by me reproved,
He offer'd violence; but was prevented.

Char. Note, a sudden change.

Laf. 'Twas foul in Cleremond.

Leon. I, burning then with a most virtuous anger,
Razed from my heart the memory of his name,
Reviled, and spit at him; and knew 'twas justice
That I should take those deities he scorn'd,
Hymen and Cupid, into my protection,
And be the instrument of their revenge:
And so I cast him off, scorn'd his submission,
His poor and childish whinings, will'd my servants
To shut my gates against him: but, when neither
Disdain, hate, nor contempt, could free me from
His loathsome importunities, (and fired too,
To wreak mine injured honour,) I took gladly
Advantage of his execrable oaths
To undergo what penance I enjoin'd him;
Then, to the terror of all future ribalds,
That make no difference between love and lust,
Imposed this task upon him. I have said, too:
Now, when you please, a censure.

Char. She has put
The judges to their whisper.

Nov. What do you think of these proceedings, tutor?

Peri. The truth is,
I like not the severity of the court;
Would I were quit, and in an hospital,
I could let fall my suit!

Nov. 'Tis still your counsel.

Char. We are resolved, and with an equal hand
Will hold the scale of justice; pity shall not
Rob us of strength and will to draw her sword,
Nor passion transport us: let a priest
And headsman be in readiness;—do you start,
To hear them named? Some little pause we grant you,
To take examination of yourselves,
What either of you have deserved, and why
These instruments of our power are now thought useful:
You shall hear more, anon.——

Cler. I like not this. [*Aside.*

Leon. A dreadful preparation! I confess
It shakes my confidence. [*Aside.*

Clarin. I presumed this court
Had been in sport erected; but now find,

With sorrow to the strongest hopes I built on,
That 'tis not safe to be the subject of
The - - - - of kings
(*New Speaker.*) To the second cause.
Laf. - - - Perigot's.
Nov. Nay, take me along too;
And, since that our complaints differ not much,
Dispatch us both together. I accuse
This devilish doctor.
Peri. I, this wicked lord.
Nov. 'Tis known I was an able, lusty man,
Fit to get soldiers to serve my king
And country in the wars; and howsoever
'Tis said I am not valiant of myself,
I was a striker, one that could strike home too;
And never did beget a girl, though drunk.
To make this good, I could produce brave boys,
That others father, twigs of mine own grafting,
That loved a drum at four, and ere full ten,
Fought battles for the parish they were born in;
And such by-blows, old stories say, still proved
Fortunate captains: now, whereas, in justice,
I should have had a pension from the state
For my good service, this ingrateful doctor,
Having no child, and never like to have one,
Because, in pity of his barrenness,
I plotted how to help him to an heir,
Has, with a drench, so far disabled me,
That the great Turk may trust me with his virgins,
And never use a surgeon. Now consider,
If this be not hard measure, and a wrong to
Little Dan Cupid, if he be the god
Of coupling, as 'tis said; and will undo,
If you give way to this, all younger brothers
That carry their revenue in their breeches —
Have I not nick'd it, tutor? [*Aside to* PERI.
Peri. To a hair, boy:
Our bills shall pass, ne'er fear it. [*Aside.*]—For [my case,
It is the same, sir; my intent as noble
As was my pupil's.
Cham. Plead it not again, then:
It takes much from the dignity of the court
But to give audience to such things as these,
That do, in their defence, condemn themselves,
And need not an accuser. To be short, sir,
And in a language as far from obsceneness,
As the foul cause will give me leave, be pleased
To know thus much: This hungry pair of flesh-flies,
And most inseparable pair of coxcombs,
Though born of divers mothers, twins in baseness,
Were frequent at my table, had free welcome
And entertainment fit for better men;
In the return of which, this thankful monsieur
Tempted my wife, seduced her, at the least
To him it did appear so; which discover'd,
And with what treacheries he did abuse
My bounties, treading underneath his feet
All due respect of hospitable rights,
Or the honour of my family; though the intent
Deserved a stab, and at the holy altar,
I borrow'd so much of your power to right me,
As to make him caper.
Din. For this gallant, sir,
I do confess I cool'd him, spoil'd his rambling;
Would all such as delight in it, were served so!
And since you are acquainted with the motives
That did induce me to it, I forbear
A needless repetition.
Cham. 'Tis not worth it.
The criminal judge is fitter to take - - -
Of pleas of this base nature. Be - - - -
An injured lady, for whose wrong - - - - -
I see the statue of the god of love
Drop down tears of compassion, his sad mother,
And fair-cheek'd Graces, that attend on her,
Weeping for company, as if that all
The ornaments upon the Paphian shrine
Were, with one gripe, by sacrilegious hands,
Torn from the holy altar: 'tis a cause, sir,
That justly may exact your best attention;
Which if you truly understand and censure,
You not alone shall right the present times,
But bind posterity to be your debtor.
Stand forth, dear madam:—
[BELLISANT *comes forward.*
Look upon this face,
Examine every feature and proportion,
And you with me must grant, this rare piece finish'd,
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.
Yet, to increase your pity, and call on
Your justice with severity, this fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.
Think, then, what punishment he must deserve,
And justly suffer, that could arm his heart
With such impenetrable flinty hardness,
To injure so much sweetness.
Clarin. I must stand
The fury of this tempest, which already
Sings in my ears.
Bell. Great sir, the too much praise
This lord, my guardian once, has shower'd upon me,
Could not but spring up blushes in my cheeks,
If grief had left me blood enough to speak
My humble modesty: and so far I am
From being litigious, that though I were robb'd
Of my whole estate, provided my fair name
Had been unwounded, I had now been silent,
But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd,
Would injure our whole sex, I must lay by
My native bashfulness, and put on boldness,
Fit to encounter with the impudence
Of this bad man, that from his birth hath been
So far from nourishing an honest thought,
That the abuse of virgins was his study,
And daily practice. His forsaking of
His wife, distressed Beaupré; his lewd wager
With these, companions like himself, to abuse me;
His desperate resolution, in my presence,
To be his own assassin; to prevent which,
Foolish compassion forced me to surrender
The life of life, my honour, I pass over:
I'll only touch his foul ingratitude,
To scourge which monster, if your laws provide not
A punishment with rigour, they are useless.
Or if the sword, the gallows, or the wheel,
Be due to such as spoil us of our goods;
Perillus' brazen bull, the English rack,
The German pincers, or the Scotch oil'd-boots,
Though join'd together, yet come short of torture,
To their full merit, those accursed wretches,
That steal our reputations, and good names,
As this base villain has done mine:—Forgive me,
If rage provoke me to uncivil language;
The cause requires it. Was it not enough
That, to preserve thy life, I lost my honour,
- - - - in recompense of such a gift
- - - - - - publish it, to my disgrace?
- - - - - - whose means, unfortunate I,
Whom, but of late, the city, nay, all France,

Durst bring in opposition for chaste life,
With any woman in the Christian world,
Am now become a by-word, and a scorn,
In mine own country.
Char. As I live, she moves me.
Is this true, Clarindore?
Nov. Oh! 'tis very true, sir;
He bragg'd of it to me.
Peri. And me.
Nay, since we must be censured, we'll give evidence;
'Tis comfort to have fellows in affliction:
You shall not 'scape, fine monsieur.
Clarin. Peace, you dog-bolts!—
Sir, I address myself to you, and hope
You have preserved one ear for my defence,
The other freely given to my accuser:
This lady, that complains of injury,
If she have any, was herself the cause
That brought it to her; for being young, and rich,
And fair too, as you see, and from that proud,
She boasted of her strength, as if it were not
In the power of love to undermine the fort
On which her chastity was strongly raised:
I, that was bred a courtier, and served
Almost my whole life under Cupid's ensigns,
Could not, in justice, but interpret this
As an affront to the great god of love,
And all his followers, if she were not brought
To due obedience: these strong reasons, sir,
Made me to undertake her. How I woo'd,
Or what I swore, it skills not; (since 'tis said,
And truly. Jupiter and Venus smile
At lovers' perjuries;) to be brief, she yielded,
And I enjoy'd her: if this be a crime,
And all such as offend this pleasant way
Are to be punish'd, I am sure you would have
Few followers in the court: you are young yourself, sir,
And what would you in such a cause?——
Laf. Forbear.
Phil. You are rude and insolent.
Clarin. Good words, gentle judges.
I have no oil'd tongue; and I hope my bluntness
Will not offend.
Char. But did you boast your conquest
Got on this lady?
Clarin. After victory;
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war too:
And what I did achieve, was full of labour
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs.
I thought it could not but take from my honour,
(Besides the wager of three thousand crowns
Made sure by her confession of my service,)
If it had been conceal'd.
Char. Who would have thought
That such an impudence could e'er have harbour
In the heart of any gentleman? In this,
Thou dost degrade thyself of all the honours
Thy ancestors left thee, and, in thy base nature,
'Tis too apparent that thou art a peasant.
Boast of a lady's favours! this confirms
Thou art the captain of that - - - -
That glory in their sins, and - - - - -
With name of courtship; such as dare bely
Great women's bounties, and repuls'd and scorn'd,
Commit adultery with their good names,
And never touch their persons. I am sorry,
For your sake, madam, that I cannot make
Such reparation for you in your honour
As I desire; for, if I should compel him
To marry you, it were to him a blessing,
To you a punishment; he being so unworthy:
I therefore do resign my place to you;
Be your own judge; whate'er you shall determine,
By my crown, I'll see perform'd.
Clarin. I am in a fine case,
To stand at a woman's mercy. [*Aside.*
Bell. Then thus, sir:
I am not bloody, nor bent to revenge;
And study his amendment, not his ruin:
Yet, since you have given up your power to me,
For punishment, I do enjoin him to
Marry this Moor.
Clarin. A devil! hang me rather.
Char. It is not to be alter'd.
Clarin. This is cruelty
Beyond expression, - - I have a wife.
Cham. Ay, too good for thee. View her well,
And then, this varnish from her face wash'd off,
Thou shalt find Beaupré.
Clarin. Beaupré!
Bell. Yes, his wife, sir,
But long by him with violence cast off:
And in this shape she served me; all my studies
Aiming to make a fair atonement for her,
To which your majesty may now constrain him.
Clarin. It needs not: I receive her, and ask pardon
Of her and you.
Bell. On both our parts 'tis granted.
This was your bedfellow, and fill'd your arms,
When you thought you embraced me: I am yet
A virgin; nor had ever given consent,
In my chaste house, to such a wanton passage,
But that I knew that her desires were lawful.—
But now no more of personated passion.
This is the man I loved, [*pointing to the bier.*] that I loved truly,
However I dissembled; and, with him,
Dies all affection in me. So, great sir,
Resume your seat.
Char. An unexpected issue,
Which I rejoice in. Would 'twere in our power
To give a period to the rest, like this,
And spare our heavy censure! but the death
Of good Montrose forbids it. Cleremond,
Thou instantly shall marry Leonora;
Which done, as suddenly thy head cut off,
And corpse interr'd, upon thy grave I'll build
A room of eight feet square, in which this lady,
For punishment of her cruelty, shall die
An anchoress.
Leon. I do repent, and rather
Will marry him, and forgive him.
Clarin. Bind her to
Her word, great sir; Montrose lives; this a plot
To catch this obstinate lady.
Leon. I am glad
To be so cheated.
Mont. [*rises from the bier.*] - - - lady,
- - - - - - deceived; do not repent
Your good opinion of me when thought dead.
Nor let not my neglect to wait upon you,
Considering what a business of import
Diverted me, be thought unpardonable.
Bell. For my part 'tis forgiven; and thus I seal
- - - - - - - - - -
Char. Nor are we averse
To your desires; may you live long, and happy!

Nov. Mercy to us, great sir.
Peri. We will become
Chaste and reform'd men.
Cham. and *Din.* We both are suitors,
On this submission, for your pardon, sir.
Char. Which we in part will grant: but, to deter
Others, by their example, from pursuing
Unlawful lusts, that think adultery
A sport to be oft practised; fix on them
Two satyrs' heads; and so, in capital letters
Their foul intents writ on their breasts, we'll have them
Led thrice through Paris; then, at the court gate,
To stand three hours, where Clarindore shall make
His recantation for the injury
Done to the lady Bellisant; and read
A sharp invective, ending with a curse
Against all such as boast of ladie's favours:
Which done, both truly penitent, my doctor
Shall use his best art to restore your strength,
And render Perigot a perfect man.——
So break we up LOVE'S PARLIAMENT, which, we hope,
Being for mirth intended, shall not meet with
An ill construction; and if then, fair ladies,
You please to approve it, we hope you'll invite
Your friends to see it often, with delight. [Exeunt.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND MOST TRUE FRIENDS,

SIR PHILLIP KNYVET, KNT. AND BART.

AND TO

SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNT.

AND

THOMAS BELLINGHAM,

OF NEWTIMBER, IN SUSSEX, ESQ.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many, and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice: I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry, (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me and my poem, can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service, PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DOMITIANUS CÆSAR.
PARIS, *the* ROMAN ACTOR.
ÆLIUS LAMIA, JUNIUS RUSTICUS, PALPHURIUS SURA, FULCINIUS, } *Senators.*
PARTHENIUS, CÆSAR'S *Freedman.*
ARETINUS, CÆSAR'S *Spy.*
STEPHANOS, DOMITILLA'S *Freedman.*
ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, } *Players.*
PHILARGUS, *a rich Miser; Father to* PARTHENIUS.
ASCLETARIO, *an Astrologer.*
SEJEIUS, ENTELLUS, } *Conspirators.*

DOMITIA, *Wife of* ÆLIUS LAMIA.
DOMITILLA, *Cousin-German to* CÆSAR.
JULIA, *Daughter of* TITUS.
CÆNIS, VESPASIAN'S *Concubine.*
A Lady.

Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives.

SCENE,—ROME.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre.*

Enter PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Æsop. What do we act to-day?
Lat. Agave's frenzy,
With Pentheus' bloody end.
Par. It skills not what;
The times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
Both of the buskin'd scene, and humble sock,
That reign in every noble family,
Declaim against us: and our theatre,
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desart, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.

Lat. Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertained; and they that shun us,
Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush
A litter born by eight Liburnian slaves, [at.
To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet,
The most censorious of our Roman gentry,
Nay, of the garded robe, the senators,
Esteem an easy purchase.
Par. Yet grudge us,
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six *sestertii.*
Æsop. For the profit, Paris,
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your grace and power with
Cæsar,
We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.
Par. Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
To aftertime.
Lat. And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our ambition.
Æsop. We have enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired,
For being gall'd in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever.
Par. I expect
No favour from him; my strong Aventine is,
That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd
In his most sullen moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.
Lat. 'Tis frequent in the city, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Par. Jove hasten it! With us?—I now believe
The consul's threats, Æsopus.
1 *Lict.* You are summon'd
To appear to day in senate.
2 *Lict.* And there to answer
What shall be urged against you.
Par. We obey you
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
We, that have personated in the scene
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,
With loud applause; being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted confidence.
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without sor-
As if we were to live again to-morrow. [row,
1 *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

Enter Ælius Lamia, Junius Rusticus, *and* Palphurius Sura.

Lam. Whither goes Paris?
1 *Lict.* He's cited to the senate.
Lat. I am glad the state is
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
That it has vacant time to look on us.
Par. That reverend place, in which the affairs of
And provinces were determined, to descend [kings
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropp'd from a poet's pen! Peace to your lord-
We are glad that you are safe. [ships!
[*Exeunt* Lictors, Paris, Latinus, *and* Æsopus.

Lam. What times are these!
To what 's Rome fallen! may we, being alone,
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
And not fear the informer?
Rust. Noble Lamia,
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practised everywhere, we hardly sleep,
Nay, cannot dream with safety. All our actions
Are call'd in question; to be nobly born
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only safe
That know to sooth the prince's appetite,
And serve his lusts.
Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,
That two sons of so different a nature
Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a
Titus,
Styl'd, justly, "the Delight of all Mankind,"
Who did esteem that day lost in his life,
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties. One that had
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The death of an offender: and so far
From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse
Even of the poorest Roman.
Lam. Yet his brother,
Domitian, that now sways the power of things,
Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes
In which some are not fasten'd to the hook,
Or thrown down from the Gemonies. His freed-
Scorn the nobility, and he himself, [men
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
Forgets he is a man.
Rust. In his young years,
He shew'd what he would be when grown to ripe-
His greatest pleasure was, being a child, [ness.
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god: and, in his edicts,
He does not blush, or start, to style himself
(As if the name of emperor were base)
Great Lord and God Domitian.
Sura. I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate
Decrees him divine honours; and to cross it,
Were death with studied torments:—for my part,
I will obey the time; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.
Rust. Let's to the curia,
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages,
Before we are compell'd.
Lam. And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend,
Though at the worst, will now begin to mend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lamia's *House.*

Enter Domitia *and* Parthenius.

Dom. To me this reverence!
Parth. I pay it, lady,

As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress:
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant;
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,
Ere long, comes to you:—still you doubt your vassal— [*Presents a Letter.*
But, when you've read this letter, writ and sign'd
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet; [*Kneels.*
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,
Think on Parthenius.

Dom. Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid?

Parth. What, but your beauty?
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance, to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar
Was fired with the relation of your story:
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prosper'd.

Dom. You are modest:
And were it in my power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was mistress of myself,
And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted,
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,
At the first summons, to his soft embraces:
But I am now another's, not mine own.
You know I have a husband:—for my honour,
I would not be his strumpet; and how law
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,
To me's a riddle.

Parth. I can soon resolve it:
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.
The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,
And as his rule is infinite, his pleasures
Are unconfined; this syllable, his *will*,
Stands for a thousand reasons.

Dom. But with safety,
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it?
My husband is a senator, of a temper
Not to be jested with.

Enter LAMIA.

Parth. As if he durst
Be Cæsar's rival!—here he comes; with ease
I will remove this scruple.

Lam. How! so private!
My own house made a brothel! [*Aside.*]—Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your power in court, and greatness,
Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,
I shall hereafter treat——

Parth. You are rude and saucy
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lam. This is fine, i'faith!
Is she not my wife?

Parth. Your wife! But touch her, that respect forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,
She's Cæsar's choice: it is sufficient honour
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar;
But now must quit the office.

Lam. This is rare!
Cannot a man be master of his wife
Because she's young and fair, without a patent?
I in my own house am an emperor,
And will defend what's mine. Where are my knaves?
If such an insolence escape unpunish'd——

Parth. In yourself, Lamia.—Cæsar hath forgot
To use his power, and I, his instrument,
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,
Have lost my faculties! [*Stamps*

Enter a Centurion *with* Soldiers.

Lam. The guard! why, am I
Design'd for death?

Dom. As you desire my favour,
Take not so rough a course.

Parth. All your desires
Are absolute commands: Yet give me leave
To put the will of Cæsar into act.
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship
And this great lady: if you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to't by reasons that concern yourself,
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks,
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lam. Is this legal?

Parth. Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things,
Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.
Will you dispute?

Lam. I know not what to urge
Against myself, but too much dotage on her,
Love, and observance.

Parth. Set it under your hand,
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband; or, that you are mad;
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.
Dispatch, you know the danger else;—deliver it,
Nay, on your knee.—Madam, you now are free,
And mistress of yourself.

Lam. Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?

Dom. 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's: and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress. Wait me, Parthenius;
And now farewell, poor Lamia! [*Exeunt all but* LAMIA.

Lam. To the gods
I bend my knees, (for tyranny hath banish'd
Justice from men,) and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravish'd wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy! [*Exit*

SCENE III.—*The Curia or Senate-house.*

Enter Lictors, ARETINUS, FULCINIUS, RUSTICUS, SURA, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

Aret. Fathers conscript, may this our meeting be
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth!
Lict. Silence!
Aret. The purpose of this frequent senate
Is, first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,
That, for the propagation of the empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.
In height of courage, depth of understanding,
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian
Transcends the ancient Romans: I can never
Bring his praise to a period. What good man,
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful,
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage
Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave
The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome?
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,
With Cato's resolution. I am lost
In the ocean of his virtues: in a word,
All excellencies of good men meet in him,
But no part of their vices.
Rust. This is no flattery!
Sura. Take heed, you'll be observed.
Aret. 'Tis then most fit
That we, (as to the father of our country,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence owe
Themselves and being.
Par. Now he points at us.
Aret. Cite Paris, the tragedian.
Par. Here.
Aret. Stand forth.
In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality of treason,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.
Par. Mere accusations are not proofs my lord;
In what are we delinquents?
Aret. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.
Par. If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too;
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.
Aret. Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?
Par. The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the fire?
Sura. There's spirit in this.
Par. Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward, or favour, from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers:
They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is: but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?
Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.
Rust. He has put
The consuls to their whisper.
Par. But, 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We shew no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir, that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin.

Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician,
(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP [IT.
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence, as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
That puts you in remembrance of things past,
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord: and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.

Æsop. We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause deliver'd worse. [*A shout within.*

Enter PARTHENIUS.

Aret. What shout is that?

Parth. Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Return'd in triumph.

Ful. Let's all haste to meet him.

Aret. Break up the court; we will reserve to [him
The censure of this cause.

All. Long life to Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The approach to the Capitol.*

Enter JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, *and* DOMITIA.

Cænis. Stand back—the place is mine.

Jul. Yours! Am I not
Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?
Dares any claim precedence?

Cænis. I was more:
The mistress of your father, and, in his right,
Claim duty from you.

Jul. I confess, you were useful
To please his appetite.

Dom. To end the controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the way myself.

Domitil. You, minion!

Dom. Yes;
And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.

Jul. Whence springs this flood of greatness?

Dom. You shall know
Too soon, for your vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with envy, when
You see whom Cæsar favours.

Jul. Observe the sequel.

Enter Captains *with laurels,* DOMITIAN *in his triumphant chariot,* PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS, *met by* ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers *and* Captives.

Cæs. As we now touch the height of human [glory,
Riding in triumph to the capitol,
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off
To the common prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our axes are.

[*Exeunt* Soldiers *with* Captives.

Rust. A bloody entrance! [*Aside.*

Cæs. To tell you you are happy in your prince,
Were to distrust your love, or my desert;
And either were distasteful: or to boast
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,
I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,
Than the adored monarch of the world.

Sura. This is no boast! [*Aside.*

Cæs. When I but name the Daci,
And gray-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,
(Truth must take place of father and of brother,)
Will be no more remember'd. I am above
All honours you can give me: and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.

Aret. At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.

Cæs. Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace,
Whose sword hath plough'd the ground, and reap'd the harvest
Of your prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest,
Too good for Cæsar's use.

Sura. All we possess—

Lam. Our liberties—

Ful. Our children—

Par. Wealth—

Aret. And throats,
Fall willingly beneath his feet.

Rust. Base flattery!
What Roman can endure this! [*Aside.*

Cæs. This calls on
My love to all, which spreads itself among you.
The beauties of the time! [*Seeing the ladies.*] Receive the honour
To kiss the hand which, rear'd up thus, holds [thunder;
To you 'tis an assurance of a calm.
Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight
Of old Vespasian; Domitilla, too,
A princess of our blood.

Rust. 'Tis strange his pride
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies
Of such high birth and rank.

Sura. Your wife's forgotten.

Lam. No, she will be remember'd, fear it not;
She will be graced, and greased.

Cæs. But, when I look on
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead
On the Phlegræan plain, embraced his Juno.
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.

Lam. You are too great to be gainsaid.

Cæs. Let all
That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,

Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)
With the title of Augusta.
Dom. Still your servant.
All. Long live Augusta, great Domitian's em-
Cæs. Paris, my hand. [press!
Par. [*kissing it*.] The gods still honour Cæsar!
Cæs. The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,
We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention,
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action: we'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds.—My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond.—On to the capitol:
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none.
[*Exeunt*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

Enter PHILARGUS *in rags, and* PARTHENIUS.

Phil. My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,
And question not my will.
Parth. Sir, were I one,
Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession
Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with reason
You then might nourish ill opinions of me:
Or did the suit that I prefer to you
Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good,
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,
And after never press you.
Phil. In the name of Pluto,
What would'st thou have me do?
Parth. Right to yourself;
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,
The spoils of provinces, and every day
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.
Phil. Out upon thee!
My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer,
Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.
Parth. Yet decency would do well.
Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your belly nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted, when 'tis cramm'd
With mouldy barley-bread, onions and leeks,
And the drink of bondmen, water.
Phil. Wouldst thou have me
Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,
And riot out my state in curious sauces?
Wise nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.
Parth. But you destroy her in your want of care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect health and vigour; when you suffer,
Frighted with the charge of physic, rheums, catarrhs,
The scurf, ach in your bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing:
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet,
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send
The emperor's doctor to you.
Phil. I'll be borne first,
Half-rotten, to the fire that must consume me!
His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,
His syrups, julaps, bezoar stone, nor his
Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly;
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved.
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigor; but, if lessen'd, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteem'd, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit*.
Parth. What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

Enter PARIS.

Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to enquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.
Parth. My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.
Par. I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me,
(Without boast I may say so much,) was never
Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.
Parth. 'Tis confess'd: many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.
Par. You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.
Parth. I believe so.
Met you my father?
Par. Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?
Parth. O, Paris, 'tis a weight

Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off: but he is deaf
To all persuasion.
Par. Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,
May see his own deformity, and loath it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
The Cure of Avarice, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomized in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.
Parth. There's your fee;
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.
Par. Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor. [*Exit.*

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, *and* Guard.

Cæs. Repine at us!
Aret. 'Tis more, or my informers,
That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived
In their intelligence: there is a list
Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,
Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia,
That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;
And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice,
(For so I style what they call tyranny,)
For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him
Virtue herself were murder'd: nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his service done
In the reducing Britain to obedience,
They dare affirm to be removed with poison;
And he compell'd to write you a coheir
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,
Which, else, you had made void. Then your much love
To Julia your niece, censured as incest,
And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother:
But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but, in you,
The lust of Tarquin.
Cæs. Yes, his fire, and scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend
An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither. [*Exit* Guard.
I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name, than e'er mention'd her's.
Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees,
Or laws confirm'd by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.
Aret. You should, else, take from
The dignity of Cæsar.
Cæs. Am I master
Of two and thirty legions, that awe
All nations of the triumphed world,
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account
Of what's our pleasure, to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas's shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall, (the sun, the moon, the stars
Losing their light and comfortable heat,)
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!
Aret. So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here,
With Jupiter's above.
[PARTHENIUS *kneeling, whispers* CÆSAR.
Cæs. Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta.——Only so? a trifle:
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself.
Parth. May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious! [*Exit*
Cæs. We are resolved
What course to take; and, therefore, Aretinus,
Enquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend
[*Exit* ARETINUS.
My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead the wretch that comes not
Prepared to meet it.—

Re-enter Guard *with* LAMIA.

Our good Lamia, welcome.
So much we owe you for a benefit,
With willingness on your part conferr'd upon us,
That 'tis our study, we that would not live
Engaged to any for a courtesy,
How to return it.
Lam. 'Tis beneath your fate
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp
The means to be magnificent.
Cæs. Well put off;
But yet it must not do: the empire, Lamia,
Divided equally, can hold no weight,
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia——
You, that could part with all delights at once,
The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd
In her perfections,—uncompell'd, deliver'd
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,
With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
You glory in your act.
Lam. Derided too!
Sir, this is more—
Cæs. More than I can requite;
It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,
But yields a touch of immortality
To the blest receiver; every grace and feature,
Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse

So ravishing, and her action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other senses,
Provided I might ever see and hear her.
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust
The winds or air with; for that would draw down,
In envy of my happiness, a war
From all the gods, upon me.
Lam. Your compassion
To me, in your forbearing to insult
On my calamity, which you make your sport,
Would more appease those gods you have pro- [voked,
Than all the blasphemous comparisons
You sing unto her praise.

Domitia appears at the window.

Cæs. I sing her praise!
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it;
It being a debt she only can lay down,
And no tongue else discharge.
[*He raises his hand. Music above.*
Hark! I think, prompted
With my consent that you once more should hear [her,
She does begin. An universal silence
Dwell on this place! 'Tis death, with lingering [torments,
To all that dare disturb her.—
[*A Song by* Domitia.
—Who can hear this,
And fall not down and worship? In my fancy,
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill
Fair-hair'd Calliope, on her ivory lute,
(But something short of this,) sung Ceres' praises,
And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.
The motions of the spheres are out of time,
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,
Is not her voice angelical?
Lam. To your ear:
But I, alas! am silent.
Cæs. Be so ever,
That without admiration canst hear her!
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason.—Off with his head! do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!
[*The* Guard *leads off* Lamia, *stopping his mouth.*
My fears of him are freed now;
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,
For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed.—Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts or jealousies in you: [*Exit* Dom. *above.*] 'tis dispatch'd,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had kill'd a fly.

Enter Domitia, *ushered in by* Aretinus, *her train borne up by* Julia, Cænis, *and* Domitilla.

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honour'd!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty, than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars,
That wait on Phœbe in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
Were the adored glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.
Dom. 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

Re-enter Parthenius *with* Philargus.

Parth. Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.
Phil. Lose time to see an interlude! must I pay [too,
For my vexation?
Parth. Not in the court:
It is the emperor's charge.
Phil. I shall endure
My torment then the better.
Cæs. Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him: I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance.—Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever.—Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act—there, where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee
From my embraces: my desires increasing
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me again:
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,
In Priam's veins, would thaw his frozen blood,
Enabling him to get a second Hector
For the defence of Troy.
Dom. You are wanton!
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.
Cæs. Begin there.

Enter Paris, *like a doctor of physic, and* Æsopus: Latinus *is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth.*

Æsop. *O master doctor, he is past recovery;*
A lethargy hath seized him; and, however
His sleep resemble death, his watchful care
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,
Works strongly in his soul.
Par. *What's that he holds*
So fast between his teeth?
Æsop. *The key that opens*
His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold,
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.
Phil. He is the wiser:
We were fashion'd in one mould.
Æsop. He eats with it;
And when devotion calls him to the temple
Of Mammon, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,
That *held thus still, his orisons are paid:*
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were pawn'd
For the restoring of't, for one short hour
Be won to part with it.
Phil Still, still myself!
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn
Is good security.
Par. *I'll try if I can force it——*
It will not be. His avaricious mind.

Like men in rivers drown'd, make him gripe fast,
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;
And, if that it were possible in nature,
Would carry it with him to the other world.
Phil. As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.
Æsop. *Is he not dead?*
Par. *Long since to all good actions,*
Or to himself, or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious f ar to lose what his soul doats on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet,
And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose;
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:—
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.
Æsop. *What is it?*
Par. *I will cause a fearful dream*
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His body's organs.
Dom. 'Tis a cunning fellow;
If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says,
He should be sworn my servant; govern my slumbers,
And minister to me waking.
Par. *If this fail,* [A chest brought in.
I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet!
—'Tis open, and already he begins
To stir; mark with what trouble.
[Latinus stretches himself.
Phil. As you are Cæsar,
Defend this honest, thrifty man! they are thieves,
And come to rob him.
Parth. Peace! the emperor frowns.
Par. *So; now pour out the bags upon the table;*
Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,
And were turn'd marble.—Once more.
Lat. *Murder! murder!*
They come to murder me. My son in the plot?
Thou worse than parricide! if it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The Furies in hell practise, be sufficient
For thee, that dost assassinate my soul?—
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy
My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?
Par. *Seem not to mind him.*
Lat. *Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself*
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,
The Lydian Crœsus had appear'd to him
Poor as the beggar Irus? And yet I,
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails
Were clemm'd with keeping a perpetual fast,
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one penny to their use,
My heir might curse me. And, to save expense
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,
By hasting on my fate, than to diminish
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.
Æsop. *Would you'd dispatch and die once!*
Your ghost should feel in hell, THAT *is my slave*
Which was your master.
Phil. Out upon thee, varlet!
Par. *And what then follows all your carke and caring,*
And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is
Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering
How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells,
To the companions of his lusts and riots,
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happiness
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,
That quaff damnations to your memory,
For living so long here.
Lat. *It will be so; I see it—*
O, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself; and make true use
Of what my industry purchased.
Par. *Covetous men,*
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:
But grant that I by art could yet recover
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life
A dozen of years; as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour
To rectify your mind?
Lat. *I should so live then,*
As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself.
Par. *Have your desires.*
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruin'd building of your health; and think not
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you
To this good end: it being a device,
In you to shew the Cure of Avarice.
[*Exeunt* Paris, Latinus, *and* Æsopus.
Phil. An old fool to be gull'd thus! had he died
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,
It had gone off twanging.
Cæs. How approve you, sweetest,
Of the matter, and the actors?
Dom. For the subject,
I like it not; it was filch'd out of Horace.
—Nay, I have read the poets:—but the fellow
That play'd the doctor, did it well, by Venus;
He had a tuneable tongue, and neat delivery:
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform
A lover's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,
For I grow weary, let us see, to-morrow,
Iphis and Anaxarete.
Cæs. Anything
For thy delight, Domitia; to your rest,
Till I come to disquiet you: wait upon her.
There is a business that I must dispatch,
And I will straight be with you.
[*Exeunt* Aret. Dom. Julia, Cænis, *and* Domitilla.
Parth. Now, my dread sir,
Endeavour to prevail.

Cæs. One way or other
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid baseness,
And but observed what a contemptible creature
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true compunction, with a resolution
To be a new man?

Phil. This crazed body's Cæsar's;
But for my mind——

Cæs. Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good use of what was now presented;
And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,
The miserable rich man, that express'd
What thou art to the life?

Phil. Pray you, give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold: it is my life: I am past cure.

Cæs. No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.

Phil. Was I sent for to this purpose?

Parth. Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!

Cæs. Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter JULIA, DOMITILLA, *and* STEPHANOS.

Jul. No, Domitilla; if you but compare
What I have suffered with your injuries,
(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear
Like molehills to Olympus.

Domitil. You are tender
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling
And sense of mine. The incest he committed
With you, and publicly profess'd, in scorn
Of what the world durst censure, may admit
Some weak defence, as being borne headlong to it,
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties:
Besides, won by his perjuries, that he would
Salute you with the title of Augusta,
Your faint denial show'd a full consent,
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,
That would not yield, but was with violence forced
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius
At Capreæ never practised, have not here
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser;
I, in my will, being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me,
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from:
For there is something more in Rome expected
From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian
Hath ready swords at his command, as well
As islands to confine you, to remove
His doubts, and fears, did he but entertain
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted
Against his person.

Jul. 'Tis true, Stephanos;
The legions that sack'd Jerusalem,
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,
And I no more remember'd.

Domitil. And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madness.

Steph. You conclude too fast.
One single arm, whose master does contemn
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman, lady,
And you my gracious patroness; my wealth
And liberty your gift; and, though no soldier,
To whom or custom or example makes
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die
To do you service in a fair revenge:
And it will better suit your births and honours
To fall at once, than to live ever slaves
To his proud empress, that insults upon
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, *Go on!*
And I will reach his heart, or perish in
The noble undertaking.

Domitil. Your free offer
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge
A satisfaction for a greater debt
Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not
Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful
And good a servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,
And seem to slumber, till his roaring crimes
Awake their justice; but then, looking down,
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt
Of all religion, and moral goodness,
They, in their secret judgments, do determine
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,
When he is most secure.

Jul. His cruelty
Increasing daily, of necessity
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done
Already to the senate: then forsaken
Of his supporters, and grown terrible
Even to himself, and her he now so doats on,
We may put into act what now with safety
We cannot whisper.

Steph. I am still prepared
To execute, when you please to command me:
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates his country from a tyrant,
Than he that saves a citizen.

Enter CÆNIS.

Jul. O, here's Cænis.

Domitil. Whence come you?

Cænis. From the empress, who seems moved
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown

To such a height, that she disdains the service
Of her own women: and esteems herself
Neglected, when the princesses of the blood,
On every coarse employment, are not ready
To stoop to her commands.

Domitil. Where is her Greatness?

Cænis. Where you would little think she could
To grace the room or persons. [descend

Jul. Speak, where is she?

Cænis. Among the players; where, all state laid
She does enquire who acts this part, who that, [by,
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape,
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitil. In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?

Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd,
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of the best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life; no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.

Steph. Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!

Domitil. Nero and Caligula
Only commanded mischiefs; but our Cæsar
Delights to see them.

Jul. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.

Cænis. We are call'd for
By our proud mistress.

Domitil. We awhile must suffer.

Steph. It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Cæsar *and* Parthenius.

Cæs. They are then in fetters?

Parth. Yes, sir, but——

Cæs. But what?
I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

Parth. I shall, sir:
But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed——

Cæs. To the point.

Parth. Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal, that with dry eyes look'd upon
His father dragg'd to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

Cæs. Well; forward.

Parth. 'Tis my zeal
Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Temper'd with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures: yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
You please.—it skills not,—than to have them
drawn
To the degrees in public; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
That may disturb you.

Cæs. Hence, pale-spirited coward!
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As or to court the people's love, or fear
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
Add any moment to us? Or thou think,
If there are gods above, or goddesses,
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
That they have vacant hours to take into
Their serious protection, or care,
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
In few, as potent monarchs, and their peers;
And all those glorious constellations
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend
The actions of kings and emperors,
They being the greater wheels that move the less.
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches;—[*Exit* Parthenius.]—let me see
One man so lost, as but to pity them,
And though there lay a million of souls
Imprison'd in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks
Should rend it off, and give them liberty.
Cæsar hath said it.

Re-enter Parthenius, *with* Aretinus, *and* Guard; Executioners *dragging in* Junius Rusticus *and* Palphurius Sura, *bound back to back.*

Aret. 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
That with fix'd eyes you carefully observe
The people's looks. Charge upon any man
That with a sigh or murmur does express
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
You know his will, perform it.

Cæs. A good bloodhound,
And fit for my employments.

Sura. Give us leave
To die, fell tyrant.

Rust. For, beyond our bodies,
Thou hast no power.

Cæs. Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,
Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
After this sleep of death.

Rust. To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
Above yon crystal canopy.

Cæs. Do invoke him
With all the aids his sanctity of life
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin?
torment them.
[*The* Executioners *torment them, they still smiling*

So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
Drawn from the Stoic's frozen principles,
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan!——
Is my rage lost? What cursed charms defend them!
Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful:
'Tis all your weakness, sir.

Parth. I dare not shew
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
The spectacle is so horrid. [*Aside.*

Cæs. I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
And shew you are corporeal, and not turn'd
Aerial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning surgeons ripp'd his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.

Sura. No; we live.

Rust. Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangman's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
But unto such as thou, that have no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them.

Cæs. We will hear no more.

Rust. This only, and I give thee warning of it:
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:—
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;
For I'll appear in horror.

Cæs. By my shaking
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are Furies to me.
Away with them! first shew them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock Fate.

[*Exeunt* Executioners *with* RUSTICUS *and* SURA.

Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

Enter DOMITIA, JULIA, *and* CÆNIS; STEPHANOS *following.*

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius. O my glory!
My life! command! my all!

Dom. As you to me are.

[*Embracing and kissing*

I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,
(I hug myself for't,) I have been instructing
The players how to act; and to cut off
All tedious impertinence, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have but of thy love.

Cæs. Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest,——

Dom. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris!—and, to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,
(Howe'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her
To play the part of Anaxarete——
You are not offended with it?

Cæs. Any thing
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.

Dom. I thank you:
Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

After a short flourish, enter PARIS *as* IPHIS.

How do you like
That shape? methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.

Cæs. And all was excellent.

Dom. Now hear him speak.

Iphis. *That she is fair, (and that an epithet*
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections, in no other virgin found,
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxarete,
Is, to my love-sick, languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolv'd,
Than that the monster Sphinx, from the steep rock,
Offer'd to Œdipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented,
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compell'd
By thy inevitable shafts to yield,
And fight under thy ensigns) be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!

Dom. Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.

Iphis. *And from thy never-emptied quiver take*
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol——
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy;
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,

All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumb'd with cold, I oft have wash'd,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth, grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.
Dom. By Cæsar's life he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.
Iphis. *Blest ground, thy pardon,*
If I profane it with forbidden steps.
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands [were now] held up for expiation
To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom.
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal.

Enter LATINUS *as a* Porter.

Port. *Ha! Who knocks there?*
Dom. What a churlish look this knave has!
Port. *Is't you, sirrah?*
Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.
Dom. Churlish devil!
But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.
Cæs. 'Tis in jest, Domitia.
Dom. I do not like such jesting: if he were not
A flinty-hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!
Cæs. 'Tis his part:
Let them proceed.
Dom. A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.
Iphis. *As you have, gentle sir, the happiness*
(When you please) to behold the figure of
The masterpiece of nature, limn'd to the life,
In more than human Anaxarete,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves, and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious, sir?
Port. *Though I lose my place for't,*
I can hold out no longer.
Dom. Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.
Port. *Madam!*

Enter DOMITILLA *as* ANAXARETE.

Anax. *Who calls? What object have we here?*
Dom. Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I think
I have fitted her for a part.
Anax. *Did I not charge thee*
I ne'er might see this thing more!
Iphis. *I am, indeed,*
What thing you please; a worm that you may tread on:
Lower I cannot fall to shew my duty,
Till your disdain hath digg'd a grave to cover
This body with forgotten dust; and, when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women!
I'll, by a willing death, remove the object
That is an eyesore to you.
Anax. *Wretch, thou dar'st not:*
That were the last and greatest service to me
Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,
Much less consent to make my lord of one
I'd not accept, though offer'd for my slave?
My thoughts stoop not so low.
Dom. There's her true nature:
No personated scorn.
Anax. *I wrong my worth,*
Or to exchange a syllable or look
With one so far beneath me.
Iphis. *Yet take heed,*
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen; but what follow'd?
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,
Ulysses' bondwoman: but the love I bring you
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,
Can ravish from you.
Dom. Could the oracle
Give better counsel!
Iphis. *Say, will you relent yet,*
Revoking your decree that I should die?
Or, shall I do what you command? resolve;
I am impatient of delay.
Anax. *Dispatch then:*
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A comedy to me.
Dom. O devil! devil!
Iphis. *Then thus I take my last leave. All the curses*
Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,
When any man, like me contemn'd, shall study,
In the anguish of his soul, to give a name
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only
Say, This most bloody woman is to me,
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!——
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter
For ever shall divorce us: at your gate,
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,
I'll presently hang myself.
Dom. Not for the world— [*Starts from her seat.*
Restrain him, as you love your lives!
Cæs. Why are you
Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits
This passion in you.
Par. I ne'er purposed, madam,
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow
To your care and tenderness of me.
Dom. Let me, sir,
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,
Carried me beyond myself.
Cæs. To your place again,
And see what follows.
Dom. No, I am familiar
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indisposed.

Cæs. To bed then;
I'll be thy doctor.
Aret. There is something more
In this than passion,—which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.
Dom. Come to me, Paris,
To-morrow, for your reward.
[*Exeunt all but* DOMITILLA *and* STEPHANOS

Steph. Patroness, hear me;
Will you not call for your share?* Sit down with this,
And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,
I shall look to see you tumble!
Domitil. Prithee be patient.
I, that have suffer'd greater wrongs, bear this:
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, *and* CÆNIS.

Parth. Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris!
Jul. You observed not,
As it appears, the violence of her passion,
When personating Iphis, he pretended,
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,
To hang himself.
Parth. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange intemperance of affection,
As to doat on him.
Domitil. By my hopes, I think not
That she respects, though all here saw, and mark'd it;
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we, and all
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.
Cæn. Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging
The want of health and rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her!
Domitil. Who no sooner absent,
But she calls, *Dwarf!* (so in her scorn she styles me,)
Put on my pantofles; fetch pen and paper,
I am to write: - and with distracted looks,
In her smock, impatient of so short delay
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas indorsed,
To my loved Paris.
Jul. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, *Let him wait me,*
And carefully, in the walk call'd our Retreat,
Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,
Unsent for, never enters.
Parth. This being certain,
(For these are more than jealous suppositions,)
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
Discover it?
Domitil. Alas! you know we dare not.
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,
To free us from that slavery which her pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.
Parth. I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in Ascletario the Chaldæan;
Who, in his absence, is condemn'd of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence fortelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Aretinus, as you have
To me deliver'd: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
(With which he never yet held correspondence,)
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That cross'd him in the senate-house.—

Enter ARETINUS.

Here he comes,
His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave
My wishes with you. [*Exit.*
Aret. Have I caught your Greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta!
Domitil. What is't wraps him?
Aret. And my fine Roman Actor! Is't even so?
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste [of!
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in
This rare discovery: but the rewards
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power
To tread upon the neck of slavish Rome,
Disposing offices and provinces
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.
Domitil. This is more
Than usual with him.
Jul. Aretinus!
Aret. How!
No more respect and reverence tender'd to me,
But *Aretinus!* 'Tis confess'd that title,
When you were princesses, and commanded all,
Had been a favour; but being, as you are,
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,
You stand obliged with as much adoration
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with strength
To break your fetters, as tann'd galley-slaves
Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.
I come not to entrap you; but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumized: and to make
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
This empress,—this Domitia,—what you will,—
That triumphed in your miseries.
Domitil. Were you serious,
To prove your accusation I could lend
Some help.
Cæn. And I.
Jul. And I.
Aret. No atom to me.—
My eyes and ears are everywhere; I know all,
To the line and action in the play that took her:
Her quick dissimulation to excuse

Her being transported, with her morning passion.
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,
And, having perused it, made it up again:
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar.
—That Paris is brought to her, and how far
He shall be tempted.

Domitil. This is above wonder.

Aret. My gold can work much stranger miracles,
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me— [*Takes out a petition.*
'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that
Shall ruin her and raise you. Have you set your [hands
To the accusation?

Jul. And will justify
What we've subscribed to.

Cæn. And with vehemence.

Domitil. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the rest to me then.

Enter CÆSAR, *with his Guard.*

Cæs. Let our lieutenants bring us victory,
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home:
And being secured from our intestine foes,
(Far worse than foreign enemies,) doubts and fears,
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,
Which fond astrologers give out to be
Assured presages of the change of empires,
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance
To them and fate; we being too strongly arm'd
For them to wound us.

Aret. Cæsar!

Jul. As thou art
More than a man—

Cæn. Let not thy passions be
Rebellious to thy reason—

Domitil. But receive [*Delivers the petition.*
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved
As you go to or from the capitol,
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.

Cæs. Ha!

Domitil. Vouchsafe
Awhile to stay the lightning of your eyes,
Poor mortals dare not look on.

Aret. There's no vein
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is
An earthquake to us.

Domitil. And, if not kept closed
With more than human patience, in a moment
Will swallow us to the centre.

Cæn. Not that we
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.

Jul. But that she's fallen so low.

Aret. Which on sure proofs
We can make good.

Domitil. And shew she is unworthy
Of the least spark of that diviner fire
You have conferr'd upon her.

Cæs. I stand doubtful,
And unresolved what to determine of you.
In this malicious violence you have offer'd
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to sully
A white robe of perfection. black-mouth'd envy
Could belch no spot on.—But I will put off
The deity you labour to take from me,
And argue out of probabilities with you,
As if I were a man. Can I believe
That she, that borrows all her light from me,
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness
To your intelligence; and make that apparent,
Which, by her perturbations in a play,
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her?
Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key
Of Cæsar's secrets? Could her beauty raise her
To this unequall'd height, to make her fall
The more remarkable? or must my desires
To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged
By her, and on herself, that drew on both?
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court
A public actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
These more than human reasons, that have power
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape
Of innocence?

Domitil. Too well she knew the strength
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,
And thereupon presuming, fell securely;
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth
Produced against her, which your love and favour
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.

Cæs. I'll not hear
A syllable more that may invite a change
In my opinion of her. You have raised
A fiercer war within me by this fable,
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,
Than if, and at one instant, all my legions
Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.
Here in this paper are the swords predestined
For my destruction; here the fatal stars,
That threaten more than ruin; this the Death's [head
That does assure me, if she can prove false,
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,
In that, from any witness but myself,
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm
She is all excellence, as you all baseness;
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace.*

Enter DOMITIA, PARIS, *and* Servants.

Dom. Say we command, that none presume to [dare,
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousness, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt* Servants.
And, sirrah,
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Par. With my humblest service
I but obey your summons, and should blush else,
To be so near you.

Dom. 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.

Par. That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.

Dom. You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.
Par. 'Twould ill become the lowness of my fortune,
To question what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.
Dom. And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?
Par. Though it raged within me
Till I turn'd cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a-dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel,
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge,
Were a perpetual happiness.
Dom. We could wish
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful, and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with;
But that (as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contained)
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume, in which all
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced with,
Are curiously bound up.
Par. The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such. O, gracious madam,
How glorious soever, or deform'd,
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,
And all my borrow'd ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less, than what I was
Before I enter'd.
Dom. Come, you would put on
A wilful ignorance, and not understand
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,
Against the decent modesty of our sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee;
Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd,
And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice,
If from the height of majesty we can
Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it,
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.
Par. O, madam! hear me with a patient ear,
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,
Beyond my hopes or merits, shower'd upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood and treason! Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolitus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.
Dom. You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must—thou shalt
The violence of my passion knows no mean,
And in my punishments and my rewards,
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me; threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy sudden answer.
Par. In what a strait am I brought in!
Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discover'd, threaten more.
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory
For all posterity to report, that I
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
To my great master; in true judgment, must
Show fairer, than to buy a guilty life
With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on:
I dare not, must not, will not.
Dom. How! contemn'd?
Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes, prevail not,
I must use a mean. [*Aside.*]—Think who 'tis sues to thee.
Deny not that yet, which a brother may
Grant to a sister: as a testimony

Enter CÆSAR, ARETINUS, JULIA, DOMITILLA, CÆNIS, *and a* Guard, *behind.*

I am not scorn'd, kiss me;—kiss me again:
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
And I thy Helen.
Par. Since it is your will.
Cæs. And I am Menelaus: but I shall be
Something I know not yet.
Dom. Why lose we time
And opportunity? These are but salads
To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast, [*Courting* PARIS *wantonly.*
Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
And I Alcmena; and that I had power
To lengthen out one short night into three,
And so beget a Hercules.
Cæs. [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
Stands by, and draws the curtains.
Par. Oh!—— [*Falls on his face*
Dom. Betray'd!
Cæs. No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
To witness, with a smile, he does desire
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit,
Wrong'd men have breathed out against wicked women,
Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
Command, and majesty, in one base act
To render me, that was, before I hugg'd thee,
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,
A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee,
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
Break, stubborn silence: what canst thou allege
To stay my vengeance?

Dom. This. Thy lust compell'd me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
In my intent and will, though not in act,
To cuckold thee.

Cæs. O, impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell,
By leaving life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of Yet stay. What power
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
If I look on her longer, I shall melt,
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
Again to be received into her favour;
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her cham-
Be that her prison, till in cooler blood [ber;
I shall determine of her. [*Exit* Guard *with* DOMITIA.

Aret. Now step I in,
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.—
Sir, if my service hath deserved—

Cæs. Yes, yes:
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robb'd me of
All rest and peace, and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

Re-enter Guard.

With the loss of empire: Strangle him; take these hence too,
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
That this discovery, that hath shower'd upon me
Perpetual vexation, should not fall
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their
I will hear no reply. [mouths;

[*Exit* Guard *with* ARETINUS, JULIA, CÆNIS, *and* DOMITILLA.

—O, Paris, Paris!
How shall I argue with thee? how begin
To make thee understand, before I kill thee,
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from me?
Yet, in respect I have favour'd thee, I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
And wish thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
As I might bury the remembrance of it.
Look up: we stand attentive.

Par. O, dread Cæsar!
To hope for life, or plead in the defence
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,
When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
Which you could not resist How could poor I, then,
Fly that which follow'd me, and Cæsar sued for?
This is all. And now your sentence.

Cæs. Which I know not
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been
But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst
In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
Betray'd an army, butcher'd the whole senate,
Committed sacrilege, or any crime
The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
I had prevented any intercession,
And freely sign'd thy pardon.

Par. But for this,
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffer'd a wrong,
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him.

Cæs. With such true feeling
Thou arguest against thyself, that it
Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,
The grand protectress of my life and empire,
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
Cæsar, show mercy! and, I know not how,
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
What we must do, we shall do: we remember
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
Call'd *the False Servant.*

Par. Such a one we have, sir.

Cæs. In which a great lord takes to his protec-
A man forlorn, giving him ample power [tion
To order and dispose of his estate
In's absence, he pretending then a journey.
But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
She having play'd false to a former husband,)
The servant, though solicited, should consent,
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.

Par. That was, indeed, the argument.

Cæs. And what
Didst thou play in it?

Par. The *False Servant*, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait without?

Par. They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
Your majesty mention'd.

Cæs. Call them in. Who presents
The injured lord!

Enter ÆSOPUS, LATINUS, *and a* Lady.

Æsop. 'Tis my part, sir.

Cæs. Thou didst not
Do it to the life; we can perform it better.
Off with my robe and wreath: since Nero scorn'd
The public theatre, we in private may [not
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
Wearing a beard, or other property,
Will fit the person.

Æsop. Only, sir, a foil,
The point and edge rebated, when you act,
To do the murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own sword.

Cæs. By no means,
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me,
We'll have but one short scene—That, where the
In an imperious way commands the servant [lady
To be unthankful to his patron: when
My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,
When I come to execution, you shall find
No cause to laugh at me.

Lat. In the name of wonder,
What's Cæsar's purpose!

Æsop There is no contending.

Cæs. Why, when?

Par. I am arm'd:
And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
Inevitable dart aim'd at my breast,
His cold embraces should not bring an ague

To any of my faculties, till his pleasures
Were served and satisfied; which done, Nestor's years
To me would be unwelcome. [*Aside.*

Lady. *Must we entreat,*
That were born to command? or court a servant,
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for?
Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged
For thy life to his charity; nor thy fears
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.

Par. *As you may me,*
In what his reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
To the height of happiness.

Lady. *Can my love-sick heart*
Be cured with counsel? or durst reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded plea
In the court of Venus? My desires admit not
The least delay; and therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I must trust to:
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return, [*for,*
(Making what I deliver good with tears,)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die, with these words, slave and traitor,
With burning corsives writ upon thy forehead,
And live prepared for't.

Par. *This he will believe*
Upon her information, 'tis apparent;
And then I'm nothing: and of two extremes,
Wisdom says, choose the less. [Aside.]—*Rather than fall*
Under your indignation, I will yield:
This kiss, and this, confirms it.

Æsop. Now, sir, now.

Cæs. I must take them at it?

Æsop. Yes, sir; be but perfect.

Cæs. *O villain! thankless villain!*—I should talk now;
But I've forgot my part. But I can do:
Thus, thus, and thus! [*Stabs* PARIS.

Par. Oh! I am slain in earnest.

Cæs. 'Tis true; and 'twas my purpose, my good Paris:
And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
His dignity preserved, he had pardon'd thee:
But cruelty of honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study,
To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
My Paris from all others; and in that
Have shewn my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however
Thy crime deserved it: but, as thou didst live
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
Shouldst die in action, and to crown it, die,
With an applause enduring to all times,
By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed
From the prison of his flesh; let it mount upward!
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
In a golden urn; poets adorn his hearse
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
For ever mourn him, and all such as were
His glad spectators, weep his sudden death,
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.

[*Sad music; the Players bear off* PARIS' *body,* CÆSAR *and the rest following.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an image of Minerva.*

Enter PARTHENIUS, STEPHANOS, *and* Guard.

Parth. Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit not
Access to any, to exchange a word
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases
To call him to his presence.—[*Exit* Guard.]—The relation
That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.
The informer Aretinus put to death
For yielding him a true discovery
Of the empress' wantonness; poor Paris kill'd first,
And now lamented; and the princesses
Confined to several islands; yet Augusta,
The machine on which all this mischief moved,
Received again to grace!

Steph. Nay, courted to it:
Such is the impotence of his affection!
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out,
The people made suit for her, whom they hate
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed, [more
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
You lend or furtherance or favour to
The plot contrived against her: should she prove it,
Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,
Her power o'er doating Cæsar being now
Greater than ever.

Parth. 'Tis a truth I shake at;
And, when there's opportunity——

Steph. Say but, Do,
I am yours, and sure.

Parth. I'll stand one trial more,
And then you shall hear from me.

Steph. Now observe
The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.

[*They stand aside.*

Enter CÆSAR *and* DOMITIA.

Cæs. Nay, all's forgotten.

Dom. It may be, on your part.

Cæs. Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,
That did the injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy,
Only to entertain it?

Dom. I ask'd none;
And I should be more wretched to receive

Remission for what I hold no crime,
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers
Persuade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false belief that thou
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,
Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to
His violent passions, and in that my slave;
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me
To my loved Paris.

Cæs. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know
The strength that you hold on me, do not use it
With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted
That Lydian Omphale had less command
O'er Hercules, than you usurp o'er me,
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
Of my fond dotage.

Dom. Never; do not hope it:
It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,
And not to be redeem'd, my empire's larger
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury,
To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,
I know thy fervour such to my embraces,
Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still denied thee,
That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second
To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated.

Cæs. O my Minerva!

Dom. There she is, [*Points to the statue*] invoke her:
She cannot arm thee with ability
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater:
Or only say to thy centurions,
Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,
And, in this woman's death, remove the Furies
That every hour afflict me?—Lamia's wrongs,
When thy lust forced me from him, are, in me,
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris,
But that thy love, increasing with my hate,
May add unto thy torments; so, with all
Contempt I can, I leave thee. [*Exit.*

Cæs. I am lost;
Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betray'd
The freedom of my faculties and will
To this imperious Siren, I laid down
The empire of the world, and of myself,
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers!
Or is the magic of my dotage such,
That I must still make suit to hear those charms
That do increase my thraldom! Wake, my anger!
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,
[*Pulls out a table-book.*
To sign her death. Assist me, great Minerva,
And vindicate thy votary! [*writes*] So; she's now
Among the list of those I have proscribed,
And are, to free me of my doubts and fears,
To die to-morrow.

Steph. That same fatal book
Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
Were mark'd out for destruction. [*Exit.*

Parth. I begin
To doubt myself.

Cæs. Who waits there?

Parth. [*coming forward.*] Cæsar.

Cæs. So!
These, that command arm'd troops, quake at my frowns,
And yet a woman slights them. Where's the wizard
We charged you to fetch in?

Parth. Ready to suffer
What death you please to appoint him.

Cæs. Bring him in.
We'll question him ourself.

Enter Tribunes, *and* Guard *with* Ascletario.

Now, you, that hold
Intelligence with the stars, and dare prefix
The day and hour in which we are to part
With life and empire, punctually foretelling
The means and manner of our violent end;
As you would purchase credit to your art,
Resolve me, since you are assured of us,
What fate attends yourself?

Ascle. I have had long since
A certain knowledge, and as sure as thou
Shalt die to-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The kalends of October, the hour five:
Spite of prevention, this carcass shall be
Torn and devour'd by dogs;—and let that stand
For a firm prediction.

Cæs. May our body, wretch,
Find never nobler sepulchre, if this
Fall ever on thee! Are we the great disposer
Of life and death, yet cannot mock the stars
In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor;
And having cut his throat, erect a pile,
Guarded with soldiers, till his cursed trunk
Be turn'd to ashes: upon forfeit of
Your life, and theirs, perform it.

Ascle. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæs. Drag him hence,
[*The* Tribunes *and* Guard *bear off* Ascletario.
And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia, (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love,) I rest unmoved:
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors
The soldiers' doubted faith, or people's rage
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am arm'd.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is sear'd up,
And I insensible of all my actions,
For which, by moral and religious fools,
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been.
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,
I will not deify pale captive fear,
Nor in a thought receive it: for, till thou,
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,
Not Junius Rusticus' threaten'd apparition,

Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,
Being things impossible to human reason.
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch, there;
A sudden but a secure drowsiness
Invites me to repose myself. [*A couch brought in.*]
Let music,
With some choice ditty, second it:—[*Exit* PARTHENIUS.]—The mean time,
Rest there, dear book, which open'd, when I wake,
[*Lays the book under his pillow.*
Shall make some sleep for ever.
[*Music and a song.* CÆSAR *sleeps.*

Re-enter PARTHENIUS *and* DOMITIA.

Dom. Write my name
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:
He durst not, could not.
Parth. I can assure nothing;
But I observed, when you departed from him,
After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out: whose death he sign'd, I know not;
But in his looks appear'd a resolution
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it.
Dom. I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!
No motion!—you lie uneasy, sir,
Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes away the book.*
Parth. Have you it?
Dom. 'Tis here.
Cæs. Oh!
Parth. You have waked him: softly, gracious madam,
While we are unknown; and then consult at leisure.
[*Exeunt.*

Dreadful music. The apparitions of JUNIUS RUSTICUS *and* PALPHURIUS SURA *rise, with bloody swords in their hands; they wave them over the head of* CÆSAR, *who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of* Minerva, *which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it.*

Cæs. [*starting.*] Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream
Will force me to distraction! whither have
These Furies born thee? Let me rise and follow.
I am bath'd o'er with the cold sweat of death,
And am deprived of organs to pursue
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once
Robb'd of my hopes and being? No, I live—
[*Rises distractedly.*
Yes, live, and have discourse, to know myself
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor?
He that hath been a traitor to himself,
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she?
Where is my goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
Were by their innocence made up again,
And in corporeal forms but now appear'd,
Waving their bloody swords above my head,
As at their deaths they threaten'd. And methought,
Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she
Was, for my blasphemies, disarm'd by Jove,
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,
[*Thunder and lightning.*
His thunder does confirm it, against which,
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

Enter three Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolved
To be my executioners?
1 *Trib.* Allegiance
And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
Against your sacred head.
2 *Trib.* We rather sue
For mercy.
3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in justice
Our lives are forfeited for not performing
What Cæsar charged us.
1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it
In our want of will or care; for, being but men,
It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.
Cæs. Speak, in what
Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted.
1 *Trib.* In brief thus, sir:
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
For the astrologer Ascletario's death,
With speed was put in execution.
Cæs. Well.
1 *Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and his arms
Pinion'd behind his back, the breathless trunk
Was with all scorn dragg'd to the field of Mars,
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
Smear'd o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
The carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
But suddenly, to the amazement of
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
Of lightning, breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
And, as disdaining all heat but itself,
In a moment quench'd the artificial fire:
And before we could kindle it again,
A clap of thunder follow'd with such noise,
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,
Had in his secret purposes determined
An universal ruin to the world.
This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen:
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury,
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
Or that the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships
But sailing near it, so falls down again.——
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we labour'd to consume
The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,

Howling and yelling like to famish'd wolves,
Brake in upon us; and though thousands were
Kill'd in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.
Cæs. But have they torn it?
1 *Trib.* Torn it, and devour'd it.
Cæs. I then am a dead man, since all predictions
Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,
Your emperor must leave you! yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning
By five, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
You e'er must see me living.
1 *Trib.* Jove avert it!
In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.
Cæs. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no strength here to be alter'd.
Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
Compass'd of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a God,
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sinking with mine own weight.
1 *Trib.* Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you.
2 *Trib.* We'll draw up
More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.
Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended gods,
That now sit judges on me, from their envy
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against [me.
1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.
Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:
I am past hope of remission. Yet, could I
Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me——
1 *Trib.* Yes, sir;
Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
In which we'll mix our ashes.
Cæs. 'Tis said nobly:
I am something comforted: howe'er, to die
Is the full period of calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, Stephanos, Sejeius, *and* Entellus.

Parth. You see we are all condemn'd; there's no evasion;
We must do, or suffer.
Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least delay is mortal.
Dom. Would I were
A man, to give it action!
Domitil. Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As her's that can reach higher.
Steph. I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.
Sej. You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.
Ent. I will put in
For a part, myself.
Parth. Be resolv'd, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.
Steph. We'll dispatch him, fear not:
A dead dog never bites.
Parth. Thus then at all.
[*Exit; the rest conceal themselves.*

Enter Cæsar *and the* Tribunes.

Cæs. How slow-paced are these minutes! in [extremes,
How miserable is the least delay!
Could I imp feathers to the wings of time,
Or with as little ease command the sun
To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour to tremble at, past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six;
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?
1 *Trib.* Think not of him;
There is no danger: all these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.
Cæs. 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me? perish all
Predictions! I grow constant they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.
1 *Trib.* This is right;
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.
Cæs. We will to
The camp, and having there confirm'd the soldier
With a large donative, and increase of pay,
Some shall——I say no more.

Re-enter Parthenius.

Parth. All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world!
Cæs. Thy looks are cheerful.
Parth. And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,
My lord, neglected, the fear'd hour being past,
In which your life was threaten'd?
Cæs. Is't past five?
Parth. Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in justice,
Your clock-master should die, that hath deferr'd
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,
That brings assured intelligence, that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day,
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Conceal'd, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.
Cæs. Hence, pale fear, then!
Lead me, Parthenius.
1 *Trib.* Shall we wait you?
Cæs. No.
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Parthenius

2 Trib. How strangely hopes delude men! as I live,
The hour is not yet come.
1 Trib. Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties, and observe the sequel.
[*Exeunt* Tribunes. DOMITIA *and the rest come forward.*
Dom. I hear him coming. Be constant.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and* PARTHENIUS.

Cæs. Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger?
Steph. Make the door fast.—Here;
A messenger of horror.
Cæs. How! betray'd?
Dom. No; taken, tyrant.
Cæs. My Domitia
In the conspiracy!
Parth. Behold this book.
Cæs. Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarm'd,
I'll not fall poorly.
[*Overthrows* STEPHANOS.
Steph. Help me.
Ent. Thus, and thus!
Sej. Are you so long a falling? } *They stab him.*
Cæs. 'Tis done basely. [*Falls, and dies.*
Parth. This for my father's death.
Dom. This for my Paris.
Jul. This for thy incest.
Domitil. This for thy abuse
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*
Tribunes. [*Within.*] Force the doors!

Enter Tribunes.

O Mars!
What have you done?
Parth. What Rome shall give us thanks for.
Steph. Dispatch'd a monster.
1 Trib. Yet he was our prince,
However wicked; and, in you, this murder,—
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that serv'd under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself,
(For in thy wickedness Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd.
Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—
We will refer the hearing to the senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body: he in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference;
Good kings are mourn'd for after life; but ill,
And such as govern'd only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall;
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.
[*Exeunt; the Tribunes bearing the body of* CÆSAR.

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

TO THE TRULY HONOURED, AND MY NOBLE FAVOURER,

SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, KNT.

OF THORRELL'S-HALL, IN ESSEX.

SIR,—As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encourage me. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that gave supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer, than receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge, that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert your noble inclination, and that made actual, to raise up, or, to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished poesie. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contemn not the name of

Your true and faithful honourer, PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COZIMO, *Duke of Florence.*
GIOVANNI, *Nephew to the* Duke.
SANAZARRO, *the* Duke's *Favourite.*
CAROLO CHAROMONTE, GIOVANNI'S *Tutor.*
CONTARINO, *Secretary to the* Duke.
ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, HIERONIMO, *Counsellors of State.*
CALANDRINO, *a merry fellow, Servant to* GIOVANNI.
BERNARDO, CAPONI, PETRUCHIO, *Servants to* CHAROMONTE.
A Gentleman.

FIORINDA, *Dutchess of* URBIN.
LIDIA, *Daughter to* CHAROMONTE.
CALAMINTA, *Servant to* FIORINDA.
PETRONELLA *a foolish Servant to* LIDIA.

Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN FLORENCE, AND PARTLY AT THE RESIDENCE OF CHAROMONTE IN THE COUNTRY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CHAROMONTE *and* CONTARINO.

Char. You bring your welcome with you.
Cont. Sir, I find it
In every circumstance.
Char. Again most welcome.
Yet, give me leave to wish (and 'pray you, excuse me,
For I must use the freedom I was born with)
The great duke's pleasure had commanded you
To my poor house upon some other service;
Not this you are design'd to: but his will
Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As dear to me as the old Romans held
Their household Lars, whom they believed had power
To bless and guard their families.
Cont. 'Tis received so
On my part, signior; nor can the duke
But promise to himself as much as may
Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness
In any man to doubt, that Giovanni,
Train'd up by your experience and care
In all those arts peculiar and proper
To future greatness, of necessity
Must in his actions, being grown a man,
Make good the princely education
Which he derived from you.
Char. I have discharged,
To the utmost of my power, the trust the duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceive
The seed of my endeavours was not sown

Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe,
Which yields a large increase: my noble charge,
By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension,
Instructing those that teach him; making use,
Not in a vulgar and pedantic form,
Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested,
And truly made his own. His grave discourse,
In one no more indebted unto years,
Amazes such as hear him: horsemanship,
And skill to use his weapon, are by practice
Familiar to him: as for knowledge in
Music, he needs it not, it being born with him;
All that he speaks being with such grace deliver'd,
That it makes perfect harmony.

Cont. You describe
A wonder to me.

Car. Sir, he is no less;
And that there may be nothing wanting that
May render him complete, the sweetness of
His disposition so wins on all
Appointed to attend him, that they are
Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who
Shall get precedency to do him service;
Which they esteem a greater happiness,
Than if they had been fashion'd and built up
To hold command o'er others.

Cont. And what place
Does he now bless with his presence?

Char. He is now
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.
He does allot for every exercise
A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.
But I fear I am tedious, let us pass,
If you please, to some other subject, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deserves.

Cont. You have given him
A noble character.

Char. And how, I pray you,
(For we, that never look beyond our villas,
Must be inquisitive,) are state affairs
Carried in court?

Cont. There's little alteration:
Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with
The pleasure of the duke, their great disposer.

Char. Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold
Weight, and grace with him?

Cont. Every day new honours
Are shower'd upon him, and without the envy
Of such as are good men; since all confess
The service done our master in his wars
'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice
Claim what's conferr'd upon him.

Char. 'Tis said nobly;
For princes never more make known their wisdom,
Than when they cherish goodness where they find it:
They being men, and not gods, Contarino,
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues;
That is without their power. When they advance,
Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy,
An undeserving man, howe'er set off
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,
And of a creature even grown terrible
To him from whom he took his giant form,
This thing is still a comet, no true star;
And when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,
And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous.
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so,
He being pure and tried gold · and any stamp
Of grace, to make him current to the world,
The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour
To the great bestower; for he, though allow'd
Companion to his master, still preserves
His majesty in full lustre.

Cont. He, indeed,
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burthen which
He should alone sustain.

Char. Is he yet married?

Cont. No, signior, still a bachelor; howe'er
It is apparent that the choicest virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth, in Florence,
Would, with her parents' glad consent, be won,
Were his affection and intent but known,
To be at his devotion.

Char. So I think too.
But break we off—here comes my princely charge.

Enter GIOVANNI *and* CALANDRINO.

Make your approaches boldly; you will find
A courteous entertainment. [CONT. *kneels.*

Giov. Pray you, forbear
My hand, good signior; 'tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutual arms.

Cont. It is a favour, sir,
I grieve to be denied.

Giov. You shall o'ercome:
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride, that grants it.
Nay, pray you, guardian, and good sir, put on:
How ill it shews to have that reverend head
Uncover'd to a boy!

Char. Your excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.

Giov. Owe me duty!
I do profess (and when I do deny it,
Good fortune leave me!) you have been to me
A second father, and may justly challenge,
For training up my youth in arts and arms,
As much respect and service, as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know sir,
Or will believe from me, how many sleeps
Good Charomonte hath broken, in his care
To build me up a man, you must confess
Chiron, the tutor to the great Achilles,
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.
And if my gracious uncle, the great duke,
Still holds me worthy his consideration,
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,
That little rivulet flow'd from this spring;
And so from me report him.

Cont. Fame already
Hath fill'd his highness' ears with the true story
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail
Of this grave sir, with a magnificent hand.
For, though his tenderness hardly could consent
To have you one hour absent from his sight,
For full three years he did deny himself
The pleasure he took in you, that you, here,
From this great master, might arrive unto
The theory of those high mysteries
Which you, by action, must make plain in court.
'Tis, therefore, his request, (and that, from him,
Your excellence must grant a strict command,)
That instantly (it being not five hours riding)

You should take horse and visit him. These his letters
Will yield you further reasons.
[*Delivers a packet.*

Cal. To the court!
Farewell the flower, then, of the country's garland,
This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not
Expect or spring or summer, but resolve
For a perpetual winter.
Char. Pray you, observe
[GIOVANNI *reading the letters.*
The frequent changes in his face.
Cont. As if
His much unwillingness to leave your house
Contended with his duty.
Char. Now he appears
Collected and resolved.
Giov. It is the duke!
The duke, upon whose favour all my hopes
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That do invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience,
In my departing suddenly, shall confirm
I am his highness' creature; yet, I hope
A little stay to take a solemn farewell
Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my guardian,
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet
An ill construction.
Cont. I will answer that:
Use your own will.
Giov. I would speak to you, sir,
In such a phrase as might express the thanks
My heart would gladly pay; but——
Char. I conceive you:
And something I would say; but I must do it
In that dumb rhetoric which you make use of,
For I do wish you all——I know not how,
My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion,
I must turn woman. [*Embraces* GIOVANNI.
Cont. What a sympathy
There is between them!
Cal. Were I on the rack,
I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,
And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow,
Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir,
(I'll separate you,) when you are gone, what will
Become of me?
Giov. Why, thou shalt to court with me.
[*Takes* CHAR. *aside.*
Cal. To see you worried?
Cont. Worried, Calandrino!
Cal. Yes, sir: for, bring this sweet face to the court,
There will be such a longing 'mong the madams,
Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,
That, if they be not stopp'd, for entertainment
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll 'scape so,
And not be tempted to a further danger,
These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an eunuch.
Cont. Have a better
Opinion of court-ladies, and take care
Of your own stake.
Cal. For my stake, 'tis past caring.
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers
Handsel his lime twig,—and so much for him:
There's something else that troubles me.
Cont. What's that?
Cal. Why, how to behave myself in court, and tightly.
I have been told the very place transforms men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Lived honestly in the country on plain salads,
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him
But a month or two with custards and court cake-bread,
And he turns knave immediately.—I'd be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.
Giov. And, if I ever reach my hopes, believe it,
We will share fortunes.
Char. This acknowledgment

Enter LIDIA.

Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.
Cont. As I live,
A beauty without parallel!
Lid. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
Lid. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
Giov. O, Lidia!——
Cont. So passionate! [*Aside.*
Giov. For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—
And all this I must part from.
Cont. You forget
The haste imposed upon us.
Giov. One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.

Lid. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant; but it was,
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
Giov. I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
Cont. Your excellence
Will be benighted.
Giov. This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.
Lid. Give me leave
To wait on you to your horse.
Char. And me to bring you
To the one half of your journey.
Giov. Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.
Char. I grow young,
When most I serve you.
Cont. Sir, the duke shall thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—FLORENCE.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, *and* HIERONIMO.

Alph. His highness cannot take it ill.
Hip. However,
We with our duties shall express our care
For the safety of his dukedom.
Hier. And our loves

Enter COZIMO.

To his person.—Here he comes: present it boldly.
[*They kneel,* ALPHONSO *tenders a Paper.*
Coz. What needs this form? We are not grown [so proud
As to disdain familiar conference
With such as are to counsel and direct us.
This kind of adoration shew'd not well
In the old Roman emperors, who, forgetting
That they were flesh and blood, would be styled gods:
In us to suffer it, were worse. Pray you, rise.
[*Reads.*
Still the old suit! With too much curiousness
You have too often search'd this wound, which [yields
Security and rest, not trouble to me.
For here you grieve, that my firm resolution
Continues me a widower; and that
My want of issue to succeed me in
My government, when I am dead, may breed
Distraction in the state, and make the name
And family of the Medici, now admired,
Contemptible.
Hip. And with strong reasons, sir.
Alph. For, were you old, and past hope to beget
The model of yourself, we should be silent.
Hier. But, being in your height and pride of [years,
As you are now, great sir, and having, too,
In your possession the daughter of
The deceased duke of Urbin, and his heir
Whose guardian you are made; were you but pleased
To think her worthy of you, besides children,
The dukedom she brings with her for a dower
Will yield a large increase of strength and power
To those fair territories which already
Acknowledge you their absolute lord.
Coz. You press us
With solid arguments, we grant; and, though
We stand not bound to yield account to any
Why we do this or that, (the full consent
Of our subjects being included in our will,)
We, out of our free bounties, will deliver
The motives that divert us. You well know
That, three years since, to our much grief, we lost
Our dutchess; such a dutchess, that the world,
In her whole course of life, yields not a lady
That can with imitation deserve
To be her second; in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy
For any second marriage. Now, whereas
You name the heir of Urbin, as a princess
Of great revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:
But for some causes, private to ourself,
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair not
For you, ere long, with joy shall understand,
That in our princely care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

Enter SANAZARRO.

Hip. We submit,
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo
Oraculous.
Coz. My Sanazarro!—Nay,
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly, friend,
And promise in your clear aspect some novel
That may delight us.
Sanaz. O sir, I would not be
The harbinger of aught that might distaste you;
And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture
Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral,
By my directions, hath surprised the gallies
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute
Of the great Turk; a richer prize was never
Brought into Florence.
Coz. Still my nightingale,
That with sweet accents dost assure me, that
My spring of happiness comes fast upon me!
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares believe but in a thought, we are
Too prodigal in our favours to this man,
Whose merits, though with him we should divide
Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor.
Hip. 'Tis far from me.
Alph. We all applaud it.
Coz. Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our
Election be disparaged, since we have not
Received into our bosom and our grace
A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
On others' toil, but an industrious bee,
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returns
Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.
Sanaz. My best endeavours never can discharge
The service I should pay.
Coz. Thou art too modest;
But we will study how to give, and when,

Enter GIOVANNI *and* CONTARINO.

Before it be demanded.——Giovanni!
My nephew! let me eye thee better, boy.

In thee, methinks, my sister lives again;
For her love I will be a father to thee,
For thou art my adopted son.
Giov. Your servant,
And humblest subject.
Cos. Thy hard travel, nephew,
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear,
For the present, an account how thou hast spent
Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care,
Without a second bed, provides you of
A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings,
And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,
With the rest, do you attend him.
Giov. All true pleasures
Circle your highness!
Sanaz. As the rising sun,
We do receive you.
Giov. May this never set,
But shine upon you ever!
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, HIERONIMO, ALPHONSO, *and* HIPPOLITO.
Cos. Contarino!
Cont. My gracious lord.
Cos. What entertainment found you
From Carolo de Charomonte?
Cont. Free,
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,
Noble and hospitable.
Cos. But did my nephew
Depart thence willingly?
Cont. He obey'd your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,
But that he durst not cross your will, he would
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment.
But there was something else; nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion.
Cos. Who was it?
Cont. The daughter, sir, of signior Carolo,
Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts,
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of,
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what increases
The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form
Is better'd by the pureness of her soul.
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour,
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all courtship,
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe
Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces,
Wandering Ulysses never had remember'd
Penelope, or Ithaca.
Cos. Be not rapt so.
Cont. Your excellence would be so, had you seen her.
Cos. Take up, take up.—But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Between her and my nephew?
Cont. How it should
Be otherwise between them, is beyond
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows
Were useless there; for, of necessity,
Their years and dispositions do accord so,
They must wound one another.
Cos. Umph! Thou art
My secretary, Contarino, and more skill'd
In politic designs of state, than in
Thy judgment of a beauty; give me leave,
In this, to doubt it.—Here. Go to my cabinet,
You shall find there letters newly received,
Touching the state of Urbin.
Pray you, with care peruse them: leave the search
Of this to us.
Cont. I do obey in all things. [*Exit.*
Cos. Lidia! a diamond so long conceal'd,
And never worn in court! of such sweet feature!
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes
Made captive to it! Umph! 'tis somewhat strange.
Our eyes are everywhere, and we will make
A strict enquiry.—Sanazarro!

Re-enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. Sir.
Cos. Is my nephew at his rest?
Sanaz. I saw him in bed, sir.
Cos. 'Tis well; and does the princess Fiorinda,
Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir,
Continue constant in her favours to you?
Sanaz. Dread sir, she may dispense them as she pleases;
But I look up to her as on a princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigal graces shall not render me
Offender to your highness.
Cos. Not a scruple.
He whom I favour, as I do my friend,
May take all lawful graces that become him:
But touching this hereafter. I have now
(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle)
Serious employment for thee.
Sanaz. I stand ready
For any act you please.
Cos. I know it, friend.
Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter
Of Carolo Charomonte?
Sanaz. Him I know, sir,
For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend;
But never heard of her.
Cos. She is deliver'd,
And feelingly to us by Contarino,
For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you
Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder,
But not as sent by us; that's our first caution:
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That, though you are a bachelor, and endow'd with
All those perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her:
It may be her fair graces do concern us.
Pretend what business you think fit, to gain
Access unto her father's house, and there
Make full discovery of her, and return me
A true relation:—I have some ends in it,
With which we will acquaint you.
Sanaz. This is, sir,
An easy task.
Cos. Yet one that must exact
Your secrecy and diligence. Let not
Your stay be long.
Sanaz. It shall not, sir.
Cos. Farewell,
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful.
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* FIORINDA'S *House.*

Enter FIORINDA *and* CALAMINTA.

Fior. How does this dressing shew?
Calam. 'Tis of itself
Curious and rare; but, borrowing ornament,
As it does from your grace, that deigns to wear it,
Incomparable.
Fior. Thou flatter'st me.
Calam. I cannot,
Your excellence is above it.
Fior. Were we less perfect,
Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess,
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,
By our prerogative!—yet all these fail
To move where I would have them. How received
Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him
For his last visit?
Calam. With much reverence,
I dare not say affection. He express'd
More ceremony in his humble thanks,
Than feeling of the favour; and appear'd
Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion,
Of what it did invite him to.
Fior. No matter;
He's blind with too much light. Have you not heard
Of any private mistress he's engaged to?
Calam. Not any; and this does amaze me, madam,
That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines,
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners
Be so averse to women.
Fior. Troth, I know not;
He's man enough, and, if he has a haunt,
He preys far off, like a subtle fox.
Calam. And that way
I do suspect him: for I learnt last night,
When the great duke went to rest, attended by
One private follower, he took horse; but whither
He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,
But I will find it out.
Fior. Do, faithful servant;

Enter CALANDRINO.

We would not be abused.—Who have we here?
Calam. How the fool stares!
Fior. And looks as if he were
Conning his neck-verse.
Cal. If I now prove perfect
In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino
Is made for ever. I am sent—let me see,
On a *How d'ye*, as they call't.
Calam. What wouldst thou say?
Cal. Let me see my notes. These are her lodgings; well.
Calam. Art thou an ass?
Cal. Peace! thou art a court wagtail,
[*Looking on his instructions.*
To interrupt me.
Fior. He has given it you.
Cal. *And then say to the illustrious Fi-o-rin-da*—
I have it. Which is she?
Calam. Why this; fop-doodle.
Cal. Leave chattering, bull-finch; you would put me out,
But 'twill not do.—*Then, after you have made
Your three obeisances to her, kneel, and kiss
The skirt of her gown.*—I am glad it is no worse.
Calam. And why so, sir?
Cal. Because I was afraid
That, after the Italian garb, I should
Have kiss'd her backward.
Calam. This is sport unlook'd for.
Cal. Are you the princess?
Fior. Yes, sir.
Cal. Then stand fair,
For I am choleric; and do not nip
A hopeful blossom.—Out again:—*Three low
Obeisances*—
Fior. I am ready.
Cal. I come on, then.
Calam. With much formality.
Cal. Umph! One, two, three.
[*Makes antic curtesies.*
Thus far I am right. Now for the last. [*Kisses the skirt of her gown.*]—O, rare!
She is perfumed all over! Sure great women,
Instead of little dogs, are privileged
To carry musk-cats.
Fior. Now the ceremony
Is pass'd, what is the substance?
Cal. I'll peruse
My instructions, and then tell you.—*Her skirt kiss'd,
Inform her highness that your lord*——
Calam. Who's that?
Cal. Prince Giovanni, who entreats your grace,
That he, with your good favour, may have leave
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd it
For a courtier of the first form.
Fior. To my wonder.

Enter GIOVANNI *and a* Gentleman.

Return unto the prince—but he prevents
My answer. Calaminta, take him off;
And, for the neat delivery of his message,
Give him ten ducats: such rare parts as yours
Are to be cherish'd.
Cal. We will share: I know
It is the custom of the court, when ten
Are promised, five is fair. Fie! fie! the princess
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come to-morrow.
Calam. Very good, sir.
[*Exeunt* CALANDRINO, *and* CALAMINTA.
Giov. Pray you, friend,
Inform the duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.
Gent. I am proud to be employ'd, sir. [*Exit.*
Giov. Madam, that, without warrant, I presume
To trench upon your privacies, may argue
Rudeness of manners; but the free access
Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To find a gracious pardon.
Fior. If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction,
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needs not this apology.
Giov. You continue,
As you were ever, the greatest mistress of
Fair entertainment.
Fior. You are, sir, the master:

And in the country have learnt to outdo
All that in court is practised. But why should we
Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir.
We have been more familiar, and since
You will impose the province (you should govern)
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse
As we were used.
Giov. Your excellence knows so well
How to command, that I can never err
When I obey you.
Fior. Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, sir.—
And what delights, pray you be liberal
In your relation, hath the country life
Afforded you?
Giov. All pleasures, gracious madam,
But the happiness to converse with your sweet
I had a grave instructor, and my hours [virtues.
Design'd to serious studies yielded me
Pleasure with profit, in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in; the signior,
Carolo de Charomonte, being skilful
To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,
That labour'd to imprison my free soul
A slave to vicious sloth.
Fior. You speak him well.
Giov. But short of his deserts. Then for the
Of recreation, I was allow'd [time
(Against the form follow'd by jealous parents
In Italy) full liberty to partake
His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments which a poet
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may learn,
Without the aids of foreign principles,
By the example of her life and pureness,
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample story.
Fior. Your whole age,
So spent with such a father and a daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.
Giov. True, great princess:
And now, since you have pleased to grant the
hearing
Of my time's expense in the country, give me leave
To entreat the favour to be made acquainted
What service, or what objects in the court,
Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved
Most gracious to you.
Fior. I'll meet your demand,
And make a plain discovery. The duke's care
For my estate and person holds the first
And choicest place: then, the respect the courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.
But that which raised in me the most delight,
(For I am a friend to valour,) was to hear
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave count Sanazarro. I profess,
When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,
How boldly, in the horror of a fight,
Cover'd with fire and smoke, and, as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen
Upon the Turkish gallies, I have heard it
With a kind of pleasure, which hath whisper'd to
This worthy must be cherish'd. [me,
Giov. 'Twas a bounty
You never can repent.
Fior. I glory in it.
And when he did return, (but still with conquest)
His armour off, not young Antinous
Appear'd more courtly; all the graces that
Render a man's society dear to ladies,
Like pages waiting on him; and it does
Work strangely on me.
Giov. To divert your thoughts,
Though they are fix'd upon a noble subject,
I am a suitor to you.
Fior. You will ask,
I do presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be denied.
Giov. It is a favour
For which I hope your excellence will thank me.
Fior. Nay, without circumstance.
Giov. That you would please
To take occasion to move the duke,
That you, with his allowance, may command
This matchless virgin, Lidia, (of whom
I cannot speak too much,) to wait upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of
Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your train.
Fior. 'Tis rank! he loves her:
But I will fit him with a suit. [*Aside.*]—I pause
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me [not,
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a fair and fit occasion;
Yet, in return, I ask a boon of you,
And hope to find you, in your grant to me,
As I have been to you.
Giov. Command me, madam.
Fior. 'Tis near allied to yours. That you would
A suitor to the duke, not to expose, [be
After so many trials of his faith,
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the fury
Of a perpetual battery: but now
To grant him, after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in court; his arms
And his victorious sword and shield hung up
For monuments.
Giov. Umph!—I'll embrace, fair princess,

Enter COSIMO.

The soonest opportunity. The duke!
Cos. Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,
And, without prejudice to either's honours,
May make a mutual change of love and courtship,
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,
And we give suffrage to it.
Giov. You are gracious.
Cos. To ourself in this: but now break off; too much
Taken at once of the most curious viands,
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keep us company.
Fior. We attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Hall in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter BERNARDO, CAPONI, *and* PETRUCHIO.

Bern. Is my lord stirring?
Cap. No; he's fast.
Pet. Let us take, then,

Our morning draught. Such as eat store of beef,
Mutton, and capons, may preserve their healths
With that thin composition call'd small beer,
As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians,
That think when they have supp'd upon an olive,
A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast,
Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs,
With hot and lusty wines.

Cap. A happiness
Those tramontanes ne'er tasted.

Ber. Have they not
Store of wine there?

Cap. Yes, and drink more in two hours
Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.

Pet. But what is't? French trash, made of rotten grapes,
And dregs and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheglin,
A drench to kill a horse! But this pure nectar,
Being proper to our climate, is too fine
To brook the roughness of the sea: the spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,
And active executions; whereas their
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it:
They can fight, and that's their all. [*They drink.*

Enter SANAZARRO *and* Servant.

Sanaz. Security
Dwells about this house, I think; the gate's wide open,
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and clothed.

Serv. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Sanaz. I'll make bold
To press a little further.

Bern. Who is this,
Count Sanazarro?

Pet. Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the flaggon.

Sanaz. A good day to you, friends.
Nay, do not conceal your physic; I approve it,
And, if you please, will be a patient with you.

Pet. My noble lord. [*Drinks.*

Sanaz. A health to yours. [*Drinks.*] Well done!
I see you love yourselves, and I commend you;
'Tis the best wisdom.

Pet. May it please your honour
To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint
My lord with your being here. [*Exit.*

Sanaz. Tell him I come
For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this. [*Exit.*

Cap. Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one;
Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud.

Bern. There are
Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers,
(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices
Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent them,
And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that way,)
Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak
But to cloth of tissue.

Enter CHAROMONTE *in a nightgown*, PETRUCHIO *following.*

Char. Stand you prating, knaves,
When such a guest is under my roof! See all
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries
The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, than——
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter
Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier
Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his place,
Expects to wriggle further: if he does,
I shall deceive his hopes; for I'll not taint
My honour for the dukedom. Which way went he?

Cap. To the round gallery.

Char. I will entertain him
As fits his worth and quality, but no further. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the same.*

Enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. I cannot apprehend, yet I have argued
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons
The great duke does employ me hither; and,
What does increase the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my return,
Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and describe
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task: he that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her. But the intents
And secrets of my prince's heart must be
Served, and not search'd into.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

Char. Most noble sir,
Excuse my age, subject to ease and sloth,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.

Sanaz. 'Tis more fit
That I should ask your pardon, for disturbing
Your rest at this unseasonable hour.
But my occasions carrying me so near
Your hospitable house, my stay being short too,
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance
A visit would not offend.

Char. Offend, my lord!
I feel myself much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious master?

Sanaz. He, sir,
Holds still his wonted greatness, and confesses
Himself your debtor, for your love and care
To the prince Giovanni; and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his grace known
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to
Would have licensed me to see you.

Char. I am rich
In his acknowledgment.

Sanaz. Sir, I have heard
Your happiness in a daughter.

Char. Sits the wind there? [*Aside.*

Sanaz. Fame gives her out for a rare masterpiece.

Char. 'Tis a plain village girl, sir, but obedient;
That's her best beauty, sir.

Sanaz. Let my desire
To see her, find a fair construction from you:
I bring no loose thought with me.

Char. You are that way,
My lord, free from suspicion. Her own manners
Without an imposition from me,
I hope, will prompt her to it.

Enter LIDIA *and* PETRONELLA.

As she is,
She comes to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.
Sanaz. With your fair leave,
I make bold to salute you.
Lid. Sir, you have it.
Petron. I am her gentlewoman, will he not kiss
me too?
This is coarse, i'faith. [*Aside.*
Char. How he falls off!
Lid. My lord, though silence best becomes a
And to be curious to know but what [maid,
Concerns myself, and with becoming distance,
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow
So much of modesty, as to enquire
Prince Giovanni's health.
Sanaz. He cannot want
What you are pleased to wish him.
Lid. Would 'twere so!
And then there is no blessing that can make
A hopeful and a noble prince complete,
But should fall on him. O! he was our north star,
The light and pleasure of our eyes.
Sanaz. Where am I?
I feel myself another thing! Can charms
Be writ on such pure rubies? her lips melt
As soon as touch'd! Not those smooth gales that
O'er happy Araby, or rich Sabæa, [glide
Creating in their passage gums and spices,
Can serve for a weak simile to express
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave stature
Homer bestow'd on Pallas, every limb
Proportion'd to it!
Char. This is strange.—My lord!
Sanaz. I crave your pardon, and yours, match-
For such I must report you. [less maid.
Petron. There's no notice
Taken all this while of me. [*Aside.*
Sanaz. And I must add,
If your discourse and reason parallel
The rareness of your more than human form,
You are a wonder.
Char. Pray you, my lord, make trial:
She can speak, I can assure you; and that my
presence
May not take from her freedom, I will leave you:
For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom, she pleases.——If he be
Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy
A better match; and, for false play, I know
The tricks, and can discern them.—Petronella.
Petron. Yes, my good lord.
Char. I have employment for you.
[*Exeunt* CHAROMONTE *and* PETRONELLA.
Lid. What's your will, sir?
Sanaz. Madam, you are so large a theme to
And every grace about you offers to me [treat of,
Such copiousness of language, that I stand
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,
Before I do offend, to sign my pardon:
Let this, the emblem of your innocence,
Give me assurance.
Lid. My hand join'd to yours,
Without this superstition, confirms it.
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me.
The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing
That rhetoric, with all her tropes and figures,
Can amplify. Yet since you are resolved
To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,
As I'm a woman (and you men affirm
Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it.

Enter CHAROMONTE *above.*

Now, when you please, begin.
Sanaz. [*turning from her.*] Such Læda's paps
were,—
(Down pillows styled by Jove,) and their pure
whiteness
Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat of lust
Swells up her azure veins; and yet I feel
That this chaste ice but touch'd, fans fire in me.
Lid. You need not, noble sir, be thus trans-
Or trouble your invention to express [ported,
Your thought of me: the plainest phrase and lan-
guage
That you can use, will be too high a strain
For such an humble theme.
Sanaz. If the great duke
Made this his end to try my constant temper.
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine:
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections
Like other men. Who can behold the temples,
Or holy altars, but the objects work
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walk over burning iron with bare feet,
And be unscorch'd, as look upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursued too.
Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those
Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word.
Lid. I ne'er was proud;
Nor can find I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you:
Nor am I amorous.
Sanaz. Suppose his greatness
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me
To be his agent? It is tyranny
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance
Tempted too far is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil; as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,
And is too late repented.
Lid. Pray you, sir,
Or license me to leave, or deliver
The reasons which invite you to command
My tedious waiting on you.
Char. As I live,
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,
Or his simplicity?
Sanaz. Whither have my thoughts
Carried me from myself? In this my dulness.
I've lost an opportunity——
[*Turns to her; she falls off.*
Lid. 'Tis true,
I was not bred in court, nor live a star there;
Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,
As they, that are the mistresses of great fortunes,
Are every day adorn'd with——
Sanaz. Will you vouchsafe
Your ear, sweet lady?
Lid. Yet I may be bold,
For my integrity and fame, to rank
With such as are more glorious. Though I never
Did injury, yet I am sensible
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.

Sanaz. Will you please to hear me?
Lid. O the difference of natures! Giovanni,
A prince in expectation, when he lived here,
Stole courtesy from heaven, and would not to
The meanest servant in my father's house
Have kept such distance.
Sanaz. Pray you, do not think me
Unworthy of your ear; it was your beauty
That turn'd me statue. I can speak, fair lady.
Lid. And I can hear. The harshness of your courtship
Cannot corrupt my courtesy.
Sanaz. Will you hear me,
If I speak of love?
Lid. Provided you be modest;
I were uncivil, else.
Char. They are come to parley:
I must observe this nearer. [*He retires.*
Sanaz. You are a rare one,
And such (but that my haste commands me hence)
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
With leave to visit you again?
Lid. So you,
At your return to court, do me the favour
To make a tender of my humble service
To the prince Giovanni.
Sanaz. Ever touching
Upon that string! [*Aside.*] And will you give me hope
Of future happiness?
Lid. That as I shall find you:
The fort that's yielded at the first assault
Is hardly worth the taking.

Re-enter CHARAMONTE *below.*

Char. O, they are at it.
Sanaz. She is a magazine of all perfection,
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must—
A parting kiss, fair maid.
Lid. That custom grants you.
Char. A homely breakfast does attend your lordship,
Such as the place affords.
Sanaz. No; I have feasted
Already here; my thanks, and so I leave you:
I will see you again.—Till this unhappy hour
I was never lost, and what to do, or say,
I have not yet determined. [*Aside, and exit.*
Char. Gone so abruptly!
'Tis very strange.
Lid. Under your favour, sir,
His coming hither was to little purpose,
For anything I heard from him.
Char. Take heed, Lidia!
I do advise you with a father's love,
And tenderness of your honour; as I would not
Have you coarse and harsh in giving entertainment,
So by no means to be credulous; for great men,
Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in
Their promises, but, those obtain'd, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear anything; for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile, at lovers' perjuries.—Yet be wise too,
And when you are sued to in a noble way,
Be neither nice nor scrupulous.
Lid. All you speak, sir,
I hear as oracles; nor will digress
From your directions.
Char. So shall you keep
Your fame untainted.
Lid. As I would my life, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FLORENCE. *An Ante-room in the Palace.*

Enter SANAZARRO *and* Servant.

Sanaz. Leave the horses with my grooms; but be you careful,
With your best diligence and speed, to find out
The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat
I may exchange some private conference with him,
Before the great duke know of my arrival.
Serv. I haste, my lord.
Sanaz. Here I'll attend his coming:
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,
Conceal'd from all men else.
Serv. To serve your lordship,
I wish I were invisible. [*Exit.*
Sanaz. I am driven
Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer
A middle course; and of the two extremes
Which I must make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never servant
Stood more engaged to a magnificent master,
Than I to Cozimo: and all those honours
And glories by his grace conferr'd upon me,
Or by my prosperous services deserved,
If now I should deceive his trust, and make
A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruin'd.
And, on the other side, if I discover
Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up:
For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen,
She must with adoration be sued to.
A hermit at his beads but looking on her,
Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Laïs
(Not moved with her lust's blandishments) call'd a stone,
At this object would take fire. Nor is the duke
Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra,
But seen, must force him to forsake the groves,
And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve under
Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceal her beauties;—and how that
May be effected, is as hard a task
As with a veil to cover the sun's beams,
Or comfortable light. Three years the prince
Lived in her company, and Contarino,
The secretary, hath possess'd the duke
What a rare piece she is:—but he's my creature,
And may with ease be frighted to deny
What he hath said: and, if my long experience,
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,
Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yield me
But little profit.

Enter GIOVANNI *with the* Servant.

Giov. You are well return'd, sir.

Sanaz. Leave us.—[*Exit* Servant.] When that your grace shall know the motives
That forced me to invite you to this trouble,
You will excuse my manners.

Giov. Sir, there needs not
This circumstance between us. You are ever
My noble friend.

Sanaz. You shall have further cause
To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you.
And, when I have committed to your trust
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)
A secret of no less importance than
My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm
What value you hold with me.

Giov. Pray you, believe, sir,
What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up
In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself
Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour,
Which is the best security I can give yet,
It shall not be discover'd.

Sanaz. This assurance
Is more than I with modesty could demand
From such a paymaster: but I must be sudden:
And therefore, to the purpose. Can your Excellence,
In your imagination, conceive
On what design, or whither, the duke's will
Commanded me hence last night?

Giov. No, I assure you;
And it had been a rudeness to enquire
Of that I was not call'd to.

Sanaz. Grant me hearing,
And I will make you truly understand
It only did concern you.

Giov. Me, my lord!

Sanaz. You, in your present state, and future fortunes;
For both lie at the stake.

Giov. You much amaze me.
Pray you, resolve this riddle.

Sanaz. You know the duke,
If he die issueless, as yet he is,
Determines you his heir.

Giov. It hath pleased his highness
Oft to profess so much.

Sanaz. But say, he should
Be won to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a son, how, in a moment,
Will all those glorious expectations, which
Render you reverenced and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are
His much-loved sister's son!

Giov. I must bear it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was born with; and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe
Laws to the giver's pleasure.

Sanaz. Sweetly answer'd,
And like your noble self. This your rare temper
So wins upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think
How you shall be transform'd from what you are,
Should this (as heaven avert it!) ever happen.
It must disturb your peace: for whereas now,
Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent,
You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at;
The signiors making it a business to
Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk
The streets of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs press but to see you; and, with joy,
The father, pointing with his finger, tells
His son, This is the prince, the hopeful prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.—
Great ladies beg your picture, and make love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.—
And, but the last night, when 'twas only rumour'd
That you were come to court, as if you had
By sea pass'd hither from another world,
What general shouts and acclamations follow'd!
The bells rang loud, the bonfires blazed, and such
As loved not wine, carousing to your health,
Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this
A happiness to part with?

Giov. I allow these
As flourishes of fortune, with which princes
Are often sooth'd; but never yet esteem'd them
For real blessings.

Sanaz. Yet all these were paid
To what you may be, not to what you are;
For if the great duke but shew to his servants
A son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,
Pass unregarded.

Giov. I confess, command
Is not to be contemn'd, and if my fate
Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it
With willing shoulders. But, my lord, as yet.
You've told me of a danger coming towards me,
But have not named it.

Sanaz. That is soon deliver'd.
Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more
Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance
That does persuade my judgment to believe it,
Purposes to be married.

Giov. Married, sir!
With whom, and on what terms? pray you, instruct me.

Sanaz. With the fair Lidia.

Giov. Lidia!

Sanaz. The daughter
Of Signior Charomonte.

Giov. Pardon me
Though I appear incredulous; for, on
My knowledge he ne'er saw her.

Sanaz. That is granted:
But Contarino hath so sung her praises,
And given her out for such a masterpiece,
That he's transported with it, sir:—and love
Steals sometimes through the ear, into the heart,
As well as by the eye. The duke no sooner
Heard her described, but I was sent in post
To see her, and return my judgment of her.

Giov. And what's your censure?

Sanaz. 'Tis a pretty creature.

Giov. She's very fair.

Sanaz. Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.

Giov. Her limbs are neatly form'd.

Sanaz. She hath a waist,
Indeed, sized to love's wish.

Giov. A delicate hand too.

Sanaz. Then for a leg and foot—

Giov. And there I leave you,
For I presumed no further.

Sanaz. As she is, sir,
I know she wants no gracious part that may
Allure the duke; and, if he only see her,
She is his own; he will not be denied,
And then you are lost: yet, if you'll second me
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you,)
I can prevent all yet.

Giov. I would you could,
A noble way.
Sanaz. I will cry down her beauties;
Especially the beauties of her mind,
As much as Contarino hath advanced them;
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,
And kill affection in him: but you must join
With me in my report, if you be question'd.
Giov. I never told a lie yet; and I hold it
In some degree blasphémous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration; yet, for once,
I will dispraise a little, and not vary
From your relation.
Sanaz. Be constant in it.

Enter ALPHONSO.

Alph. My lord, the duke hath seen your man, and wonders

Enter COSIMO, HIPPOLITO, CONTARINO, *and* Attendants.

You come not to him. See, if his desire
To have conference with you hath not brought him
In his own person! [hither
Cos. They are comely coursers,
And promise swiftness.
Cont. They are, of my knowledge,
Of the best race in Naples.
Cos. You are, nephew,
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it:
'Tis a fair grace in a prince. Pray you, make trial
Of their strength and speed; and, if you think them
For your employment, with a liberal hand [fit
Reward the gentleman that did present them
From the viceroy of Naples.
Giov. I will use
My best endeavour, sir.
Cos. Wait on my nephew.
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, *and* Attendants.
Nay, stay you, Contarino: be within call;
It may be we shall use you. [*Exit* CONTARINO.]
You have rode hard, sir,
And we thank you for it: every minute seems
Irksome, and tedious to us, till you have
Made your discovery. Say, friend, have you seen
This phœnix of our age?
Sanaz. I have seen a maid, sir;
But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder
As she was deliver'd to you.
Cos. This is strange.
Sanaz. But certain truth. It may be, she was
With admiration in the country, sir; [look'd on
But, if compared with many in your court,
She would appear but ordinary.
Cos. Contarino
Reports her otherwise.
Sanaz. Such as ne'er saw swans,
May think crows beautiful.
Cos. How is her behaviour?
Sanaz. 'Tis like the place she lives in.
Cos. How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?
Sanaz. Very coarse;
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:
But, had she all the beauties of fair women,
The dullness of her soul would fright me from her.
Cos. You are curious, sir. I know not what to think on't.— [*Aside.*
Contarino!

Re-enter CONTARINO.

Cont. Sir.
Cos. Where was thy judgment, man,
To extol a virgin Sanazarro tells me
Is nearer to deformity?
Sanaz. I saw her,
And curiously perused her; and I wonder
That she, that did appear to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.
Cont. Troth, my lord, I thought then——
Cos. Thought! Didst thou not affirm it?
Cont. I confess, sir,
I did believe so then; but now, I hear
My lord's opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith: for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir;
But he's sharp-sighted.
Sanaz. This is to my wish. [*Aside.*
Cos. We know not what to think of this; yet would not

Re-enter GIOVANNI, HIPPOLITO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Determine rashly of it. [*Aside.*]—How do you like
My nephew's horsemanship?
Hip. In my judgment, sir,
It is exact and rare.
Alph. And, to my fancy,
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.
Cos. You are right courtiers,
And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a prince.
Sanaz. Do not betray
Yourself, you're safe; I have done my part.
[*Aside to* GIOVANNI.
Giov. I thank you;
Nor will I fail.
Cos. What's your opinion, nephew,
Of the horses?
Giov. Two of them are, in my judgment,
The best I ever back'd; I mean the roan, sir,
And the brown bay: but for the chesnut-colour'd,
Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery,
He treads weak in his pasterns.
Cos. So: come nearer;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat;
Take this, and dry it; and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charamonte's daughter, Lidia.
Giov. I am, sir,
A novice in my judgment of a lady;
But such as 'tis, your grace shall have it freely.
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend father: but I'll give you, sir,
As near as I can, her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportion'd; for her face, it is
Far from deformity; yet they flatter her,
That style it excellent: her manners are
Simple and innocent; but her discourse
And wit deserve my pity, more than praise:
At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,
And, that said, all is spoken.
Cos. I believe you;
I ne'er yet found you false.
Giov. Nor ever shall, sir.—
Forgive me, matchless Lidia! too much love,
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge,

To be a poor detractor of that beauty,
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,
Would want words to express. [*Aside.*
Cos. Pray you, make choice of
The richest of our furniture for these horses, [*To* SANAZARRO.
And take my nephew with you; we in this
Will follow his directions.
Giov. Could I find now
The princess Fiorinda, and persuade her
To be silent in the suit that I moved to her,
All were secure.
Sanaz. In that, my lord, I'll aid you.
Cos. We will be private; leave us.
[*Exeunt all but* COZIMO.
All my studies
And serious meditations aim no further
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's son,
And she was such a sister, when she lived,
I could not prize too much; nor can I better
Make known how dear I hold her memory,
Than in my cherishing the only issue
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

Enter FIORINDA.

Fior. Sir.
Cos. My fair charge! you are welcome to us.
Fior. I have found it, sir.
Cos. All things go well in Urbin.
Fior. Your gracious care to me, an orphan, frees me
From all suspicion that my jealous fears
Can drive into my fancy.
Cos. The next summer,
In our own person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your own.
Fior. When you think fit, sir.
But, in the meantime, with your highness' pardon,
I am a suitor to you.
Cos. Name it, madam,
With confidence to obtain it.
Fior. That you would please
To lay a strict command on Charamonte,
To bring his daughter Lidia to the court:
And pray you, think, sir, that 'tis not my purpose
To employ her as a servant, but to use her
As a most wish'd companion.
Cos. Ha! your reason?
Fior. The hopeful prince, your nephew, sir, hath given her
To me for such an abstract of perfection
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,
As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,
Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners
And learning too, not usual with women,
That I am much ambitious (though I shall
Appear but as a foil to set her off)
To be by her instructed, and supplied
In what I am defective.
Cos. Did my nephew
Seriously deliver this?
Fior. I assure your grace,
With zeal and vehemency; and, even when,
With his best words, he strived to set her forth,
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent,)
He would complain, all he could say came short
Of her deservings.
Cos. Pray you have patience. [*Walks aside.*
This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with?
Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that
Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?
Well! we will clear our brows, and undermine
Their secret works, though they have digg'd like moles.
And crush them with the tempest of my wrath
When I appear most calm. He is unfit
To command others, that knows not to use it,
And with all rigour: yet my stern looks shall not
Discover my intents; for I will strike
When I begin to frown.——You are the mistress
Of that you did demand.
Fior. I thank your highness;
But speed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favour, sir.
Cos. You shall possess it
Sooner than you expect:——
Only be pleased to be ready when my secretary
Waits on you to take the fresh air. My nephew,
And my bosom friend, so to cheat me! 'tis not fair. [*Aside.*

Re-enter GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. Where should this princess be? nor in her lodgings,
Nor in the private walks, her own retreat,
Which she so much frequented!
Giov. By my life,
She's with the duke! and I much more than fear
Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruin'd
What with such care we built up.
Cos. Have you furnish'd
Those coursers, as we will'd you?
Sanaz. There's no sign
Of anger in his looks.
Giov. They are complete, sir.
Cos. 'Tis well: to your rest. Soft sleeps wait on you, madam.
To morrow, with the rising of the sun,
Be ready to ride with us.—They with more safety
Had trod on fork-tongued adders, than provoked me. [*Aside, and exit.*
Fior. I come not to be thank'd, sir, for the speedy
Performance of my promise touching Lidia:
It is effected.
Sanaz. We are undone. [*Aside.*
Fior. The duke
No sooner heard me with my best of language
Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirm'd it.—You look sad, as if
You wish'd it were undone.
Giov. No, gracious madam,
I am your servant for't.
Fior. Be you as careful
For what I moved to you.—Count Sanazarro,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
To wear so slight a favour.
Sanaz. 'Tis a grace
I am unworthy of.
Fior. You merit more,
In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond;
I'll second what I have begun; for know,
Your valour hath so won upon me, that
'Tis not to be resisted: I have said, sir,
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit.*
Sanaz. This to me
Is wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken
In our own noose. What's to be done?
Giov. I know not.
And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me,
For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that
Ever protects her servants, to become
A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse

Can we make to the duke, what mercy hope for,
Our packing being laid open?
Sanaz. 'Tis not to
Be question'd but his purposed journey is
To see fair Lidia.
Giov. And to divert him
Impossible.
Sanaz. There's now no looking backward.
Giov. And which way to go on with safety, not
To be imagined.
Sanaz. Give me leave: I have
An embryon in my brain, which, I despair not,
May be brought to form and fashion, provided
You will be open-breasted.
Giov. 'Tis no time now,
Our dangers being equal, to conceal
A thought from you.
Sanaz. What power hold you o'er Lidia?
Do you think that, with some hazard of her life,
She would prevent your ruin?
Giov. I presume so:
If, in the undertaking it, she stray not
From what becomes her innocence; and to that
'Tis far from me to press her: I myself
Will rather suffer.
Sanaz. 'Tis enough; this night
Write to her by your servant Calandrino,
As I shall give directions; my man

Enter CALANDRINO, *fantastically dressed.*

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish
He does appear; but much transform'd from what
He was when he came hither.
Cal. I confess
I am not very wise, and yet I find
A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court
May flourish and grow rich.
Giov. Calandrino.
Cal. Peace!
I am in contemplation.
Giov. Do not you know me?
Cal. I tell thee, no; on forfeit of my place,
I must not know myself, much less my father,
But by petition; that petition lined too
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of profit,
Or I am deaf.
Giov. But you've your sense of feeling. [*Offering to strike him.*
Sanaz. Nay, pray you, forbear.
Cal. I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork,
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth;—
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me!
Giov. As they shall;
For instantly you must thither.
Cal. *My grand signior,*
Vouchsafe a beso la manos, and a cringe
Of the last edition.
Giov. You must ride post with letters
This night to Lidia.
Cal. An it please your grace,
Shall I use my coach, or footcloth mule?
Sanaz. You widgeon,
You are to make all speed; think not of pomp.
Giov. Follow for your instructions, sirrah.
Cal. I have
One suit to you, my good lord.
Sanaz. What is't?
Cal. That you would give me
A subtile court-charm, to defend me from
The infectious air of the country.
Giov. What's the reason?
Cal. Why, as this court-air taught me knavish wit,
By which I am grown rich, if that again
Should turn me fool and honest, vain hopes farewell!
For I must die a beggar.
Sanaz. Go to, sirrah,
You'll be whipt for this.
Giov. Leave fooling, and attend us. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Hall in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CHAROMONTE *and* LIDIA.

Char. Daughter, I have observed, since the prince left us,
(Whose absence I mourn with you,) and the visit
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished
Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
That freedom and alacrity of spirit
With which you used to cheer me.
Lid. For the count, sir,
All thought of him does with his person die;
But I confess ingenuously, I cannot
So soon forget the choice and chaste delights,
The courteous conversation of the prince,
And without stain, I hope, afforded me,
When he made this house a court.
Char. It is in us
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,
And all we complain of, heaven be praised for't,
Is too much plenty; and we will make use of

Enter CAPONI, BERNARDO, PETRUCHIO, *and other* Servants.

All lawful pleasures.—How now, fellows! when
Shall we have this lusty dance?
Cap. In the afternoon, sir.
'Tis a device, I wis, of my own making,
And such a one, as shall make your signiorship know
I have not been your butler for nothing, but
Have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it tightly,
And make my sad young mistress merry again,
Or I'll forswear the cellar.
Bern. If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here, to dance
His part, we were perfect.
Pet. O! he was a rare fellow;
But I fear the court hath spoil'd him.
Cap. When I was young,
I could have cut a caper on a pinnacle;
But now I am old and wise.—Keep your figure fair,
And follow but the sample I shall set you.
The duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us;
And that were credit.

Enter CALANDRINO.

Lid. Who have we here?

Cal. I find
What was brawn in the country, in the court grows tender.
The bots on these jolting jades! I am bruised to jelly.
A coach for my money! and that the courtezans know well;
Their riding so, makes them last three years longer
Than such as are hacknied.

Char. Calandrino! 'tis he.

Cal. Now to my postures.—Let my hand have the honour
To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of
Your foot, dear signior.

Char. Fie! you stoop too low, sir.

Cal. The hem of your vestment, lady: your glove is for princes:
Nay, I have conn'd my distances.

Lid. 'Tis most courtly.

Cap. Fellow Calandrino!

Cal. Signior de Caponi,
Grand botelier of the mansion.

Bern. How is't, man? [*Claps him on the shoulder.*

Cal. Be not so rustic in your salutations,
Signior Bernardo, master of the accounts.
Signior Petruchio, may you long continue
Your function in the chamber!

Cap. When shall we learn
Such gambols in our villa?

Lid. Sure he's mad.

Char. 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mushrooms are so.
What news at court?

Cal. *Basta!* they are mysteries,
And not to be reveal'd. With your favour, signior;
I am, in private, to confer a while
With this signora: but I'll pawn my honour,
That neither my terse language, nor my habit,
Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs,
Shall render her enamour'd.

Char. Take your pleasure;
A little of these apish tricks may pass,
Too much is tedious. [*Exit.*

Cal. The prince, in this paper,
Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly
To see the seal broke open; so I leave you.—
Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be
Familiar with you.

Cap. Have you forgot to dance?

Cal. No, I am better'd.

Pet. Will you join with us?

Cal. As I like the project.
Let me warm my brains first with the richest grape,
And then I'm for you.

Cap. We will want no wine.
[*Exeunt all but* LIDIA.

Lid. That this comes only from the best of princes,
With a kind of adoration does command me
To entertain it; and the sweet contents [*Kissing the letter.*
That are inscribed here by his hand must be
Much more than musical to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.
O what a virgin longing I feel on me
To unrip the seal, and read it! yet, to break
What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear
A saucy rudeness in me.—I must do it,
(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve them,)
But with such reverence, as I would open
Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down
Rebellious sins, and teach my better part
How to mount upward.—So, [*opens the letter*] 'tis done, and I
With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. [*Reads.*

> Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great
> On me by you conferr'd, that to entreat
> The least addition to them, in true sense
> May argue me of blushless impudence.
> But, such are my extremes, if you deny
> A further grace, I must unpitied die.
> Haste cuts off circumstance. As you're admired
> For beauty, the report of it hath fired
> The duke my uncle, and, I fear, you'll prove,
> Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.
> If he see you as you are, my hoped-for light
> Is changed into an everlasting night;
> How to prevent it, if your goodness find,
> You save two lives, and me you ever bind,
> The honourer of your virtues, GIOVANNI.

Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms
Would through my ears find passage to my soul,
And soon enchant it. To save such a prince,
Who would not perish? virtue in him must suffer,
And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust,
Though it raged more than Tarquin's, shall not reach me.
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me!
My prayers are heard; I have't. The duke ne'er saw me—
Or, if that fail, I am again provided—
But for the servants!—They will take what form
I please to put upon them. Giovanni,
Be safe; thy servant Lidia assures it.
Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,
Their weight is easy, so I set thee free. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter COZIMO, GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, CHAROMONTE, *and* Attendants.

Sanaz. Are you not tired with travel, sir?

Coz. No, no;
I am fresh and lusty.

Char. This day shall be ever
A holiday to me, that brings my prince
Under my humble roof. [*Weeps.*

Giov. See, sir, my good tutor
Sheds tears for joy.

Coz. Dry them up, Charomonte;
And all forbear the room, while we exchange
Some private words together.

Giov. O, my lord,
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!

Sanaz. In what, sir?

Giov. In forgetting to acquaint
My guardian with our purpose; all that Lidia
Can do avails us nothing, if the duke
Find out the truth from him.

Sanaz. 'Tis now past help,
And we must stand the hazard:—hope the best, sir.
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI, SANAZARRO, *and* Attendants.

Char. My loyalty doubted, sir!

Coz. 'Tis more. Thou hast
Abused our trust, and in a high degree
Committed treason.

Char. Treason! 'Tis a word
My innocence understands not. Were my breast
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,

Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour
Of my allegiance: and I must be bold
To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt
Can know no fear,) 'tis tyranny to o'ercharge
An honest man; and such, till now, I've lived,
And such, my lord, I'll die.
Coz. Sir, do not flatter
Yourself with hope, these great and glorious words,
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,
That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us:
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear
What is in fact apparent.
Char. Fact! what fact?
You, that know only what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.
Coz. This, then, sir: We gave up,
On our assurance of your faith and care,
Our nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir
In expectation, to be train'd up by you
As did become a prince.
Char. And I discharged it:
Is this the treason?
Coz. Take us with you, sir.
And, in respect we knew his youth was prone
To women, and that, living in our court,
He might make some unworthy choice, before
His weaker judgment was confirm'd, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming,
You, with your best endeavours, rather would
Have quench'd those heats in him, than light a
As you have done, to his looseness. [torch,
Char. I! my travail
Is ill-requited, sir; for, by my soul,
I was so curious that way, that I granted
Access to none could tempt him; nor did ever
One syllable, or obscene accent, touch
His ear, that might corrupt him.
Coz. No! Why, then,
With your allowance, did you give free way
To all familiar privacy between
My nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)
Read to them, and together, as they had been
Scholars of one form, grammar, rhetoric,
Philosophy, story, and interpret to them
The close temptations of lascivious poets?
Or wherefore, for we still had spies upon you,
Was she still present, when, by your advice,
He was taught the use of his weapon, horsemanship,
Wrestling, nay, swimming, but to fan in her
A hot desire of him? and then, forsooth,
His exercises ended, cover'd with
A fair pretence of recreation for him,
(When Lidia was instructed in those graces
That add to beauty,) he, brought to admire her,
Must hear her sing, while to her voice her hand
Made ravishing music; and, this applauded, dance
A light lavolta with her.
Char. Have you ended
All you can charge me with?
Coz. Nor stopt you there,
But they must unattended walk into
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade
Of barren sicamores, which the all-seeing sun
Could not pierce through; near that, an arbour hung
With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;
With all allurements that could move to lust:
And could this, Charomonte, (should I grant
They had been equals both in birth and fortune,)
Become your gravity? nay, 'tis clear as air,
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivance to it:
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treason.
Char. Hear my just defence, sir;
And, though you are my prince, it will not take from
Your greatness, to acknowledge with a blush,
In this my accusation you have been
More sway'd by spleen, and jealous suppositions,
Than certain grounds of reason. You had a father,
(Blest be his memory!) that made frequent proofs
Of my loyalty and faith, and, would I boast
The dangers I have broke through in his service,
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread sir,
Whenever I was put unto the test,
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal;
And am I doubted now?
Coz. This is from the purpose.
Char. I will come to it, sir: Your grace well knew,
Before the prince's happy presence made
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which
I gloried in, though now it prove a curse,
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a security to your future fears,
To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age, so far I prized my duty
Above affection, she now had been
A stranger to my care. But she is fair!
Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever father
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?
Her education and her manners tempt too!
If these offend, they are easily removed:
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompense of all my watchings for you,
With burning corrosives transform her to
An ugly leper; and, this done, to taint
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel.
This I will rather suffer, sir, and more,
Than live suspected by you.
Coz. Let not passion
Carry you beyond your reason.
Char. I am calm, sir;
Yet you must give me leave to grieve I find
My actions misinterpreted. Alas! sir,
Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince
Call'd an offence? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard construction. Though she be my daughter,
I may thus far speak her: from her infancy
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer
Simplicity than craft; and malice dares not
Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste.
I'll fetch her to you, sir; and but look on her
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspicion wrongs her.
Coz. It may be;
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Than passionate words: and, not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,
We will prevent all means that may prepare her

How to answer that, with which we come to charge
And howsoever it may be received [her.
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts
Are clear'd, that do concern us.

Char. I obey, sir,
And wish your grace had followed my herse
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,
Rather than now—but I am silent, sir,
And let that speak my duty. [*Exit.*

Coz. If this man
Be false, disguised treachery ne'er put on
A shape so near to truth. Within, there!

Re-enter GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO, *ushering in* PETRONELLA. CALANDRINO *and others setting forth a Banquet.*

Sanaz. Sir.

Coz. Bring Lidia forth.

Giov. She comes, sir, of herself,
To present her service to you.

Coz. Ha! This personage
Cannot invite affection.

Sanaz. See you keep state.

Petron. I warrant you.

Coz. The manners of her mind
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher outside. May we with your liking
Salute you, lady?

Petron. Let me wipe my mouth, sir,
With my cambric handkerchief, and then have at [you.

Coz. Can this be possible?

Sanaz. Yes, sir; you will find her
Such as I gave her to you.

Petron. Will your dukeship
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's a castle
Of march-pane too; and this quince-marmalade was
Of my own making; all summ'd up together,
Did cost the setting on: and here is wine too,
As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your taster,
For I know the fashion. [*Drinks all off.*]—Now you must do me right, sir;
You shall nor will nor choose.

Giov. She's very simple.

Coz. Simple! 'tis worse. Do you drink thus often, lady?

Petron. Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am hungry:
Such junkets come not every day. Once more to
With a heart and a half, i'faith. [you,

Coz. Pray you, pause a little;
If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side;
I am not good at the game.

Petron. Then I'll drink for you.

Coz. Nay, pray you stay: I'll find you out a pledge
That shall supply my place; what think you of
This complete signior? You are a Juno,
And in such state must feast this Jupiter:
What think you of him?

Petron. I desire no better.

Coz. And you will undertake this service for
You are good at the sport. [me?

Cal. Who, I? a piddler, sir.

Coz. Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and eat and
As you were a duke. [drink

Cal. If your grace will have me,
I'll eat and drink like an emperor.

Coz. Take your place then:
[CALANDRINO *takes the* DUKE'S *chair.*
We are amazed.

Giov. This is gross: nor can the imposture
But be discover'd.

Sanaz. The duke is too sharp-sighted,
To be deluded thus.

Cal. Nay, pray you eat fair,
Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your fork, as I do? Gape, and I will feed you.
[*Feeds her.*
Gape wider yet; this is court-like.

Petron. To choke daws with:——
I like it not.

Cal. But you like this?

Petron. Let it come, boy. [*They drink.*

Coz. What a sight is this! We could be angry with you.
How much you did belie her when you told us
She was only simple! this is barbarous rudeness,
Beyond belief.

Giov. I would not speak her, sir.
Worse than she was.

Sanaz. And I, my lord, chose rather
To deliver her better parted than she is,
Than to take from her.

Enter CAPONI, *with his fellow* Servants, *for the dance.*

Cap. Ere I'll lose my dance,
I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no prologue;
But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty hornpipe.

Coz. Prithee, let us have it,
For we grow dull.

Cap. But to make up the medley,
For it is of several colours, we must borrow
Your grace's ghost here.

Cal. Pray you, sir, depose me;
It will not do else. I am, sir, the engine
[*Rises, and resigns his chair.*
By which it moves.

Petron. I will dance with my duke too;
I will not out.

Coz. Begin then.—[*They dance.*]—There's more in this,
Than yet I have discover'd. Some Œdipus
Resolve this riddle.

Petron. Did I not foot it roundly. [*Falls.*

Coz. As I live, stark drunk! away with her.
We'll reward you,
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* PETRONELLA.
When you have cool'd yourselves in the cellar.

Cap. Heaven preserve you!

Coz. We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!—
The place grows tedious; our remove shall be
With speed: we'll only, in a word or two,
Take leave, and comfort him.

Sanaz. 'Twill rather, sir,
Increase his sorrow, that you know his shame;
Your grace may do it by letter.

Coz. Who sign'd you
A patent to direct us? Wait our coming,
In the garden.

Giov. All will out.

Sanaz. I more than fear it.
[*Exeunt* GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO.

Coz. These are strange chimeras to us: what to judge of't,

Is past our apprehension. One command
Charomonte to attend us. [*Exit an* Attendant.
Can it be
That Contarino could be so besotted,
As to admire this prodigy! or her father
To doat upon it! Or does she personate,
For some ends unknown to us, this rude behaviour,
Which, in the scene presented, would appear
Ridiculous and impossible?—O, you are welcome.

Enter CHAROMONTE.

We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjust suspicion. We have seen
The wonder, sir, your daughter.

Char. And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In courtship, was, I hope, supplied in civil
And modest entertainment.

Cos. Pray you, tell us,
And truly we command you—Did you never
Observe she was given to drink?

Char. To drink, sir!

Cos. Yes: nay more, to be drunk?

Char. I had rather see her buried.

Cos. Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find [her now
More than distemper'd?

Char. I will pull them out, sir,
If your grace can make this good. And if you please
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.

Cos. Look you do, and fail not,
On the peril of your head.

Char. Drunk!—She disdains it. [*Exit.*

Cos. Such contrarieties were never read of.
Charomonte is no fool; nor can I think
His confidence built on sand. We are abused.
'Tis too apparent.

Re-enter CHAROMONTE *with* LIDIA.

Lid. I am indisposed, sir;
And that life you once tender'd, much endanger'd
In forcing me from my chamber.

Char. Here she is, sir;
Suddenly sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk:
Speak to my lord the duke.

Lid. All is discover'd. [*Kneels.*

Cos. Is this your only daughter?

Char. And my heir, sir;
Nor keep I any woman in my house
(Unless for sordid offices) but one
I do maintain, trimm'd up in her cast habits,
To make her sport: and she, indeed, loves wine,
And will take too much of it; and, perhaps, for [mirth,
She was presented to you.

Cos. It shall yield
No sport to the contrivers. 'Tis too plain now.
Her presence does confirm what Contarino
Deliver'd of her; nor can sickness dim
The splendour of her beauties: being herself, then,
She must exceed his praise.

Lid. Will your grace hear me?
I'm faint, and can say little.

Cos. Here are accents
Whose every syllable is musical!
Pray you, let me raise you, and awhile rest here.
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni!
But stand we talking!——

Char. Here's a storm soon raised.

Cos. As thou art our subject, Charomonte, [swear
To act what we command.

Char. That is an oath
I long since took.

Cos. Then, by that oath we charge thee,
Without excuse, denial, or delay,
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,
And our ingrateful nephew. We have said it.
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded
In several lodgings, and forbid access
To all, but when we warrant. Is our will
Heard sooner than obey'd?

Char. These are strange turns;
But I must not dispute them. [*Exit*

Cos. Be severe in't.—
O my abused lenity! from what height
Is my power fall'n!

Lid. O me most miserable!
That, being innocent, makes others guilty.
Most gracious prince——

Cos. Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

Lid. My knees shall first be rooted in this earth,
And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which
Harden'd by the rough wind, and turn'd to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear;
Before I'll make petition to your greatness,
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would do to heaven. You princes are
As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to
With such humility, as his deputies
May challenge from their vassals.

Cos. Here's that form
Of language I expected; pray you, speak:
What is your suit?

Lid. That you would look upon me
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees
Is placed beneath you: for what am I, dread sir,
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much less your [trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,
I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince,
(Which cannot find belief in me,) forgetting
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
That am the cause, the rashness of his youth.
Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,
For suffering a wren to perch too near them?
Such is our disproportion.

Cos. With what fervour
She pleads against herself!

Lid. For me, poor maid,
I know the prince to be so far above me,
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
So much his creature, that, to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake myself
To a religious life, (where in my prayers
I may remember him,) and ne'er see man more,
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me, sir?
In truth I'll keep my word; or, if this fail,
A little more of fear what may befall him
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cos. Had you thus argued [*Raises her.*
As you were yourself, and brought as advocates
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,
No crime of his could put on such a shape
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it

What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as she was before
The clouds of sickness dimm'd it! Yet, take comfort;
And, as you would obtain remission for
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,
And call the blood again into your cheeks,
And then plead for him; and in such a habit
As in your highest hopes you would put on,
If we were to receive you for our bride.
Lid. I'll do my best, sir.
Cos. And that best will be
A crown of all felicity to me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An upper Chamber in* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter SANAZARRO.

Sanaz. 'Tis proved in me: the curse of human frailty,
Adding to our afflictions, makes us know
What's good; and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin;
And that to trifle with a sovereign was
To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty,
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compell'd me to put off my natural shape
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself
In the adulterate and cobweb-mask
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now
My borrow'd greatness, or the promised lives
Of following courtiers echoing my will?
In a moment vanish'd! Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar only
To absolute princes, falls or rises with
Their frown or favour. The great duke, my master,
(Who almost changed me to his other self,)
No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,
But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,
Unpitied suffer. Who makes intercession
To his mercy for me, now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man:
And such as spake no language but my lord
The favourite of Tuscany's grand duke,
Deride my madness.—Ha! what noise of horses?
[*He looks out at the back window.*
A goodly troop! This back part of my prison
Allows me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino! yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico:
And the dutchess Fiorinda, Urbin's heir,
A princess I have slighted: yet I wear
Her favours; and, to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorn'd can only mediate for me.
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;
And how to make suit to her is a task
Of as much difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed pledge
[*Takes off the ring.*
Of her affection, aid me! This supplies
The want of pen and ink; and this, of paper.
[*Takes a pane of glass.*
It must be so; and I in my petition
Concise and pithy.

SCENE II.—*The Court before* CHAROMONTE'S *House.*

Enter CONTARINO *leading in* FIORINDA, ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, HIERONIMO, *and* CALAMINTA.

Fior. 'Tis a goodly pile, this.
Hier. But better by the owner.
Alph. But most rich
In the great states it covers.
Fior. The duke's pleasure
Commands us hither.
Cont. Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.
Hip. Signior Charomonte,
To see your excellence his guest, will think
Himself most happy.
Fior. Tie my shoe.—[*The pane falls down.*]—What's that?
A pane thrown from the window, no wind stirring!
Calam. And at your feet too fall'n:—there's something writ on't.
Cont. Some courtier, belike, would have it known
He wore a diamond.
Calam. Ha! it is directed
To the princess Fiorinda.
Fior. We will read it. [*Reads.*

> He, whom you pleased to favour, is cast down
> Past hope of rising, by the great duke's frown,
> If, by your gracious means, he cannot have
> A pardon;—and that got, he lives your slave.
> Of men the most distressed,
> SANAZARRO.

Of me the most beloved; and I will save thee,
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy fault must be
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers
And humble intercession to the duke

Enter COZIMO *and* CHAROMONTE.

Prevail not with him. Here he comes; delay
Shall not make less my benefit.
Cos. What we purpose
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not:
We were made as properties, and what we shall
Determine of them cannot be call'd rigour,
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,
They were cruel to themselves. The prince that pardons
The first affront offer'd to majesty,
Invites a second, rendering that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherish'd.
Madam, you're happily met with.
Fior. Sir, I am
An humble suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your grace,
When I made choice to be at your devotion,
Vow'd to deny me nothing.
Cos. To this minute
We have confirm'd it. What's your boon?
Fior. It is, sir,
That you, in being gracious to your servant,
The ne'er sufficiently praised Sanazarro,
That now under your heavy displeasure suffers,
Would be good unto yourself. His services,
So many, and so great, (your storm of fury
Calm'd by your better judgment,) must inform you
Some little slip, for sure it is no more,

From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot
Make foul his fair deservings. Great sir, therefore,
Look backward on his former worth, and turning
Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know not,
And, I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.

Coz. You say well,
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault;
Which when you understand, as we'll instruct you,
Your pity will appear a charity,
It being conferr'd on an unthankful man,
To be repented. He's a traitor, madam,
To you, to us, to gratitude; and in that
All crimes are comprehended.

Fior. If his offence
Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is,
'Tis freely pardon'd.

Coz. This compassion in you
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly.
The honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of
The old nobility, as the common people,
We now forbear to touch at, and will only
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased,
Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy
He should have sued for. Who repined not at
The grace you did him? yet, in recompense
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch
Makes you a stale; and, what he might be by you
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly
To the service of another. If you can
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,
And when you seriously have weigh'd his carriage,
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,
His treachery known: and then, if you continue
An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because
We would deny you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!

Char. My lord. [*They talk aside.*

Fior. To endure a rival that were equal to me,
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit;
But an inferior, more: yet true love must not
Know or degrees, or distances. Lidia may be
As far above me in her form, as she
Is in her birth beneath me; and what I
In Sanazarro liked, he loves in her.
But, if I free him now, the benefit
Being done so timely, and confirming too
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties being
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me
With all I am defective in, and bind him
My creature ever. It must needs be so,
Nor will I give it o'er thus.

Coz. Does our nephew
Bear his restraint so constantly, as you
Deliver it to us?

Char. In my judgment, sir,
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Than in his fear of what can follow it.
For he is so collected, and prepared
To welcome that you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth,
Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fault, sir,
Than others, that pretend to conscience, do
Their crying secret sins.

Coz. No more; this gloss
Defends not the corruption of the text:
Urge it no more.

[CHAROMONTE *and the others talk aside.*

Fior. I once more must make bold, sir,
To trench upon your patience. I have
Consider'd my wrongs duly: yet that cannot
Divert my intercession for a man
Your grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may,
With your allowance, see and comfort him.
Then, having heard all that he can allege
In his excuse, for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.

Coz. You will o'ercome;
There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy
What you desire, and tell him, he shall have
A speedy trial; in which, we'll forbear
To sit a judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.

Fior. All increase
Of happiness wait on Cozimo!

[*Exeunt* FIORINDA *and* CALAMINTA.

Alph. Was it no more?

Char. My honour's pawn'd for it.

Cont. I'll second you.

Hip. Since it is for the service and the safety
Of the hopeful prince, fall what can fall, I'll run
The desperate hazard.

Hier. He's no friend to virtue
That does decline it.

[*They all come forward and kneel.*

Coz. Ha! what sue you for?
Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt
That anger may consume you.

Char. Let it, sir:
The loss is less, though innocents we perish,
Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard,
Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat
That grace for him, that are your faithful servants,
Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject?

Coz. Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd
In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,
We were deaf to all persuasion?

Char. And that hope, sir,
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring
The penitent prince before you.

Coz. To enjoy
Such happiness, what would we not dispense with?

Alph. Hip. Hir. We all kneel for the prince.

Cont. Nor can it stand
With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,
To be cruel to your own.

Coz. But art thou certain
I shall behold her at the best?

Char. If ever
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
She is now much better'd.

Coz. Rise; thou art but dead,
If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear,
And feast an appetite almost pined to death
With longing expectation to behold
Thy excellencies: thou, as beauty's queen,
Shalt censure the detractors. Let my nephew
Be led in triumph under her command;

We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet
A blessing, which imagination tells us
We are not worthy of: and then come forth,
But with such reverence, as if I were
Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart,
To offer at the altar of that goodness
That must or kill or save me. [*Exit.*

Char. Are not these
Strange gambols in the duke?

Alph. Great princes have,
Like meaner men, their weakness.

Hip. And may use it
Without control or check.

Cont. 'Tis fit they should;
Their privilege were less else, than their subjects'.

Hier. Let them have their humours; there's no crossing them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A State-room in the same.*

Enter FIORINDA, SANAZARRO, *and* CALAMINTA.

Sanaz. And can it be, your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs
Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?
What retribution can I make, what service
Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion,
May to the world express I would be thankful?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endeavours to appear your creature
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.

Fior. All debts are discharged
In this acknowledgment: yet, since you please
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction
For that which you profess yourself obliged for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,
I hope, afflict you.

Sanaz. Make me understand,
Great princess, what they are, and my obedience
Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe
To what you shall command.

Fior. I will bind you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you
To love a lady, that, a noble way,
Truly affects you; and that you would take
To your protection and care the dukedom
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but your's.
And that, when you have full possession of
My person as my fortune, you would use me,
Not as a princess, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such,
The privilege of my birth no more remember'd,
I will be to you. This consented to,
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus sign your *quietus.*

Sanaz. I am wretched,
In having but one life to be employ'd
As you please to dispose it. And, believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soul I'll study,
In what I may, to serve you.

Fior. I am happy

Enter GIOVANNI *and* LIDIA.

In this assurance. What sweet lady's this?

Sanaz. 'Tis Lidia, madam, she——

Fior. I understand you.
Nay, blush not; by my life, she is a rare one!
And, if I were your judge, I would not blame you
To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now;
And I presume so on your constancy,
That I dare not be jealous.

Sanaz. All thoughts of her
Are in your goodness buried.

Lid. Pray you, sir,
Be comforted; your innocence should not know
What 'tis to fear; and if that you but look on
The guards that you have in yourself, you can not.
The duke's your uncle, sir, and, though a little
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow,
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar,
Or cannibal, though bath'd in human gore,
But, looking on your sweetness, would forget
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aim'd at your throat?

Giov. O Lidia,
Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory!
It is not fear to die, but to lose you,
That brings this fever on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which, till this minute,
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew
What power the magic of your beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it,
My fondness still increasing with my years;
And, flattered by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessed opportunity to move
The duke with his consent to make you mine:
But now, such is my star-cross'd destiny,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.
And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his crown, as to part from
A jewel of more value, such you are.
Yet, howsoever, when you are his dutchess,
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,
Pray you, love my memory:—I should say more,
But I'm cut off.

Enter COZIMO, CHAROMONTE, CONTARINO, HIERONIMO HIPPOLITO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Sanaz. The duke! That countenance, once,
When it was clothed in smiles, shew'd like an angel's,
But, now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,
'Tis terrible to look on.

Lid. Sir.

Coz. A while
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature
In her fair face, but is a copious theme
Which would, discours'd at large of, make a volume.
What clear arch'd brows! what sparkling eyes! the lilies
Contending with the roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of crystal? every limb
Proportion'd to love's wish, and in their neatness
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.

Lid. You are pleased to shew, sir,
The fluency of your language, in advancing
A subject much unworthy.

Coz. How! unworthy?
By all the vows which lovers offer at
The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquence

Itself presuming, as you are, to speak you,
Would be struck dumb!—And what have you deserved then,
[GIOVANNI *and* SANAZARRO *kneel.*
(Wretches, you kneel too late,) that have endeavour'd
To spout the poison of your black detraction
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice
To her perfections? or——
Fior. Your highness promised
A gracious hearing to the count.
Lid. And prince too;
Do not make void so just a grant.
Cos. We will not.
Yet, since their accusation must be urged,
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,
We seat you here, as judges, to determine
Of your gross wrongs, and ours. [*Seats the* Ladies *in the chairs of state.*] And now, remembering
Whose deputies you are, be neither sway'd
Or with particular spleen, or foolish pity,
For neither can become you.
Char. There's some hope yet,
Since they have such gentle judges.
Coz. Rise, and stand forth, then,
And hear, with horror to your guilty souls,
What we will prove against you. Could this princess,
Thou enemy to thyself, [*To* SANAZARRO] stoop her high flight
Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness
To look up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her favours boundless in a noble way
And warranted by our allowance, yet,
In thy acceptation, there appear'd no sign
Of a modest thankfulness?
Fior. Pray you forbear
To press that further; tis a fault we have
Already heard, and pardon'd.
Cos. We will then
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that
Which does concern ourself, in which both being
Equal offenders, what we shall speak points
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee,
Forgetful Sanazarro! of our grace,
To a full possession of power and honours,
It being too well known, we'll not remember.
And what thou wert, rash youth, in expectation,
[*To* GIOVANNI.
And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself,
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness,
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures
Our absolute power and height of blood allow'd us;
Made both, the keys that open'd our heart's secrets,
And what you spake, believed as oracles:
But you in recompence of this, to him
That gave you all, to whom you owed your being,
With treacherous lies endeavour'd to conceal
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself
Could only lay just claim to.
Giov. 'Tis most true, sir.
Sanaz. We both confess a guilty cause.
Cos. Look on her.
Is this a beauty fit to be embraced
By any subject's arms? can any tire
Become that forehead, but a diadem?
Or, should we grant your being false to us
Could be excused, your treachery to her,
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness
(Her matchless form consider'd) she was born to,
Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, ladies.
Like a rough orator, that brings more truth
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation;
And now expect your sentence.
[*The Ladies descend from the state.*
Lid. In your birth, sir,
You were mark'd out the judge of life and death,
And we, that are your subjects, to attend,
With trembling fear, your doom.
Fior. We do resign
This chair, as only proper to your self.
Giov. And, since in justice we are lost, we fly
Unto your saving mercy. [*All kneeling.*
Sanaz. Which sets off
A prince, much more than rigour.
Char. And becomes him,
When 'tis express'd to such as fell by weakness,
That being a twin-born brother to affection,
Better than wreaths of conquest.
Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph. We all speak
Their language, mighty sir.
Cos. You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldness venture on it:
And, would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter
Ever to be despair'd of, we, perhaps,
Might hearken nearer to you; and could wish
With some qualification, or excuse,
You might make less the mountains of your crimes,
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.
But you, that knew with what impatiency
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda,
Our dutchess, (let her memory still be sacred!)
And with what imprecations on ourself
We vow'd, not hoping e'er to see her equal,
Ne'er to make trial of a second choice,
If nature framed not one that did excel her,
As this maid's beauty prompts us that she does:—
And yet, with oaths then mix'd with tears, upon
Her monument we swore our eye should never
Again be tempted;—'tis true, and those vows
Are register'd above, something here tells me.—
Carolo, thou heardst us swear.
Char. And swear so deeply,
That if all women's beauties were in this,
(As she's not to be named with the dead dutchess,)
Nay, all their virtues bound up in one story,
(Of which mine is scarce an epitome,)
If you should take her as a wife, the weight
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst,
I had told you this before.
Cos. 'Tis strong truth, Carolo:
And yet, what was necessity in us,
Cannot free them from treason.
Char. There's your error;
The prince, in care to have you keep your vows
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.
Lid. He told me so, indeed, sir.
Fior. And the count
Averr'd as much to me.
Cos. You all conspire,
To force our mercy from us.
Char. Which given up,
To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn:
An honour, which will live upon your tomb
When your greatness is forgotten.
Cos. Though we know

All this is practice, and that both are false:
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased
With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni,
We pardon thee; and take from us, in this,
More than our dukedom: love her. As I part
With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us!
Sanazarro, we forgive you: in your service
To this princess, merit it. Yet let not others
That are in trust and grace, as you have been,
By the example of our lenity,
Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

Enter CALANDRINO *and* PETRONELLA.

All. Long live great Cozimo!
Cal. Sure the duke is
In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come on, spouse;
We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.
Cos. What is it?
Cal. That your grace, in remembrance of
My share in a dance, and that I played your part,
When you should have drunk hard, would get this signior's grant
To give this damsel to me in the church,
For we are contracted. In it you shall do
Your dukedom pleasure.
Cos. How?
Cal. Why, the whole race
Of such as can act naturally fools' parts,
Are quite worn out; and they that do survive,
Do only zany us: and we will bring you,
If we die not without issue, of both sexes
Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve
Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace
And your posterity; that sad melancholy
Shall ne'er approach you.
Cos. We are pleased in it,
And will pay her portion.—— [*Comes forward.*
May the passage prove,
Of what's presented, worthy of your love
And favour, as was aimed, and we have all,
That can in compass of our wishes fall. [*Exeunt.*

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIENDS,

SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. AND BART.

AND

SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

THAT you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge: and living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship, (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you,) I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favours. When your more serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERTO, *King of Sicily.*
FERDINAND, *Duke of Urbin.*
BERTOLDO, *the King's natural Brother, a Knight of Malta.*
GONZAGA, *a Knight of Malta, General to the* Dutchess *of Sienna.*
ASTUTIO, *a Counsellor of State.*
FULGENTIO, *the minion of* ROBERTO.
ADORNI, *a follower of* CAMIOLA'S *Father.*
SIGNIOR SYLLI, *a foolish self-lover.*
ANTONIO, } *Two rich Heirs City-bred.*
GASPARO, }
PIERIO, *a Colonel to* GONZAGA.
RODERIGO, } *Captains to* GONZAGA.
JACOMO, }
DRUSO, } *Captains to* Duke FERDINAND.
LIVIO, }
FATHER PAULO, *a Priest,* CAMIOLA'S *Confessor.*
Ambassador *from the* Duke *of* URBIN.
A Bishop.
A Page.

AURELIA, *Dutchess of Sienna.*
CAMIOLA, *the* MAID OF HONOUR.
CLARINDA, *her Woman.*

Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN SICILY, AND PARTLY IN THE SIENNESE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PALERMO. *A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter ASTUTIO *and* ADORNI.

Ador. Good day to your lordship.
Ast. Thanks, Adorni.
Ador. May I presume to ask if the ambassador
Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?

Enter FULGENTIO.

Ast. 'Tis uncertain;
For though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet counsel: but there's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.
Ador. I will move him.—Sir!
Ful. If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind else.
Ador. A suit; yet of a nature not to prove
The quarry that you hawk for: if your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable,
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.
Ful. It seems you are ignorant,
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.
Ador. I much thank you.
Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?
Ful. Yes.

Ador. At what hour?
Ful. I promised not so much.
A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it;
Move me no further. [*Exit.*
Ast. This you wonder at:
With me, 'tis usual.
Ador. Pray you, sir, what is he?
Ast. A gentleman, yet no lord. He hath some drops
Of the king's blood, running in his veins, derived
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him
Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,
Or profit made by wool; but, while there are suitors,
His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant
In the time of trussing a point, he can undo,
Or make a man: his play or recreation,
Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and though
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

Enter BERTOLDO, GASPARO, ANTONIO, *and a* Servant.

Ador. Most strange!
Ast. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.
Ador. I understand you.
Gasp. Morrow to my uncle.
Ant. And my late guardian:—but at length I have
The reins in my own hands.
Ast. Pray you, use them well,
Or you'll too late repent it.
Bert. With this jewel
Presented to Camiola, prepare,
This night, a visit for me. [*Exit* Servant.] I shall have
Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.
Ant. Sir, I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To break a rank than crack a lance; and are,
In their career, of such incredible swiftness,
They outstrip swallows.
Bert. And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated:
You are well provided, signior.
Ant. Sir, excuse me;
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,
And scorn the burthen: they come on, like lightning;
Founder'd in a retreat.
Bert. By no means back them;
Unless you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.
Ant. My lord, this is bitter.
Gasp. I will raise me a company of foot;
And, when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought me
An armour cannon-proof.
Bert. You will not leap, then,
O'er an outwork, in your shirt?
Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.
Bert. You had rather stand
A mark to try their muskets on?
Gasp. If I do
No good, I'll do no hurt.
Bert. 'Tis in you, signior,
A Christian resolution, and becomes you!
But I will not discourage you.
Ant. You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the Turk.
Bert. 'Tis true.
Ant. Pray you, shew us
The difference between the city valour,
And service in the field.
Bert. 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,
Or to steal a constable from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by
Your tenant's sons, to carry away a may-pole
From a neighbour village. You will not find there,
Your masters of dependencies to take up
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
For a cloak with thrice-died velvet, and a cast suit,
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half a breech there,
And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous,
And worn out of his memory,) if you bear not
Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant sword
Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way;
Or, with the hilts, thunder about your ears
Such music as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*.
Gasp. I must tell you
In private, as you are my princely friend,
I do not like such fiddlers.
Bert. No! they are useful
For your imitation; I remember you,
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of nothing
But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets; you believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walk at midnight
Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts: but, when you had been
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitable uses, you concluded,
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.
Ant. I confess
They did much good upon me.
Gasp. And on me:
The principles that they read were sound.
Bert. You'll find
The like instructions in the camp.
Ast. The king!

A flourish. Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, Ambassador, *and* Attendants.

Rob. [*Ascends the throne.*] We sit prepared to hear.
Amb. Your majesty
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd,
You being his last refuge, may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious
That his ambition to encroach upon
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question

His own inheritance: but youth, and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being denied the favours
Of the fair princess of Sienna, (though
He sought her in a noble way,) to endeavour
To force affection by surprisal of
Her principal seat, Sienna.
Rob. Which now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph:
Heaven is still just.
Amb. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injured dutchess,
By reason taught, as nature, could not, with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aim at
A brave revenge; and my lord feels, too late,
That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order, (I must praise
Virtue, though in an enemy,) he whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scatter'd troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquer'd city,
Sat down before it; and, presuming that
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vain: nor will he
Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
To be at his discretion.
Rob. Since injustice
In your duke meets this correction, can you press us,
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity to decline his dangers,
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
Warn'd by his harms? The league proclaim'd between us,
Bound neither of us further than to aid
Each other, if by foreign force invaded;
And so far in my honour I was tied.
But since, without our counsel, or allowance,
He hath ta'en arms; with his good leave, he must
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
The secure shade of their own vines, to be
Scorch'd with the flames of war; or, for our sport,
Expose their lives to ruin.
Amb. Will you, then,
In his extremity, forsake your friend?
Rob. No; but preserve ourself.
Bert. Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears?
Rob. Who's that?
Bert. A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,
As to his kingdom.
Rob. How's this!
Bert. Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,
Cannot deserve your anger.
Rob. Where's your warrant
For this presumption?
Bert. Here, sir, in my heart:
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer
Your ease before your honour; and conclude,
To eat and sleep supinely is the end
Of human blessings: I must tell you, sir,
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward:
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.
Gasp. Well urged, my lord.
Ant. Perfect what is so well begun.
Amb. And bind
My lord your servant.
Rob. Hair-brain'd fool! what reason
Canst thou infer, to make this good?
Bert. A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies: 'tis not, sir, in France,
Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold
Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins
Silk in her womb, to make distinction
Between you and a peasant, in your habits;
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can dye
Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common: nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
Than when 'twas styled the Granary of great Rome,
Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must starve,
Or eat up one another.
Ador. The king hears
With much attention.
Ast. And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.
Bert. May you live long, sir,
The king of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the war; let not our nerves
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,
Make younger brothers thieves: it is their swords, sir,
Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on England,
The empress of the European isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world?
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white? Let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,
Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our hours
Without variety, confined to drink,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the sleep

Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom;
But his heroic mind descends to me:
I will confirm so much.
Ador. In his looks he seems
To break ope Janus' temple.
Ast. How these younglings
Take fire from him!
Ador. It works an alteration
Upon the king.
Ant. I can forbear no longer:
War, war, my sovereign!
Ful. The king appears
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speak.
Rob. Think not
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,
Before resolv'd you, I will not engage
My person in this quarrel; neither press
My subjects to maintain it: yet, to shew
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants, weary
Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent
That, as adventurers, and volunteers,
No way compell'd by us, they may make trial
Of their boasted valours.
Bert. We desire no more.
Rob. 'Tis well; and, but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from me. Govern, as you please,
The province you make choice of; for, I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad disaster,
Fallen on a stranger; nor will I esteem
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune:
You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,
You have my absolute answer.
Amb. My prince pays,
In me, his duty.
Rob. Follow me, Fulgentio,
And you, Astutio.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio, *and* Attendants.
Gasp. What a frown he threw,
At his departure, on you!
Bert. Let him keep
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.
Ant. Shall we aboard to-night?
Amb. Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.
Bert. I have a business
Requires dispatch; some two hours hence I'll meet you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Camiola's *House.*

Enter Signior Sylli, *walking fantastically, followed by* Camiola *and* Clarinda.

Cam. Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony,
In my own house.
Syl. What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.
Clar. For your mirth's sake
Let him alone; he has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,
To teach him his true amble, and his postures,
[Sylli *walking by, and practising.*
When he walks before a lady.
Syl. You may, madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon me, by exposing
My more than most rare features to your view:
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are in the suds.
Cam. You are no barber?
Syl. Fie, no! not I; but my good parts have drawn
More loving hearts out of fair ladies bellies,
Than the whole trade have done teeth.
Cam. Is't possible?
Syl. Yes, and they live too: marry, much condoling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me,
Because I love myself——
Cam. Without a rival.
What philters or love-powders do you use,
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor heart still.
Syl. You are warn'd—be arm'd;
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,
In being too soon enamour'd.
Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must have a martingal.
Syl. I have sworn
Never to take a wife, but such a one,
O may your ladyship prove so strong! as can
Hold out a month against me.
Cam. Never fear it;
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But since in your pity
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.
Syl. The first is,
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a Syren:
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,
As ravish'd with my ditties; and you will
Run mad to hear me.
Cam. I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.
Syl. Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, [*capers*] cast not a sheep's eye
Upon the quivering of my calf.
Cam. Proceed, sir.
Syl. But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream not
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a burthen
With any porter.
Cam. I mean not to ride you.
Syl. Nor I your little ladyship, till you have
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.
Cam. Was there ever such
A piece of motley heard of! [*A knocking within.*] Who's that? [*Exit* Clarinda.] You may spare
The catalogue of my dangers.
Syl. No, good madam;
I have not told you half.

Cam. Enough, good signior;
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.—

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Who is't?
Clar. The brother of the king.
Syl. Nay, start not.
The brother of the king! is he no more?
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous;
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and, that done—hide myself.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Cam. Camiola, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence,
Courtship, and loving language, would have stagger'd
The chaste Penelope; and, to increase
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues to me for:
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* BERTOLDO.

Syl. I must tell you,
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come first serv'd: yet you shall have my countenance
To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.
Bert. You are courteous.
Syl. Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?
Clar. Yes, from you, sir. [*They walk aside.*
Bert. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips,
[*Kisses her.*
Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.
Cam. A parting kiss, sir!
What nation, envious of the happiness
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both beloved and honour'd; the north-star
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up
Your full accompt of happiness in a word,
The brother of the king?
Bert. Do you, alone,
And with an unexampled cruelty,
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings which you, with a polish'd phrase,
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,
When you, that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain,
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?
Cam. You tax me without cause.
Bert. You must confess it,
But answer love with love, and seal the contract
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly
(Though now I were in action, and assured,
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me,
With an eye of favour?
Cam. Truth bear witness for me,
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are
A man so absolute, and circular,
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant
All scepter'd monarchs of our western world
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should wear the garland.
Bert. If so, what diverts
Your favour from me?
Cam. No mulct in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.
Bert. What then?
Cam. The consciousness of mine own wants: alas! sir,
We are not parallels; but, like lines divided,
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,
Without addition, were an ample dowry
For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value:
To this so clear a mind, so furnish'd with
Harmonious faculties moulded from heaven,
That though you were Thersites in your features,
Of no descent, and Irus in your fortunes,
Ulysses-like, you'd force all eyes and ears
To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchless story: but all these bound up
Together in one volume!—give me leave,
With admiration to look upon them;
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,
I may or can enjoy them.
Bert. How you ruin
What you would seem to build up! I know no
Disparity between us; you're an heir,
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,
And every way my equal.
Cam. Sir, excuse me;
One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses
The eagle and the wren:—tissue and frieze
In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,
And my desert supplied; the stronger bar,
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir,
A knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life; you cannot marry me;
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
In a base path.
Bert. A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.
Cam. O take heed, sir!
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispens'd with,
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.
Bert. Is there no hope left me?
Cam. Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir:
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.
Bert. And this is your
Determinate sentence?
Cam. Not to be revoked.
Bert. Farewell then, fairest cruel! all thoughts in me
Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper,

That only lends me light to see my folly:
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee! [*Exit.*

Cam. How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle
Is fought between my passions!—methinks
We should have kiss'd at parting.

Syl. I perceive
He has his answer: now must I step in
To comfort her. [*Comes forward.*] You have found, I hope, sweet lady,
Some difference between a youth of my pitch,
And this bugbear Bertoldo: men are men,
The king's brother is no more; good parts will do
When titles fail. Despair not; I may be [it.
In time entreated.

Cam. Be so now, to leave me.—
Lights for my chamber. O my heart!
[*Exeunt* CAMIOLA *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. She now,
I know, is going to bed, to ruminate
Which way to glut herself upon my person:
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry;
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, *and* ASTUTIO.

Rob. Embark'd to-night, do you say?

Ful. I saw him aboard, sir.

Rob. And without taking of his leave?

Ast. 'Twas strange!

Rob. Are we grown so contemptible?

Ful. 'Tis far
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,
That, in your ill opinion of him, burns
Too hot already; else, I should affirm,
It was a gross neglect.

Rob. A wilful scorn
Of duty and allegiance; you give it
Too fair a name: but we shall think on't. Can you
Guess what the numbers were, that follow'd him
In his desperate action?

Ful. More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordmen, such whose poverty forced them
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,
In right or wrong; and, to express their zeal
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.

Rob. O most impious!
Their loyalty to us forgot?

Ful. I fear so.

Ast. Unthankful as they are!

Ful. Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, sir; with your pardon,
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security than danger.

Rob. True;
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd
With letters, writ and sign'd with our own hand,
To the dutchess of Sienna, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath, to give it credit, that we never
Consented to it, swearing for the king,
Though false, it is no perjury.

Ast. I know it.
They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such trifles.

Ful. Right, Astutio.

Rob. You must, beside, from us take some instructions,
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.

Ast. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. [*Exit*

Ful. I am bold
To put your majesty in mind——

Rob. Of my promise,
And aids, to further you in your amorous project
To the fair and rich Camiola? there's my ring;
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
Or can command by power, I will make good.

Ful. Ever your majesty's creature.

Rob. Venus prove
Propitious to you! [*Exit*

Ful. All sorts to my wishes:
Bertoldo was my hindrance; he removed,
I now will court her in the conqueror's style;
"Come, see, and overcome."—Boy!

Enter Page.

Page. Sir; your pleasure?

Ful. Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.

Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.

Ful. I know it.

Page. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Ful. Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter ADORNI, SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

Ador. So melancholy, say you!

Clar. Never given
To such retirement.

Ador. Can you guess the cause?

Clar. If it hath not its birth and being from
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess
'Tis past my apprehension.

Syl. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I, in my understanding,
Pity your ignorance; yet, if you will

Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her shoe wrings her.
Clar. I vow, signior,
By my virginity.
Syl. A perilous oath,
In a waiting woman of fifteen! and is, indeed,
A kind of nothing.
Ador. I'll take one of something,
If you please to minister it.
Syl. Nay, you shall not swear:
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.
Ador. I thank you, signior; but resolve us.
Syl. Know, then,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting, [me;
She cannot endure my sight.
Ador. There I believe you.
Syl. But the time will come, be comforted, when
Put off this vizor of unkindness to her, [I will
And shew an amorous and yielding face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus, to guard her.
Ador. A good dog!
Clar. Worth twenty porters.

Enter Page.

Page. Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.
Syl. He means not me, I am sure.
Page. You, sirrah sheep's-head,
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?
You, yeoman fewterer, conduct me to
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.
Syl. O terrible! *disembogue!*
I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto.*
Page. Answer, wretch.
Syl. Pray you, little gentleman, be not so
The lady keeps her chamber. [furious:
Page. And we present,
Sent in an embassy to her! but here is
Her gentlewoman. Sirrah! hold my cloak,
While I take a leap at her lips: do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool. [*Kisses* Clarinda.
Syl. Tamberlane in little!
Am I turn'd Turk! What an office am I put to!
Clar. My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.
Page. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy.

Enter Fulgentio.

Syl. Here comes another!
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.
Page. So soon!
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.
Ful. Are you, sirrah,
An implement of the house? [*To* Sylli.
Syl. Sure he will make
A jointstool of me!
Ful. Or, if you belong [*To* Ador.
To the lady of the place, command her hither.
Ador. I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her; and as little bound
To serve your peremptory will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,
You may present your duty.
Ful. Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.
Ador. I'm past learning; make not
A tumult in the house.
Ful. Shall I be braved thus? [*They draw.*
Syl. O, I am dead! and now I swoon.
[*Falls on his face.*
Clar. Help! murder!
Page. Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

Enter Camiola.

Syl. Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*
Cam. What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,
Hold, I command you.
Ful. Saucy groom!
Cam. Not so, sir;
However, in his life, he had dependence
Upon my father, he's a gentleman,
As well born as yourself. Put on your hat.
Ful. In my presence, without leave!
Syl. He has mine, madam.
Cam. And I must tell you, sir, and in plain language,
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speaks you a coarser thing.
Syl. She means a clown, sir;
I am her interpreter, for want of a better.
Cam. I am a queen in mine own house; nor
Expect an empire here. [must you
Syl. Sure, I must love her
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant.
Cam. What are you? and what would you with
Ful. Proud one, [me?
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may, on your submission, proceed to,
You, in your reason, must repent the coarseness
Of my entertainment.
Cam. Why, fine man? what are you?
Ful. A kinsman of the king's.
Cam. I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a king may have
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.
Ful. You have heard of Fulgentio?
Cam. Long since, sir;
A suit-broker in court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of,
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,
You are not the man; much less employ'd by him,
As a smock-agent to me.
Ful. I reply not
As you deserve, being assured you know me;
Pretending ignorance of my person, only
To give me a taste of your wit: 'tis well, and courtly;
I like a sharp wit well.
Syl. I cannot endure it;
Nor any of the Syllis.
Ful. More; I know too,
This harsh induction must serve as a foil

To the well-tuned observance and respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the king,
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you.
Cam. Love me! I am not rapt with it.
Ful. Hear't again;
I love you honestly: now you admire me.
Cam. I do, indeed; it being a word so seldom
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you, deal plainly,
Since you find me simple; what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedom of
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,
Poor me? that is the maint point you must treat of.
Ful. Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a pretty peat, indifferent fair too;
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare,
Well truss'd to bear: virgins of giant size
Are sluggards at the sport; but, for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timber'd gamester like you;
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye
Assures an active spirit.
Cam. You are pleasant, sir;
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me,
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all
Those parts you have remember'd.
Ful. What?
Cam. My wealth, sir.
Ful. You are in the right; without that, beauty is
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:
But beauty, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.
Cam. You speak well;
And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
I'll marry you: I fable not.
Syl. I am glad
To hear this; I began to have an ague.
Ful. Come, your wise reasons.
Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them:
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,
Since, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's dressing,
You might pass for a woman; now I love
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,
The colour, I must tell you, in a man,
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,
A thick curl'd hair of the same dye, broad shoulders,
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.
Syl. She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts;
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!
Cam. You are moved, sir.
Ful. Fie! no; go on.
Cam. Then, as you are a courtier,
A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward;
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his back, must be
Spent, you know where;—the proverb's stale—
One word more,
And I have done.
Ful. I'll ease you of the trouble,
Coy and disdainful!
Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.
Ful. No, your own folly shall; and, since you put me
To my last charm, look upon this and tremble.
[*Shews the* KING'S *ring.*
Cam. At the sight of a fair ring! the king's I take it?
I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it,
As a favour, to me——
Ful. Yes, 'tis very likely,
His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown!
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.
Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the king may
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine own,
And never shall be your's. The king, heaven bless him!
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste maidens,
To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,
Forgetting it when he wash'd his hands, you stole it,
With an intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;
I am still myself, and will be.
Ful. A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers
Night-physic to you?
Cam. You are foul-mouth'd.
Ful. Much fairer
Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.
Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.
Ful. Heaven
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all men, and in every place: scorn'd by
A tit of ten-pence! [*Exeunt* FULGENTIO *and* Page.
Syl. Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother!
Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length of't.
I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons.
Ador. Pray, have patience.
Cam. I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo
Would not have heard this.
Ador. Madam——
Cam. Pray you, spare
Your language. Prithee fool and make me merry.
[*To* SYLLI.
Syl. That is my office ever.
Ador. I must do,
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* SIENNESE. *A Camp before the Walls of* SIENNA.

Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, *and* Soldiers.

Gonz. Is the breach made assaultable?
Pier. Yes, and the moat
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.

Rod. There's not a man
Dares shew himself upon the wall.
Jac. Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.
Pier. If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Use the extremity of war,—but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.
Jac. And an enemy to yourself.
Rod. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd.
Gonz. Temper your heat,
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the war,
Valour the pupil; and, when we command
With lenity, and our directions follow'd
With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown
Our works well undertaken.
Rod. Ours are finish'd——
Pier. If we make use of fortune.
Gonz. Her false smiles
Deprive you of your judgments. The condition
Of our affairs exacts a double care,
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear,
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.—

Enter a Scout, *hastily.*

Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?
Scout. The assurance
Of a new enemy.
Gonz. This I foresaw and fear'd.
What are they, know'st thou?
Scout. They are, by their colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the sun.
Gonz. From Sicily?——
The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha! how is this? your estridge plumes, that but
Even now, like quills of porcupines, seem'd to threaten
The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,
And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth:
Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds
Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, untrain'd
But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,
Cause a dejection in you?
Pier. No dejection.
Rod. However startled, where you lead we'll follow.
Gonz. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,
Prevent a sally: I in mine own person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast:—
But I lose time.
Pier. I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*
Gonz. And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.
Jac. If we come off,
It's not amiss; if not, my state is settled.
[*Exeunt. Alarum within*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Citadel of* Sienna.

Enter Ferdinand, Druso, *and* Livio, *on the Walls.*

Fer. No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook us;
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vow'd friend denied us? we can nor live
Nor die with honour: like beasts in a toil,
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so far reconciled unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities; but in delaying
The fate we cannot fly from, starv'd with wants,
We die this night, to live again to-morrow,
And suffer greater torments.
Dru. There is not
Three days provision for every soldier,
At an ounce of bread a-day, left in the city.
Liv. To die the beggar's death, with hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our heart-strings with vexation.
Fer. Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato,
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than
Look on the conqueror's insulting face;
But that religion, and the horrid dream
To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it!

Enter a Soldier.

What news with thee?
Sold. From the turret of the fort,
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning,
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
The general, (for I know him by his horse,)
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.
Their greetings were too rough for friends; their swords,
And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
By this the main battalias are join'd;
And, if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,
As in a theatre, you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.
Fer. Heaven, if yet
Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,
Take pity of my miseries! Lead the way, friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then enter Gonzaga, Jacomo, *and* Roderigo *wounded;* Bertoldo, Gasparo, *and* Antonio *prisoners.* Officers *and* Soldiers.

Gonz. We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to yourselves [*To* Jacomo *and* Roderigo

True mirrors to each other's worth; and, looking
With noble emulation on his wounds, [*Points to* Bert.
The glorious livery of triumphant war,
Imagine these with equal grace appear
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffer'd
In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,
Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil,
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon
[Gasparo *and* Antonio *are brought forward.*
The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashion'd
To undergo the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armour bruised
Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,
In a hot day, without a blow to yield.

Ant. This insultation shews not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborn it; you are women,
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights. What fury
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court,
For labour in the field? perhaps you thought
To charge through dust and blood an armed foe,
Was but like graceful running at the ring
For a wanton mistress' glove; and the encounter,
A soft impression on her lips:—but you
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.

Gasp. *Væ victis!* now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher metal.

Gonz. True; I owe him
For this wound bravely given.

Bert. O that mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire,
A wretch no more remember'd! [*Aside.*

Gonz. Look up, sir;
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: but, since you performed
As much as could be hoped for from a man,
(Fortune his enemy,) you wrong yourself
In this dejection, I am honour'd in
My victory over you; but to have these
My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph: you shall find
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care
Look'd to and cured, as if your nearest friend
Attended on you.

Bert. When you know me better,
You will make void this promise: can you call me
Into your memory?

Gonz. The brave Bertoldo!
A brother of our order! By St. John,
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostacy,
And precipice from the most solemn vows
Made unto heaven, when this the glorious badge
Of our Redeemer, was conferr'd upon thee
By the great master, than if I had seen
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,
Baptized in our religion!

Bert. This I look'd for;
And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gonz. Fellow-soldiers!
Behold this man, and, taught by his example,
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [*Weeps.*
I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,
Faith, and religion:—why, I will tell you;
He was a gentleman so train'd up and fashion'd
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more than hopes, of great achievements,
As—if the Christian world had stood opposed
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
Of one encounter,—this Bertoldo had been,
For his knowledge to direct, and matchless courage
To execute, without a rival, by
The votes of good men, chosen general;
As the prime soldier, and most deserving
Of all that wear the cross: which now, in justice,
I thus tear from him.

Bert. Let me die with it
Upon my breast.

Gonz. No: by this thou wert sworn,
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard
Weak ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against them; whereas thou,
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,
And such a princess as Aurelia is,
Was dispossess'd by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance; against thine oath
Hast, to thy uttermost, labour'd to uphold
Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,
Valour employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns
To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels
All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off;
I will hear no reply: and let the ransome
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Camp before the Walls of* Sienna.

Enter Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, *and* Jacomo.

Gonz. What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
I can and will make good.

Ast. I have no commission
To expostulate the act. These letters speak
The king my master's love to you, and his
Vow'd service to the dutchess, on whose person
I am to give attendance.

Gonz. At this instant,
She's at Fienza: you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither: I have advertised her
Of our success, and on what humble terms
Sienna stands: though presently I can
Possess it, I defer it, that she may
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The prisoners and the spoil.

Ast. I thank you, sir.
In the mean time, if I may have your license,
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
For whose liberties and ransomes I would gladly
Make composition.
Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.
Ast. The same, sir.
Gonz. For them, you must treat with these: but, for Bertoldo,
He is mine own: if the king will ransome him,
He pays down fifty thousand crowns; if not,
He lives and dies my slave.
Ast. Pray you, a word: [*Aside to* GONZ.
The king will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
Gonz. At his pleasure.
I'll send the prisoners under guard: my business
Calls me another way. [*Exit.*
Ast. My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with me,
But noble captains; you know, in great minds,
Posse et nolle, nobile.
Rod. Pray you, speak
Our language.
Jac. I find not, in my commission,
An officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his mother-tongue.
Rod. If he speak that
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.
Ast. In plain terms, then,
Antonio is your prisoner; Gasparo, yours.
Jac. You are in the right.
Ast. At what sum do you rate
Their several ransomes?
Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.
Ast. As it cost you!
You did not buy your captainship? your desert,
I hope, advanced you.
Rod. How! It well appears
You are no soldier. Desert in these days!
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you mark me, without money,
Or private service done for the general's mistress,
With a commendatory epistle from her,
I will turn lanceprezado.
Jac. Pray you observe, sir:
I serv'd two prenticeships, just fourteen years,
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long
Had the right-hand file; and I fought well, 'twas said, too:
But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd till doomsday,
And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy
A bucksome widow of threescore bequeath'd me;
And that too, my back knows, I labour'd hard for,
But was better paid.
Ast. You are merry with yourselves:
But this is from the purpose.
Rod. To the point then.
Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and when
We have them, we must make the best use of them.
Our pay is little to the port we should bear,
And that so long a-coming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the tavern and the ordinary.
Jac. You may add, too,
Our sport ta'en upon trust.
Rod. Peace, thou smock-vermin!
Discover commanders' secrets!—In a word, sir,
We have enquired, and find our prisoners rich:
Two thousand crowns apiece our companies cost us;
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.
Jac. It is too little; yet,
Since you have said the word, I am content;
But will not go a gazet less.
Ast. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.
Rod. We desire no better.
Ast. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have school'd my gallants.
Jac. I am dumb, sir.

Enter a Guard *with* BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPARO, *in irons.*

Bert. And where removed now? hath the tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?
Ant. Worse it cannot be.
My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his kennel;
But we have neither.
Gasp. Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings? or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, quails,
Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon, as coarse diet,
Would leap at a mouldy crust?
Ant. And go without it,
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon,
Mortified to grow tender!—these I scorn'd,
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though invited:
But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the founder.
Bert. O that I were no further sensible
Of my miseries than you are! you, like beasts,
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: but your narrow souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.
Most miserable men!—and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of gold,
Express base thraldom: and all delicates
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; quilts fill'd high
With gossamere and roses, cannot yield
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
With anguish and affliction.
Ast. My good lord——
Bert. This is no time nor place for flattery, sir:
Pray you, style me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as myself.
Ast. I would it were
In me to help you.
Bert. If that you want power, sir,
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*
Ast. [*Comes forward.*] My valiant nephew!

And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see
you,
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains,
Rewards for your good service? if they are
You should wear them on your necks, since they
Like aldermen of the war. [are massy,
Ant. You jeer us too!
Gasp. Good uncle, name not, as you are a man
of honour,
That fatal word of war; the very sound of it
Is more dreadful than a cannon.
Ant. But redeem us
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat
With a knife that has an edge or point; I'll starve
first.
Gasp. I will cry broom, or cat's-meat, in Pa-
Turn porter, carry burthens, anything, [lermo;
Rather than live a soldier.
Ast. This should have
Been thought upon before. At what price, think
Your two wise heads are rated? [you,
Ant. A calf's head is
More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more
Or I had ne'er come here. [brains in't,
Rod. And I will eat it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome.
Ant. And a little garlick too, for your own sake,
'Twill boil in your stomach else. [sir:
Gasp. Beware of mine,
Or the horns may choak you; I am married, sir.
Ant. You shall have my row of houses near the
Gasp. And my villa; all—— [palace.
Ant. All that we have.
Asp. Well, have more wit hereafter: for this
You are ransomed. [time,
Jac. Off with their irons.
Rod. Do, do:
If you are ours again, you know your price.
Ant. Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe
I am a free man, till I set my foot
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
And in Palermo too.
Ast. The wind sits fair,
You shall aboard to-night: with the rising sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your
Of the late general first. [leaves
Gasp. I will be brief.
Ant. And I. My lord, heaven keep you!
Gasp. Yours, to use
In the way of peace; but, as your soldiers, never.
Ant. A pox of war! no more of war.
[*Exeunt* ROD. JAC. ANT. *and* GASP.
Bert. Have you
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in irons?
If ransome may redeem them, I have lands,
A patrimony of mine own, assign'd me
By my deceased sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.
Ast. I wish you had, sir; but the king, who yields
No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Bert. I find it now,
That misery never comes alone. But, grant
The king is yet inexorable, time
May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes
At my devotion, and, among the rest [were
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law
For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconciled you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,
And may pay down the sum.
Ast. I might, my lord;
But pardon me.
Bert. And will Astutio prove, then,
To please a passionate man, (the king's no more,)
False to his maker, and his reason, which
Commands more than I ask? O summer-friend-
ship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity! How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the herse; but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away,
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd;
So, enter'd in a prison——
Ast. My occasions
Command me hence, my lord.
Bert. Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear
These fetters till my flesh and they are one
Incorporated substance. [*Exit* ASTUTIO.] In my-
As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty, [self,
And curse the height of royal blood: since I,
In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own
Weight grubs their roots out.—Lead me where
you please;
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die
The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE II.—PALERMO. *A Grove near the Palace.*

Enter ADORNI.

Ador. He undergoes my challenge, and contemns
And threatens me with the late edict made [it,
'Gainst duellists,—the altar cowards fly to.
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in public, he's so guarded,
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,
That a musket cannot reach him:—my designs
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,
Camiola celebrates: and on it, all such
As love or serve her usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove
Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets
With his petitioners; I may present him
With a sharp petition!——Ha! 'tis he: my fate
Be ever bless'd for't!

Enter FULGENTIO *and Page.*

Ful. Command such as wait me
Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,
To press on my retirements.

Page. I will say, sir,
You are at your prayers.
Ful. That will not find belief;
Courtiers have something else to do:—be gone, sir.
[*Exit* Page.
Challeng'd! 'tis well; and by a groom! still better.
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*
Ador. I shall cross
Your resolution, or suffer for you.
[*Exit following him.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter CAMIOLA, *followed by* Servants *with Presents;* SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

Syl. What are all these?
Clar. Servants with several presents,
And rich ones too.
1 *Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,
Of many such days to you, the lady Petula
Presents you with this fan.
2 *Serv.* This diamond,
From your aunt Honoria.
3 *Serv.* This piece of plate
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.
Cam. Good friends, they are too
Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you:—[*To* CLARINDA.]—for your pains; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*
Honour me
With the drinking of a health.
1 *Serv.* Gold, on my life!
2 *Serv.* She scorns to give base silver.
3 *Serv.* Would she had been
Born every month in the year!
1 *Serv.* Month! every day.
2 *Serv.* Shew such another maid.
3 *Serv.* All happiness wait you!
Clar. I'll see your will done.
[*Exeunt* SYLLI, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

Enter ADORNI *wounded.*

Cam. How, Adorni wounded!
Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl, for which, the savage Indian dives
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give
To those that have, what they themselves want, aim at
A glad return with profit: yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour;
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented; since it is
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.
Cam. How is this?
Ador. Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name.
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that was
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*
Cam. I am amazed!
Ador. It does deserve it, madam. Common service
Is fit for hinds, and the reward proportion'd
To their conditions: therefore, look not on me
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours:—you frown! my service
Merits not this aspéct.
Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourish'd
This more than rude presumption? Since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the war? Couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when
The clearness and integrity of their actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own bases! Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to them,
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation. In this, this your
Most memorable service, you believed
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour,
Than false Fulgentio could.
Ador. I am sorry what was
So well intended is so ill received;

Re-enter CLARINDA.

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd
Bertoldo had been present.
Cam. True, I did:
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.
Ador. I am what
You'll please to have me.
Cam. If Bertoldo had
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shewn
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Suit not all men alike;—but I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me;
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.
You will be sought for; yet, if my estate
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.
Ador. This is something yet, though I miss'd the mark I shot at. [*Aside and exit.*
Cam. This gentleman is of a noble temper;
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:
Was I not, Clarinda?
Clar. I am not to censure
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause
Would be proud of such a servant.
Cam. It may be;

Enter a Servant.

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncall'd for?

Serv. The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
Cam. Without him?
Serv. I think so.
Cam. Never think more then.
Serv. They have been at court,
Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
Cam. Wait them hither. [*Exit* Servant.
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashion'd,
Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence

Enter ANTONIO *and* GASPARO.

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you take
The privilege, as strangers, to salute me,
(Excuse my manners,) make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.
Gasp. The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
Ant. I wish
Some other should inform you.
Cam. Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.
Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst; a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Cam. Is there aught
More terrible than death?
Ant. Yes, to a spirit
Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
Cam. You abuse me:
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue,
(Though all springs of affection were dried up,)
But pay his ransome.
Gasp. When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
Cam. A petty sum,
The price weigh'd with the purchase: fifty thousand!
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransome
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.
Ant. In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Cam. Are you sure of this?
Gasp. You may read
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;
That will resolve you.
Cam. Possible! pray you, stand off.
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;
He is my king. The news you have deliver'd
Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.
Gasp. One thing more,
And that's substantial: let your Adorni
Look to himself.
Ant. The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.
Cam. As I am,
For your slowness to depart.
Both. Farewell, sweet lady.
[*Exeunt* GASPARO *and* ANTONIO.
Cam. O more than impious times! when not alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
Are broken, or disjointed! could it be, else,
A king, to sooth his politic ends, should so far
Forsake his honour, as at once to break
The adamant chains of nature and religion,
To bind up atheism, as a defence
To his dark counsels? Will it ever be,
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripp'd of
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties
Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
The benefits to the general good dispens'd,
Gaining a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's breath,
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurp'd splendor. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolv'd:
Call in Adorni.
Clar. I am happy in
Such an employment, madam. [*Exit.*
Cam. He's a man,
I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures
Am I to undergo! but good intents
Deride all future rumours.

Re-enter CLARINDA *with* ADORNI.

Ador. I obey
Your summons, madam.
Cam. Leave the place, Clarinda;
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much: [*Exit* CLARINDA.]
nearer, Adorni,
I warrant it with a smile.
Ador. I cannot ask
Safer protection; what's your will?
Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but I will,
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.
Ador. I foster none of you.
Cam. I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——
Ador. The surest conjuration.
Cam. Take me with you.—
Love born of duty; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,
Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.
Ador. They admit no rivals.

Cam. You answer well. You have heard of Bertoldo's
Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransome; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!
Ador. To what tends this? [*Aside.*
Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his own hopes, to ransome him, and receive [him
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—
Why change you colour?
Ador. 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.
Cam. You must, therefore, to
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransome for his liberty; you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him swear
A solemn contract to me; for you must be
My principal witness, if he should—but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?
Ador. Faithfully, madam—but not live long after. [*Aside.*
Cam. One thing I had forgot: besides his freedom,
He may want accommodations; furnish him
According to his birth: and from Camiola
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*
Seal'd on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:
I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*
Ador. I am half
Hang'd out o' the way already.—Was there ever
Poor lover so employ'd against himself,
To make way for his rival? I must do it,
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other world,
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The* SIENNESE. *A Camp before the Walls of* SIENNA.

Enter GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, *and* JACOMO.

Gonz. You have seized upon the citadel, and disarm'd
All that could make resistance?
Pier. Hunger had
Done that, before we came; nor was the soldier
Compell'd to seek for prey: the famish'd wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.
Gonz. You proclaim'd,
On pain of death, no violence should be offer'd
To any woman?
Rod. But it needed not;
For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off
The care of their sex's honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the town, but would,
For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself
To a poor bisognion, and without shrieking.
Gonz. Where is the duke of Urbin?
Jac. Under guard,
As you directed.
Gonz. See the soldiers set
In rank and file, and, as the dutchess passes,
Bid them veil their ensigns; and charge them on their lives,
Not to cry *Whores!*
Jac. The devil cannot fright them
From their military license. Though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being,
To do her service; yet, since she's a woman,
They will touch at her breech with their tongues; and that is all
That they can hope for.
[*A shout, and a general cry within,* Whores, whores!
Gonz. O the devil! they are at it.
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up,
And cudgel them into jelly.
Rod. To no purpose,
Though their mothers were there, they would have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

Loud music. Enter RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, GONZAGA, *and* AURELIA *under a Canopy.* ASTUTIO *presents her with letters.*

Gonz. I do beseech your highness not to ascribe
To the want of discipline, the barbarous rudeness
Of the soldier, in his profanation of
Your sacred name and virtues.
Aurel. No, lord general;
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:
Let the one excuse the other.
All. Excellent princess!
Aurel. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us,
To blast our spring of conquests in the bud;
I cannot find, my lord ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,
With purpose to detain us from our own,
Howe'er the king endeavours, in his letters,
To mitigate the affront.
Ast. Your grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.
Aurel. We shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our council shall direct us.
Gonz. We present you
With the keys of the city; all lets are remov'd,
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.
Aurel. We thank your valours:
A victory without blood is twice achieved,
And the disposure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks!
My love extends itself to all.
Gonz. Make way there.
[*A Guard drawn up:* AURELIA *passes through them. Loud Music.* [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—SIENNA. *A Room in the Prison.*

BERTOLDO *is discovered in fetters, reading.*

Bert. 'Tis here determined, (great examples, arm'd
With arguments, produced to make it good,)
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,
The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wise man any injury.
Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding
A private man's; happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full
Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,
Soothing his lip-positions; and created
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,
At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt,
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him
Out of security's lap, and a centurion
Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased,
But told him, die he must; when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,
[*Throws away the book.*
Complaining of his frailty. Can it then
Be censured womanish weakness in me, if,
Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period
To close up all calamities denied me,
Which was presented Seneca, I wish
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew
What happiness was; or argue with heaven's justice,
Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing
Dust in the air? or, falling on the ground, thus
With my nails and teeth to dig a grave, or rend
The bowels of the earth, my step-mother,
And not a natural parent? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no motion? [*Falls on his face.*

Enter GONZAGA, ADORNI, *and* Gaoler.

Gons. There he is:
I'll not enquire by whom his ransome's paid,
I am satisfied that I have it; nor allege
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,
As you may interpret it; let it suffice
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now,
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*

Ador. Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. Sir!—he sleeps:—
Or is he dead? would he were a saint in heaven!
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But, I was not
Born to such happiness. [*Aside.*]—[*Kneels by him.*]
——No, he breathes—come near,
And, if't be possible, without his feeling,
Take off his irons.—[*His irons taken off.*]—So; now leave us private. [*Exit* Gaoler.
He does begin to stir; and, as transported
With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his [legs,
As yet uncertain whether it can be
True or fantastical.

Bert. [*Rising.*] Ministers of mercy,
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration?

Ador. O forbear, sir!
I am Adorni, and the instrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.

Bert. If he has a name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart
I am his bondman.

Ador. To the shame of men,
This great act is a woman's.

Bert. The whole sex
For her sake must be deified. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this phœnix should be!

Ador. 'Tis Camiola.

Bert. Pray you, speak't again: there's music in [her name.
Once more, I pray you, sir.

Ador. Camiola,
The MAID OF HONOUR.

Bert. Curs'd atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,
That small, but ravishing substance, comprehends
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the
Idea of a woman! O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,
If not to live and die her charity's slave,
Which is resolv'd already!

Ador. She expects not
Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:
On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my lips
I print her love and service, by me sent you.

Bert. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!

Ador. You must now,
Which is the sum of all that she desires,
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,
To marry her.

Bert. This does engage me further;
A payment! an increase of obligation.
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever:
The end of my ambition. O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepared
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart
Wishes mine eyes might see her!

Ador. You must swear this.

Bert. Swear it! Collect all oaths and impreca- [tions,
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful;
Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them:
False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now
Begin my vows to you?

Ador. I am no churchman;
Such a one must file it on record: you are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourself,
(For so she wish'd,) here's gold, with which you may
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever
Of late you lost. I have found out the captain
Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.

Bert. I know him.

Ador. I have done my parts.

Bert. So much, sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in air! Divine Camiola——
But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
A still-encreasing sacrifice of duty. [*Exit.*

Ador. What will become of me now is apparent.
Whether a poniard or a halter be
The nearest way to hell, (for I must thither,
After I've kill'd myself,) is somewhat doubtful.
This Roman resolution of self-murder,
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argued; my good Genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

A Flourish. Enter PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, *and Attendants.*

Aurel. A seat here for the duke. It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;
The lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of human happiness to have kings and queens
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,
In his insulting pride, deprived himself
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being merciful.
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.
I spare the application.
Fer. In my fortune,
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great lady,
Since my offence grew from excess of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may find pardon.
Aurel. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sustain'd
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,
You have your liberty.
Fer. I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.
Aurel. My lord Gonzaga,
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.
Gonz. Such an one,
Madam, I had.
Ast. And have still, sir, I hope.
Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed, [madam.
Ast. By whom, I pray you, sir?
Gonz. You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.
Ast. I like not this. [*Aside.*
Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;
A brother of your order.
Gonz. He was, madam,
Till he, against his oath, wrong'd you, a princess,
Which his religion bound him from.
Aurel. Great minds,
For trial of their valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;
And such a fair construction I make of him:
I would see that brave enemy.
Gonz. My duty
Commands me to seek for him.
Aurel. Pray you do;
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit* GONZAGA.
Ast. I must blast
His entertainment. [*Aside.*] May it please your excellency,
He is a man debauch'd, and, for his riots,
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
Fer. To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.
Aurel. But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

Re-enter GONZAGA, *with* BERTOLDO *richly habited, and* ADORNI.

This is he, sure.
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!
But I'm too sudden. [*Aside.*
Gonz. Madam, 'twas his suit,
Unsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.
Aurel. With what majesty
He bears himself! [*Aside.*
Ast. The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransomed, and thus rich too!
Aurel. You ill deserve
[BERTOLDO *kneeling, kisses her hand.*
The favour of our hand——we are not well,
Give us more air. [*Descends suddenly.*
Gonz. What sudden qualm is this?
Aurel. —That lifted yours against me.
Bert. Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon.
Aurel. Sure his lips are poison'd,
And through these veins force passage to my heart,
Which is already seized on. [*Aside.*
Bert. I wait, madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.
Aurel. Before
You have our license to depart! If manners,
Civility of manners, cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you
Commission to free him.
Gonz. How's this, madam?
Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power,
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:
I will pay back his ransom ten times over,
Rather than quit my interest.
Bert. This is
Against the law of arms.
Aurel. But not of love. [*Aside.*
Why hath your entertainment, sir, been such,
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,
You would fly from it?
Bert. I know no man, madam,
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before
A down-bed in a palace.
Aurel. How!—Come nearer:
Was his usage such?

Gonz. Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I foreseen this.
Aurel. O thou mis-shaped monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,
And answer, then, whether this were a man
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,
Whose every glance store Cupid's empty quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these lips,
These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries
And roses were but copies, should grow pale
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear
A burthen of more worth than is supported
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever
On this description!
Bert. Is this in derision,
Or pity of me?
Aurel. In your charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,
You shall have fairer quarter; you will shame
The place where you have been, should you now leave it,
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. You'll follow me?
Bert. To the centre,
Such a Sybilla guiding me.
[*Exeunt* AURELIA, BERTOLDO, *and* Attendants.
Gonz. Who speaks first?
Fer. We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.
Pier. I know not what to think, I am so amazed.
Rod. Amazed! I am thunderstruck.
Jac. We are enchanted,
And this is some illusion.
Ador. Heaven forbid!
In dark despair it shews a beam of hope:
Contain thy joy, Adorni. [*Aside.*
Ast. Such a princess,
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more than doubted looseness!
Gonz. They come again,
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.
I shall run mad:—Some fury hath possess'd her.
If I speak I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,
Though the devil fart fire, have at him.

Re-enter BERTOLDO *and* AURELIA.

Aurel. Let not, sir,
The violence of my passion nourish in you
An ill opinion; or, grant my carriage
Out of the road and garb of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A princess, what I do is above censure,
And to be imitated.
Bert. Gracious madam,
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.
Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you.
[BERTOLDO *walks by musing.*
Gonz. Pray I cannot,
This cursed object strangles my devotion:
I must speak, or I burst.—Pray you, fair lady,
If you can, in courtesy direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.
Aurel. Are you blind? who are we?
Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was govern'd
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see
No such divinities in you: if I,
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.
Aurel. Good! ere long
You shall know me better.
Gonz. Why, if you are Aurelia,
How shall I dispose of the soldier?
Ast. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?
Aurel. Prefer your suits
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*
Ast. This is rare!
Gonz. What are we come to?
Rod. Grown up in a moment
A favourite!
Ferd. He does take state already.
Bert. No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola,
There is no step between me and a crown.
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, Virtue,
Or I am lost.
Gonz. May it please your excellence——
Second me, sir.
Bert. Then my so horrid oaths,
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!
Ast. The king, your brother, will thank you for the advancement
Of his affairs.
Bert. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries as her power and greatness
Raise up against my weak defences!
Gonz. Sir,

Re-enter AURELIA.

Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet!
Aurel. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.
Bert. It is confess'd: yet why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false play send you off a loser from me?
I am already too, too much engaged
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you
Make me his equal, may draw war upon
Your territories? Were that breach made up,
I should with joy embrace what now I fear
To touch but with due reverence.
Aurel. That hinderance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;
And having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meet with us.
Bert. I am wholly yours.
Aurel. On this book seal it.

Gonz. What, hand and lip too! then the bargain's sure.——
You have no employment for me?
Aurel. Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a royal ship.
Gonz. A ship! St. John,
Whither are we bound now?
Aurel. You shall know hereafter.
My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your patience.
Ador. Camiola! [*Aside to* BERTOLDO.
Aurel. How do you?
Bert. Indisposed; but I attend you.
[*Exeunt all but* ADORNI.
Ador. The heavy curse that waits on perjury,
And foul ingratitude pursue thee ever!
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith
My loyalty finds reward: what poisons him,
Proves mithridate to me. I have perform'd
All she commanded, punctually; and now,
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit*.

SCENE V.—PALERMO. *A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House*.

Enter SYLLI, CAMIOLA, *and* CLARINDA, *at several doors*.

Syl. Undone! undone!—poor I, that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am, on the sudden,
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal
O' the lineage of the Syllis!
Cam. What's the matter?
Syl. The king—break, girdle, break!
Cam. Why, what of him?
Syl. Hearing how far you doated on my person,
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,
Could get a sheep's-eye from you, I being present,
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl
Of his authority to bore my nose,
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!
Cam. Do not roar so:
The king!
Syl. The king. Yet loving Sylli is not
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune;
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,
What a loser should you be! He can but make you
A queen, and what a simple thing is that,
To the being my lawful spouse? the world can never
Afford you such a husband.
Cam. I believe you.
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
Did not you dream this?
Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.
Cam. If so,
I guess the business.
Syl. It can be no other,
But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of main importance. Yonder they are; I dare not

Enter ROBERTO *and* FULGENTIO.

Be seen, I am so desperate: if you forsake me,
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!
[*Exit crying*.
Ful. It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
With terror, cannot fright her.
Rob. May she answer
My expectation! [*Aside*.
Ful. There she is.
Cam. My knees thus
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
Due for so great an honour, in this favour
Done to your humblest handmaid.
Rob. You mistake me;
I come not, lady, that you may report
The king, to do you honour, made your house
(He being there) his court: but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
With this humility.
Cam. A pardon, sir!
Till I am conscious of an offence,
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
What is my crime, sir?
Rob. Look on him I favour,
By you scorn'd and neglected.
Cam. Is that all, sir?
Rob. No, minion; though that were too much. How can you
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
To murder him?
Cam. With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this: but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man,
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity,
Which you may challenge as a king, parts from you,)
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,
To such an undeserver is no virtue.
Ful. What think you now, sir?
Cam. Say, you should love wine,
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants not kings,
By violence, from humble vassals force
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;
And to compel affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.
Rob. Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence! [*Aside*
Cam. He complains
Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king,
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,
And of your laws and statutes make a fire
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Another's house, to rob him, though of trifles;
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,
In the pollution of my clear fame,
By his malicious slanders?
Rob. Have you done this?
Answer truly, on your life.
Ful. In the heat of blood,
Some such thing I reported.

Rob. Out of my sight!
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injured virgin to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.
Ful. By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Aside and exit.*
Rob. You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us.

Cam. Ay, now you shew whose deputy you are:
If now I bathe your feet with tears, it cannot
Be censured superstition.
Rob. You must rise;
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her*
Cam. Happy are subjects, when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.*

Enter CAMIOLA *and* SYLLI.

Cam. You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.
Syl. You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and, when I have said,
I thank you for't, be happy.
Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing.
Syl. When you have it;
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;
You may cry, *Willow, willow!* for your brother,
I'll only say, *Go by!* for my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please; his lips may water
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli,
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks nectar!
I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take
A little for a preparative.
[*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*
Cam. By no means.
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:
I'll rather lose my longing.
Syl. Pretty soul!
How careful it is of me! Let me buss yet
Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure, is
Out of my oath.
Cam. Why, i thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoe-maker steals.
Syl. O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.
Cam. Fie! you dwell too long there:
Rise, prithee rise.
Syl. O, I am up, already.

Enter CLARINDA, *hastily.*

Cam. How I abuse my hours!—What news with thee, now?
Clar. Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your promise:
Signior Adorni is return'd! now upon entrance!
Off with it, off with it, madam!
Cam. Be not so hasty:
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
Syl. You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.

Cam. Very good;
When I'm yours I'll be govern'd.
Syl. Sweet obedience!

Enter ADORNI.

Cam. You are well return'd.
Ador. I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.
Cam. Lives Bertoldo?
Ador. Yes, and return'd with safety.
Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should
Have made me his first visit.
Ador. So I think too;
But he——
Syl. Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
Cam. Speak, where is he?
With whom? who hath deserved more from him? [or
Can be of equal merit? I in this
Do not except the king.
Ador. He's at the palace,
With the dutchess of Sienna. One coach brought them hither,
Without a third: he's very gracious with her;
You may conceive the rest.
Cam. My jealous fears
Make me to apprehend.
Ador. Pray you, dismiss
Signior Wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the court.
Syl. I will outrun
A footman for your pleasure.
Cam. There observe
The dutchess' train, and entertainment.
Syl. Fear not;
I will discover all that is of weight,
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.
This is fit employment for me. [*Exit.*
Cam. Gracious with
The dutchess! sure, you said so?
Ador. I will use
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged
With faith and loyal duty.
Cam. I believe it;
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants—imagine
That is already spoken; and what vows
Of service he made to me, is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous:
Does not your story end so?
Ador. Would the end

Had answered the beginning!—In a word,
Ingratitude and perjury at the height
Cannot express him.
Cam. Take heed.
Ador. Truth is arm'd,
And can defend itself. It must out, madam:
I saw (the presence full) the amorous dutchess
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted
With equal ardour; and their willing hands
No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd,
And put in execution.
Cam. The proofs are
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!
Ador. He's not worth
Your sorrow, madam.
Cam. Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now, to hear it?
Ador. His precipice from goodness raising mine,
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,
I had little reason.
Cam. In this you confess
The devilish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it;
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it. When good men pursue
The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,
To see a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well
In you, Adorni.
Ador. What a temper dwells
In this rare virgin! [*Aside.*] Can you pity him,
That hath shewn none to you?
Cam. I must not be
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek recovery
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,
From the assurance of my merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And, confident in the justice of my cause,
The king, his brother, and new mistress, judges,
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,
In which he swore to marry me?
Ador. 'Tis here, madam.
Cam. He shall be, then, against his will, my husband;
And when I have him, I'll so use him!—Doubt not,
But that, your honesty being unquestioned,
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.
Ador. And buries me in the dark mists of error.
Cam. I'll presently to court; pray you, give order
For my caroch.
Ador. A cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to the gallows. [*Aside, and exit.*
Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me,
In these my extremities!

Re-enter SYLLI.

Syl. If you e'er will see brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the dutchess
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp,
And preparation!
Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.
Syl. Why, with all my heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,
And then it is quit.
Cam. Follow me to my cabinet;
You know my confessor, father Paulo?
Syl. Yes: shall he
Do the feat for us?
Cam. I will give in writing
Directions to him, and attire myself
Like a virgin bride; and something I will do,
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.
Syl. And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

Loud music. Enter ROBERTO, BERTOLDO, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTUTIO, GONZAGA, RODERIGO, JACOMO, PIERIO, *a* Bishop, *and* Attendants.

Rob. Had our division been greater, madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,
Must make a perfect union.—Once more,
With a brotherly affection, we receive you
Into our favour: let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far
Beyond your merit.
Bert. As the princess' grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours,
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,
Shall know no bounds: nor will I, being made
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.
Aurel. I expect not
But fair equality, since I well know,
If that superiority be due,
'Tis not to me. When you are made my consort,
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,
I'll practice the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
Over their husbands, in some kind commit
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,
In my intent, of such a crime.
Gonz. This done,
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for
A precedent to great women: but, when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloy'd,
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,
Most of your eagle breed, I'll not say all,
Ever accepting you, challenge again
What, in hot blood, they parted from.
Aurel. You are ever
An enemy of our sex; but you, I hope, sir,
Have better thoughts.
Bert. I dare not entertain
An ill one of your goodness.
Rob. To my power
I will enable him, to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the articles.

Enter FULGENTIO, CAMIOLA, SYLLI, *and* ADORNI.

Ful. In you alone
Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;
But pity in you will become you better
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)
Than too much rigour.
Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lies in me; but must first
Labour to right myself.
Aurel. Or add or alter
What you think fit; in him I have my all:
Heaven make me thankful for him!
Rob. On to the temple.
Cam. Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injured maid.
Aurel. How's this?
Bert. O, I am blasted!
Rob. I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.
Cam. To do me justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,
As a delinquent look on him, and not
As on a brother: Justice painted blind,
Infers her ministers are obliged to hear
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it;
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.
Rob. Nor will I, madam.
Aurel. You seem troubled, sir.
Gonz. His colour changes too.
Cam. The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,
To sit assistants with him.
Aurel. I ne'er wrong'd you.
Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it;
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man,
Which I lay claim to.
Rob. Let us take our seats.
What is your title to him?
Cam. By this contract,
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,
[*Presents a paper to the* King.
I challenge him for my husband.
Syl. Ha! was I
Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!
Some cordial, or I faint.
Rob. This writing is
Authentical.
Aurel. But, done in heat of blood,
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt he was,
To be dispens'd with.
Fer. Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births and fortunes.
Cam. What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?
Or Syren charms? or, at his best, in me
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum
Proposed for his redemption; the king
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,
With his protesting followers and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly
What she deserv'd, whose merits now are doubted.
That, as his better angel, in her bounties
Appear'd unto him, his great ransome paid,
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
He owed not himself to me?
Aurel. Is this true?
Rob. In his silence 'tis acknowledged.
Gonz. If you want
A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.
Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me;
The cause required it. And though now I add
A little, in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A fair interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver,
The prints the irons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remember'd!
And on what ground, but his ambitious hopes
To gain this dutchess' favour?
Aurel. Yes; the object,
Look on it better, lady, may excuse
The change of his affection.
Cam. The object!
In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say
You look upon your form in the false glass
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a dutchess, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,
For other feature, make all these, that are
Experienced in women, judges of them,
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,
I may take the right-hand file.
Gonz. Well said, i'faith!
I see fair women on no terms will yield
Priority in beauty.
Cam. Down, proud heart!
Why do I rise up in defence of that,
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,

Goodness, and virtue ; and poor I not worthy
As a foil to set you off : enjoy your conquest ;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am,
In my lowness, from your height you may look on me,
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all men else I did appear
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
To hold me as the masterpiece.

Rob. By my life,
You have shewn yourself of such an abject temper,
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your nearness to me.

Fer. I am changed in my
Opinion of you, lady ; and profess
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
For an absolute monarch.

Gonz. Since you are resolved
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another phœnix.

Aurel. On the sudden
I feel all fires of love quench'd in the water
Of my compassion.—Make your peace ; you have
My free consent ; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you : and, to further your
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,
The dispensation procured by me,
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.

Bert. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble track
Mark'd me by virtue ! till now, I was never
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the malice
Of Fortune ; you, that conquer'd me, confessing
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
DISLOYAL and INGRATEFUL. Though barr'd from
Human society, and hiss'd into
Some desart ne'er yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Upon my guilty self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me ; and one tear,
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more
Than I can hope for.

Cam. This compunction
For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Bert. In your pity
My cruelty shews more monstrous : yet I am not,
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,
To ask your pardon. If, as now I fall
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable.

Cam. Pray you, rise ;
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
I do forgive you heartily : yet, excuse me,
Though I deny myself a blessing that,
By the favour of the dutchess, seconded
With your submission, is offer'd to me ;
Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,
You have been false once.—I have done : and if,
When I am married, as this day I will be,
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
You wish me joy, I will receive it for
Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.

Bert. I will do it,
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see myself undone, beyond all hope
To be made up again.

Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart again.

Cam. Pray you, signior Sylli,
Call in the holy friar ; he's prepared
For finishing the work.

Syl. I knew I was
The man : heaven make me thankful !

Rob. Who is this ?

Ast. His father was the banker of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth : his wisdom
Was not hereditary.

Syl. Though you know me not,
Your majesty owes me a round sum ; I have
A seal or two to witness ; yet, if you please
To wear my colours, and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.

Rob. And I'll grant your suit.

Syl. Gracious madonna, noble general,
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them, [*Gives them favours.*
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought, but that way current. [*Exit.*

Aurel. For my part,
I cannot guess the issue.

Re-enter SYLLI *with* Father PAULO.

Syl. Do your duty ;
And with all speed you can, you may dispatch us.

Paul. Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,
I seize her.

All. How !

Rob. So young, and so religious !

Paul. She has forsook the world.

Syl. And Sylli too !
I shall run mad.

Rob. Hence with the fool !—[SYLLI *is thrust off.*]—Proceed, sir.

Paul. *Look on this* MAID OF HONOUR, *now*
Truly honour'd in her vow
She pays to heaven: vain delight
By day, or pleasure of the night,
She no more thinks of. This fair hair
(Favours for great kings to wear)
Must now be shorn ; her rich array
Changed into a homely gray :
The dainties with which she was fed,
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted ; from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring ;
And with fasting mortify
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewels, beads ; and she must look
Not in a glass, but holy book,
To teach her the ne'er-erring way
To immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new-born to piety,

Persévер in it, and good men,
With saints and angels, say, Amen!
Cam. This is the marriage! this the port to which
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,
Temptations to frailty never entering!
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:
The first to the fair nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last and better part
Of my frail life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,
And to his merits love him, and no further.
Rob. I thus confirm it.
[*Gives his hand to* FULGENTIO.
Cam. And, as e'er you hope, [*To* BERTOLDO.
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith,
Redeem your mortgaged honour.
Gons. I restore this: [*Gives him the white cross*
Once more, brothers in arms.
Bert. I'll live and die so.
Cam. To you my pious wishes! And, to end
All differences, great sir, I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrel long continuing between
The duke and dutchess.
Rob. I will take it into
My special care.
Cam. I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.
[*Exeunt* PAULO *and* CAMIOLA.
Rob. She well deserves
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she stand,
To all posterity, a fair example
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with
Such poison'd baits is rare; there being nothing
Upon this stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

THE PICTURE.

TO MY HONOURED AND SELECTED FRIENDS,

OF

THE NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

It may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the presentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your sc frequent bounties; and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever command,

Your servant, PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADISLAUS, *King of Hungary.*
FERDINAND, *General of the Army.*
EUBULUS, *an old Counsellor.*
MATHIAS, *a Knight of Bohemia.*
UBALDO, } *Wild Courtiers.*
RICARDO, }
JULIO BAPTISTA, *a great Scholar.*
HILARIO, *Servant to* SOPHIA.
Two Boys, *representing* APOLLO *and* PALLAS.
Two Couriers.
A Guide.

Servants *to the* Queen.
Servants *to* MATHIAS.

HONORIA, *the Queen.*
SOPHIA, *Wife to* MATHIAS.
ACANTHE, } *Maids of Honour.*
SYLVIA, }
CORISCA, SOPHIA'S *Woman.*

Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, *&c.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN HUNGARY, AND PARTLY IN BOHEMIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Frontiers of* BOHEMIA.

Enter MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO, *with other* Servants.

Math. Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots, that scour the country,
May fall upon us?—be now, as thy name.
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wise, and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.
Soph. You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.
Math. Nay, no melting;
Since the necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the reasons
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice,
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour:
Such airy tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our demeans are, and, what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.
Soph. In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.
Math. For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though
Not to satiety, or loathing, yet

We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them, to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed; want breeds dissention,
Even in good women.

Soph. Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,
For want of what's superfluous?

Math. No, Sophia;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and shew them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee
In jewels, and variety of wardrobes;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.

Soph. If I am so rich, or
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me?

Math. Why! I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes; and from these command
Obedience to you, as to myself:
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully;
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.

Soph. Since you are not
To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless:
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste
One drop of sorrow; look you hoard all up [not
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t'invoke you: at our parting, 'twere
To personate devotion. My soul
Shall go along with you, and, when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you;
And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would shew poorly;
My actions shall speak for me: 'twere to doubt you,
To beg I may hear from you; where you are
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.—
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider, [*Kisses him.*
After this feast, the griping fast that follows,
And it will be excusable; pray turn from me.
All that I can, is spoken. [*Exit.*

Math. Follow your mistress.
Forbear your wishes for me; let me find them,
At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

Hil. For my part, sir, I will grow lean with study
To make her merry.

Coris. Though you are my lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leave; your hand, or, if you please
To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,
But stand a-tip-toe for't.

Math. O, farewell, girl. [*Kisses her.*

Hil. A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

Coris. 'Twas my fee;
Love, how he melts! I cannot blame my lady's
Unwillingness to part with such marmalade lips.
There will be scrambling for them in the camp;
And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now
I were his leaguer laundress; I would find
Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,
Or I would strain hard for't.

Hil. How the mammet twitters!
Come, come; my lady stays for us.

Coris. Would I had been
Her ladyship the last night!

Hil. No more of that, wench.
[*Exeunt* HILARIO, CORISCA, *and the rest.*

Math. I am strangely troubled, yet why I should
A fury here, and with imagined food, [nourish
Having no real grounds on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever
Or can be false hereafter. I in this
But foolishly enquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,
Though with my loss of being. I have already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,
One deeply read in nature's hidden secrets,
And, though with much unwillingness, have won
To do as much as art can, to resolve me [him
My fate that follows—To my wish, he's come.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your promise and performance walk together;
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point:
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made trial of my love some other way.

Math. Nay, this is from the purpose.

Bapt. If you can
Proportion your desire to any mean,
I do pronounce you happy; I have found,
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife
Is to this present hour from all pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason, therefore,
You should fix here, and make no further search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O, Baptista,
'Tis not in me to master so my passions;
I must know further, or you have made good
But half your promise. While my love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my presence was
A watch upon her, her desires being met too
With equal ardour from me, what one proof
Could she give of her constancy, being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women,
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she
The absolute disposer of herself,
Without control or curb; nay, more, invited
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out—

Bapt. As, no doubt, she will.

Math. Those doubts must be made certainties, Baptista,
By your assurance; or your boasted art
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,
And play with my affliction! I am on
The rack, till you confirm me.
Bapt. Sure, Mathias,
I am no god, nor can I dive into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are;
That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the devils themselves: they can but guess,
Out of long observation, what is likely;
But positively to foretel that shall be,
You may conclude impossible. All I can,
I will do for you; when you are distant from her
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.
Math. I desire no more.
Bapt. Take then this little model of Sophia,
With more than human skill limn'd to the life;
[*Gives him a picture.*
Each line and lineament of it, in the drawing,
So punctually observed, that, had it motion,
In so much 'twere herself.
Math. It is, indeed,
An admirable piece! but if it have not
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me?
Bapt. I'll instruct you:
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious eyes peruse it: while it keeps
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true form, and what's now white and red
Incline to yellow, rest most confident
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd;
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
The fort, by composition or surprise,
Is forced, or with her free consent surrender'd.
Math. How much you have engaged me for this favour,
The service of my whole life shall make good.
Bapt. We will not part so, I'll along with you,
And it is needful: with the rising sun,
The armies meet; yet, ere the fight begin,
In spite of opposition, I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,
And near his person.
Math. As my better angel,
You shall direct and guide me.
Bapt. As we ride
I'll tell you more.
Math. In all things I'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—HUNGARY. *Alba Regalis. A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter UBALDO *and* RICARDO.

Ric. When came the post?
Ubald. The last night.
Ric. From the camp?
Ubald. Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and sign'd
By the general, Ferdinand.
Ric. Nay, then, sans question,
't is of moment.
Ubald. It concerns the lives
Of two great armies.
Ric. Was it cheerfully
Received by the king?
Ubald. Yes; for being assured
The armies were in view of one another,
Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer
For the good success, [he] dispatch'd a gentleman
Of his privy chamber to the general,
With absolute authority from him,
To try the fortune of a day.
Ric. No doubt then
The general will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven prosper him! This military art,
I grant to be the noblest of professions;
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never
Inclined to learn it; since this bubble honour
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for,)
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase.
Ubald. Give me our court warfare:
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a fair mistress.
Ric. Fair and sound together
Do very well, Ubaldo; but such are,
With difficulty, to be found out; and when they know
Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,
Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and, since that,
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,
To the great lady in her cabinet;
That spent upon thee more in cullises,
To strengthen thy weak back, than would maintain
Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running horses:
Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,
Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.
Ubald. You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were
A novice in those mysteries.
Ric. By no means;
My doctor can assure the contrary:
I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,
As he that is a gamester, and plays often,
Must sometimes be a loser.
Ubald. Wherefore, then,
Do you envy me?
Ric. It grows not from my want,
Nor thy abundance; but being, as I am,
The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts are my curses: there's no beauty,
But yields ere it be summon'd; and, as nature
Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,
There's none can buy till I have made my market.
Satiety cloys me; as I live, I would part with
Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,
To find that only phœnix in my search,
That could hold out against me.
Ubald. Be not rapt so;
You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,
What think you of the queen?
Ric. I dare not aim at
The petticoat royal, that is still excepted:
Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my neck to a halter—but we talk
Impossibilities: as she hath a beauty [of
Would make old Nestor young; such majesty
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,

As would fright Paris, though the queen of love
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.
Ubald. Have you observed
The gravity of her language, mix'd with sweetness?
Ric. Then, at what distance she reserves herself,
When the king himself makes his approaches to her—
Ubald. As she were still a virgin, and his life
But one continued wooing.
Ric. She well knows
Her worth, and values it.
Ubald. And so far the king is
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.
Ric. All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war
Cannot awake him.
Ubald. At this very instant,
When both his life and crown are at the stake.
He only studies her content, and when
She's pleased to shew herself, music and masques
Are with all care and cost provided for her.
Ric. This night she promised to appear.
Ubald. You may
Believe it by the diligence of the king,
As if he were her harbinger.

Enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, *and* Attendants *with perfumes.*

Ladis. These rooms
Are not perfumed, as we directed.
Eubu. Not, sir!
I know not what you would have; I am sure the smoak
Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.
Ladis. How I scorn
Thy gross comparison! When my Honoria,
The amazement of the present time, and envy
Of all succeeding ages, does descend
To sanctify a place, and in her presence
Makes it a temple to me, can I be
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?
But that the splendor of her beams of beauty
Hath struck thee blind—
Eubu. As dotage hath done you.
Ladis. Dotage? O blasphemy! is it in me
To serve her to her merit? Is she not
The daughter of a king?
Eubu. And you the son
Of ours, I take it; by what privilege else,
Do you reign over us? for my part, I know not
Where the disparity lies
Ladis. Her birth, old man,
Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties,
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her.
They are but superficial ornaments,
And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,
Were all antiquity and fiction lost,
Our modern poets could not, in their fancy,
But fashion a Minerva far transcending
The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus!
And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes
Must make all gazers her idolaters,
She is so sparing of their influence
That, to shun superstition in others,
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold
Her kingly captive above all the world,
Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my love and service,
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,
I did not err?
Eubu. Well, since you hug your fetters,
In Love's name wear them! You are a king, and that
Concludes you wise: your will a powerful reason,
Which we, that are foolish subjects, must not argue.
And what in a mean man I should call folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:
But for me, I subscribe.
Ladis. Do, and look up,
Upon this wonder.

Loud music. Enter HONORIA *in state, under a Canopy, her train borne up by* SYLVIA *and* ACANTHE.

Ric. Wonder! It is more, sir.
Ubald. A rapture, an astonishment.
Ric. What think you, sir?
Eubu. As the king thinks; that is the surest guard
We courtiers ever lie at.—Was prince ever
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration, look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,
With what assured gravity she receives it!
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command; but this humility
In a husband and a king, marks her the way
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his throne.*] So! Juno's placed
In Jove's tribunal: and, like Mercury,
(Forgetting his own greatness,) he attends
For her employments. She prepares to speak;
What oracles shall we hear now? [*Aside.*
Hon. That you please, sir,
With such assurances of love and favour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,
Binds me in retribution to deserve
The grace conferr'd upon me.
Ladis. You transcend
In all things excellent; and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
From absolute command, surrendering up
My will and faculties to your disposure:
And here I vow, not for a day or year,
But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,
That whatsoever I, in justice, may
Exact from these my subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge: and when you require it,
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,
Thus I will pay my homage.
Hon. O forbear, sir!
Let not my lips envy my robe; on them
Print your allegiance often: I desire
No other fealty.
Ladis. Gracious sovereign!
Boundless in bounty.
Eubu. Is not here fine fooling!
He's questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,
So that would disenchant him! though I forfeit
My life for't, I must speak.—By your good leave, sir— [*Passing before the king*
I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,
Having no power: you are like me, a subject,

Her more than serene majesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,
And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen-ushers,
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd;
He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge
The privilege of his bonnet.

Ladis. Do not tempt me.

Eubu. Tempt you! in what? in following your example?
If you are angry, question me hereafter,
As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign,
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her divinity, and desire a boon
From her more than magnificence.

Hon. Take it freely.
Nay, be not moved: for our mirth's sake let us hear him.

Eubu. 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you ne'er read
The story of Semiramis and Ninus?

Hon. Not as I remember.

Eubu. I will then instruct you,
And 'tis to the purpose: This Ninus was a king,
And such an impotent loving king as this was,
But now he's none; this Ninus (pray you observe
Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife; [me)
(I must confess, there the comparison holds not,
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your correc-
Like her, a woman;) this Assyrian monarch, [tion,
Of whom this is a pattern, to express
His love and service, seated her, as you are,
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,
One day to be her subjects, and to put
In execution whatever she
Pleased to impose upon them:—pray you command
To minister the like to us, and then [him
You shall hear what follow'd.

Ladis. Well, sir, to your story.

Eubu. You have no warrant, stand by; let me
Your pleasure, goddess. [know

Hon. Let this nod assure you.

Eubu. Goddess-like, indeed! as I live, a pretty idol!
She knowing her power, wisely made use of it;
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted, (as, in reason, madam,
You may do his,) that he might never have
Power to recall his grant, or question her
For her short government, instantly gave order
To have his head struck off.

Ladis. Is't possible?

Eubu. The story says so, and commends her
For making use of her authority. [wisdom
And it is worth your imitation, madam:
He loves subjection, and you are no queen,
Unless you make him feel the weight of it.
You are more than all the world to him, and that
He may be so to you, and not seek change,
When his delights are sated, mew him up
In some close prison, (if you let him live
Which is no policy,) and there diet him
As you think fit, to feed your appetite;
Since there ends his ambition.

Ubald. Devilish counsel!

Ric. The king's amazed.

Ubald. The queen appears, too, full
Of deep imaginations; Eubulus
Hath put both to it.

Ric. Now she seems resolved:
I long to know the issue.

[HONORIA *descends from the throne.*

Hon. Give me leave,
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy
Of your unequal graces shower'd upon me,
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish
One doubt Honoria dares abuse the power
With which she is invested by your favour;
Or that she ever can make use of it
To the injury of you, the great bestower,
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight
To seek to me with more obsequiousness
Than I desired: and stood it with my duty
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer?
I do but act the part you put upon me,
And though you make me personate a queen,
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royal sovereign.

Ric. Admirable!

Hon. I have heard of captains taken more with dangers
Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches
To those delights which are your own, and freely,
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me
Beyond my just proportion?

Ubald. Above wonder!

Ladis. Heaven make me thankful for such good-

Hon. Now, sir, [ness!
The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,
I change to this humility; and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,
And seat you in your own.

[*Leads the king to the throne.*

Ladis. I am transported
Beyond myself.

Hon. And now, to your wise lordship:
Am I proved a Semiramis? or hath
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,
Which you call dotage?

Ladis. Answer, wretch!

Eubu. I dare, sir,
And say, however the event may plead
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,
To teach a lady, humble in herself,
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,
To be ambitious.

Hon. Eubulus, I am so;
'Tis rooted in me; you mistake my temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold
Command over my lord; such a proud torrent
Would sink me in my wishes: not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with justice challenge.

Eubu. This I look'd for;
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew
A gushing tide would follow. [*Aside.*

Hon. By my birth,
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,

From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to majesty, in which I am
A sharer with your sovereign.
Eubu. Good again!
Hon. And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appear so.
Ladis. You need not fear a rival.
Hon. I hope not;
And till I find one, I disdain to know
What envy is.
Ladis. You are above it, madam.
Hon. For beauty without art, discourse, and free
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a king
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as——
Eubu. I
Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!
This spoken by the people had been heard
With honour to you. Does the court afford
No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced
To be your own gross flatterer?
Ladis. Be dumb,
Thou spirit of contradiction!
Hon. The wolf
But barks against the moon, and I contemn it.
The mask you promised. [*A horn sounded within*
Ladis. Let them enter.

Enter a Courier.

How!
Eubu. Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.
Ladis. From the camp?
Cour. The general, victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter*
Ladis. That great Power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,
Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.
Eubu. But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.
Ladis. I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now
Enquire particulars.—[*Exit* Courier.]—Our delights deferr'd,
With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender
Our souls' devotions to his dread might,
Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight
[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Hall in* Mathias' *House.*

Enter Hilario *and* Corisca.

Hil. You like my speech?
Coris. Yes, if you give it action
In the delivery.
Hil. If! I pity you.
I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first time,
Nor shall be, I hope, the last.
Coris. Nay, I think so too.
Hil. And if I put her not out of her dumps with laughter,
I'll make her howl for anger.
Coris. Not too much
Of that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience
Would she endure to hear of the death of my lord;
That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,
Afflicts herself thus?
Hil. Umph! 'tis a question
A widow only can resolve. There be some
That in their husbands' sicknesses have wept
Their pottle of tears a day; but being once certain
At midnight he was dead, have in the morning
Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no more on't.
Coris. Tush, she is none of that race; if her sorrow
Be not true and perfect, I, against my sex,
Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.
She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,
Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;
Eats little, and her nightly music is
Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony
Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,
Am made one of the consort. This hour only
She takes the air, a custom every day
She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,
From some that pass by, to receive assurance
Of the success and safety of her lord.
Now, if that your device will take——
Hil. Ne'er fear it:
I am provided cap à-pié, and have
My properties in readiness.
Soph. [*within.*] Bring my veil, there.
Coris. Begone, I hear her coming.
Hil. If I do not
Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss me
[*Exit*

Enter Sophia.

Soph. I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears;
And every hour the little stuff burnt out
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,
I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.
In wretched things more wretched is delay;
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then
But sad presages, girl?
Coris. You make them so,
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you.
Such pure affection, such mutual love,
A bed, and undefiled on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam,
(Sweet in your sadness,) should produce no fruit,
Or leave the age no models of yourselves.

To witness to posterity what you were;
Succeeding times, frighted with the example,
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their fairest issue to meet sensually,
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise
True Love, or Hymen, altars.

Soph. O Corisca,
I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes;
And they are built upon a weak foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,
Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord
Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,
In his dear care of me. And if his life
Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,
His tenderness of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had provided
Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive
Assurance of his safety.

Coris. Ill news, madam,
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on [crutches:
With patience expect it, and, ere long,
No doubt you shall hear from him. [*A horn without.*

Soph. Ha! What's that?

Coris. The fool has got a sowgelder's horn.
[*Aside*] A post
As I take it, madam.

Soph. It makes this way still;
Nearer and nearer.

Coris. From the camp, I hope.

Enter one disguised as a Courier, *with a horn; followed by* Hilario, *in antic armour, with long white hair and beard.*

Soph. The messenger appears, and in strange [armour.
Heaven! if it be thy will—

Hil. It is no boot
To strive; our horses tired, let's walk on foot:
And that the castle, which is very near us,
To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a,
Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.

Coris. He names you, madam.

Hil. For to her I bring,
Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,
By name Mathias. [*Exit* Courier.

Soph. From my lord? O sir,
I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.
So may Mars favour you in all your battles,
As you with speed unload me of the burthen
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him!

Hil. If thou art,
As I believe, the pigsney of his heart,
Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee;
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.

Soph. Have you no letters from him?

Hil. No more words.
In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords:
Yet, as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaim his deeds from north to south;
But tremble not, while I relate the wonder,
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voice thunder.

Soph. This is some counterfeit braggart.

Coris. Hear him, madam.

Hil. The rear march'd first, which follow'd by [the van,
And wing'd with the battalia, no man
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;
Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,
Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,
Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Golias.
A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt,
Assail'd him; every one a Termagaunt:
But what did he, then! with his keen-edge spear
He cut and carbonaded them: here and there
Lay legs and arms; and, as 'tis said trulee
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.

Soph. This is ridiculous.

Hil. I must take breath;
Then, like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.

Soph. His death!

Hil. I am out. [*Aside to* Coris.

Coris. Recover, dunder-head.

Hil. How he escaped, I should have sung, not died;
For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,
He call'd to me, Help, help, Hilario!
My valiant servant, help!

Coris. He has spoil'd all.

Soph. Are you the man of arms, then? I'll make bold
To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,
In such an antic fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears;
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior.

Coris. We did it for your mirth.

Hil. For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a soldier.

Soph. Hence, you rascal!
I never but with reverence name my lord,
And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,
And not correct thy folly? but you are
Transform'd, and turn'd knight-errant: take your course,
And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my lord's life, (an oath I will not break,)
Till his return, or certainty of his safety,
My doors are shut against thee. [*Exit.*

Coris. You have made
A fine piece of work on't! How do you like the [quality?
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may stroll where you please.

Hil. Will you buy my share?

Coris. No, certainly; I fear I have already
Too much of mine own: I'll only, as a damsel,
(As the books say,) thus far help to disarm you;
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,
I leave you to your fortune. [*Exit.*

Hil. Have I sweat
My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,
And am I thus rewarded? I could turn
Tragedian, and roar now, but that I fear
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no meat
To pacify colon: What will become of me?
I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not:
My end must be to stand in a corn field,
And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese;
Or find some hollow tree in the highway,
And there, until my lord return, sell switches:
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,
I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose
To move compassion; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Alba Regalis. An Ante-room in the Palace.*

Enter EUBULUS, UBALDO, RICARDO, *and others.*

Eubu. Are the gentlemen sent before, as it was order'd
By the king's direction, to entertain
The general ?
Ric. Long since ; they by this have met him,
And given him the bienvenu.
Eubu. I hope I need not
Instruct you in your parts.
Ubald. How ! us, my lord !
Fear not ; we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.
Ric. The state were miserable, if the court had none
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France ;
With form and punctuality to receive
Stranger ambassadors : for the general,
He's a mere native, and it matters not
Which way we do accost him.
Ubald. 'Tis great pity
That such as sit at the helm provide no better
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment
An academy erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set down
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to every nation——
Ric. O, it were
An admirable piece of work !
Ubald. And yet rich fools
Throw away their charity on hospitals
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study
The due regard to compliment and courtship,
Matters of more import ; and are indeed
The glories of a monarchy !
Eubu. These, no doubt,
Are state points, gallants, I confess ; but, sure,
Our court needs no aids this way, since it is
A school of nothing else. There are some of you
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery,
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,
Or a long famine ; all the treasure, by
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,
And the third part of the land too, the nobility
Engrossing titles only.
Ric. My lord, you are bitter. [*A trumpet.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The general is alighted, and now enter'd.
Ric. Were he ten generals, I am prepared,
And know what I will do.
Eubu. Pray you, what Ricardo ?
Ric. I'll fight at compliment with him.
Ubald. I'll charge home too.
Eubu. And that's a desperate service ; if you come off well.

Enter FERDINAND, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, *and* Captains.

Ferd. Captain, command the officers to keep
The soldier, as he march'd, in rank and file,
Till they hear further from me. [*Exeunt* Captains.
Eubu. Here's one speaks
In another key ; this is no canting language
Taught in your academy.
Ferd. Nay, I will present you
To the king myself.
Math. A grace beyond my merit.
Ferd. You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a price on.
Eubu. With a friend's true heart,
I gratulate your return.
Ferd. Next to the favour
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.
Ubald. By courtship, coarse on both sides!
Ferd. Pray you, receive
This stranger to your knowledge ; on my credit,
At all parts he deserves it.
Eubu. Your report
Is a strong assurance to me.—Sir, most welcome.
Math. This said by you, the reverence of your age
Commands me to believe it.
Ric. This was pretty ;
But second me now.——I cannot stoop too low
To do your excellence that due observance
Your fortune claims.
Eubu. He ne'er thinks on his virtue !
Ric. For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,
And bulwark of Bellona—
Ubald. The protection
Both of the court and king—
Ric. And the sole minion
Of mighty Mars—
Ubald. One that with justice may
Increase the number of the worthies—
Eubu. Heyday !
Ric. It being impossible in my arms to circle
Such giant worth—
Ubald. At distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.
Eubu. What reply now
Can he make to this foppery ?
Ferd. You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you.
Eubu. As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now !
Ric. This was harsh and scurvy.
Ubald. We will be revenged
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.
Eubu. Nay, do your offices gentlemen, and conduct
The general to the presence.
Ric. Keep your order.
Ubald. Make way for the general.
[*Exeunt all but* EUBULUS.
Eubu. What wise man,
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,
But must confess that fortune's swing is more
O'er that profession, than all kinds else
Of life pursued by man ? They, in a state,
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,
E'en desperate in their hopes : While pain and anguish
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death,
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
Restore the tortured wretch to former strength :
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,
Is frighted from the house, and health appears
In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,
All is forgot ; and, asking his reward,
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds
From him whose wounds he cured : so soldiers

Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,
As it is too apparent. I have observ'd,
When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough hand
With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
And such like scarabs bred in the dung of peace,
In hope of their protection humbly offer
Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their service,
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their scars:
But when those clouds of war, that menaced
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,
Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
To their own ruin, hatch this cuckoo peace,
Are straight thought burthensome: since want of means,
Growing from want of action, breeds contempt:
And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The queen, my lord, hath made choice of this room,
To see the masque.
Eubu. I'll be a looker on:
My dancing days are past.

Loud music. Enter UBALDO, RICARDO, LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, HONORIA, MATHIAS, SYLVIA, ACANTHE, BAPTISTA, Captains, *and others. As they pass, a Song in praise of war.*

Ladis. This courtesy
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank
With all your rarities. After your travail,
Look on our court delights; but first, from your
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear
The music of your war, which must be sweet,
Ending in victory.
Ferd. Not to trouble
Your majesties with description of a battle
Too full of horror for the place, and to
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,
I must trench longer on your patience than
My manners will give way to;—in a word, sir,
It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged
Their main battalia, and with their assistance
Brake in; but, when I was almost assured
That they were routed, by a stratagem
Of the subtile Turk, who opened his gross body,
And rallied up his troops on either side,
I found myself so far engaged, for I
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not
Which way with honour to come off.
Eubu. I like
A general that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to engross unto himself
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,
They could not claim a share.
Ferd. Being thus hemm'd in,
Their scimitars raged among us; and, my horse
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me: circled thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,
This man of men, with some choice horse, that follow'd
His brave example, did pursue the track
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him
Already blush to hear what he, being present,
I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of Hector.
Math. General,
Pray spare these strange hyperboles.
Eubu. Do not blush
To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,
Had they been in your place, would have run away,
And ne'er changed countenance.
Ubald. We have your good word still.
Eubu. And shall, while you deserve it.
Ladis. Silence; on.
Ferd. He, as I said, like dreadful lightning thrown
From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire
With which I was environed; horse and man
Shrunk under his strong arm: more, with his looks
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,
My soldiers, (like young eaglets preying under
The wings of their fierce dam,) as if from him
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspired
With treble courage; and such as fled before
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm them,
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours; each soldier and commander
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel
By which the lesser moved; and all rewards
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,
With the general's sword, and armour, (the old honours
With which the Romans crown'd their several leaders,)
To him alone are proper.
Ladis. And they shall
Deservedly fall on him. Sit; 'tis our pleasure.
Ferd. Which I must serve, not argue.
Hon. You are a stranger,
But, in your service for the king, a native.
And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty
To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it:
This place is yours.
Math. It were presumption in me
To sit so near you.
Hon. Not having our warrant. [*Music within.*
Ladis. Let the masquers enter: by the preparation,
'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation
Of what you really perform in battle:
And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,
Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,
Serve for the induction.

Enter Masquers, *&c.*: PALLAS, *accompanied by* APOLLO *on the lute.*

Though we contemplate to express
The glory of your happiness,
That, by your powerful arm, have been
So true a victor, that no sin
Could ever taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.

Or, though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Celestial singers crown'd with bays,
With flourishes to dress your praise:
You know your conquest; but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.

[*A Dance.*

Ladis. Our thanks to all.
To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them:

[*Exeunt* Masquers, Apollo, *and* Pallas.

What would my best Honoria?

Hon. May it please
My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever
Have had power to command, may now entreat
An honour from him.

Ladis. Why should you desire
What is your own? whate'er it be, you are
The mistress of it.

Hon. I am happy in
Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your commanders,
Especially this stranger, may, as I,
In my discretion, shall think good, receive
What's due to their deserts.

Ladis. What you determine
Shall know no alteration.

Eubu. The soldier
Is like to have good usage, when he depends
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,
That, to give satisfaction, we must have
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!

Hon. With you, sir, [*To* Mathias.
I will begin, and, as in my esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take.
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,
Go fetch my casket, and with speed. [*Exit* Acanthe.

Eubu. The kingdom
Is very bare of money, when rewards
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him gold
And store, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,
And a spark of diamond in it? though you take it,

Re-enter Acanthe *with a Casket.*

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger,
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship,
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is
A soldier's glory; and 'tis fit that way
Your bounty should provide for him.

Hon. You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will do now shall be worth the envy
Of Cleopatra. Open it; see here

[Honoria *descends from the State.*

The lapidary's idol! Gold is trash,
And a poor salary fit for grooms; wear these,
As studded stars in your armour, and make the sun
Look dim with jealousy of a greater light
Than his beams gild the day with: when it is
Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,
The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier;
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,
Parts freely with her own! Yet, not to take
From the magnificence of the king, I will
Dispense his bounty too, but as a page
To wait on mine; for other tosses, take
A hundred thousand crowns:—your hand, dear sir— [*Takes off the King's signet.*
And this shall be thy warrant.

Eubu. I perceive
I was cheated in this woman: now she is
In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,
And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

Hon. This done, our pleasure is, that all arrearages
Be paid unto the captains, and their troops;
With a large donative, to increase their zeal
For the service of the kingdom.

Eubu. Better still:
Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not
Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouth,
Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons, hang me!
Now they may drink sack; but small beer, with a passport
To beg with as they travel, and no money,
Turns their red blood to buttermilk.

Hon. Are you pleased, sir,
With what I have done?

Ladis. Yes, and thus confirm it,
With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,
From our loved queen received some recompense
For your life hazarded in the late action;
And, that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valour, without limit ask
What you from us can wish.

Math. If it be true,
Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His natural country, reason may assure me
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen
I am made rich already, to the amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty; if to spend
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,
No region is more fertile of good knights,
From whom my knowledge that way may be better'd,
Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,
Far, far, beyond my merit, I may make
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,
I am not mine own, but by my destiny
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask, sir,
Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license
For my departure.

Ladis. Whither?

Math. To my own home, sir,
My own poor home; which will, at my return,
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here
But a body without a soul; and, till I find it
In the embraces of my constant wife,
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty
And matchless excellencies without a rival,
I am but half myself.

Hon. And is she then
So chaste and fair as you infer?

Math. O, madam,
Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,
To shew his gold before an armed thief,
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed
The fire of lust in others to attempt her;
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,
Though in my absence she were now besieged
By a strong army of lascivious wooers,
And every one more expert in his art,
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope:

Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,
With all the engines wanton appetite
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,
Here, here is my assurance she holds out, [*Kisses the Picture.*
And is impregnable.
Hon. What's that?
Math. Her fair figure.
Ladis. As I live, an excellent face!
Hon. You have seen a better.
Ladis. I ever except yours:—nay, frown not, sweetest,
The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my
Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,
I'll see the soldiers paid; and, in my absence,
Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay
This gentleman in our service.
Hon. I will do
My parts.
Ladis. On to the camp.
[*Exeunt* LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, BAPTISTA, *and* Officers.
Hon. I am full of thoughts.
And something there is here I must give form to,
Though yet an embryon: [*Aside.*] You, signiors,
Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,
You are for other warfare; quit the place,
But be within call.
Ric. Employment, on my life, boy!
Ubald. If it lie in our road, we are made for ever. [*Exeunt* UBALDO *and* RICARDO.
Hon. You may perceive the king is no way tainted
With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me
Thus private with you.
Math. It were in him, madam,
A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,
Though I were an Adonis.
Hon. I presume
He neither does nor dares: and yet the story
Deliver'd of you by the general,
With your heroic courage, which sinks deeply
Into a knowing woman's heart, besides
Your promising presence, might beget some scruple
In a meaner man; but more of this hereafter.
I'll take another theme now, and conjure you
By the honours you have won, and by the love
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.
Math. You need not use
Charms to this purpose, madam.
Hon. Tell me, then,
Being yourself assured 'tis not in man
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,
Play'd false with her?
Math. By the hopes of mercy, never.
Hon. It may be, not frequenting the converse
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your faith's untried yet.
Math. Surely, madam,
I am no woman-hater; I have been
Received to the society of the best
And fairest of our climate, and have met with
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least heat that way.
Hon. Strange! and do you think still,
The earth can shew no beauty that can drench
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour
You now bear to your own?
Math. Nature must find out
Some other mould to fashion a new creature
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,
To my Sophia.
Hon. Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole sex?
Math. I am constant to
My resolution.
Hon. But dare you stand
The opposition, and bind yourself
By oath for the performance?
Math. My faith else
Had but a weak foundation.
Hon. I take hold
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay
For one month here.
Math. I am caught! [*Aside.*
Hon. And if I do not
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall
Make you confess your error, I submit
Myself to any penalty you shall please
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune;
The jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation. I'll provide you
Of trusty messengers: but how far distant is she?
Math. A day's hard riding.
Hon. There is no retiring;
I'll bind you to your word.
Math. Well, since there is
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,
And instantly make ready my dispatch:
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [*Exit.*
Hon. How I burst
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The only wonder of the age, and shall I
Give way to a competitor? Nay more,
To add to my affliction, the assurances
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger,
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain
A double victory, by working him
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,
Or lose myself: I have read that sometime poison
Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ,
With any cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two noted courtiers, of approved cunning
In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;
And in corrupting him, I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa: if he shut his ears
Against my Syren notes, I'll boldly swear,
Ulysses lives again; or that I have found
A frozen cynic, cold in spite of all
Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,
Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Space near the Entrance of* Mathias' *House.*

Enter Hilario, *with a pitcher of water, and a wallet.*

Hil. Thin, thin provision! I am dieted
Like one set to watch hawks; and, to keep me waking,
My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.
Here I stand centinel; and, though I fright
Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have
A greater share, I find my commons mend not.
I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,
And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John,
Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness;
And it seem'd to speak, and say, *Good morrow, cousin!*
No man comes this way but has a fling at me:
A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate
I would sell myself; I answered, For what use?
To make, said he, a living anatomy,
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissection; and, indeed, he had reason:
For I am scour'd with this poor purge to nothing.
They say that hunger dwells in the camp; but till
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,
He will not part with me:—but sorrow's dry,
And I must drink howsoever.

Enter Ubaldo, Ricardo, *and a* Guide.

Guide. That's her castle,
Upon my certain knowledge.
Ubald. Our horses held out
To my desire. I am afire to be at it.
Ric. Take the jades for thy reward; before I part hence,
I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet:
So; leave us now.
Guide. Good fortune to you, gallants! [*Exit.*
Ubald. Being joint agents, in a design of trust too,
For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,
Let us proceed with judgment.
Ric. If I take not
This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch;
So I may have precedence.
Ubald. On no terms.
We are both to play one prize; he that works best
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it,
Without contention.
Ric. Make you your approaches
As I directed.
Ubald. I need no instruction;
I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire
With mine own linstock; if the powder be dank,
The devil rend the touch-hole! Who have we here?
What skeleton's this?
Ric. A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where dost thou dwell?
Hil. Dwell, sir! my dwelling is
In the highway: that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banish'd,
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive
Of the good knight Mathias.
Ric. If that will
Restore thee, thou art safe.
Ubald. We come from him,
With presents to his lady.
Hil. But, are you sure
He is in health?
Ric. Never so well: conduct us
To the lady.
Hil. Though a poor snake, I will leap
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break!
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee
To the next beggar; thou, red herring, swim
To the Red Sea again: methinks I am already
Knuckle deep in the fleshpots; and, though waking, [dream
Of wine and plenty!
Ric. What's the mystery
Of this strange passion?
Hil. My belly, gentlemen,
Will not give me leave to tell you; when I have brought you
To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted:
There you shall know all. Follow; if I outstrip [you,
Know I run for my belly.
Ubald. A mad fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

Enter Sophia *and* Corisca.

Soph. Do not again delude me.
Coris. If I do,
Send me a grazing with my fellow, Hilario.
I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,
Observing all that pass'd by; and even now,
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,
For such their outside spoke them, with their guide,
Dismounting from their horses; they said something
To our hungry centinel, that made him caper
And frisk in the air for joy: and, to confirm this,
See, madam, they're in view.

Enter Hilario, Ubaldo, *and* Ricardo

Hil. News from my lord!
Tidings of joy! these are no counterfeits,
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs;
I have had a long fast of it.
Soph. Eat, I forgive thee.
Hil. O comfortable words! *Eat, I forgive thee!*
And if in this I do not soon obey you,
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready,
For I enter like a tyrant. [*Exit.*
Ubald. Since mine eyes
Were never happy in so sweet an object,
Without inquiry, I presume you are
The lady of the house, and so salute you.
Ric. This letter, with these jewels, from your [lord,
Warrant my boldness, madam.
[*Delivers a letter and a casket.*
Ubald. In being a servant
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve
This courtesy from a stranger. [*Salutes* Corisca
Ric. You are still
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend
To take the height of your lip; and, if I miss
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,
I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [*Salutes* Coris.
Coris. These gentlemen

Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the
At the first sight. [lips.

[*In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and opens the casket.*

Soph. Heaven, in thy mercy, make me
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing,
In thy goodness shower'd upon me!

Ubald. I do not like
This simple devotion in her; it is seldom
Practised among my mistresses.

Ric. Or mine.
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the pos-
Of such inestimable wealth, before [session
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor lady
Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,
And read her another lesson.

Soph. If I have
Shewn want of manners, gentlemen, in my slow-
ness
To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.

Ric. She speaks well.

Ubald. Polite and courtly.

Soph. And howe'er it may
Increase the offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my lord, before I have
Invited you to taste such as the coarseness
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his letter left unmention'd.

Ric. I can only
Give you assurance that he is in health,
Graced by the king and queen.

Ubald. And in the court
With admiration look'd on.

Ric. You must therefore
Put off these widow's garments, and appear
Like to yourself.

Ubald. And entertain all pleasures
Your fortune marks out for you.

Ric. There are other
Particular privacies, which on occasion
I will deliver to you.

Soph. You oblige me
To your service ever.

Ric. Good! *your service;* mark that.

Soph. In the mean time, by your good accept-
My rustic entertainment relish of [ance make
The curiousness of the court.

Ubald. Your looks, sweet madam,
Cannot but make each dish a feast.

Soph. It shall be
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.
I'll shew you the way: this is too great an honour,
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Alba Regalis. An Outer-room in the Palace.*

Enter ACANTHE, *and four or five* Servants *with visors.*

Acan. You know your charge; give it action,
Rewards beyond your hopes. [and expect

1 *Serv.* If we but eye them
They are ours, I warrant you.

2 *Serv.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?

Acan. Let that stop your mouth;
[*Gives them money.*
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the hour
In which they use to walk here: when you have them
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed; there I will expect you:
Be bold and careful. [*Exit.*

Enter MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

1 *Serv.* These are they.

2 *Serv.* Are you sure?

1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?

2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but
means
To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:
Take all advantages.

Math. I cannot guess
What her intents are; but her carriage was
As I but now related.

Bapt. Your assurance
In the constancy of your lady is the armour
That must defend you. Where's the picture?

Math. Here,
And no way alter'd.

Bapt. If she be not perfect,
There is no truth in art.

Math. By this, I hope,
She hath received my letters.

Bapt. Without question:
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.

Math. Lend me your ear.
One piece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest privacy.

1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;
Upon them. [*They rush forward.*

Math. Villains!

1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not
To try your valours: kill him, if he offer
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain
To make resistance. Mount them, and away.
[*Exeunt with* MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same.*

Enter Servants *with lights,* LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, *and* EUBULUS.

Ladis. 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not
The happiness I draw near to. [envy

Eubu. If you enjoy it
The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,
A pretty titillation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your knees. In my younger days
I was myself a gamester; and I found
By sad experience, there is no such soaker
As a young spongy wife; she keeps a thousand
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will suck
out
Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp
In my joints, when I think on't: but it may be
queens,
And such a queen as yours is has the art——

Ferd. You take leave
To talk, my lord.

Ladis. He may, since he can do nothing.

Eubu. If you spend this way too much of your
Ere long we may be puefellows. [royal stock.

Ladis. The door shut!

Knock gently; harder. So, here comes her woman.
Take off my gown.

Enter ACANTHE.

Acan. My lord, the queen by me
This night desires your pardon.
Ladis. How, Acanthe!
I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;
The motion was her own.
Acan. It may be, sir;
But by her doctors she is since advised,
For her health's sake, to forbear.
Eubu. I do not like
This physical letchery, the old downright way
Is worth a thousand on't.
Ladis. Prithee, Acanthe,
Mediate for me. [*Offering her a ring.*
Eubu. O the fiends of hell!
Would any man bribe his servant, to make way
To his own wife? if this be the court state,
Shame fall on such as use it!
Acan. By this jewel,
This night I dare not move her, but to-morrow
I will watch all occasions.
Ladis. Take this,
To be mindful of me.
Eubu. 'Slight, I thought a king
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's price;
And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate
Than a stranger in a brothel?
Ladis. What is that
You mutter, sir?
Eubu. No treason to your honour:
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you pay for
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket
Without a fee, or when she has a suit
For you to grant? [LADIS. *draws his sword.*
Ferd. O hold, sir!
Ladis. Off with his head!
Eubu. Do, when you please; you but blow out a taper
That would light your understanding, and, in care of't,
Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,
An absolute monarch: it did shew more king-like
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow
Unto their ravenous lusts; and did admit
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,
That slave yourself to the imperious humour
Of a proud beauty.
Ladis. Out of my sight!
Eubu. I will, sir,
Give way to your furious passion; but when reason
Hath got the better of it, I much hope
The counsel that offends now will deserve
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind
Stay with you, sir!—I do begin to doubt
There's something more in the queen's strangeness than
Is yet disclosed; and I will find it out,
Or lose myself in the search. [*Aside, and exit.*
Ferd. Sure he is honest,
And from your infancy hath truly served you:
Let that plead for him; and impute this harshness
To the frowardness of his age.
Ladis. I am much troubled,
And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night!
To-morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter ACANTHE *and the visored* Servants, *with* MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA *blindfolded.*

Acan. You have done bravely. Lock this in that room,
There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:
[*They carry off* BAPTISTA.
The other must stay here. As soon as I
Have quit the place, give him the liberty
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves
As privately as you can: but, on your lives,
No word of what hath pass'd. [*Exit.*
1 *Serv.* If I do, sell
My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms:
You are now at your own disposure; and however
We used you roughly, I hope you will find here
Such entertainment as will give you cause
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
Math. If I am in a prison, 'tis a neat one.
What Œdipus can resolve this riddle? Ha!
I never gave just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life:—But what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.
Acan. [*Within.*] Remove that idle fear;
He's safe as you are.
Math. Whosoe'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I should be: though I have read the tales
Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations
Of magical enchantments; yet I am not
So sottishly credulous to believe the devil
Hath that way power. [*Music above.*] Ha! music?

The blushing rose, and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then how much those sweets entice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield, from all her powers,
One equal for dame Venus' bowers.

A song too! certainly, be it he or she
That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted
With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,
And are not mere aërial forms, appear,

Enter HONORIA, *masked.*

And make me know your end with me. Most strange!
What have I conjured up? sure, if this be
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!
Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno
Were now to keep her state among the gods,
And Hercules to be made again her guest,
She could not put on a more glorious habit,
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various colours,
Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face
Have not too much divinity about it
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with wonder and amazement
To my astonish'd senses. [HONORIA *unmasks.*]
How! the queen! [*Kneels.*

Hon. Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practice with me; but I call
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker,
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

Math. The king, indeed, and only such a king,
Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he,
'Twere giant-like ambition in any,
In his wishes only, to presume to taste
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince; and, what binds more,
A lawful husband. For myself, great queen,
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit, that can raise me higher than,
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,
To hazard my life for you; and, that way,
I am most ambitious.

Hon. I desire no more
Than what you promise. If you dare expose
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,
How can it better be employ'd than in
Preserving mine? which only you can do,
And must do, with the danger of your own,
A desperate danger too! If private men
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,
But to the death pursue such as invade
What law makes their inheritance; the king,
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,
His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all
His present blessings, must fall on that man,
Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers,
Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make
His hoped-for issue doubtful!

Math. If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons
Which you deliver, should, in judgment rather
Deter me, than invite a grant, with my
Assured ruin.

Hon. True; if that you were
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,
In the most horrid forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ungrateful. Your denial
To me, that have deserved so much, is more,
If it can have addition.

Math. I know not
What your commands are.

Hon. Have you fought so well
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy
Your company this night, denied the king
Access to what's his own? If you will press me
To speak in plainer language——

Math. Pray you, forbear;
I would I did not understand too much!
Already, by your words, I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built
On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness
Of appetite, you desire to make trial
Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust;
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your subjects, why should you
Make choice of me, a stranger?

Hon. Though yet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged,
In our last private conference, you have
A pretty promising presence; but there are
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take,
That way, the right-hand file of you: besides,
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent
By wounds, though bravely taken, renders you
Disabled for love's service: and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,
Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook
That hath caught me, good sir. I need no champion,
With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty;
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own protection.

Math. If these advocates,
The best that can plead for me, have no power,
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you,
With irrecoverable loss unto yourself,
To be a gainer from me?

Hon. You have, sir,
A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,
As does disdain comparison, and darkens
All that is rare in other men; and that,
I must or win or lessen.

Math. You heap more
Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of
That you can covet? make me understand it,
If it have a name.

Hon. Yes, an imagined one;
But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment
Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er
By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty
And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,
And does deserve my envy; and that jewel,
Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

Math. These are mere contraries. If you love me, madam,
For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?
In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour.
Or, if it be a jewel of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me,
What can you stake against it?

Hon. A queen's fame,
And equal honour.

Math. So, whoever wins,
Both shall be losers.

Hon. That is that I aim at:
Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty,
This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights
Darkness should only judge of. [*Kisses him.*] Do you find them
Infectious in the trial, that you start,
As frighted with their touch?

Math. Is it in man
To resist such strong temptations?

Hon. He begins
To waver. [*Aside.*

Math. Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this short night's deliberation to me;
And, with the rising sun, from me you shall
Receive full satisfaction.

Hon. Though extremes
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing.
This key will bring you to your friend; you are safe both;
And all the things useful that could be prepared

For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take council of your pillow, such a fortune
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,
Will not be often tender'd. [*Exit.*

Math. How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's something stays me: if the king had tender'd
Such favours to my wife, 'tis to be doubted
They had not been refused: but, being a man,
I should not yield first, or prove an example,
For her defence, of frailty. By this, sans question,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine [*Looks on the picture.*
How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all
Allurements that may alter me! The snow
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite
The fire that but even now began to flame:
And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,
Nor certain death from the refused queen,
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—BOHEMIA. *A Gallery in* MATHIAS' *House.*

Enter UBALDO *and* RICARDO.

Ubald. What we spake on the voley begins to work;
We have laid a good foundation.

Ric. Build it up,
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour
Of the first assault; but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the time proportion'd; I'll not part with
My share in the achievement; when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

Enter SOPHIA.

Ubald. She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My opportunity. [*They walk aside.*

Soph. I find myself
Strangely distracted with the various stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests
Deliver'd of my lord; and, like poor beggars
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with
Such a fantastic hope of happiness,
Wish they may never wake. In some such measure,
Incredulous of what I see and touch,
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
Confirm'd 'tis true, a curious jealousy
To be assured, by what means, and from whom,
Such a mass of wealth was first deserv'd, then gotten,
Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,
Promising private conference to either,
And, at this hour:—if in search of the truth,
I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,
Forgive me, my Mathias.

Ubald. Now I make in.— [*Comes forward.*
Madam, as you commanded, I attend
Your pleasure.

Soph. I must thank you for the favour.

Ubald. I am no ghostly father; yet, if you have
Some scruples touching your lord, you would be resolved of,
I am prepared.

Soph. But will you take your oath,
To answer truly?

Ubald. On the hem of your smock, if you please:
A vow I dare not break, it being a book
I would gladly swear on.

Soph. To spare, sir, that trouble,
I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,
Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,
In such grace with the queen?

Ubald. You should best know,
By what you have found from him, whether he can
Deserve a grace or no.

Soph. What grace do you mean?

Ubald. That special grace, if you will have it, he
Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship
Lost—you know what.

Soph. Fie! be more modest,
Or I must leave you.

Ubald. I would tell a truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject
Makes me run out a little.

Soph. You would put, now,
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord
Hath gotten a new mistress.

Ubald. One! a hundred;
But under seal I speak it: I presume
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night,
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler:
Such a soldier and a courtier never came
To Alba Regalis; the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among them,
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of.

Soph. Are they handsome women?

Ubald. Fie! no; coarse mammets: and what's worse, they are old too,
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches
Will make them young again; and these suck shrewdly.

Ric. [*whistles.*] Sir, I must fetch you off. [*Aside.*

Ubald. I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will
Be with you presently. [*Walks aside.*

Soph. There is something more,
In this, than bare suspicion.

Ric. [*comes forward.*] Save you, lady;
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on
A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff too,
One just of your dimensions:—Sat the wind there, boy!

Soph. What lady, sir?

Ric. Nay, nothing; and methinks
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the same.
This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,
Have been worn before; but much good may they do you!
Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard for them,
Before he got them.

Soph. Why, how were they gotten?

Ric. Not in the field with his sword, upon my life;
He may thank his close stiletto.—[UBALDO *hems.*] —Plague upon it
Run the minutes so fast? [*Aside.*]—Pray you, excuse my manners;

I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie on it,
Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you. [*Walks aside.*

Soph. This is strange. His letters said these jewels were
Presented him by the queen, as a reward
For his good service, and the trunks of clothes,
That followed them this last night, with haste made up
By his direction.

Ubald. [*comes forward.*] I was telling you
Of wonders, madam.

Soph. If you are so skilful,
Without premeditation answer me;
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?

Ubald. Heaven,
How things will come out! But that I should offend you,
And wrong my more than noble friend, your husband,
(For we are sworn brothers,) in the discovery
Of his nearest secrets, I could——

Soph. By the hope of favour
That you have from me, out with it.

Ubald. 'Tis a potent spell
I cannot resist: Why, I will tell you, madam,
And to how many several women you are
Beholding for your bravery. This was
The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,
And left off trading.

Soph. O my heart!

Ubald. This chain
Of pearl, was a great widow's, that invited
Your lord to a masque, and the weather proving foul,
He lodged in her house all night, and merry they were;
But how he came by it, I know not.

Soph. Perjured man!

Ubald. This ring was Julietta's, a fine piece,
But very good at the sport: this diamond
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said.
When the queen ask'd for it; and she heard him sing too,
And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars abroad.
There are other toys about you, the same way purchased;
But, parallel'd with these, not worth the relation.
You are happy in a husband, never man
Made better use of his strength: would you have him waste
His body away for nothing? if he holds out,
There's not an embroider'd petticoat in the court,
But shall be at your service.

Soph. I commend him,
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.

Ubald. You may command
Your servant, madam.—[*Walks aside.*]—She's stung unto the quick, lad.

Ric. I did my part; if this potion work not, hang me!
Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow
We'll mount new batteries.

Ubald. And till then leave her. [*Exeunt* UBALDO *and* RICARDO.

Soph. You Powers, that take into your care the guard
Of innocence, aid me! for I am a creature
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy
A ransome to redeem me. I begin
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the saints, that were canonized for
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret;
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue,
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,
That such a husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire
Should prostitute himself to common harlots!
Old and deform'd too! Was't for this he left me,
And, on a feign'd pretence, for want of means
To give me ornament?—or to bring home
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false,
And lustful goats; if he were true and right,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only reason why he left me?
No, he is lost; and shall I wear the spoils
And salaries of lust! they cleave unto me,
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt: no, in my rage,
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build
Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,
Deplore his falsehood? no; with the same trash
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
A just revenge: I am not yet so much
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all
Should fly from my embraces: Chastity,
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee!
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome!
You shall be entertain'd; and, if I stray,
Let him condemn himself, that led the way. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Alba Regalis. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate strait; there's no evasion,
Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the necessity; you must feign a grant
To her violent passion, or——

Math. What, my Baptista?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the sword now heaved up,
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable! You may urge
The many years that, by the course of nature,
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,
And hold it as a blessing; as it is,
When innocence is our guide: yet know, Baptista,
Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,

By the great Judge: to die untainted in
Our fame and reputation is the greatest;
And to lose that, can we desire to live?
Or, shall I, for a momentary pleasure,
Which soon comes to a period, to all times
Have breach of faith and perjury remember'd
In a still-living epitaph? no, Baptista,
Since my Sophia will go to her grave
Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
With equal loyalty:—[*Takes out the picture.*]
But look on this,
Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,
She being still the same, teach me to alter!——
Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,
This is a terrible vision! I will clear
My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me
See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.
I grieve to look upon't: besides the yellow,
That does assure she's tempted, there are lines
Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves
O'er every miniature of her face, and those
Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd whore!

Bapt. I must not say so.
Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me
Interpret it,—in her consent and wishes
She's false, but not in fact yet.

Math. Fact, Baptista!
Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,
In labouring to palliate what a visor
Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman,
In her will, decline from chastity, but found means,
To give her hot lust fuel? It is more
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,
Descending of themselves, to hang in the air;
Or with my single arm to underprop
A falling tower; nay, in its violent course
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,
In her full career to wickedness!

Bapt. Pray you, temper
The violence of your passion.

Math. In extremes
Of this condition, can it be in man
To use a moderation? I am thrown,
From a steep rock, headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find myself past hope,
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling: and this, the figure of
My idol, few hours since, while she continued
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,
Staid manners, with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present
Nothing but horns and horror.

Bapt. You may yet,
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort
On your own goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me;
For now I hold my temperance a sin
Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith
Inviolate to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No less for my contempt; and have I met
Such a return from thee! I will not curse thee,
Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex;
'Tis poor, and common: I'll only, with wise men,
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,
Produce one constant woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the satirists wrote against them.

Math. There's no language
That can express the poison of these aspics,
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould
My thoughts into another form; and, if
She can outlive the report of what I have done,
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,
Shall be her executioner.

Enter HONORIA *and* ACANTHE.

Bapt. The queen, sir,

Hon. Wait our command at distance:—[*Exit* ACANTHE.]—Sir, you too have
Free liberty to depart.

Bapt. I know my manners,
And thank you for the favour. [*Exit.*

Hon. Have you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute answer; but advise maturely,
Before I hear it.

Math. Let my actions, madam,
For no words can dilate my joy, in all
You can command, with cheerfulness to serve you,
Assure your highness: and, in sign of my
Submission, and contrition for my error,
My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch
Of yours as poison, taught humility now,
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour,
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.
A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, then,
What now, with adoration and wonder,
With reverence I look up to: but those fogs
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a suppliant,
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you once pleased to tender.

Hon. This is more
Than I could hope! [*Aside.*]—What find you so attractive
Upon my face, in so short time to make
This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, rise;
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon. [*Kisses him.*
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers
Coldly salute their sisters.

Math. I am turn'd
All spirit and fire.

Hon. Yet, to give some allay
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.

Math. Danger! a bugbear, madam; let [me] ride once
Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,
And I contemn Jove's thunder: though the king,
In our embraces stood a looker on,
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright me
From the enjoying that a single life is

Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour
Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,
That my desire might meet with yours, and draw
The envy of all men, in the encounter,
Upon my head! I should—but we lose time—
Be gracious, mighty queen.
Hon. Pause yet a little:
The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,
Should not so soon be shaken.
Math. The whole fabric,
When I but look on you, is in a moment
O'erturn'd and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose
Their names when they are swallow'd by the ocean,
In you alone all faculties of my soul
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,
At the best, as things forgotten.
Hon. Can this be?
I have gain'd my end now. [*Aside.*
Math. Wherefore stay you, madam?
Hon. In my consideration what a nothing
Man's constancy is.
Math. Your beauties make it so
In me, sweet lady.
Hon. And it is my glory:
I could be coy now, as you were, but I
Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,
And in a just return of what I have suffer'd
In your disdain, with the same measure grant me
Equal deliberation: I ere long
Will visit you again; and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait
On my triumphant beauty. [*Exit.*
Math. What a change
Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,
Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me
To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,
In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me!
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be
Disloyal, nor yet honest: I stand guilty
On either part; at the worst, Death will end all;
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bohemia. *A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

Enter Sophia, *with a book and a paper.*

Soph. Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one,
Must suffer, in himself, the measure of
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
It being unrefutable in reason,
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:
What penance then can expiate my guilt,
For my consent (transported then with passion)
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame,
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed
These courtiers with promises and hopes,
I am yet in fact untainted; and I trust,
My sorrow for it, with my purity,
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,
Though all they have alleged prove true or false,
Will be such exorcisms as shall command
This Fury, jealousy, from me. What I have
Determined touching them, I am resolved
To put in execution. Within, there!

Enter Hilario, Corisca, *with other* Servants.

Where are my noble guests?
Hil. The elder, madam,
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,
In muskadine and eggs; and, for a rasher
To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie
Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,
With many such ingredients; and, 'tis said,
He hath sent his man in post to the next town,
For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck
Of fishes call'd cantharides.
Coris. The younger
Prunes up himself, as if this night he were
To act a bridegroom's part; but to what purpose,
I am ignorance itself.
Soph. Continue so. [*Gives the* Servants *the paper.*
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you:
And fail not in a circumstance, as you
Respect my favour.
1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.
2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.
[*Exeunt* Servants.

Enter Ubaldo.

Hil. Here comes, madam,
The lord Ubaldo.
Ubald. Pretty one, there's gold
To buy thee a new gown; [*To* Coris.] and there's for thee;
Grow fat, and fit for service. [*To* Hil.] I am now,
As I should be, at the height, and able to
Beget a giant. O my better angel!
In this you shew your wisdom, when you pay
The letcher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,
Like a Patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:
This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?
Soph. To what, sir?
Ubald. The sport you promised.
Soph. Could it be done with safety.
Ubald. I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find me
In the trial on your anvil.
Soph. So; but how, sir,
Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,
I am equally engaged?
Ubald. I must confess,
The more the merrier; but, of all men living,
Take heed of him: you may safer run upon
The mouth of a cannon when it is unlading,
And come off colder.
Soph. How! is he not wholesome?
Ubald. Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good;
He is a spittle of diseases, and, indeed,
More loathsome and infectious; the tub is
His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven years,
Before he came to your house, but compositions
Of sassafras and guaicum; and dry mutton
His daily portion: name what scratch soever
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will resolve you,
At this time, or at that, Ricardo had it.

Soph. Bless me from him.
Ubald. 'Tis a good prayer, lady.
It being a degree unto the pox,
Only to mention him: if my tongue burn not,
When I but name Ricardo. [hang me,
Soph. Sir, this caution
Must be rewarded.
Ubald. I hope I have marr'd his market. [*Aside*
——But when?
Soph. Why, presently; follow my woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To-night for a page. Let the waistcoat I appointed,
With the cambric shirt perfumed, and the rich cap,
Be brought into his chamber.
Ubald. Excellent lady!
And a candle too in the morning.
Coris. I will fit you. [*Exeunt* UBALDO *and* CORISCA.

Enter RICARDO.

Soph. So hot on the scent! Here comes the other beagle.
Ric. Take purse and all. [*To* HILARIO.
Hil. If this company would come often,
I should make a pretty term on't.
Soph. For your sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a kiss,
I gave it, and so parted.
Ric. I hope better:——
He did not touch your lips?
Soph. Yes, I assure you.
There was no danger in it?
Ric. No! eat presently
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,
Or you are undone.
Soph. What is the virtue of them?
Ric. They are preservatives against stinking breath,
Rising from rotten lungs.
Soph. If so, your carriage
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,
May render yours suspected.
Ric. Fie! no; I use them
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.
But I'll be free with you: he was once a creature,
It may be, of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall
Hold all the year with him: that he lives he owes
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.
He moves, like the fairy king, on screws and wheels,
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.
He has a regiment of whores he keeps,
At his own charge, in a lazar-house; but the best is,
There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted
With the green water, and the spitting pill's
Familiar to him: in a frosty morning,
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him
From the chine-evil. In a word, he is
Not one disease, but all; yet, being my friend,
I will forbear his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.
Soph. The best is,
The virtues you bestow on him, to me
Are mysteries I know not; but, however,
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care
To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed; delay
Takes from delight.
Ric. Good! there's my hat, sword, cloak:
A vengeance on these buttons! off with my doublet,
I dare shew my skin; in the touch you will like it better.
Prithee cut my codpiece-points, and, for this service,
When I leave them off, they are thine. [vice,
Hil. I'll take your word, sir.
Ric. Dear lady, stay not long.
Soph. I may come too soon, sir.
Ric. No, no; I am ready now.
Hil. This is the way, sir.
[*Exeunt* HILARIO *and* RICARDO.
Soph. I was much to blame to credit their reports
Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent malice; though I presume
They are bad enough: but I have studied for them
A way for their recovery.
[*A noise of clapping a door;* UBALDO *appears above in his shirt.*
Ubald. What dost thou mean, wench?
Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha!
My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?
Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talk'd of
A rich cap, a perfumed shirt, and a waistcoat;
But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,
A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,
And an old woman's biggin, for a nightcap.

Re-enter CORISCA *below.*

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha!
The windows grated with iron! I cannot force
And if I leap down here, I break my neck: [them,
I am betray'd. Rogues! Villains! let me out:
I am a lord, and that's no common title,
And shall I be used thus?
Soph. Let him rave, he's fast;
I'll parley with him at leisure.

RICARDO *entering with a great noise above, as fallen.*

Ric. Zounds! have you trapdoors?
Soph. The other bird's i' the cage too, let him
Ric. Whither am I fallen? into hell! [flutter.
Ubald. Who makes that noise, there?
Help me, if thou art a friend.
Ric. A friend! I am where
I cannot help myself; let me see thy face.
Ubald. How, Ricardo! Prithee, throw me
Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me: I am almost
Frozen to death.
Ric. My cloak! I have no breeches;
I am in my shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a clown's cast suit.
Ubald. We are both undone.
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!

Re-enter HILARIO *below, in* RICARDO'S *clothes.*

Ric. Lady of the house!
Ubald. Grooms of the chamber!
Ric. Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!
Ubald. Shall we be murder'd?
Soph. No, but soundly punish'd,
To yout deserts.
Ric. You are not in earnest, madam?
Soph. Judge as you find, and feel it; and now
What I irrevocably purpose to you. [hear
Being received as guests into my house,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable duties;
And, with the defamation of my lord,

Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge
Of his injuries, as you fashion'd them to me,
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.
Hil. Mark that, poor fellows!
Soph. And so far you have
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,
Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade
To make them infamous: but you are caught
In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the usage of men from me:
Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish women.
Ubald. How will you use us?
Soph. Ease, and excess in feeding, made you wanton.
A plurisy of ill blood you must let out,
By labour, and spare diet that way got too,
Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that distaff
With the flax upon it; though no Omphale,
Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it,
As you spin well at my command, and please me,
Your wages, in the coarsest bread and water,
Shall be proportionable.
Ubald. I will starve first.
Soph. That's as you please.
Ric What will become of me now?
Soph. You shall have gentler work; I have oft observed
You were proud to shew the fineness of your hands,
And softness of your fingers; you should reel well
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I'll force you.
Deliver him his materials. Now you know
Your penance, fall to work; hunger will teach you:
And so, as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you.
[*Exeunt* SOPHIA *and* CORISCA.
Ubald. I shall spin a fine thread out now!
Ric. I cannot look
On these devices, but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.
Hil. Fellow, think of thy task.
Forget such vanities; my livery there,
Will serve thee to work in.
Ric. Let me have my clothes yet;
I was bountiful to thee.
Hil. They are past your wearing,
And mine by promise, as all these can witness.
You have no holidays coming, nor will I work
While these, and this lasts; and so, when you please,
You may shut up your shop windows. [*Exit.*
Ubald. I am faint,
And must lie down.
Ric. I am hungry too, and cold.
O cursed women!
Ubald. This comes of our whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,
But not o'ersleep ourselves, lest we fast to-morrow.
[*They withdraw.*

SCENE III.—*Alba Regalis. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LADISLAUS, HONORIA, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, *and* Attendants.

Hon. Now you know all, sir, with the motives why
I forced him to my lodging.
Ladis. I desire
No more such trials, lady.
Hon. I presume, sir,
You do not doubt my chastity.
Ladis. I would not;
But these are strange inducements.
Eubu. By no means, sir.
Why, though he were with violence seized upon,
And still detain'd, the man, sir, being no soldier,
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is open,
There was no danger in't! You must conceive, sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,
To read old homilies to her in the dark;
She's bound to it, by her canons.
Ladis. Still tormented
With thy impertinence!
Hon. By yourself, dear sir,
I was ambitious only to o'erthrow
His boasted constancy in his consent;
But for fact, I contemn him: I was never
Unchaste in thought; I laboured to give proof
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so;
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.
Ladis. I will look on
This pageant; but——
Hon. When you have seen and heard, sir,
The passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.
Ladis. Well, I'll observe the issue.
Eubu. How had you ta'en this, general, in your wife?
Ferd. As a strange curiosity; but queens
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

Bapt. You are much alter'd, sir, since the last night,
When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,
Your dulness quite blown over.
Math. I have seen a vision
This morning, makes it good; and never was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall: and when the queen appears,
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,
Observe the encounter.

Enter HONORIA, LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, *and* ACANTHE, *with others, appear above.*

Bapt. She already is
Enter'd the lists.
Math. And I prepared to meet her.
Bapt. I know my duty. [*Going.*
Hon. Not so, you may stay now,
As a witness of our contract.
Bapt. I obey
In all things, madam.
Hon. Where's that reverence,
Or rather superstitious adoration,
Which, captive-like, to my triumphant beauty
You paid last night? No humble knee, nor sign
Of vassal duty! sure this is the foot,
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,
Your lips were glued; and that the neck then offer'd,
To witness your subjection, to be trod on:
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;

And that false glow-worm fire of constancy
To your wife, extinguish'd by a greater light
Shot from our eyes;—and that, it may be, (being
Too glorious to be look'd on,) hath deprived you
Of speech and motion: but I will take off
A little from the splendour, and descend
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you
Plead as a suppliant.
Math. I do remember
I once saw such a woman.
Hon. How!
Math. And then
She did appear a most magnificent queen,
And, what's more, virtuous, though somewhat darken'd
With pride, and self-opinion.
Eubu. Call you this courtship?
Math. And she was happy in a royal husband,
Whom envy could not tax, unless it were
For his too much indulgence to her humours.
Eubu. Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis to the purpose;
I like the play the better for't.
Math. And she lived
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet
Some part of her angelical form; but when
Envy to the beauty of another woman,
Inferior to hers, one that she never
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed
Infection through her veins, and loyalty,
Which a great queen, as she was, should have nourish'd,
Grew odious to her——
Hon. I am thunderstruck.
Math. And lust, in all the bravery it could borrow
From majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!
Hon. How his reasons
Work on my soul!
Math. Retire into yourself;
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd with virtue,
And be but as you were, and there's no office
So base, beneath the slavery that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the beauties
Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.
Eubu. If this take not, I am cheated.
Math. To slip once,
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection;
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is
Like to this [magick] picture. While we run
A constant race in goodness, it retains
The just proportion; but the journey being
Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,
That may in some degree divert us from
The road that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,
Or be with blackness clouded: but when we
Find we have gone astray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing guide,
Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,
The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore it
To the first pureness.
Hon. I am disenchanted:
Mercy, O mercy, heavens! [*Kneels.*
Ladis. I am ravish'd
With what I have seen and heard.
Ferd. Let us descend,
And hear the rest below.
Eubu. This hath fallen out
Beyond my expectation. [*They retire.*
Hon. How have I wander'd
Out of the track of piety! and misled
By overweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants, (the bane of greatness,)
Could never meet till now a passenger,
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.
How ill have I return'd your goodness to me!
The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:
But if it may be yet prevented——

Re-enter LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, *and others, below.*

O sir,
What can I do to shew my sorrow, or
With what brow ask your pardon?
Ladis. Pray you, rise.
Hon. Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.
Ladis. And that will prove
A second and a better marriage to me.
All is forgotten.
Hon. Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till, with a free confession of a crime
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.
Ladis. I melt with you:
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*
Hon. Know then, sir,
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practised
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.
Bapt. Thence grew the change of the picture. [*Aside.*
Hon. And how far
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you, sir,
For the honour of this good man, may be entreated
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,
To fetch them off——
Ladis. We will put on to-night.
Bapt. I, if you please, your harbinger.
Ladis. I thank you.
Let me embrace you in my arms; your service
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs nothing.
Math. I am still your humble creature.
Ladis. My true friend.
Ferd. And so you are bound to hold him.
Eubu. Such a plant
Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds
That suck up your rain of favour.
Ladis. In my will
I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.
In act be my Honoria now, not name,
And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—BOHEMIA. *A Hall in* MATHIAS' *House.*

Enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, *and* HILARIO.

Soph. Are they then so humble?

Hil. Hunger and hard labour
Have tamed them, madam; at the first they bellow'd
Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work
For sullenness; but when they found, without it,
There was no eating, and that, to starve to death,
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,
Against their wills, they fell to it.

Coris. And now feed on
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.

Hil. I do remember that they stopp'd their noses
At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding
For their fine palates; but now, their work being ended,
They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,
For festival-exceedings.

Coris. When I examine
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults
And botches in his labour, as a favour
From a curst mistress.

Hil. The other, too, reels well
For his time; and if your ladyship would please
To see them for your sport, since they want airing,
It would do well, in my judgment; you shall hear
Such a hungry dialogue from them!

Soph. But suppose,
When they are out of prison, they should grow
Rebellious?

Hil. Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,
And without grumbling; and when you are weary of
Their company, as easily return them.

Coris. Dear madam, it will help to drive away
Your melancholy.

Soph. Well, on this assurance,
I am content; bring them hither.

Hil. I will do it
In stately equipage. [*Exit.*

Soph. They have confess'd, then,
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in
My loyalty to my lord?

Coris. 'Twas the main cause,
That brought them hither.

Soph. I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,
They come: the object's so ridiculous,
In spite of my sad thoughts, I cannot but lend
A forced smile to grace it.

Re-enter HILARIO, *with* UBALDO *spinning, and* RICARDO *reeling.*

Hil. Come away:
Work as you go, and lose no time, 'tis precious;
You'll find it in your commons.

Ric. Commons, call you it!
The word is proper; I have grazed so long
Upon your commons, I am almost starv'd here.

Hil. Work harder, and they shall be better'd.

Ubald. Better'd!
Worser they cannot be: would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-stool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her Iceland cur refuses!

Hil. How do you like
Your airing? is it not a favour?

Ric. Yes;
Just such a one as you use to a brace of greyhounds,
When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be
An honest yeoman-fewterer, feed us first,
And walk us after.

Hil. Yeoman-fewterer!
Such another word to your governor, and you go
Supperless to bed for't.

Ubald. Nay, even as you please;
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,
Collations, supper, beverage, are words
Worn out of our remembrance.

Ric. O for the steam
Of meat in a cook's shop!

Ubald. I am so dry,
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers
When I draw my flax from my distaff.

Ric. Nor I strength
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!
I have the cramp all over me.

Hil. What do you think
Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, as I take it,
Were very useful.

Ric. Oh! no more of stones,
We have been used too long like hawks already.

Ubald. We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting,
We will come to an empty fist.

Hil. Nay, that you shall not.
So ho, birds!—[*Holds up a piece of bread.*]—How the eyasses scratch and scramble!
Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;
This is more than I have commission for; be thankful.

Soph. Were all that study the abuse of women,
Used thus, the city would not swarm with cuckolds,
Nor so many tradesmen break.

Coris. Pray you, appear now,
And mark the alteration. [SOPHIA *comes forward.*

Hil. To your work,
My lady is in presence; shew your duties:
Exceeding well.

Soph. How do your scholars profit?

Hil. Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,
For young beginners.

Coris. And will do well in time,
If they be kept in awe.

Ric In awe! I am sure
I quake like an aspen leaf.

Ubald. No mercy, lady?

Ric. Nor intermission?

Soph. Let me see your work:
Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobbler's wife

Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup;
And here you reel as you were drunk.
Ric. I am sure
It is not with wine.
Soph. O take heed of wine;
Cold water is far better for your healths,
Of which I am very tender: you had foul bodies,
And must continue in this physical diet,
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,
For fear of a relapse; and that is dangerous:
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recover'd, and that way to resolve me,
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both; nearer: what would you now give,
If your means were in your hands, to lie all night
With a fresh and handsome lady?
Ubald. How! a lady?
O, I am past it; hunger with her razor
Hath made me an eunuch.
Ric. For a mess of porridge,
Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,
I would sell my barony; but for women, oh!
No more of women: not a doit for a doxy,
After this hungry voyage.
Soph. These are truly
Good symptoms; let them not venture too much in the air,
Till they are weaker.
Ric. This is tyranny.
Ubald. Scorn upon scorn.
Soph. You were so
In your malicious intents to me,

Enter a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but justice——What's the business?
Serv. My lord's great friend, signior Baptista, madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain
Assurance of my lord's arrival.
Soph. How!
And stand I trifling here? Hence with the mongrels
To their several kennels; there let them howl in private;
I'll be no further troubled.
[*Exeunt* SOPHIA *and* Servant.
Ubald. O that ever
I saw this fury!
Ric. Or look'd on a woman
But as a prodigy in nature!
Hil. Silence;
No more of this.
Coris. Methinks you have no cause
To repent your being here.
Hil. Have you not learnt,
When your states are spent, your several trades to live by,
And never charge the hospital?
Coris. Work but tightly,
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,
But of your spinning.
Ubald. O, I would this hemp
Were turn'd to a halter!
Hil. Will you march?
Ric. A soft one,
Good general, I beseech you.
Ubald. I can hardly
Draw my legs after me.
Hil. For a crutch, you may use
Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all things.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter SOPHIA *and* BAPTISTA.

Soph. Was he jealous of me?
Bapt. There's no perfect love
Without some touch of't, madam.
Soph. And my picture,
Made by your devilish art a spy upon
My actions! I ne'er sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.
Bapt. Excuse me;
At his earnest suit I did it.
Soph. Very good:—
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?
Bapt. The prosperous events that crown his fortunes,
May qualify the offence.
Soph. Good, the events!—
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive well:
But good and wise men are directed by
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing
To do with them: howsoe'er, take the pains, sir,
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;
I will expect them with my best of care.
Bapt. To entertain such royal guests——
Soph. I know it;
Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit* BAPTISTA.] What should move the queen,
So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,
To such a journey! or work on my lord,
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is by holy writ denied a christian?
'Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome
He hopes in my embraces, may deceive
[*Trumpets sounded.*
His expectation. The trumpets speak
The king's arrival: help, a woman's wit now,
To make him know his fault, and my just anger!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

A Flourish. Enter LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, EUBULUS, MATHIAS, BAPTISTA, HONORIA, *and* ACANTHE, *with* Attendants.

Eubu. Your majesty must be weary.
Hon. No, my lord,
A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.
Math. Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon,
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,
Are to your servant and his wife.
Ladis. Where is she?
Hon. I long to see her as my now-loved rival.
Eubu. And I to have a smack at her; 'tis a cordial
To an old man, better than sack and a toast
Before he goes to supper.
Math. Ha! is my house turn'd
To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready,
With all rites due to majesty, to receive
Such unexpected blessings! You assured me

Of better preparation; hath not
The excess of joy transported her beyond
Her understanding?

Bapt. I now parted from her,
And gave her your directions.

Math. How shall I beg
Your majesties' patience! sure my family's drunk,
Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,
A dead sleep thrown upon them.

Enter HILARIO *and Servants.*

Serv. Sir.

Math. But that
The sacred presence of the king forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistress?

Hil. First, you are welcome home, sir:
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no notice
Taken of my bravery! [*Aside.*

Math. Sick at such a time!
It cannot be: though she were on her deathbed,
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this honour,
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This mortgage of her manners.

[*Exeunt* MATHIAS, HILARIO, *and Servants.*

Eubu. There's no climate
On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or other
Reigns not in women.

Ferd. You were ever bitter
Against the sex.

Ladis. This is very strange.

Hon. Mean women
Have their faults, as well as queens.

Ladis. O, she appears now.

Re-enter MATHIAS *with* SOPHIA; HILARIO *following.*

Math. The injury that you conceive I have done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.

Soph I am past my childhood,
And need no tutor.

Math. This is the great king,
To whom I am engaged till death for all
I stand possess'd of.

Soph. My humble roof is proud, sir,
To be the canopy of so much greatness
Set off with goodness.

Ladis. My own praises flying
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.

Math. This is the queen of queens,
In her magnificence to me.

Soph. In my duty
I kiss her highness' robe.

Hon. You stoop too low
To her whose lips would meet with yours.

[*Kisses her.*

Soph. Howe'er
It may appear preposterous in women,
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?
Without a magical picture, in the touch
I find your print of close and wanton kisses
On the queen's lips. [*Aside to* MATHIAS.

Math. Upon your life be silent:—
And now salute these lords.

Soph. Since you will have me,
You shall see I am experienced at the game,
And can play it tightly.—You are a brave man, sir,

[*To* FERDINAND.

And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:
Be this the prologue to it. [*Kisses him.*

Eubu. An old man's turn
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,
However cold ones, madam.

Soph. I will warm them
With the fire of mine. [*Kisses him.*

Eubu. And so she has! I thank you,
I shall sleep the better all night for't.

Math. You express
The boldness of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matron's modesty; take up,
Or you are disgraced for ever. [*Aside to* SOPH.

Soph. How? with kissing
Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have me
Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,
And not a salutation? what I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the humour,
I'll fly at all: are there any more?

Math. Forbear,
Or you will raise my anger to a height
That will descend in fury.

Soph. Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,
By the help of Mephostophilus, and your picture:
Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank
The queen's great care of me while you were absent,
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
And being for that time a kind of widow,
To pass away her melancholy hours
Without good company, and in charity, therefore,
Provided for me; out of her own store,
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,
To do me all good offices; and as such
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received
And entertain'd them; nor shall they depart,
Without the effect arising from the cause
That brought them hither.

Math. Thou dost belie thyself:
I know that in my absence thou wert honest,
However now turn'd monster.

Soph. The truth is,
We did not deal, like you, in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were
No substances, and actual performance
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' pardon.—
You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.

[*Exeunt* SOPHIA *and* HILARIO.

Ladis. How now? turn'd statue, sir!

Math. Fly, and fly quickly,
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair
Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful,
Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,
Which in his madness forced him to dismember
His proper issue. O that ever I
Reposed my trust in magick, or believed

Impossibilities! or that charms had power
To sink and search into the bottomless hell
Of a false woman's heart!
Eubu. These are the fruits
Of marriage! an old bachelor as I am,
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine vagaries.
Ferd. Till you are resolv'd, sir,
Forsake not hope.
Bapt. Upon my life, this is
Dissimulation.
Ladis. And it suits not with
Your fortitude and wisdom, to be thus
Transported with your passion.
Hon. You were once
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you;
Yet the deceit pleased both.
Math. She hath confess'd all;
What further proof should I ask?
Hon. Yet remember
The distance that is interposed between
A woman's tongue and her heart; and you must grant,
You build upon no certainties.

Re-enter SOPHIA, CORISCA, *and* HILARIO, *with* UBALDO *and* RICARDO *in rags, and spinning and reeling, as before.*

Eubu. What have we here?
Soph. You must come on, and shew yourselves.
Ubald. The king!
Ric. And queen too! would I were as far under the earth
As I am above it!
Ubald. Some poet will,
From this relation, or in verse or prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all ages.
Ladis. I remember
This face, when it was in a better plight:
Are not you Ricardo?
Hon. And this thing, I take it,
Was once Ubaldo.
Ubald. I am now I know not what.
Ric. We thank your majesty for employing us
To this subtle Circe.
Eubu. How, my lord! turn'd spinster!
Do you work by the day, or the great?
Ferd. Is your theorbo
Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voice,
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant!*
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ?*
Eubu. Prithee tell me,
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the purpose,
You've been merry with this lady?
Ric. Never, never.
Ladis. Howsoever, you should say so for your credit,
Being the only court-bull.
Ubald. O, that ever
I saw this kicking heifer!
Soph. You see, madam,
How I have cured your servants, and what favours,
They, with their rampant valour, have won from me.
You may, as they are physic'd, I presume,
Trust a fair virgin with them; they have learn'd
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing
But cold and hunger for them; and may now
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.
And now to you, sir; why do you not again
Peruse your picture and take the advice
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none,
That made you, as the Italian says, a *becco.*
Math. I know not which way to entreat your pardon,
Nor am I worthy of it. My Sophia,
My best Sophia, here before the king,
The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,
I do renounce my error, and embrace you,
As the great example to all aftertimes,
For such as would die chaste and noble wives,
With reverence to imitate.
Soph. Not so, sir;
I yet hold off. However I have purged
My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,
In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.
Eubu. Shall we have
More jiggabobs yet?
Soph. When you went to the wars,
I set no spy upon you, to observe
Which way you wander'd, though our sex by nature
Is subject to suspicions and fears;
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.
But, to deal, as you did, against your religion,
With this enchanter, to survey my actions,
Was more than woman's weakness; therefore know,
And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do
Desire a separation from your bed;
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer and meditation.
Math. O take pity
Upon my weak condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, than if
I had found you guilty. Have you shewn a jewel
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,
To lock it up again?—She turns away.
Will none speak for me? shame and sin have robb'd me
Of the use of my tongue.
Ladis. Since you have conquer'd, madam,
You wrong the glory of your victory,
If you use it not with mercy.
Ferd. Any penance
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.
Eubu. Have I lived to see
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle,
Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the cloister.
To the old sport again, with a good luck to you!
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must have some of the breed of you: will you destroy
The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion
Against the sex; and shew me but two such more,
I'll marry yet, and love them.
Hon. She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,
Thus begs remission for him.
Soph. O, dear madam,
Wrong not your greatness so.
Omnes. We all are suitors.
Ubald. I do deserve to be heard among the rest.
Ric. And we have suffer'd for it.
Soph. I perceive
There's no resistance; but, suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From jealousy hereafter?

Math. I will be
My own security: go, ride, where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,
I'll set no watch upon you; and, for proof of it,
This cursed picture I surrender up
To a consuming fire.

Bapt. As I abjure
The practice of my art.

Soph. Upon these terms
I am reconciled; and, for these that have paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.

Ladis. At your request they have it.

Ubald. Hang all trades now!

Ric. I will find a new one, and that is, to live honest.

Hil. These are my fees.

Ubald. Pray you, take them, with a mischief!

Ladis. So, all ends in peace now.
And. to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.

[*Exeunt.*

THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MY ESPECIAL GOOD LORD,

JOHN LORD MOHUN,

BARON OF OKEHAMPTON, ETC.

MY GOOD LORD,—Let my presumption in styling you so, (having never deserved it in my service,) from the clemency of your noble disposition, find pardon. The reverence due to the name of Mohun, long since honoured in three earls of Somerset, and eight barons of Munster, may challenge from all pens a deserved celebration. And the rather in respect those titles were not purchased, but conferred, and continued in your ancestors, for many virtuous, noble, and still living actions; nor ever forfeited or tainted, but when the iniquity of those times laboured the depression of approved goodness, and in wicked policy held it fit that loyalty and faith, in taking part with the true prince, should be degraded and mulcted. But this admitting no further dilation in this place, may your lordship please, and with all possible brevity, to understand the reasons why I am, in humble thankfulness, ambitious to shelter this poem under the wings of your honourable protection. My worthy friend, Mr. ASTON COCKAYNE, your nephew, to my extraordinary content, delivered to me that your lordship, at your vacant hours, sometimes vouchsafed to peruse such trifles of mine as have passed the press, and not alone warranted them in your gentle suffrage, but disdained not to bestow a remembrance of your love, and intended favour to me. I profess to the world, I was exalted with the bounty, and with good assurance, it being so rare in this age to meet with one noble name, that, in fear to be censured of levity and weakness, dares express itself a friend or patron to contemned poetry. Having, therefore, no means else left me to witness the obligation in which I stand most willingly bound to your lordship, I offer this Tragi-comedy to your gracious acceptance, no way despairing, but that with a clear aspect you will deign to receive it, (it being an induction to my future endeavours,) and that in the list of those, that to your merit truly admire you, you may descend to number

Your lordship's faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THEODOSIUS the Younger, *the Emperor.*
PAULINUS, *a Kinsman to the* Emperor.
PHILANAX, *Captain of the Guard.*
TIMANTUS, } *Eunuchs of the* Emperor's *Chamber.*
CHRYSAPIUS, } *Eunuchs of the* Emperor's *Chamber.*
GRATIANUS, } *Eunuchs of the* Emperor's *Chamber.*
CLEON, *a Traveller, Friend to* PAULINUS
Patriarch.
Informer.
Projector.
Master *of the Habits and Manners.*
Minion *of the Suburbs.*
Countryman.
Surgeon.
Empiric.

PULCHERIA, *the Protectress, Sister to the* Emperor
ATHENAIS, *a strange Virgin, afterwards Empress, and named* EUDOCIA.
ARCADIA, } *the younger Sisters of the* Emperor.
FLACCILLA, } *the younger Sisters of the* Emperor.

Officers, Suitors, Attendants, Guards, Huntsman, Executioners, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE,—CONSTANTINOPLE.

PROLOGUE

AT THE BLACKFRIARS.

But that imperious custom warrants it,
Our author with much willingness would omit
This preface to his new work. He hath found,
(And suffer'd for't,) many are apt to wound
His credit in this kind: and, whether he
Express himself fearful, or peremptory,
He cannot 'scape their censures who delight
To misapply whatever he shall write.
'Tis his hard fate. And though he will not sue,
Or basely beg such suffrages, yet, to you,
Free and ingenious spirits, he doth now,
In me, present his service, with his vow,
He hath done his best; and, though he cannot glory
In his invention, (this work being a story
Of reverend antiquity,) he doth hope,
In the proportion of it, and the scope,
You may observe some pieces drawn like one,
Of a stedfast hand; and, with the whiter stone,
To be mark'd in your fair censures. More than this
I am forbid to promise, and it is
With the most till you confirm it: since we know
Whate'er the shaft be, archer, or the bow
From which 'tis sent, it cannot hit the white
Unless your approbation guide it right.

PROLOGUE

AT COURT.

As ever, sir, you lent a gracious ear
To oppress'd innocence, now vouchsafe to hear
A short petition. At your feet, in me,
The poet kneels, and to your majesty
Appeals for justice. What we now present,
When first conceived, in his vote and intent,
Was sacred to your pleasure; in each part
With his best of fancy, judgment, language, art,
Fashion'd and form'd so, as might well, and may
Deserve a welcome, and no vulgar way.
He durst not, sir, at such a solemn feast,
Lard his grave matter with one scurrilous jest;
But labour'd that no passage might appear,
But what the queen without a blush might hear:
And yet this poor work suffer'd by the rage
And envy of some Catos of the stage:
Yet still he hopes this Play, which then was seen
With sore eyes, and condemn'd out of their spleen,
May be by you, the supreme judge, set free,
And raised above the reach of calumny.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PAULINUS *and* CLEON.

Paul. In your six years' travel, friend, no doubt, you have met with
Many and rare adventures, and observed
The wonders of each climate, varying in
The manners and the men; and so return,
For the future service of your prince and country,
In your understanding better'd.
Cle. Sir, I have made of it
The best use in my power, and hope my gleanings
After the full crop others reap'd before me,
Shall not, when I am call'd on, altogether
Appear unprofitable: yet I left
The miracle of miracles in our age
At home behind me; every where abroad,
Fame, with a true though prodigal voice, deliver'd
Such wonders of Pulcheria, the princess,
To the amazement, nay astonishment rather,
Of such as heard it, that I found not one,
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.
Paul. She, indeed, is
A perfect phœnix, and disdains a rival.
Her infant years, as you know, promised much,
But, grown to ripeness, she transcends, and makes
Credulity her debtor. I will tell you,
In my blunt way, to entertain the time,
Until you have the happiness to see her,
How in your absence she hath born herself,
And with all possible brevity; though the subject
Is such a spacious field, as would require
An abstract of the purest eloquence
(Derived from the most famous orators
The nurse of learning, Athens, shew'd the world)
In that man, that should undertake to be
Her true historian.
Cle. In this you shall do me
A special favour.
Paul. Since Arcadius' death,
Our late great master, the protection of
The prince, his son, the second Theodosius,
By a general vote and suffrage of the people,
Was to her charge assign'd, with the disposure
Of his so many kingdoms. For his person,
She hath so train'd him up in all those arts
That are both great and good, and to be wish'd
In an imperial monarch, that the mother
Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts of,
The wise Pulcheria but named, must be
No more remember'd. She, by her example,
Hath made the court a kind of academy,
In which true honour is both learn'd and practised
Her private lodgings a chaste nunnery,
In which her sisters, as probationers, hear
From her, their sovereign abbess, all the precepts
Read in the school of virtue.
Cle. You amaze me.
Paul. I shall, ere I conclude; for here the wonder
Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense,
And her strong faculties so apprehensive,
To search into the depth of deep designs,
And of all natures, that the burthen, which
To many men were insupportable,
To her is but a gentle exercise,
Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.
Cle. With your good favour, let me interrupt you.
Being, as she is, in every part so perfect,
Methinks that all kings of our eastern world
Should become rivals for her.
Paul. So they have;
But to no purpose. She, that knows her strength
To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear
On her free neck the servile yoke of marriage;
And for one loose desire, envy itself
Dares not presume to taint her. Venus' son
Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;
Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,
With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in splinters;
His flaming torches in the living spring
Of her perfections quench'd: and, to crown all,
She's so impartial when she sits upon
The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity,
Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,
That 'tis not superstition to believe
Astrea once more lives upon the earth,
Pulcheria's breast her temple.
Cle. You have given her
An admirable character.
Paul. She deserves it:
And, such is the commanding power of virtue,
That from her vicious enemies it compels
Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.
[*Loud music.*
Cle. What means this solemn music?
Paul. Sir, it ushers
The emperor's morning meditation,

In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.
'Tis worth your observation, and you may
Collect from her expense of time this day,
How her hours, for many years, have been disposed [of.
Cle. I am all eyes and ears.

Enter, after a strain of solemn music, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, Patriarch, THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA, FLACCILLA, *and* ARCADIA; *followed by* CHRYSAPIUS *and* GRATIANUS; Servants, *and* Officers.

Pul. Your patience, sir.
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,
Which you complain of, our devotions ended,
Be cited to appear: for the ambassadors
Who are importunate to have audience,
From me you may assure them, that to-morrow
They shall in public kiss the emperor's robe,
And we in private, with our soonest leisure,
Will give them hearing. Have you especial care too,
That free access be granted unto all
Petitioners. The morning wears.—Pray you, on, sir;
Time lost is ne'er recover'd.
[*Exeunt all but* PAULINUS *and* CLEON.
Paul. Did you note
The majesty she appears in?
Cle. Yes, my good lord;
I was ravish'd with it.
Paul. And then, with what speed
She orders her dispatches, not one daring
To interpose; the emperor himself,
Without reply, putting in act whatever
She pleased to impose upon him.
Cle. Yet there were some,
That, in their sullen looks, rather confess'd
A forced constraint to serve her, than a will
To be at her devotion: what are they?
Paul. Eunuchs of the emperor's chamber, that repine
The globe and awful sceptre should give place
Unto the distaff; for, as such, they whisper
A woman's government, but dare not yet
Express themselves.
Cle. From whence are the ambassadors
To whom she promised audience?
Paul. They are
Employ'd by divers princes, who desire
Alliance with our emperor, whose years now,
As you see, write him man. One would advance
A daughter to the honour of his bed;
A second, his fair sister: to instruct you
In the particulars would ask longer time
Than my own designs give way to. I have letters
From special friends of mine, that to my care
Commend a stranger virgin, whom this morning
I purpose to present before the princess:
If you please, you may accompany me.
Cle. I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter the Informer, *with* Officers *bringing in the* Projector, *the* Minion of the Suburbs, *and the* Master of the Habit and Manners.

Infor. Why should you droop, or hang your working heads?
No danger is meant to you; pray bear up:
For aught I know, you are cited to receive
Preferment due to your merits.
Proj. Very likely:
In all the projects I have read and practised,
I never found one man compell'd to come,
Before the seat of justice, under guard,
To receive honour.
Infor. No! it may be, you are
The first example. Men of qualities,
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive
A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd,
Than in open court. Could you hope that the princess,
Knowing your precious merits, will reward them
In a private corner? No; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.
Min. To the gallows.
Infor. Fie!
Nor yet depress'd to the gallies; in your names
You carry no such crimes; your specious titles
Cannot but take her:—President of the Projectors!
What a noise it makes! The Master of the Habit!
How proud would someone country be that I know,
To be your first pupil! Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the court,
And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames!
What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,
As I am the state-scout, you may think me an informer.
Mast. They are synonyma.
Infor. Conceal nothing from her
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you;
Or if you should, it matters not; she can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitary spirit,
Bound to obey her:—you have my instructions;
Stand by, here's better company.

Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, *and* ATHENAIS, *with a petition.*

Athen. Can I hope, sir,
Oppressed innocence shall find protection
And justice among strangers, when my brothers,
Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,
Trample on my afflictions?
Paul. Forget them,
Remembering those may help you.
Athen. They have robb'd me
Of all means to prefer my just complaint,
With any promising hope to gain a hearing,
Much less redress: petitions not sweetened
With gold, are but unsavoury, oft refused;
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams
Of choleric authority are dried up
Before they fall, or if seen, never pitied.
What will become of a forsaken maid!
My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter
With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis
In vain to oppose her.
Cle. Cheer her up; she faints, sir.
Paul. This argues weakness; though your brothers were
Cruel beyond expression, and the judges
That sentenced you, corrupt, you shall find here
One of your own fair sex to do you right;
Whose beams of justice, like the sun, extend
Their light and heat to strangers, and are not
Municipal or confined.
Athen. Pray you, do not feed me
With airy hopes; unless you can assure me
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear
My miserable story, it were better
I died without the trouble.
Paul. She is bound to it
By the surest chain, her natural inclination

To help the afflicted: nor shall long delays,
More terrible to miserable suitors
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes.
This room will instantly be sanctified
With her bless'd presence; to her ready hand
Present your grievances, and rest assured
You shall depart contented.

Athen. You breathe in me
A second life.

Infor. Will your lordship please to hear
Your servant a few words?

Paul. Away, you rascal!
Did I ever keep such servants?

Infor. If your honesty
Would give you leave, it would be for your profit.

Paul. To make use of an informer! tell me, in [what
Can you advantage me?

Infor. In the first tender
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.

Paul. What's your suit, sir?

Infor. 'Tis feasible:—here are three arrant [knaves
Discovered by my art.

Paul. And thou the archknave:
The great devour the less.

Infor. And with good reason;
I must eat one a month, I cannot live else.

Paul. A notable cannibal! but should I hear [thee,
In what do your knaves concern me?

Infor. In the begging
Of their estates.

Paul. Before they are condemn'd?

Infor. Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may speak too late else.
They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth part of a share.

Paul. Hence, rogue!

Infor. Such rogues
In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.
Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain
To a spiced-conscience chapman! but I care not;
What he disdains to taste, others will swallow.

Loud Music. Enter THEODOSIUS, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, Patriarch, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, *and* Attendants.

Cle. They are return'd from the temple.

Paul. See, she appears;
What think you now?

Athen. A cunning painter thus,
Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance
Laid by, would picture Justice.

Pul. When you please,
You may intend those royal exercises
Suiting your birth and greatness: I will bear
The burthen of your cares, and having purged
The body of your empire of ill humours,
Upon my knees surrender it.

Chry. Will you ever
Be awed thus like a boy?

Grat. And kiss the rod
Of a proud mistress?

Tim. Be what you were born, sir.

Phil. Obedience and majesty never lodged
In the same inn.

Theod. No more; he never learn'd
The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears
To wise directions.

Pul. Read o'er the papers
I left upon my cabinet; two hours hence
I will examine you.

Flac. We spend our time well!
Nothing but praying and poring on a book.
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.

Arcad. Would I had been born some masquing-lady's woman,
Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus!

Flac. We are gone, forsooth; there is no remedy, sister. [*Exeunt* ARCADIA *and* FLACCILLA.

Grat. What hath his eye found out?

Tim. 'Tis fix'd upon
That stranger lady.

Chry. I am glad yet, that
He dares look on a woman.

[*All this time the* Informer *is kneeling to* PULCHERIA, *and delivering papers.*

Theo. Philanax,
What is that comely stranger?

Phil. A petitioner.

Chry. Will you hear her case, and dispatch her [in your chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.

Theo. Bring me to
Some place where I may look on her demeanor:
'Tis a lovely creature!

Chry. There's some hope in this yet.

[*Flourish. Exeunt* THEODOSIUS, Patriarch, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, *and* GRATIANUS.

Pul. No: you have done your parts.

Paul. Now opportunity courts you,
Prefer your suit.

Athen. [*Kneeling.*] As low as misery
Can fall, for proof of my humility,
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar
Calamity can fly to for protection.
Great minds erect their never-falling trophies
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,
Argues a bastard conquest:—'tis to you
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour;
And as such, deign to hear me. As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue, wing'd with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods,
Who imitate their goodness.

Pul. If you were
A subject of the empire, which your habit
In every part denies——

Athen. O, fly not to
Such an evasion! whate'er I am,
Being a woman, in humanity
You are bound to right me. Though the difference
Of my religion may seem to exclude me
From your defence, which you would have con- [fined:
The moral virtue, which is general,
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure [you
With pity to look on me!

Pul. Pray you, rise;
And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never
Can want an advocate; and you must bring
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.
Some business, long since thought upon, dispatch'd,
You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice
Will warrant me, my best aids.

Athen. I do desire
No stronger guard; my equity needs no favour.
[*Walks aside.*
Pul. Are these the men?
Proj. We were, an't like your highness,
The men, the men of eminence and mark,
And may continue so, if it please your grace.
Mast. This speech was well projected.
Pul. Does your conscience,
I will begin with you, whisper unto you
What here you stand accused of? Are you named
The President of Projectors?
Infor. Justify it, man,
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.
Proj. That is apparent;
And if you please, ask some about the court,
And they will tell you, to my rare inventions
They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring brains to use, and sometimes
For a drachma in the pound,—the more the pity
I am all patience, and endure the curses
Of many, for the profit of one patron.
Pul. I do conceive the rest. What is the se-
Infor. The Minion of the Suburbs. [cond?
Pul. What hath he
To do in Constantinople?
Min. I steal in now and then,
As I am thought useful; marry, there I am call'd
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,
And by the allowance of some sportful ladies,
Honour'd with that title.
Pul. Spare your character,
You are here decipher'd: stand by with your compeer.
What is the third? a creature I ne'er heard of:
The Master of the Manners and the Habit!
You have a double office.
Mast. In my actions
I make both good; for by my theorems,
Which your polite and terser gallants practise,
I re-refine the court, and civilize
Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,
With curious punctuality set down,
To a hair's breadth, how low a new-stamp'd cour-
May vail to a country gentleman, and by [tier
Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper,
His linen-man, and tailor.
Pul. Pray you, discover
This hidden mystery.
Mast. If the foresaid courtier
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his name
Writ in the citizen's books, with a state hum
He may salute them after three days waiting;
But, if he owe them money, that he may
Preserve his credit, let him in policy never
Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:
But, if he be to take up more, his page
May attend them at the gate, and usher them
Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,
Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then
He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen,
He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;
Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better,
His dignity no way wrong'd in't.
Paul. Here's a fine knave!
Pul. Does this rule hold without exception,
For courtiers in general? [sirrah,
Mast. No, dear madam,
For one of the last edition; and for him
I have composed a dictionary, in which
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom
To be proud or humble; at what times of the year
He may do a good deed for itself, and that is
Writ in dominical letters; all days else
Are his own, and of those days the several hours
Mark'd out, and to what use.
Pul. Shew us your method;
I am strangely taken with it.
Mast. 'Twill deserve
A pension, I hope. First, a strong cullis
In his bed, to heighten appetite; shuttle-cock,
To keep him in breath when he rises: tennis courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses
Too boisterous for my young courtier; let the old
I think not of, use it: next, his meditation [ones
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem
Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests [witty,
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion,
They may vent them mutually: what his pace and garb
Must be in the presence, then the length of his
The fashion of the hilt—what the blade is [sword,
It matters not, 'twere barbarism to use it,
Unless to shew his strength upon an andiron;
So, the sooner broke the better.
Pul. How I abuse
This precious time! Projector, I treat first
Of you and your disciples: you roar out,
All is the king's, his will above his laws;
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes
For his poor subjects: whispering in his ear,
If he would have their fear, no man should dare
To bring a salad from his country garden,
Without the paying gabel; kill a hen,
Without excise; and that if he desire
To have his children or his servants wear
Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm
In policy 'tis fit the owner should
Pay for them by the poll; or, if the prince want
A present sum, he may command a city
Impossibilities, and for non-performance,
Compel it to submit to any fine
His officers shall impose. Is this the way
To make our emperor happy? can the groans
Of his subjects yield him music? must his thresholds
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans'
Or his power grow contemptible? [tears,
Proj. I begin
To feel myself a rogue again.
Pul. But you are
The squire of dames, devoted to the service
Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery
Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath
Fanning the fires of lust; the go-between
This female and that wanton sir; your art
Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised
Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey
A letter in a pantofle or glove,
Without suspicion, nay, at his table,
In a case of picktooths; you instruct them now
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple
A mart of looseness:—to discover all
Your subtile brokages, were to teach in public
Those private practices which are, in justice,
Severely to be punish'd.
Min. I am cast:
A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.

Pul. You are master of the manners and the habit;
Rather the scorn of such as would live men,
And not, like apes, with servile imitation
Study prodigious fashions. You keep
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct
Our giddy youth at home what new-found fashion
Is now in use, swearing he's most complete
That first turns monster. Know, villains, I can thrust
This arm into your hearts, strip off the flesh
That covers your deformities, and shew you
In your own nakedness. Now, though the law
Call not your follies death, you are for ever
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them;
I will hear no reply.

[*Exeunt* Informer, *and* Officers *with the* Projector, Minion of the Suburbs, *and* Master of the Habits and Manners. Athenais *comes forward.*

Enter above, Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, *and* Gratianus.

Paul. What think you now?
Cle. That I am in a dream; or that I see
A second Pallas.
Pul. These removed, to you
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,
I sit prepared to hear you.
Athen. Know, great princess,
My father, though a pagan, was admired
For his deep search into those hidden studies,
Whose knowledge is denied to common men:
The motion, with the divers operations
Of the superior bodies, by his long
And careful observation were made
Familiar to him; all the secret virtues
Of plants and simples, and in what degree
They were useful to mankind, he could discourse of:
In a word, conceive him as a prophet honour'd
In his own country. But being born a man,
It lay not in him to defer the hour
Of his approaching death, though long foretold:
In this so fatal hour he call'd before him
His two sons and myself, the dearest pledges
Lent him by nature, and with his right hand
Blessing our several heads, he thus began.
Chry. Mark his attention.
Phil. Give me leave to mark too.
Athen. *If I could leave my understanding to* [*you,*
It were superfluous to make division
Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you:
But, to avoid contention, I allot
An equal portion of my possessions
To you, my sons; but unto thee, my daughter,
My joy, my darling, (pardon me, though I
Repeat his words,) *if my prophetic soul,*
Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at
Thy future fate, I leave the strange assurance
Of the greatness thou art born to, unto which
Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their service:—
Paul. And all men else, that honour beauty.
Theo. Umph!
Athen. *Yet, to prepare thee for that certain fortune,*
And that I may from present wants defend thee,
I leave ten thousand crowns: – which said, being [call'd
To the fellowship of our deities, he expired,
And with him all remembrance of the charge
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.
Pul. Did they detain your legacy?
Athen. And still do.
His ashes were scarce quiet in his urn,
When, in derision of my future greatness,
They thrust me out of doors, denying me
One short night's harbour.
Pul. Weep not.
Athen. I desire,
By your persuasion, or commanding power,
The restitution of mine own; or that,
To keep my frailty from temptation,
In your compassion of me, you would please,
I, as a handmaid, may be entertain'd
To do the meanest offices to all such
As are honour'd in your service.
Pul. Thou art welcome.
What is thy name?
Athen. The forlorn Athenais.
Pul. The sweetness of thy innocence strangely takes me. [*Takes her up, and kisses her.*
Forget thy brothers' wrongs; for I will be
In my care a mother, in my love a sister to thee;
And, were it possible thou couldst be won
To be of our belief——
Paul. May it please your excellence,
That is an easy task; I, though no scholar,
Dare undertake it; clear truth cannot want
Rhetorical persuasions.
Pul. 'Tis a work,
My lord, will well become you.—Break up the [court:
May your endeavours prosper!
Paul. Come, my fair one;
I hope, my convert.
Athen. Never: I will die
As I was born.
Paul. Better you ne'er had been. [*Exeunt.*
Phil. What does your majesty think of?—— the maid's gone.
Theo. She's wondrous fair, and in her speech [appear'd
Pieces of scholarship.
Chry. Make use of her learning
And beauty together; on my life she will be proud
To be so converted.
Theo. From foul lust heaven guard me!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, *and* Gratianus.

Phil. We only talk, when we should do.
Tim. I'll second you;
Begin, and when you please.
Grat. Be constant in it.
Chry. That resolution which grows cold to-day,
Will freeze to-morrow.
Grat. 'Slight, I think she'll keep him
Her ward for ever, to herself engrossing
The disposition of all the favours
And bounties of the empire.
Chry. We, that, by

The nearness of our service to his person,
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd.
Phil. You are troubled for
Your proper ends; my aims are high and honest,
The wrong that's done to majesty I repine at:
I love the emperor, and 'tis my ambition
To have him know himself, and to that purpose
I'll run the hazard of a check.
Grat. And I
The loss of my place.
Tim. I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.
Chry. Let us put on sad aspects,
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

Enter THEODOSIUS.

Theo. How's this? clouds in the chamber,
And the air clear abroad!
Phil. When you, our sun,
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer
A general eclipse.
Tim. Great sir, 'tis true;
For, till you please to know and be yourself,
And freely dare dispose of what's your own,
Without a warrant, we are falling meteors,
And not fix'd stars.
Chry. The pale-faced moon, that should
Govern the night, usurps the rule of day,
And still is at the full in spite of nature,
And will not know a change.
Theo. Speak you in riddles?
I am no Œdipus, but your emperor,
And as such would be instructed.
Phil. Your command
Shall be obey'd: till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourself; and may that Power, by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliver as a faithful subject to you,
Hath root or growth from malice, or base envy
Of your sister's greatness! I could honour in her
A power subordinate to yours; but not,
As 'tis, predominant.
Tim. Is it fit that she,
In her birth your vassal, should command the knees
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?
Grat. She with security walks upon the heads
Of the nobility; the multitude,
As to a deity, offering sacrifice
For her grace and favour.
Chry. Her proud feet even wearied
With the kisses of petitioners.
Grat. While you,
To whom alone such reverence is proper,
Pass unregarded by her.
Tim. You have not yet,
Been master of one hour of your whole life.
Chry. Your will and faculties kept in more awe
Than she can do her own.
Phil. And as a bondman,
(O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from you,
That I descend so low,) you are design'd
To this or that employment, suiting well
A private man, I grant, but not a prince.
To be a perfect horseman, or to know
The words of the chase, or a fair man of arms,
Or to be able to pierce to the depth,
Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,
I grant are ornaments; but your main scope
Should be to govern men, to guard your own,
If not enlarge your empire
Chry. You are built up
By the curious hand of nature, to revive
The memory of Alexander, or by
A prosperous success in your brave actions,
To rival Cæsar.
Tim. Rouse yourself, and let not
Your pleasures be a copy of her will.
Phil. Your pupilage is past, and manly actions
Are now expected from you.
Grat. Do not lose
Your subjects' hearts.
Tim. What is't to have the means
To be magnificent, and not exercise
The boundless virtue?
Grat. You confine yourself
To that which strict philosophy allows of,
As if you were a private man.
Tim. No pomp
Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it
Both loved and terrible.
Grat. 'Slight! you live, as it
Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,
The abilities of a man.
Chry. The firmament
Hath not more stars than there are several beauties
Ambitious, at the height, to impart their dear
And sweetest favours to you.
Grat. Yet you have not
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve you,
In a physical way of courtship.
Theo. But that I would not
Begin the expression of my being a man,
In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear
Of absolute power, with a servile imitation
Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger
Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, feel,
And not in words to instruct you, that the license
Of the loose and saucy language you now practised
Hath forfeited your heads.
Grat. How's this!
Phil. I know not
What the play may prove, but I assure you that
I do not like the prologue.
Theo. O the miserable
Condition of a prince; who, though he vary
More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and manners,
He cannot win an universal suffrage
From the many-headed monster, multitude!
Like Æsop's foolish frogs, they trample on him
As a senseless block, if his government be easy;
And, if he prove a stork, they croak and rail
Against him as a tyrant,—I will put off
That majesty, of which you think I have
Nor use nor feeling; and in arguing with you,
Convince you with strong proofs of common reason,
And not with absolute power, against which, wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd,
Presuming on the nearness of your service,
Set off with my familiar acceptance,
Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions
Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts
Of our world, that are made happy in the knowledge
Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on?
And yet you, that were only born to eat

The blessings of our mother earth, that are
Distant but one degree from beasts, (since slaves
Can claim no larger privilege,) that know
No further than your sensual appetites,
Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake
To give your sovereign laws to follow that
Your ignorance marks out to him! [*Walks by.*

Grat. How were we
Abused in our opinion of his temper!

Phil. We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,
That kings' hearts are inscrutable.

Tim. I ne'er read it;
My study lies not that way.

Phil. By his looks,
The tempest still increases.

Theo. Am I grown
So stupid, in your judgments, that you dare,
With such security, offer violence
To sacred majesty? will you not know
The lion is a lion, though he shew not
His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air
With the thunder of his roarings?——You bless'd saints,
How am I trenched on! Is that temperance
So famous in your cited Alexander,
Or Roman Scipio, a crime in me?
Cannot I be an emperor, unless
Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts?
And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings
And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest,
From such as are my vassals, must you conclude
I do not know the awful power and strength
Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed,
Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine own? know, you court-leeches,
A prince is never so magnificent
As when he's sparing to enrich a few
With the injuries of many. Could your hopes
So grossly flatter you, as to believe
I was born and train'd up as an emperor, only
In my indulgence to give sanctuary,
In their unjust proceedings, to the rapine
And avarice of my grooms?

Phil. In the true mirror
Of your perfections, at length we see
Our own deformities.

Tim. And not once daring
To look upon that majesty we now slighted——

Chry. With our faces thus glued to the earth, we beg
Your gracious pardon.

Grat. Offering our necks
To be trod on, as a punishment for our late
Presumption, and a willing testimony
Of our subjection.

Theo. Deserve our mercy
In your better life hereafter; you shall find,
Though, in my father's life, I held it madness
To usurp his power, and in my youth disdain'd not
To learn from the instructions of my sister,
I'll make it good to all the world I am
An emperor; and even this instant grasp
The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty
Entire, no scruple wasted.

Phil. If these tears
I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this,
May my eyeballs follow them!

Tim. I will shew myself,
By your sudden metamorphosis, transform'd
From what I was.

Grat. And ne'er presume to ask
What fits not you to give.

Theo. Move in that sphere,
And my light with full beams shall shine upon you.
Forbear this slavish courtship, 'tis to me
In a kind idolatrous.

Phil. Your gracious sister.

Enter PULCHERIA *and* Servant.

Pul. Has he converted her?

Serv. And, as such, will
Present her, when you please.

Pul. I am glad of it.
Command my dresser to adorn her with
The robes that I gave order for.

Serv. I shall.

Pul. And let those precious jewels I took last
Out of my cabinet, if't be possible,
Give lustre to her beauties; and, that done,
Command her to be near us.

Serv. 'Tis a province
I willingly embrace. [*Exit.*

Pul. O my dear sir,
You have forgot your morning task, and therefore,
With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you;
But it shall be gently.

Theo. 'Twill become you, though
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter.
If my mother lived in you, howe'er her son,
Like you she were my subject.

Pul. How!

Theo. Put off
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you
At distance, as a sister, but no longer
As a governess, I assure you.

Grat. This is put home.

Tim. Beyond our hopes.

Phil. She stands as if his words
Had powerful magic in them.

Theo. Will you have me
Your pupil ever? the down on my chin
Confirms I am a man, a man of men,
The emperor, that knows his strength.

Pul. Heaven grant
You know it not too soon!

Theo. Let it suffice
My wardship's out. If your design concerns us
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance
You may deliver it.

Pul. A strange alteration!
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All bonds of my authority. [*Kneels.*

Theo. You in this
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a sister; [*Raises her.*] no way doubting
Your vigilance for my safety as my honour;
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them.

Pul. At both;
And not alone the present, but the future
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,
And make the consort of your royal bed,
The certain means of glorious succession,
With the true happiness of our human being,
Are wholly comprehended.

Theo. How! a wife?
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,

Before my youth hath sacrificed to Venus?
'Tis something with the soonest:—yet, to shew,
In things indifferent, I am not averse
To your wise counsels, let me first survey
Those beauties, that, in being a prince, I know
Are rivals for me. You will not confine me
To your election; I must see, dear sister,
With mine own eyes.

Pul. 'Tis fit, sir. Yet, in this,
You may please to consider, absolute princes
Have, or should have, in policy, less free will
Than such as are their vassals: for, you must,
As you are an emperor, in this high business
Weigh with due providence, with whom alliance
May be most useful for the preservation
Or increase of your empire.

Theo. I approve not
Such compositions for our moral ends,
In what is in itself divine, nay, more
Decreed in heaven. Yet, if our neighbour princes,
Ambitious of such nearness, shall present
Their dearest pledges to me, (ever reserving
The caution of mine own content,) I will not
Contemn their courteous offers.

Pul. Bring in the pictures.

[*Two Pictures brought in.*

Theo. Must I then judge the substances by the shadows?
The painters are most envious, if they want
Good colours for preferment: virtuous ladies
Love this way to be flattered, and accuse
The workman of detraction, if he add not
Some grace they cannot truly call their own.
Is't not so, Gratianus? you may challenge
Some interest in the science.

Grat. A pretender
To the art, I truly honour, and subscribe
To your majesty's opinion.

Theo. Let me see——— [*Reads.*
Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire,
Ætatis suæ the fourteenth: ripe enough,
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine
The symmetries. If statuaries could
By the foot of Hercules set down punctually
His whole dimensions, and the countenance be
The index of the mind, this may instruct me,
With the aids of that I've read touching this subject,
What she is inward. The colour of her hair,
If it be, as this does promise, pale and faint,
And not a glistering white; her brow, so so;
The circles of her sight, too much contracted;—
Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are
Commended to their merit: here's a sharp frost,
In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, assures
Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her [me
The tribute she expects. I like her not:
What is the other?

Chry. How hath he commenced
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,
Without our knowledge?

Tim. Some of his forward pages
Have robbed us of the honour.

Phil. No such matter;
He has the theory only, not the practic.

Theo. [*Reads.*] *Amasia, sister to the duke of*
Her age eighteen, descended lineally [*Athens;*
From Theseus, as by her pedigree
Will be made apparent. Of his lusty kindred,
And lose so much time! 'tis strange!—as I live,
A philosophical aspéct; there is [she hath
More wit than beauty in her face; and, when
I court her, it must be in tropes, and figures,
Or she will cry, Absurd! she will have her elenchs
To cut off any fallacy I can hope
To put upon her, and expect I should
Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones
In parte et toto: or she'll tire me with
Her tedious elocutions in the praise of
The increase of generation, for which
Alone, the sport, in her morality,
Is good and lawful, and to be often practised
For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race
Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:
I'll none of her.

Pul. You are curious in your choice, sir,
And hard to please; yet, if that your consent
May give authority to it, I'll present you
With one, that, if her birth and fortunes answer
The rarities of her body and her mind,
Detraction durst not tax her.

Theo. Let me see her,
Though wanting those additions, which we can
Supply from our own store: it is in us
To make men rich and noble; but to give
Legitimate shapes and virtues does belong
To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties
Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains
An emperor for his rival.

Pul. I applaud
This fit acknowledgment; since princes then
Grow less than common men, when they contend
With him, by whom they are so.

Enter PAULINUS, CLEON, *and* ATHENAIS *richly habited.*

Theo. I confess it.

Pul. Not to hold you in suspense, behold the virgin,
Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious view.

Phil. I am amazed too:
I never saw her equal.

Grat. How his eye
Is fix'd upon her!

Tim. And, as she were a fort
He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her
From the bases to the battlements.

Chry. Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the maid that not long since
Was a petitioner; her bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her face.

Phil. So has the emperor.

Paul. She holds out yet,
And yields not to the assault.

Cle. She's strongly guarded
In her virgin blushes.

Paul. When you know, fair creature
It is the emperor that honours you
With such a strict survey of your sweet parts,
In thankfulness you cannot but return
Due reverence for the favour.

Athen. I was lost
In my astonishment at the glorious object,
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,
Being more than man, my adoration,
Since sure there is divinity about him:
Or will rest satisfied, if my humble knees
In duty thus bow to him.

Theo. Ha! it speaks.

Pul. She is no statue, sir.

Theo. Suppose her one,
And that she had nor organs, voice, nor heat,
Most willingly I would resign my empire,
So it might be to aftertimes recorded
That I was her Pygmalion; though, like him,
I doted on my workmanship, without hope too
Of having Cytherea so propitious
To my vows or sacrifice, in her compassion
To give it life or motion.
Pul. Pray you, be not rapt so,
Nor borrow from imaginary fiction
Impossible aids: she's flesh and blood, I assure you.
And if you please to honour her in the trial,
And be your own security, as you'll find
I fable not, she comes in a noble way
To be at your devotion.
Chry. 'Tis the maid
I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape
Conceal'd her from you.
Theo. At the first I knew her,
And a second firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle
My flames almost put out: I am too cold,
And play with opportunity.—May I taste then
The nectar of her lip?—[*Kisses her.*]—I do not give it
The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor
To help me with a simile to express her:
Let me drink often from this living spring,
To nourish new invention.
Pul. Do not surfeit
In over-greedily devouring that
Which may without satiety feast you often.
From the moderation in receiving them,
The choicest viands do continue pleasing
To the most curious palates. If you think her
Worth your embraces, and the sovereign title
Of the Grecian Empress——
Theo. If! how much you sin,
Only to doubt it; the possession of her
Makes all that was before most precious to me,
Common and cheap: in this you've shewn yourself
A provident protectress. I already
Grow weary of the absolute command
Of my so numerous subjects, and desire
No sovereignty but here, and write down gladly
A period to my wishes.
Pul. Yet, before
It be too late, consider her condition;
Her father was a pagan, she herself
A new-converted Christian.
Theo. Let me know
The man to whose religious means I owe
So great a debt.
Paul. You are advanced too high, sir,
To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,
And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if
My service please your majesty
Theo. Take this pledge
Of our assured love. Are there none here
Have suits to prefer? on such a day as this
My bounty's without limit. O my dearest!——
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in
Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely:
Thou wouldst plead thy unworthiness. By thyself,
The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness
Our eastern queens, at their full height, bow to thee,
And are, in their best trim, thy foils and shadows!
Excuse the violence of my love, which cannot
Admit the least delay. Command the patriarch
With speed to do his holy office for us,
That, when we are made one——
Pul. You must forbear, sir;
She is not yet baptized.
Theo. In the same hour
In which she is confirmed in our faith,
We mutually will give away each other,
And both be gainers; we'll hear no reply
That may divert us. On.
Pul. You may hereafter
Please to remember to whose furtherance
You owe this height of happiness.
Athen. As I was
Your creature when I first petition'd you,
I will continue so, and you shall find me,
Though an empress, still your servant.
[*All go off, but* PHILANAX, GRATIANUS, *and* TIMANTUS.
Grat. Here's a marriage
Made up o' the sudden!
Phil. I repine not at
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princess
Had some peculiar end in't.
Tim. Who so simple
Only to doubt it?
Grat. It is too apparent;
She hath preferr'd a creature of her own,
By whose means she may still keep to herself
The government of the empire.
Tim. Whereas, if
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not
Keep her pre-eminence.
Phil. Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,
Turn all to the best!
Grat. Are we come to praying again?
Phil. Leave thy profaneness.
Grat. Would it would leave me!
I am sure I thrive not by it.
Tim. Come to the temple.
Grat. Even where you will—I know not what to think on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PAULINUS *and* PHILANAX.

Paul. Nor this, nor the age before us, ever look'd on
The like solemnity.
Phil. A sudden fever
Kept me at home. Pray you, my lord, acquaint me
With the particulars.
Paul. You may presume
No pomp nor ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was privilege to command, and means
To cherish rare inventions.
Phil. I believe it;
But the sum of all in brief.
Paul. Pray you, so take it:
Fair Athenais, not long since a suitor,

And almost in her hopes forsaken, first
Was christen'd, and the emperor's mother's name,
Eudocia, as he will'd, impos'd upon her;
Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,
Her godmothers.

Phil. And who the masculine witness?

Paul. At the new empress' suit, I had the honour;
For which I must ever serve her.

Phil. 'Twas a grace
With justice you may boast of.

Paul. The marriage follow'd;
And, as 'tis said, the emperor made bold
To turn the day to night; for to bed they went
As soon as they had dined, and there are wagers
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already
Begot a boy upon her.

Phil. That is yet
To be determined of; but I am certain
A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd,
Was never heard nor read of.

Paul. But of late,
Frugal and sparing, now nor bounds nor limits
To his magnificent bounties. He affirm'd
Having received more blessings by his empress
Than he could hope, in thankfulness to heaven
He cannot be too prodigal to others.
Whatever's offer'd to his royal hand,
He signs without perusing it.

Phil. I am here
Enjoin'd to free all such as lie for debt,
The creditors to be paid out of his coffers.

Paul. And I all malefactors that are not
Convicted or for treason or foul murder;
Such only are excepted.

Phil. 'Tis a rare clemency!

Paul. Which we must not dispute, but put in practice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Loud Music; Shouts within: Heaven preserve the Emperor! Heaven bless the Empress! *Then enter in state, the* Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS, PAULINUS, THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA; ARCADIA *and* FLACCILLA, *bearing up* EUDOCIA'S *train; followed by* PHILANAX, GRATIANUS, *and* TIMANTUS. *Several Suitors present petitions to the* Emperor, *which he seals.*

Pul. Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed
With moderation; but, when their excess
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from
The prince's just proportion, they lose
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,
Grow the most dangerous vices.

Theo. In this, sister,
Your wisdom is not circular; they that sow
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason
A crop beyond their ventures: what I do
Disperse, I lend, and will with usury
Return unto my heap. I only then
Am rich and happy (though my coffers sound
With emptiness) when my glad subjects feel
Their plenty and felicity is my gift;
And they will find, when they with cheerfulness
Supply not my defects, I being the stomach
To the politic body of the state, the limbs
Grow suddenly faint and feeble: I could urge
Proofs of more fineness in their shape and language,
But none of greater strength.—Dissuade me not;
What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you
Your care does not offend us, for an hour
Be happy in the converse of my best
And dearest comfort. May you please to license
My privacy some few minutes?

Eud. License, sir!
I have no will but is derived from yours,
And that still waits upon you; nor can I
Be left with such security with any
As with the gracious princess, who receives
Addition, though she be all excellence,
In being styled your sister.

Theo. O sweet creature!
Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,
Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—
Her love and sweet humility exact
A tribute far above my power to pay
Her matchless goodness. Forward.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* PULCHERIA, EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.

Pul. Now you find
Your dying father's prophecy, that foretold
Your present greatness, to the full accomplish'd,
For the poor aids and furtherance I lent you,
I willingly forget.

Eud. Even that binds me
To a more strict remembrance of the favour;
Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,
In any circumstance, ever find cause
To upbraid me with your benefit.

Pul. I believe so.
Pray you, give us leave:—[ARCADIA *and* FLACCILLA *walk aside.*]—What now I must deliver
Under the deepest seal of secrecy,
Though it be for your good, will give assurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Hear, but obey my counsels.

Eud. They must be
Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed
I put them not in practice.

Pul. 'Twere impertinence
To dwell on circumstances, since the wound
Requires a sudden cure; especially
Since you, that are the happy instrument
Elected to it, though young, in your judgment
Write far above your years, and may instruct
Such as are more experienced.

Eud. Good madam,
In this I must oppose you; I am well
Acquainted with my weakness, and it will not
Become your wisdom, by which I am raised
To this titulary height, that should correct
The pride and overweening of my fortune,
To play the parasite to it, in ascribing
That merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no interest: pray you, excuse
My bold simplicity, and to my weight
Design me where you please, and you shall find
In my obedience, I am still your creature.

Pul. 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The building I have raised: go on, sweet lady,
In this your virtuous progress: but to the point.
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquired that power which, not long since, was mine,
In governing the emperor, and must use
The strength you hold in the heart of his affections,
For his private, as the public preservation,
To which there is no greater enemy

Than his exorbitant prodigality,
Howe'er his sycophants and flatterers call it
Royal magnificence; and though you may
Urge what's done for your honour must not be
Curb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in
Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torrent
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, madam,
Since 'tis your duty, as you are his wife,
To give him saving counsels, and in being
Almost his idol, may command him to
Take any shape you please, with a powerful hand
To stop him in his precipice to ruin——

Eud. Avert it, heaven!

Pul. Heaven is most gracious to you,
In choosing you to be the instrument
Of such a pious work. You see he signs
What suit soever is preferr'd, not once
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself
A prey to all; I would, therefore, have you, lady,
As I know you will, to advise him, or command [him,
As he would reap the plenty of your favours,
To use more moderation in his bounties;
And that, before he gives, he would consider
The what, to whom, and wherefore.

Eud. Do you think
Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,
Of what is proper and peculiar
To every private husband, and much more
To him, an emperor, can rank with the obedience
And duty of a wife? Are we appointed
In our creation (let me reason with you)
To rule, or to obey? or, 'cause he loves me
With a kind impotence, must I tyrannize
Over his weakness, or abuse the strength
With which he arms me, to his wrong? or, like
A prostituted creature, merchandize
Our mutual delight for hire, or to
Serve mine own sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials
Priority is exploded, though there be
A difference in the parties; and shall I,
His vassal, from obscurity raised by him
To this so eminent light, presume t' appoint him
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When wives
Are well accommodated by their husbands,
With all things both for use and ornament,
Let them fix there, and never dare to question
Their wills or actions: for myself, I vow,
Though now my lord would rashly give away
His sceptre and imperial diadem,
Or if there could be anything more precious,
I would not cross it:—but I know this is
But a trial of my temper, and as such
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,
You are so subtle in your arguments
I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*

Pul. Is it even so?
I have power o'er these yet, and command their [stay,
To harken nearer to me.

Arcad. We are charged
By the emperor, our brother, to attend
The empress' service.

Flac. You are too mortified, sister,
(With reverence I speak it,) for young ladies
To keep you company. I am so tired
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,
Of your religious morality,
That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom
To enjoy a little of those pretty pleasures
That I was born to.

Arcad. When I come to your years,
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your pardon,
I'll lose no more time. I have not learn'd to dance
yet,
Nor sing, but holy hymns, and those to vile tunes
too;
Nor to discourse but of schoolmen's opinions.
How shall I answer my suitors, since, I hope,
Ere long I shall have many, without practice
To write, and speak, something that's not derived
From the fathers of philosophy?

Flac. We shall shame
Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.

Arcad. 'Tis for your credit that we study
How to converse with men; women with women
Yields but a barren argument.

Flac. She frowns——
But you'll protect us, madam?

Eud. Yes, and love
Your sweet simplicity.

Arcad. All young girls are so,
Till they know the way of it.

Flac. But, when we are enter'd,
We shall on a good round pace.

Eud. I'll leave you, madam.

Arcad. And we our duties with you.

[*Exeunt* EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.

Pul. On all hands
Thus slighted! no way left? Am I grown stupid
In my invention? can I make no use
Of the emperor's bounties?—Now 'tis thought:
within, there!

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Madam.

Pul. It shall be so: nearer; your ear.
—Draw a petition to this end. [*Whispers him.*

Att. Besides
The danger to prefer it, I believe
'Twill ne'er be granted.

Pul. How's this! are you grown,
From a servant, my director? let me hear
No more of this. Dispatch; [*Exit* Attendant.] I'll [master him
At his own weapon.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, *and* GRATIANUS.

Theo. Let me understand it,
If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect
A general happiness.

Paul. The people's joys
In seas of acclamations flow in,
To wait on yours.

Phil. Their love, with bounty levied,
Is a sure guard: obedience forced from fear,
Paper fortification, which, in danger,
Will yield to the impression of a reed,
Or of itself fall off.

Theo. True, Philanax;
And by that certain compass we resolve
To steer our bark of government.

Re-enter Attendant *with the petition, which he secretly delivers to* PULCHERIA.

Pul. 'Tis well. [*Kneels*

Theo. My dearest and my all-deserving sister
As a petitioner kneel! It must not be.
Pray you, rise; although your suit were half my [empire,
'Tis freely granted.

Pul. Your alacrity
To give hath made a beggar; yet, before

My suit is by your sacred hand and seal
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The sum of my request. [*Presents the petition.*
Theo. We will not wrong
Your judgment in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with caution; give me my signet:
With confidence I sign it, and here vow
By my father's soul, but with your free consent,
It is irrevocable.
Tim. What if she now,
Calling to memory how often we
Have cross'd her government, in revenge hath made
Petition for our heads?
Grat. They must even off then
No ransome can redeem us.
Theo. Let those jewels
So highly rated by the Persian merchants,
Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,
Presented to Eudocia, she being only
Worthy to wear them. I am angry with
The unresistible necessity
Of my occasions and important cares,
That so long keep me from her.
[*Exeunt* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, *and* GRATIANUS.
Pul. Go to the empress,
And tell her, on the sudden I am sick,
And do desire the comfort of a visit,
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use
Your humblest language— [*Exit* Attendant] but when once I have her
In my possession, I will rise and speak
In a higher strain: say it raise storms, no matter;
Fools judge by the event, my ends are honest.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter THEODOSIUS, TIMANTUS, *and* PHILANAX.

Theo. What is become of her? Can she, that carries
Such glorious excellence of light about her,
Be any where conceal'd?
Phil. We have sought her lodgings,
And all we can learn from the servants, is,
She, by your majesty's sisters waited on,
The attendance of her other officers,
By her express command, denied——
Theo. Forbear
Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she? speak.
Phil. As they guess, to the laurel grove.
Theo. So slightly guarded!
What an earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion assures the contrary,
The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs
Would make me fear I know not what.

Enter PAULINUS.

Paul. I have found her,
An it please your majesty.
Theo. Yes, it doth please me:
But why return'd without her?
Paul. As she made
Her speediest approaches to your presence,
A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria,
Encounter'd her: what 'twas he whisper'd to her
I am ignorant; but hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you
The third part of an hour.
Theo. In this she takes
So much of my life from me: yet, I'll bear it
With what patience I may, since 'tis her pleasure.
Go back, my good Paulinus, and entreat her
Not to exceed a minute.
Tim. Here's strange fondness! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PULCHERIA *and* Servants.

Pul. You are certain she will come?
1 *Serv.* She is already
Enter'd your outward lodgings.
Pul. No train with her?
1 *Serv.* Your excellence' sisters only.
Pul. 'Tis the better.
See the doors strongly guarded, and deny
Access to all, but with our special license:
Why dost thou stay? shew your obedience,
Your wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt* Servants.

Enter EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.

Flac. She is sick, sure,
Or, in fit reverence to your majesty,
She had waited you at the door.
Arcad. 'Twould hardly be [PULCHERIA *walking by.*
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal:
But with more difficulty to you, that are
So far above her.
Eud. Not in her opinion;
She hath been too long accustom'd to command,
To acknowledge a superior.
Arcad. There she walks.
Flac. If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not
The least infirmity in her.
Eud. This is strange.
Arcad. Open your eyes; the empress.
Pul. Reach that chair:
Now, sitting thus at distance, I'll vouchsafe
To look upon her.
Arcad. How, sister! pray you, awake;
Are you in your wits?
Flac. Grant, heaven, your too much learning
Does not conclude in madness!
Eud. You entreated
A visit from me.
Pul. True, my servant used
Such language; but now, as a mistress, I
Command your service.
Eud. Service!
Arcad. She's stark mad, sure.
Pul. You'll find I can dispose of what's mine [own,
Without a guardian.
Eud. Follow me.—I will see you
When your frantic fit is o'er.—I do begin
To be of your belief.
Pul. It will deceive you.
Thou shalt not stir from hence:—thus, as mine [own,
I seize upon thee.
Flac. Help, help! violence
Offer'd to the empress' person!
Pul. 'Tis in vain:
She was an empress once, but, by my gift;
Which being abused, I do recall my grant.
You are read in story; call to your remembrance
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.

Eud. A slave.
Pul. To me thou art so.
Eud. Wonder and amazement
Quite overwhelm me: how am I transform'd?
How have I lost my liberty? [*Knocking within.*
Pul. Thou shalt know
Too soon, no doubt.

Enter a Servant.

Who's that, that with such rudeness
Beats at the door?
Serv. The prince Paulinus, madam;
Sent from the emperor, to attend upon
The gracious empress.
Arcad. And who is your slave now?
Flac. Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon
For your presumption.
Pul. It is resolved:
From me return this answer to Paulinus,
She shall not come; she's mine; the emperor hath
No interest in her. [*Exit* Servant.
Eud. Whatsoe'er I am,
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield
A reason for this usage.
Pul. Though my will is
Sufficient, to add to thy affliction,
Know, wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly,
Hath made thee what thou art: 'tis some delight
To urge my merits to one so ungrateful;
Therefore with horror hear it. When thou wert
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,
Exposed to all calamities that want
Could throw upon thee, thine own brothers' scorn,
And in thy hopes, as by the world, forsaken,
My pity the last altar that was left thee,
I heard thy Syren charms, with feeling heard them,
And my compassion made mine eyes vie tears
With thine, dissembling crocodile! and when queens
Were emulous for thy imperial bed,
The garments of thy sorrows cast aside,
I put thee in a shape as would have forced
Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.
Then, when I knew my brother's blood was warm'd
With youthful fires, I brought thee to his presence;
And how my deep designs, for thy good plotted,
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparent,
And needs no repetition.
Eud. I am conscious
Of your so many and unequall'd favours;
But find not how I may accuse myself
For any facts committed, that, with justice,
Can raise your anger to this height against me.
Pul. Pride and forgetfulness would not let thee see that,
Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.
What injury could be equal to thy late
Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated
That you would use your power to give them limits,
Or, at the least, a due consideration
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it;
In opposition, you brought against me
The obedience of a wife, that ladies were not,
Being well accommodated by their lords,
To question, but much less to cross, their pleasures;
Nor would you, though the emperor were resolved
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,
Since 'twas done for your honour; covering, with
False colours of humility, your ambition.
Eud. And is this my offence?
Pul. As wicked counsel
Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;
Such as deny to follow what is good,
In reason, are the first that must repent it.
When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean time,
Thank your own wilful folly, that hath changed you
From an empress to a bondwoman.
Theo. [*within.*] Force the doors;
Kill those that dare resist.

Enter THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS, *and* GRATIANUS.

Eud. Dear sir, redeem me.
Flac. O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,
The empress, you so late loved, to be made
A prisoner in the court.
Arcad. Leap to his lips,
You'll find them the best sanctuary.
Flac. And try then,
What interest my reverend sister hath
To force you from them.
Theo. What strange May-game's this?
Though done in sport, how ill this levity
Becomes your wisdom?
Pul. I am serious, sir,
And have done nothing but what you in honour,
And as you are yourself an emperor,
Stand bound to justify.
Theo. Take heed; put not these
Strange trials on my patience.
Pul. Do not you, sir,
Deny your own act: As you are a man.
And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear
A childish weakness to make void a grant
Sign'd by your sacred hand and seal, and strengthen'd
With a religious oath, but with my license
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes
Let reason rule your passion, and in this
[*Delivers the deed.*
Be pleased to read my interest: you will find there
What you in me call violence, is justice,
And that I may make use of what's mine own,
According to my will. 'Tis your own gift, sir;
And what an emperor gives, should stand as firm
As the celestial poles upon the shoulders
Of Atlas, or his successor in that office,
The great Alcides.
Theo. Miseries of more weight
Than 'tis feigned they supported, fall upon me.
What hath my rashness done! In this transaction,
Drawn in express and formal terms, I have
Given and consign'd into your hands, to use
And observe as you please, my dear Eudocia!
It is my deed, I do confess it is,
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd:
But yet you may shew mercy—and you will,
When you consider that there is no beauty
So perfect in a creature, but is soil'd
With some unbeseeming blemish. You have labour'd
To build me up a complete prince, 'tis granted;
Yet, as I am a man, like other monarchs
I have defects and frailties: my facility
To send petitioners with pleased looks from me,
Is all I can be charged with: and it will
Become your wisdom, (since 'tis in your power,)
In charity to provide I fall no further
Or in my oath, or honour.

Pul. Royal sir,
This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory
At the length, you so conceive it: 'twas a weakness
To measure, by your own integrity,
The purposes of others. I have shewn you,
In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon
The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dangers
Precipitation, in the managing
Your great affairs, produceth.
Theo. I embrace it
As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter
Never to sign petitions at this rate.
Pul. For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd; on my knees
I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you. [*Tears the deed.*
She is my second gift.
Theo. Which if I part from
Till death divorce us—— [*Kisses* EUDOCIA.
Eud. So, sir!
Theo. Nay, sweet, chide not,
I am punish'd in thy looks; defer the rest,
Till we are more private.
Pul. I ask pardon too
If, in my personated passion, I
Appear'd too harsh and rough.
Eud. 'Twas gentle language,
What I was then consider'd.
Pul. O, dear madam,
It was decorum in the scene.
Eud. This trial,
When I was Athenais, might have pass'd,
But as I am the empress——
Theo. Nay, no anger,
Since all good was intended.
[*Exeunt* THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.
Pul. Building on
That certain base, I fear not what can follow. [*Exit.*
Paul. These are strange devices, Philanax.
Phil. True, my lord.
May all turn to the best!
Grat. The emperor's looks
Promised a calm.
Chry. But the vex'd empress' frowns
Presaged a second storm.
Paul. I am sure I feel one
In my leg already.
Phil. Your old friend, the gout?
Paul. My forced companion, Philanax.
Chry. To your rest.
Paul. Rest, and forbearing wine with a temperate diet,
Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,
I have found my best physicians.
Phil. Ease to your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EUDOCIA *and* CHRYSAPIUS.

Eud. Make me her property!
Chry. Your majesty
Hath just cause of distaste: and your resentment
Of the affront, in the point of honour, cannot
But meet a fair construction.
Eud. I have only
The title of an empress, but the power
Is by her ravish'd from me: she surveys
My actions as a governess, and calls
My not observing all that she directs,
Folly and disobedience.
Chry. Under correction,
With grief I've long observed it; and, if you
Stand pleased to sign my warrant, I'll deliver,
In my unfeign'd zeal and desire to serve you,
(Howe'er I run the hazard of my head for't,
Should it arrive at the knowledge of the princess,)
Not alone the reasons why things are thus carried,
But give into your hands the power to clip
The wings of her command.
Eud. Your service this way
Cannot offend me.
Chry. Be you pleased to know, then,
But still with pardon, if I am too bold
Your too much sufferance imps the broken feathers
Which carry her to this proud height, in which
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you:
But if you would employ the strengths you hold
In the emperor's affections, and remember
The orb you move in should admit no star else,
You never would confess, the managing
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,
And you sit by, a looker on.
Eud. I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her diminution, without a taint
Of foul ingratitude in myself.
Chry. In this
The sweetness of your temper does abuse you;
And you call that a benefit to yourself,
Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd upon you.
'Tis yielded, she gave way to your advancement:
But for what cause? that she might still continue
Her absolute sway and swing o'er the whole state;
And that she might to her admirers vaunt,
The empress was her creature, and the giver
To be preferr'd before the gift.
Eud. It may be.
Chry. Nay, 'tis most certain; whereas, would you please
In a true glass to look upon yourself,
And view, without detraction, your own merits,
Which all men wonder at, you would find that fate,
Without a second cause, appointed you
To the supremest honour. For the princess,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her remove
Will make your entrance free to the possession
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve
To build upon her ruins, leave the engines
That must be used to undermine her greatness,
To my provision.
Eud. I thank your care:
But a design of such weight must not be
Rashly determined of; it will exact
A long and serious consultation from me.
In the mean time, Chrysapius, rest assured
I live your thankful mistress. [*Exit*
Chry. Is this all?
Will the physic that I minister'd work no further

I have play'd the fool: and, leaving a calm port,
Embark'd myself on a rough sea of danger.
In her silence lies my safety, which how can I
Hope from a woman? but the die is thrown,
And I must stand the hazard. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Space before the Palace.*

Enter THEODOSIUS, PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, GRATIANUS, *and* Huntsmen.

Theo. Is Paulinus
So tortured with his gout?
Phil. Most miserably.
And it adds much to his affliction, that
The pain denies him power to wait upon
Your majesty.
Theo. I pity him:—he is
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,
I know, will grieve my empress.
Tim. He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious favour.
Theo. He deserves it;
She cannot find a subject upon whom
She better may confer it.—Is the stag
Safe lodged?
Grat. Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntsmen ready.
Phil. He will make you royal sport. He is a deer
Of ten, at the least.

Enter a Countryman *with an apple.*

Grat. Whither will this clown?
Tim. Stand back.
Countr. I would zee the emperor; why should you courtiers
Scorn a poor countryman? we zweat at the plough
To vill your mouths, you and your curs might starve else:
We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit;
Yet still you're snarling at us.
Theo. What's the matter?
Countr. I would look on thy zweet face.
Tim Unmannerly swain!
Countr. Zwain! though I am a zwain,, I have a heart yet,
As ready to do service for my leege,
As any princox peacock of you all.
Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this twig
I would so veeze you.
Tim. Will your majesty
Hear his rude language?
Theo. Yes, and hold it as
An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,
Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains [not
With an open ear to hear petitions from us;
Easy access in us, his deputies,
To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt
Which we stand bound to pay.
Countr. By my granam's ghost
'Tis a holesome zaying! our vicar could not mend it
In the pulpit on a zunday.
Theo. What's thy suit, friend?
Countr. Zute! I would laugh at that. Let the court beg from thee,
What the poor country gives: I bring a present
To thy good grace, which I can call mine own,
And look not, like these gay volk, for a return
Of what they venture. Have I giv'n't you? ha!
Chry. A perilous knave.
Countr. Zee here a dainty apple, [*Presents the apple.*
Of mine own graffing; zweet and zound, I assure thee.
Theo. It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.
Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,
So strangely guarded by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them;
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived
Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look
On this, deserve no wonder. You behold
The poor man and his present with contempt;
I to their value prize both: he that could
So aid weak nature by his care and labour,
As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear
A precious fruit of this large size and beauty,
Would by his industry change a petty village
Into a populous city, and from that
Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,
For an encouragement to his future labours,
Ten Attic talents.
Countr I will weary heaven
With my prayers for your majesty. [*Exit.*
Theo. Philanax,
From me present this rarity to the rarest
And best of women: when I think upon
The boundless happiness that from her flows to me,
In my imagination I am rapt
Beyond myself: but I forget our hunting.
To the forest, for the exercise of my body;
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken up
In the contemplation of her matchless virtues. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.

Eud. You shall know there's a difference between us.
Pul. There was, I am certain, not long since, when you
Kneel'd a petitioner to me; then you were happy
To be near my feet; and do you hold it, now,
As a disparagement, that I side you, lady?
Eud. Since you respect me only as I was,
What I am shall be remember'd.
Pul. Does the means
I practised, to give good and saving counsels
To the emperor, and your new-stamp'd majesty,
Still stick in your stomach?
Eud. 'Tis not yet digested,
In troth it is not. Why, good governess,
Though you are held for a grand madam, and your- [self
The first that overprize it, I ne'er took
Your words for Delphian oracles, nor your actions
For such wonders as you make them:—there is one,
When she shall see her time, as fit and able
To be made partner of the emperor's cares,
As your wise self, and may with justice challenge
A nearer interest.—You have done your visit,
So, when you please, you may leave me.
Pul. I'll not bandy
Words with your mightiness, proud one; only this,
You carry too much sail for your small bark,
And that, when you least think upon't, may sink you. [*Exit.*
Flac. I am glad she's gone.
Arcad. I fear'd she would have read
A tedious lecture to us.

Enter PHILANAX *with the apple.*

Phil. From the emperor.
This rare fruit to the rarest.
Eud. How, my lord!
Phil. I use his language, madam; and that trust,
Which he imposed on me, discnarged, his pleasure
Commands my present service. [*Exit.*
Eud. Have you seen
So fair an apple?
Flac. Never.
Arcad. If the taste
Answer the beauty.
Eud. Prettily begg'd:—you should have it,
But that you eat too much cold fruit, aud that
Changes the fresh red in your cheeks to paleness.

Enter a Servant.

I have other dainties for you:—You come from
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble,
And honest lord, my witness at the fount,
In a word, the man to whose bless'd charity
I owe my greatness? How is't with him?
Serv. Sprightly
In his mind; but, by the raging of his gout,
In his body much distemper'd; that you pleased
To inquire his health, took off much from his pain,
His glad looks did confirm it.
Eud. Do his doctors
Give him no hope?
Serv. Little; they rather fear,
By his continual burning, that he stands
In danger of a fever.
Eud. To him again,
And tell him, that I heartily wish it lay
In me to ease him; and from me deliver
This choice fruit to him; you may say to that,
I hope it will prove physical.
Serv. The good lord
Will be o'erjoy'd with the favour.
Eud. He deserves more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* PAULINUS' *House.*

PAULINUS *discovered in a Chair, attended by a* Surgeon.

Surg. I have done as much as art can do, to stop
The violent course of your fit, and I hope you feel it:
How does your honour?
Paul. At some ease, I thank you;
I would you could assure continuance of it,
For the moiety of my fortune.
Surg. If I could cure
The gout, my lord, without the philosopher's stone
I should soon purchase, it being a disease
In poor men very rare, and in the rich
The cure impossible. Your many bounties
Bid me prepare you for a certain truth,
And to flatter you were dishonest.
Paul. Your plain dealing
Deserves a fee. Would there were many more such
Of your profession! Happy are poor men!
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—
They, when spare diet, or kind nature fail
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at
Their rest in death: but, on the contrary,
The great and noble are exposed as preys
To the rapine of physicians; and they,
In lingering out what is remediless,
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health.
A thousand trials and experiments
Have been put upon me, and I forced to pay dear
For my vexation; but I am resolved
(I thank your honest freedom) to be made
A property no more for knaves to work on.—

Enter CLEON *with a parchment roll.*

What have you there?
Cle. The triumphs of an artsman
O'er all infirmities, made authentical
With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,
That were his patients.
Paul. Some empiric.
Cle. It may be so; but he swears, within three days
He'll grub up your gout by the roots, and make you able
To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.
Paul. Impossible.
Cle. Or, if you like not him——
Surg. Hear him, my lord, for your mirth; I will take order
They shall not wrong you.
Paul. Usher in your monster.
Cle. He is at hand.—March up: now speak for yourself.

Enter Empiric.

Emp. I come not, right honourable, to your presence, with any base and sordid end of reward; the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at: the charge of my most curious and costly ingredients frayed, amounting to some seventeen thousand crowns—a trifle in respect of health—writing your noble name in my catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfied.
Surg. I believe so.
Emp. For your own sake, I most heartily wish that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later aud more admired Paracelsus.
Paul. For your good wish, I thank you!
Emp. Take me with you, I beseech your good lordship.—I urged it, that your joy, in being certainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the greater, and my not-to-be-parallelled skill the more remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy, without boast be it said, my cradle-practice: The cancer, the fistula, the dropsy, consumption of lungs and kidneys, hurts in the brain, heart, or liver, are things worthy my opposition; but in the recovery of my patients I ever overcome them. But to your gout——
Paul. Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter To give credit to the rest.
Emp. Suppose it done, sir.
Surg. And the means you use, I beseech you?
Emp. I will do it in the plainest language, and discover my ingredients. First, my *boleni terebinthina* of Cypris, my manna, *ros cœlo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly yolks of eggs, with a little cyath or quantity of my potable elixir, with some few scruples of sassafras and guiacum, so taken every morning and evening, in the space of three days purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward causes of the virulent tumor.
Paul. Why do you smile?
Surg. When he hath done I will resolve you.
Emp. For my exterior applications, I have these balsum-unguentulums, extracted from herbs, plants, roots, seeds, gums, and a million of other vegeta

bles, the principal of which are, *Ulissipona*, or *serpentaria*, *sophia*, or *herba consolidarum*, *parthenium*, or *commanilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum*, *cum ossa paraleli*, *est universale medicamentum in podagra*.

Cle. A conjuring balsamum!

Emp. This applied warm upon the pained place, with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of paradise, which is everywhere to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.

Surg. An excellent receipt! but does your [lordship
Know what 'tis good for?

Paul. I would be instructed.

Surg. For the gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it
In a plainer phrase, the pox.

Emp. If it cure his lordship
Of that by the way, I hope, sir, 'tis the better.
My medicine serves for all things, and the pox, sir,
Though falsely named the sciatica, or gout,
Is the more catholic sickness.

Paul. Hence with the rascal!
Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and that
Frees him from punishment. [*They thrust him off.*

Surg. Such slaves as this
Render our art contemptible.

Enter Servant *with the apple.*

Serv. My good lord.

Paul. So soon return'd!

Serv. And with this present from
Your great and gracious mistress, with her wishes
It may prove physical to you.

Paul. In my heart
I kneel, and thank her bounty. Dear friend Cleon,
Give him the cupboard of plate in the next room,
For a reward.—[*Exeunt* CLEON *and* Servant.]—
Most glorious fruit! but made
More precious by her grace and love that sent it:
To touch it only, coming from her hand,
Makes me forget all pain. A diamond
Of this large size, (though it would buy a kingdom,)
Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet,
Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value,
Compared with this—and yet ere I presume
To taste it, though, sans question, it is
Some heavenly restorative, I in duty
Stand bound to weigh my own unworthiness.
Ambrosia is food only for the gods,
And not by human lips to be profaned.
I may adore it as some holy relic
Derived from thence, but impious to keep it
In my possession; the emperor only
Is worthy to enjoy it.—

Re-enter CLEON.

Go, good Cleon,
And (cease this admiration at this object,)
From me present this to my royal master,
I know it will amaze him; and excuse me
That I am not myself the bearer of it.
That I should be lame now, when with wings of [duty
I should fly to the service of this empress!
Nay, no delays, good Cleon.

Cle. I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter THEODOSIUS, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS, *and* GRATIANUS.

Chry. Are you not tired, sir?

Theo. Tired! I must not say so,
However, though I rode hard. To a huntsman,
His toil is his delight, and to complain
Of weariness, would shew as poorly in him
As if a general should grieve for a wound
Received upon his forehead, or his breast,
After a glorious victory. Lay by
These accoutrements for the chase.

Enter PULCHERIA.

Pul. You are well return'd, sir
From your princely exercise.

Theo. Sister, to you
I owe the freedom, and the use of all
The pleasures I enjoy: your care provides
For my security, and the burthen, which
I should alone sustain, you undergo,
And, by your painful watchings, yield my sleeps
Both sound and sure. How happy am I in
Your knowledge of the art of government!
And, credit me, I glory to behold you
Dispose of great designs, as if you were
A partner, and no subject of my empire.

Pul. My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
I am confident you allow of—yet it is not
Approved by all.

Theo. Who dares repine at that
Which hath our suffrage?

Pul. One that too well knows
The strength of her abilities can better
My weak endeavours.

Theo. In this you reflect
Upon my empress?

Pul. True: for, as she is
The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in
Your cares and absolute power.

Theo. You touch a string
That sounds but harshly to me; and I must,
In a brother's love advise you, that hereafter
You would forbear to move it: since she is
In her pure self a harmony of such sweetness,
Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty
(Though it might tempt a hermit from his beads)
The least of her endowments. I am sorry
Her holding the first place, since that the second
Is proper to yourself, calls on your envy.
She err! it is impossible in a thought:
And much more speak or do what may offend me.
In other things I would believe you, sister;
But, though the tongues of saints and angels tax'd her
Of any imperfection, I should be
Incredulous.

Pul. She is yet a woman, sir.

Theo. The abstract of what's excellent in the sex,
But to their mulcts and frailties a mere stranger;
I'll die in this belief.

Enter CLEON, *with the apple.*

Cle. Your humblest servant,
The lord Paulinus, as a witness of
His zeal and duty to your majesty,
Presents you with this jewel.

Cle. It is
Preferr'd by him——
Theo. Above his honour?
Cle. No, sir;
I would have said his patrimony.
Theo. 'Tis the same.
Cle. And he entreats, since lameness may excuse
His not presenting it himself, from me
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.
Theo. Further off,
You've told your tale. Stay you for a reward?
Take that. [*Strikes him.*
Pul. How's this?
Chry. I never saw him moved thus.
Theo. We must not part so, sir:—a guard upon him!

Enter Guard.

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,
Without discovery? Forbear the room!
[*Exeunt* PUL. CHRY. TIM. GRAT. *and* Guard *with* CLE.
Yet be within call—What an earthquake I feel in me!
And on the sudden my whole fabric totters.
My blood within me turns, and through my veins,
Parting with natural redness, I discern it
Changed to a fatal yellow. What an army
Of hellish furies, in the horrid shapes
Of doubts and fears, charge on me! rise to my rescue,
Thou stout maintainer of a chaste wife's honour,
The confidence of her virtues; be not shaken
With the wind of vain surmises, much less suffer
The devil Jealousy to whisper to me
My curious observation of that
I must no more remember. Will't not be?
Thou uninvited guest, ill-manner'd monster,
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to
Give fuel to that fire I would put out?
The goodness of my memory proves my mischief,
And I would sell my empire, could it purchase
The dull art of forgetfulness.—Who waits there?

Re-enter TIMANTUS.

Tim. Most sacred sir—
Theo. Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd,
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,
Without a word concerning this, command
Eudocia to come to me. [*Exit* TIM.] Would I had
Ne'er known her by that name, my mother's name,
Or that, for her own sake, she had continued
Poor Athenais still!—No intermission!
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,
Writ in the table of my memory,
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus
(Though ever thought a man averse to women)
First gave her entertainment, made her way
For audience to my sister?—then I did
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with
The gracious delivery of her story,
Which was, I grant, the bait that first took me, too;—
She was his convert; what the rhetoric was
He used, I know not; and, since she was mine,
In private as in public what a mass
Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon him!
And, but to-day, this fatal fruit—She's come.

Re-enter TIMANTUS *with* EUDOCIA, FLACCILLA, *and* ARCADIA.

Can she be guilty?
Eud. You seem troubled, sir;
My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause.
That I may ease you of it. No salute,
After four long hours' absence!
Theo. Prithee, forgive me.— [*Kisses her.*
Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips,
And the fresh nectar that I drew from thence
Is on the sudden pall'd.—How have you spent
Your hours since I last saw you?
Eud. In the converse
Of your sweet sisters.
Theo. Did not Philanax.
From me deliver you an apple?
Eud. Yes, sir;
Heaven, how you frown! pray you, talk of something else,
Think not of such a trifle.
Theo. How, a trifle!
Does any toy from me presented to you,
Deserve to be so slighted? do you value
What's sent, and not the sender? from a peasant
It had deserved your thanks.
Eud. And meets from you, sir,
All possible respect.
Theo. I prized it, lady,
At a higher rate than you believe; and would not
Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myself.
Eud. It was, indeed,
The fairest that I ever saw.
Theo. It was;
And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,
Not visible to the eye.
Eud. It may be so, sir.
Theo. What did you with it?—tell me punctually;
I look for a strict accompt.
Eud. What shall I answer? [*Aside.*
Theo. Do you stagger? Ha!
Eud. No, sir; I have eaten it.
It had the pleasant'st taste!—I wonder that
You found it not in my breath.
Theo. I'faith, I did not,
And it was wonderous strange.
Eud. Pray you, try again.
Theo. I find no scent of't here: you play with me;
You have it still?
Eud. By your sacred life and fortune,
An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.
Theo. Do you know how this oath binds?
Eud. Too well, to break it.
Theo. That ever man, to please his brutish sense,
Should slave his understanding to his passions,
And, taken with soon-fading white and red,
Deliver up his credulous ears to hear
The magic of a Syren; and from these
Believe there ever was, is, or can be,
More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!
Eud. This is strange language, sir.
Theo. Who waits? Come all.

Re-enter PULCHERIA, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS, GRATIANUS, *and* Guard.

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,
I fear you are infected too.
Pul. What mean you?
Theo. To shew you a miracle, a prodigy
Which Afric never equall'd:——Can you think
This masterpiece of heav'n, this precious vellum,

Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,
In capital letters, writ upon't?
Pul. Dear sir.
Theo. Nay, add to this, an impudence beyond
All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet?
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend thee
As small as atoms, that there may no sign
Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live
Till thou art blasted with the dreadful lightning
Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs
Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I
With my honour may conceal it.
Eud. Would long since
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!
Or, if I have offended——
Theo. If!——good angels!
But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser. [*Shewing the apple.*
Eud. Oh, I am lost!
Theo. Did ever cormorant
Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole,
As she hath done this apple? Philanax,
As 'tis, from me presented it: the good lady
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,
It came entire unto Paulinus' hands,
And I from him received it, sent in scorn,
Upon my life, to give me a close touch
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing
Left thee to fee him to give satisfaction
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent
As a dear favour from me? How have I sinn'd
In my dotage on this creature! but to her,
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be
True to her bed, but that I must feed high.
To strengthen my abilities to cloy
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting
She would desire a change.
Eud. I never did, sir.
Theo. Be dumb; I will not waste my breath in taxing
Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee
Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:
But for that ribald, who held in my empire
The next place to myself, so bound unto me
By all the ties of duty and allegiance,
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,
In a wrong of such high consequence, to pull down
His lord's slow anger on him!—Philanax,
He's troubled with the gout, let him be cured
With a violent death, and in the other world
Thank his physician.
Phil. His cause unheard, sir?
Pul. Take heed of rashness.
Theo. Is what I command
To be disputed?
Phil. Your will shall be done, sir:
But that I am the instrument——
Theo. Do you murmur? [*Exit* PHIL. *with* Guard.
What could'st thou say, if that my license should
Give liberty to thy tongue? [EUDOCIA *kneeling, points to* THEODOSIUS' *sword.*] thou wouldst die? I am not
So to be reconciled. See me no more:
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,
A long life be thy punishment! [*Exit.*
Flac. O sweet lady,
How I could weep for her!
Arcad. Speak, dear madam, speak.
Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you live
Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part
That stirs about you.
Pul. Though I should, sad lady,
In policy rejoice, you, as a rival
Of my greatness, are removed, compassion,
Since I believe you innocent, commands me
To mourn your fortune; credit me, I will urge
All arguments I can allege that may
Appease the emperor's fury.
Arcad. I will grow too,
Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,
And swear he will forgive you.
Flac. And repent too:
All this pother for an apple!
[*Exeunt* PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, *and* FLACCILLA.
Chry. Hope, dear madam,
And yield not to despair; I am still your servant,
And never will forsake you, though awhile
You leave the court and city, and give way
To the violent passions of the emperor.
Repentance, in his want of you, will soon find him:
In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and omit
No opportunity that may invite him
To see his error.
Eud. Oh! [*Wringing her hands.*
Chry. Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* PAULINUS' *House.*

Enter PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, *and* Executioners.

Paul. This is most barbarous! how have you lost
All feeling of humanity, as honour,
In your consent alone to have me used thus?
But to be, as you are, a looker on,
Nay, more, a principal actor in't, (the softness
Of your former life consider'd,) almost turns me
Into a senseless statue.
Phil. Would, long since,
Death, by some other means, had made you one,
That you might be less sensible of what
You have, or are to suffer!
Paul. Am to suffer!

Let such, whose happiness and heaven depend
Upon their present being, fear to part with
A fort they cannot long hold; mine to me is
A charge that I am weary of, all defences
By pain and sickness batter'd:—yet take heed,
Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private spleen,
Or any false-conceived grudge against me,
(Since in one thought of wrong to you I am
Sincerely innocent,) you do not that
My royal master must in justice punish,
If you pass to your own heart thorough mine;
The murder, as it will come out, discover'd.
Phil. I murder you, my lord! heaven witness for me,
With the restoring of your health, I wish you

Long life and happiness: for myself, I am
Compell'd to put in execution that
Which I would fly from; 'tis the emperor,
The high incensed emperor's will, commands
What I must see perform'd.

Paul. The emperor!
Goodness and innocence guard me! wheels nor racks
Can force into my memory the remembrance
Of the least shadow of offence, with which
I ever did provoke him. Though beloved,
(And yet the people's love is short and fatal,)
I never courted popular applause,
Feasted the men of action, or labour'd
By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,
The tribunes, or centurions to a faction,
Of which I would rise up the head against him.
I hold no place of strength, fortress or castle,
In my command, that can give sanctuary
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.
I have built no palaces to face the court,
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train;
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,
My competent means of life deserve no envy;
In what, then, am I dangerous?

Phil. His displeasure
Reflects on none of those particulars
Which you have mention'd, though some jealous princes
In a subject cannot brook them.

Paul. None of these!
In what, then, am I worthy his suspicion?
But it may, nay it must be, some informer,
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime,
Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.
'Tis not to die, but, in the censure of
So good a master, guilty, that afflicts me.

Phil. There is no remedy.

Paul. No!—I have a friend yet,
To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd,
(Could the strictness of your warrant give way to it,)
That, by fair intercession for me, would
So far prevail, that, my defence unheard,
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer
Without a fit distinction.

Phil. These false hopes,
My lord, abuse you. What man, when condemn'd,
Did ever find a friend? or who dares lend
An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject
On whom his sovereign frowns?

Paul. She that dares plead
For innocence without a fee, the empress,
My great and gracious mistress.

Phil. There's your error.
Her many favours, which you hoped should make you
Prove your undoing. She, poor lady, is
Banish'd for ever from the emperor's presence
And his confirm'd suspicion, to his wrong,
That you have been over-familiar with her,
Dooms you to death. I know you understand me.

Paul. Over-familiar!

Phil. In sharing with him
Those sweet and secret pleasures of his bed,
Which can admit no partner.

Paul. And is that
The crime for which I am to die? of all
My numerous sins, was there not one of weight
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not
The colour of a guilt I never saw,
To paint my innocence in a deform'd
And monstrous shape? but that it were profane
To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,
I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd
At my nativity such cursed influence,
As not alone to make me miserable,
But, in the neighbourhood of her goodness to me
To force contagion upon a lady,
Whose purer flames were not inferior
To theirs when they shine brightest! to die for her,
Compared with what she suffers, is a trifle.
By her example warn'd, let all great women
Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such
As truly serve them, since a retribution
In lawful courtesies is now styled lust;
And to be thankful to a servant's merits
Is grown a vice, no virtue.

Phil. These complaints
Are to no purpose: think on the long flight
Your better part must make.

Paul. She is prepared:
Nor can the freeing of an innocent
From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.
—It shall out, 'tis resolved; but to be whisper'd
To you alone. What a solemn preparation
Is made here to put forth an inch of taper,
In itself almost extinguish'd! mortal poison!
The hangman's sword! the halter!

Phil. 'Tis left to you
To make choice of which you please.

Paul. Any will serve
To take away my gout and life together.
I would not have the emperor imitate
Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy
He shew'd to Seneca. When you have discharged
What you are trusted with, and I have given you
Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,
Of the empress' and my innocence; when I am dead,
(Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high treason
In you not to obey it,) I conjure you,
By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter,
Since mine in this world are now parting from me,
That you would win the young man to repentance
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, Eudocia.
And if perchance he shed a tear for what
In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,
So it cure him of future jealousy,
'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me
When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please;
For I am ready.

Phil. His words work strangely on me,
And I would do—but I know not what to think on't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus, *and* Chrysapius.

Pul. Still in his sullen mood? no intermission
Of his melancholy fit?

Tim. It rather, madam,
Increases, than grows less.

Grat. In the next room
To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he, by signs,
Gave us to understand he would admit
Nor company nor conference.

Pul. Did he take
No rest, as you could guess?
Chry. Not any, madam.
Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,
And forced into a spacious cage, he walks
About his chamber; we might hear him gnash
His teeth in rage, which open'd, [illegible]
And murmurs issued from his lips, like winds
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth
Striving for liberty; and sometimes throwing
His body on his bed, then on the ground,
And with such violence, that we more than fear,
And still do, if the tempest of his passions
By your wisdom be not laid, he will commit
Some outrage on himself.
Pul. His better angel,
I hope, will stay him from so foul a murder!
Nor shall my care be wanting.
Tim. Twice I heard him
Say, *False Eudocia,* how much art thou
Unworthy of these tears! [illegible]
Roar'd out, *Paulinus,* [illegible]
To be prefer'd before my strength [illegible]
Then groan'd again, so [illegible]
The afflictions of a [illegible]
Who wept in vain [illegible]
Were sharers in his sufferings.
Pul. Though your [illegible]
Is not to be [illegible] from
The burthen of his [illegible]
With some fresh [illegible] his thoughts
From that they are wholly fix'd on.
Chry. Could I gain
The freedom of access, I would present him
With this petition—Will your highness please
To look upon it: you will soon find there
What my intents and hopes are.

Enter THEODOSIUS.

Grat. Ha! 'tis he.
Pul. Stand close,
And give way to his passions; 'tis not safe
To stop them in their violent course, before
They have spent themselves.
Theo. I play the fool, and am
Unequal to myself; delinquents are
To suffer, not the innocent. I have done
Nothing, which will not hold weight in the scale
Of my impartial justice: neither feel I
The worm of conscience upbraiding me
For one black deed of tyranny: wherefore, then,
Should I torment myself? Great Julius would not
Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,
But, only for suspicion of a crime,
Sued a divorce; *nor* was this Roman rigour
Censured as cruel: and still the wise Italian,
That knows the honour of his family
Depends upon the purity of his bed,
For a kiss, nay, wanton look, will plough up mischief,
And sow the seeds of his revenge in blood.
And shall I, to whose power the law's a servant,
That stand accountable to none, for what
My will calls an offence, being compell'd,
And on such grounds, to raise an altar to
My anger: though, I grant, it is cemented
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,
Repent the justice of my fury? No.
I should not: yet still my excess of love,
[illegible]
[illegible] though ever wounded,
And [illegible]
[illegible]
We may give [illegible] honours
[illegible]
As [illegible] and with this [illegible]
And [illegible] would persuade us to forget
That we are men: but He that sits above us,
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are
But pageant properties, derides our weakness;
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my sceptre? or restore
My mind to that tranquillity and peace
It then enjoy'd?—Can I make Eudocia chaste,
Or vile Paulinus honest?
Pul. If I might,
Without offence, deliver my opinion——
Theo. What would you say?
Pul. That, on my soul, the empress
Is innocent.
Chry. The good Paulinus guiltless.
Grat. And this should yield you comfort.
Theo. In being guilty
Of an offence far, far transcending that
They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a comfort?
Suppose it could be true,—a corsive rather,
Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify
What yet is sound. Was murder ever held
A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood
Of innocence, a balm to take away
Her festering anguish? As you do desire
I should not do a justice on myself,
Add to the proofs by which Paulinus fell,
And not take from them; in your charity
Sooner believe that they were false, than I

Unrighteous in my judgment? subjects' lives
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied
In sport away: all that I can endure
For them, if they were guilty, is an atom
To the mountain of affliction I pull'd on me,
Should they prove innocent.
Chry. For your majesty's peace,
I more than hope they were not: the false oath
Ta'en by the empress, and for which she can
Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields
A sure defence for your suspicion of her.
And yet, to be resolved, since strong doubts are
More grievous, for the most part, than to know
A certain loss——
Theo. 'Tis true, Chrysapius,
Were there a possible means.
Chry. 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you please to embrace it. Some few minutes
Make truce with passion, and but read, and follow
What's there projected,—[*Delivers him a paper.*]—you shall find a key
Will make your entrance easy, to discover
Her secret thoughts; and then, as in your wisdom
You shall think fit, you may determine of her;
And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died
A villain or a martyr.
Theo. It may do,
Nay, sure it must; yet, howsoe'er it fall,
I am most wretched. Which way in my wishes
I should fashion the event, I'm so distracted
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;
Though in my name all names are comprehended,
I must have witnesses in what degree
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.
Pul. Hope the best, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter EUDOCIA *in sackcloth, her hair loose.*

[*Sings.*] Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is, quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery;
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune
I sing my own dirge; would a requiem follow,
Which in my penitence I despair not of,
(This brittle glass of life already broken
With misery,) the long and quiet sleep
Of death would be most welcome!—Yet, before
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dare not
Enter their profane temples; and for me
To hope my passage to eternity
Can be made easy, till I have shook off
The burthen of my sins in free confession,
Aided with sorrow and repentance for them,
Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by
My royal ornaments, or putting on
This garment of humility and contrition,
The throwing dust and ashes on my head,
Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make
Atonement for my soul; that must be humbled,
All outward signs of penitence else are useless.
Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me
A holy man, from whom (having discover'd
My secret crying sins) I might receive
Full absolution—and he keeps his word.

Enter THEODOSIUS *disguised as a Friar, with* CHRYSAPIUS.

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees
I entertain you.
Theo. Noble sir, forbear
The place; the sacred office that I come for [*Exit* CHRYSAPIUS.
Commands all privacy. My penitent daughter,
Be careful, as you wish remission from me,
That, in confession of your sins, you hide not
One crime, whose ponderous weight, when you would make
Your flights above the firmament, may sink you.
A foolish modesty in concealing aught,
Is now far worse than impudence to profess
And justify your guilt, be therefore free;
So may the gates of mercy open to you!
Eud. First then, I ask a pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.
Theo. A good entrance.
Eud. Greatness comes from above, and I raised to it
From a low condition, sinfully forgot
From whence it came; and, looking on myself
In the false glass of flattery, I received it
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift
Or favour from the emperor.
Theo. 'Twas not well.
Eud. Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no more
Remembering the compassion of the princess,
And the means she used to make me what I was,
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing
Her greater light as it dimm'd mine, I practised
To have it quite put out.
Theo. A great offence;
But, on repentance, not unpardonable.
Forward.
Eud. O, father!—what I now must utter,
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,
Before you have absolved me.
Theo. Heaven is gracious;
Out with it.
Eud. Heaven commands us to tell truth,
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.
Theo. On what occasion?
Eud. Quite forgetting that
An innocent truth can never stand in need
Of a guilty lie, being on the sudden ask'd
By the emperor, my husband, for an apple
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;
When my grieved conscience too well knows I sent it
To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man
I truly loved and favour'd.
Theo. A cold sweat,
Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [*Aside.*
Eud. And from this
A furious jealousy getting possession
Of the good emperor's heart, in his rage he doom'd
The innocent lord to die; my perjury
The fatal cause of murder.

Theo. Take heed, daughter,
You niggle not with your conscience, and religion,
In styling him an innocent, from your fear
And shame to accuse yourself. The emperor
Had many spies upon you, saw such graces,
Which virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon him;
Glances in public, and more liberal favours
In your private chamber-meetings, making way
For foul adultery; nor could he be
But sensible of the compact pass'd between you,
To the ruin of his honour.
Eud. Hear me, father;
I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come
To add to my afflictions.
Theo. Cause not you
Your own damnation, in concealing that
Which may, in your discovery, find forgiveness.
Open your eyes; set heaven or hell before you;
In the revealing of the truth, you shall
Prepare a palace for your soul to dwell in,
Stored with celestial blessings; whereas, if
You palliate your crime, and dare beyond
Playing with lightning, in concealing it,
Expect a dreadful dungeon fill'd with horror,
And never-ending torments.
Eud. May they fall
Eternally upon me, and increase,
When that which we call Time hath lost its name!
May lightning cleave the centre of the earth,
And I sink quick, before you have absolved me,
Into the bottomless abyss, if ever,
In one unchaste desire, nay, in a thought,
I wrong'd the honour of the emperor's bed!
I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,
In that my fervour and desire to please him,
In my holy meditations press'd upon me,
And would not be kept out; now to dissemble,
When I shall suddenly be insensible
Of what the world speaks of me, were mere madness:
And, though you are incredulous, I presume,
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swoll'n with tears,
My hands heaved up thus, my stretch'd heart-strings ready
To break asunder, my incensed lord
(His storm of jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,
He would believe I lied not.
Theo. Rise, and see him. [*Discovers himself.*
On his knees, with joy affirm it.
Eud. Can this be?
Theo. My sisters, and the rest there!—All bear witness,

Enter PULCHERIA, ARCADIA, FLACCILLA, CHRYSAPIUS, TIMANTUS, *and* PHILANAX.

In freeing this incomparable lady
From the suspicion of guilt, I do
Accuse myself, and willingly submit
To any penance she in justice shall
Please to impose upon me.
Eud. Royal sir,
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.
Pul. But how you can make satisfaction to
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason
You must conclude impossible.
Theo. And in that
I am most miserable; the ocean
Of joy, which, in your innocence, flow'd high to me,
Ebbs in the thought of my unjust command,
By which he died. O, Philanax, (as thy name
Interpreted speaks thee,) thou hast ever been
A lover of the king, and thy whole life
Can witness thy obedience to my will,
In putting that in execution which
Was trusted to thee; say but yet this once,
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,
And that Paulinus lives, and thy reward
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
Shall centuple whatever yet thy duty
Or merit challenged from me.
Phil. 'Tis too late, sir:
He's dead; and, when you know he was unable
To wrong you in the way that you suspected,
You'll wish it had been otherwise.
Theo. Unable!
Phil. I am sure he was an eunuch, and might safely
Lie by a virgin's side; at four years made one,
Though to hold grace with ladies he conceal'd it.
The circumstances, and the manner how,
You may hear at better leisure.
Theo. How, an eunuch!
The more the proofs are that are brought to clear thee,
My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows.
Eud. That I am innocent?
Theo. That I am guilty
Of murder, my Eudocia. I will build
A glorious monument to his memory;
And, for my punishment, live and die upon it,
And never more converse with men.

Enter PAULINUS.

Paul. Live long, sir!
May I do so to serve you! and, if that
I live does not displease you, you owe for it
To this good lord.
Theo. Myself, and all that's mine.
Phil. Your pardon is a payment.
Theo. I am rapt
With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*
Arcad. Sacred sir,
I am happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleased, to move a suit, in which
My sister is join'd with me.
Theo. Prithee speak it;
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;—
I thank your good instructions. [*To* PULCHERIA
Arcad. 'Tis but this, sir:
We have observed the falling out and in
Between the husband and the wife shews rarely;
Their jars and reconcilements strangely take us.
Flac. Anger and jealousy that conclude in kisses,
Is a sweet war, in sooth.
Arcad. We therefore, brother,
Most humbly beg you would provide us husbands,
That we may taste the pleasure of't.
Flac. And with speed, sir;
For so your favour's doubled.
Theo. Take my word,
I will with all convenience; and not blush
Hereafter to be guided by your counsels:
I will deserve your pardon. Philanax
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent bounties
Fall on Chrysapius; my grace on all.
Let Cleon be deliver'd, and rewarded.
My grace on all, which as I lend to you,
Return your vows to heaven, that it may please,
As it is gracious, to quench in me
All future sparks of burning jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

We have reason to be doubtful, whether he,
On whom (forced to it from necessity)
The maker did confer his emperor's part,
Hath given you satisfaction, in his art
Of action and delivery; 'tis sure truth,
The burthen was too heavy for his youth
To undergo:—but, in his will, we know,
He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,
With his, our service, if your favours deign
To give him strength, hereafter to sustain
A greater weight. It is your grace that can
In your allowance of this, write him man
Before his time; which, if you please to do,
You make the player and the poet too.

THE FATAL DOWRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROCHFORT, *Ex-Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.*
CHARALOIS, *a noble Gentleman, Son to the deceased Marshal.*
ROMONT, *a brave Officer, Friend to* CHARALOIS.
NOVALL, Senior, *Premier President of the Parliament of Dijon.*
NOVALL, Junior, *his Son, in Love with* BEAUMELLE.
DU CROY, *President of the Parliament of Dijon.*
CHARMI, *an Advocate.*
BEAUMONT, *Secretary to* ROCHFORT.
PONTALIER, } *Friends of* NOVALL, Junior.
MALOTIN, }
LILADAM, *a Parasite, dependent on* NOVALL, Junior.
AYMER, *a Singer and Keeper of a Music-House, also dependent on* NOVALL, Junior.
Advocates.
Three Creditors.
A Priest.
Tailor.
Barber.
Perfumer.
Page.

BEAUMELLE, *Daughter to* ROCHFORT.
FLORIMEL, } *Servants to* BEAUMELLE; *the latter*
BELLAPERT, } *the secret Agent of* NOVALL, Jun.

Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler, Bailiffs, Servants.

SCENE,—DIJON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a paper*, ROMONT, *and* CHARMI.

Char. Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.
Rom. Why think you so, sir?
Char. 'Cause I am familiar
With what will be their answer: they will say,
'Tis against law; and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion.
Rom. You know not, sir,
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law;
And therefore frame not you their answer for them,
But do your parts.
Char. I love the cause so well,
As I could run the hazard of a check for't.
Rom. From whom?
Char. Some of the bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the office that they sit for:
But give me, sir, my fee.
Rom. Now you are noble. [*Gives him his purse.*
Char. I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it,
Than I shall do with pleading.
Rom. What may it be, sir?
Char. That it would please his lordship, as the presidents
And counsellors of court come by, to stand
Here, and but shew himself, and to some one
Or two, make his request:—there is a minute,
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.
Rom. I have urged that.

Enter ROCHFORT *and* DU CROY.

Char. Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit.*
Rom. Now, put on your spirits.
Du Croy. The ease that you prepare yourself my lord,
In giving up the place you hold in court,
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,
And that no slight one.
Roch. Pray you, sir, no more.
Rom. Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means, their looks,
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose:—this such a dullness.
So foolish and untimely, as——
Du Croy. You know him?
Roch. I do; and much lament the sudden fall
Of his brave house. It is young Charalois,
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
Rom. Ha! they name you.
Du Croy. His father died in prison two days since.
Roch. Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble, and so highly meriting
From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sums he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.
Rom. Dare you ever
Hope for like opportunity?

Du Croy. My good lord!
[*They salute him as they pass by.*
Roch. My wish bring comfort to you!
Du Croy. The time calls us.
Roch. Good morrow, colonel!
[*Exeunt* ROCHFORT *and* DU CROY.
Rom. This obstinate spleen,
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits; but, grant me wit or judgment,
And, by the freedom of an honest man,
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,
No, though the ribands help, have power to work them
To what you would: for those that had no eyes
To see the great acts of your father, will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their duties.
Charal. If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel; since, if they partake
The understanding and the hearts of men,
They will prevent my words and tears: if not,
What can persuasion, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever
The memory of that happy age, when justice
Had no guards to keep off wrong'd innocence
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of redress! where now, Romont,
The damn'd with more ease may ascend from hell,
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,
Must hope for no access: why should I, then,
Attempt impossibilities; you, friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means
To make my entrance that way?
Rom. Would I were not!
But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,
Of such necessity, not to be deferr'd,
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within
The house where she was born, ever spake word
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,
And force corruption to give back the hire
It took against her. Let examples move you.
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,
They would disdain for servants.
Charal. And to these
Can I become a suitor?
Rom. Without loss:
Would you consider, that, to gain their favours,
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness.
Be therefore won to use the means that may
Advance your pious ends.
Charal. You shall o'ercome.
Rom. And you receive the glory. Pray you now practise.
Charal. 'Tis well.

Enter NOVALL, *senior*, Advocates, LILADAM, *and three* Creditors.

[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me!
Rom. You must have patience——
Offer it again.
Charal. And be again contemn'd!
Nov. sen. I know what's to be done.
1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.
Nov. sen. One word more of this,
I am your enemy. Am I a man
Your bribes can work on? ha?
Lilad. Friends, you mistake [*Aside to* Cred.
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this,
But I, as one in favour, in his sight
May hearken to you for my profit.—Sir!
Pray hear them.
Nov. sen. It is well.
Lilad. Observe him now.
Nov. sen. Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.
2 *Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged unto us three
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death
We are defeated of: for which great loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh;
Nor is that cruelty.
1 *Cred.* I have a son
That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour
I would divert him from; and I am told,
That if I minister to him, in his drink,
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.
Nov. sen. You shew in it
A father's care. I have a son myself,
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;
And, but I am assured he's not so given,
He should take of it too.
Charal. Sir! [*Tenders his petition.*
Nov. sen. What are you?
Charal. A gentleman.
Nov. sen. So are many that rake dunghills.
If you have any suit, move it in court:
I take no papers in corners. [*Exit.*
Rom. Yes,
As the matter may be carried—and whereby—
To manage the conveyance——Follow him.
Lilad. You are rude: I say he shall not pass.
[*Exeunt* CHARALOIS *and* Advocates.
Rom. You say so!
On what assurance?
For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,
Picking his toes, or any office else
Nearer to baseness!
Lilad. Look upon me better;
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?
Be well advised.
Rom. Out, rogue! do not I know
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dunghill
Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,
I would do more than this,—[*Beats him.*]—more, you court-spider!

Lilad. But that this man is lawless, he should
That I am valiant. [find
1 *Cred.* If your ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.
2 *Cred.* These chastisements as useful are as
To such as would grow rich. [frequent,
Rom. Are they so, rascals?
I will befriend you, then. [*Kicks them.*
1 *Cred.* Bear witness, sirs!
Lilad. Truth, I have borne my part already, friends:
In the court you shall have more. [*Exit.*
Rom. I know you for
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;
And then, the devil your father's call'd upon,
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.
Be gone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on—
Without a murmur, or I will undo you;
For I will beat you honest.
1 *Cred.* Thrift forbid!
We will bear this, rather than hazard that.
[*Exeunt* Creditors.

Re-enter CHARALOIS.

Rom. I am somewhat eased in this yet.
Char. Only friend,
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride, from my humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determined
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the glory they expect
From my submiss entreaties.
Rom. Think not so, sir:
The difficulties that you encounter with
Will crown the undertaking—heaven! you weep:
And I could do so too, but that I know
There's more expected from the son and friend
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hang'd,
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,
Let us not do like women. To the court,
And there speak like your birth: wake sleeping
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort [justice,
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve
Your thanks, or suffer with you—O how bravely
That sudden fire of anger shews in you!
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROCHFORT, NOVALL senior, Presidents, CHARMI, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, Advocates, *three* Creditors, *and* Officers.

Du Croy. Your lordships seated, may this meeting prove
Prosperous to us, and to the general good
Of Burgundy!
Nov. sen. Speak to the point.
Du Croy. Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,
Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,
In which he hath with such integrity
Perform'd the first and best parts of a judge,
That, as his life transcends all fair examples
Of such as were before him in Dijon,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.
Roch. I may not sit to hear this.
Du Croy. Let the love
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
In this o'ercome your modesty.
Roch. My thanks
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble.
The honourable trust that was imposed
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of
The little strength I had to govern well
The province that I undertook, forsake it.
Nov. sen. That we could lend you of our years!
Du Croy. Or strength!
Nov. sen. Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!
Roch. That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness,
Since your employments have conferr'd upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:
And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,
Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches,
In me it is not so. I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess:
And, that I may have liberty to use
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so.

Enter ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS.

Rom. See, sir, our advocate.
Du Croy. The court entreats
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,
Which you would have your successor, and, in me,
All promise to confirm it.
Roch. I embrace it
As an assurance of their favour to me,
And name my lord Novall.
Du Croy. The court allows it.
Roch. But there are suitors wait here, and their
May be of more necessity to be heard; [causes
I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,
And theirs have hearing.
Du Croy. If your lordship please [*To* Nov. sen.
To take the place, we will proceed.
Char. The cause
We come to offer to your lordships' censure,
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;
Since to the praise of your impartial justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not
It will erect a trophy of your mercy, [scandal)
Which married to that justice——

Nov. sen. Speak to the cause.
Char. I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,
The father of this young lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service,
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men, (I will not wrong their credits,
By giving them the attributes they now merit,)
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,
Imprison'd at their suit; and, not long after,
With loss of liberty, ended his life.
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on;
Denying him the decent rites of burial,
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity
May give allowance to.
Nov. sen. How long have you, sir,
Practised in court?
Char. Some twenty years, my lord.
Nov. sen. By your gross ignorance, it should appear,
Not twenty days.
Char. I hope I have given no cause
In this, my lord.
Nov. sen. How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act, confirm'd
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes:
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,
Over the place you plead at.
Char. I foresaw this.
Rom. Why, does your lordship think the moving of
A cause more honest than this court had ever
The honour to determine, can deserve
A check like this?
Nov. sen. Strange boldness!
Rom. 'Tis fit freedom:
Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold
His credit with the judge, unless he study
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?
Char. Forbear.
Rom. Or cannot you, that have the power
To qualify the rigour of the laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditors,
Against the o'erthrown debtor?
Nov. sen. Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?
Rom. Why, I'll tell thee,
Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,
A corrupt elder.
Char. Forbear.
Rom. The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and those eyes,
That meet no object so base as their master,
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss,
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better
Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.
Nov. sen. Shall such an insolence pass unpunish'd!
Char. Hear me.
Rom. Yet I, that, in my service done my country,
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,
Confess myself unworthy to be valued
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,
Perform'd against the subtle fox of France,
The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.
Nov. sen. Away with him to prison.
Rom. If that curses,
Urged justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell
On those that did deserve them, let not mine
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them.
And for denying of a little earth
To cover what remains of our great soldier,
May all your wives prove whores, your factors thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,
Which men and all the elements keep from thee!
—I have begun well; imitate, exceed.
[*Aside to* CHARALOIS.
Roch. Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed. [*Exeunt Officers with* ROMONT.
Du Croy. Remember what we are.
Charal. Thus low my duty
Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,
In the few words with which I am to trouble
Your lordship's ears, the temper that you wish me;
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts as loud,
And with a liberty beyond Romont;
But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,
Would seem to most rather a willingness
To quit the burthen of a hopeless life,
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise
To your severity, and commend the justice
That will not, for the many services
That any man hath done the commonwealth,
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father
Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,
By numbering that day no part of his life,
In which he did not service to his country;
Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws
And ceremonious form in your decrees!
Or else, because he did as much as man,
In those three memorable overthrows
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master,
The warlike Charalois, (with whose misfortunes
I bear his name,) lost treasure, men, and life,
To be excused from payment of those sums
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
To serve his country forced him to take up!
Nov. sen. The precedent were ill.
Charal. And yet, my lord, this much,
I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

Re-enter Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace;
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison.
Du Croy. 'Twas his fault
To be so prodigal.
Nov. sen. He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.
Charal. Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,
Are thrifty in the charges of the war——
But your wills be obey'd. To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They're only good men that pay what they owe.
2 *Cred.* And so they are.
1 *Cred.* It is the city doctrine:
We stand bound to maintain it.
Charal. Be constant in it;
And since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought
In you, to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison;
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loath'd embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble ancestors lie intomb'd,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life; in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be released.
1 *Cred.* What mean you, sir?
2 *Advo.* Only your fee again: there's so much said
Already in this cause, and said so well,
That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should be or not heard, or laugh'd at for it.
1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave back,
Though he said nothing.
Roch. Be advised, young lord,
And well considerate; you throw away
Your liberty and joys of life together:
Your bounty is employ'd upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues
Of your dead father vindicate themselves
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
Though it contain his body.
Nov. sen. Let him alone:
If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them;
Provided these consent.
Charal. I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,
And curses, for their barbarous cruelties.
3 *Cred.* What think you of the offer?
2 *Cred.* Very well.
1 *Cred.* Accept it by all means. Let's shut him up:
He is well shaped, and has a villainous tongue,
And, should he study that way of revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,
We have no wives, nor never shall get daughters,
That will hold out against him.
Du Croy. What's your answer?
2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.
1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions
That lie upon the father, be returned
Upon the son, and we release the body.
Nov. sen. The court must grant you that.
Charal. I thank your lordships.
They have in it confirm'd on me such glory
As no time can take from me: I am ready,
Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.
[*Exeunt* CHARALOIS, CHARMI, Officers, *and* Creditors
Nov. sen. Strange rashness!
Roch. A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no further.
Du Croy. There is nothing
The court can grant, but with assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.
Roch. You encourage
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't'as been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon, that parted with it: and, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.
Du Croy. Speak it freely.
Roch. I then desire the liberty of Romont,
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong
Was equal to the injury that was done
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,
And now sign his enlargement.
Nov. sen. Pray you demand
The moiety of my estate, or any thing
Within my power, but this.
Roch. Am I denied then
My first and last request?
Du Croy. It must not be.
2 *Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.
3 *Pre.* And I.
And if persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our power.
Nov. sen. You are too violent;
You shall have my consent: but would you had
Made trial of my love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—but it skills not:
You have what you desire.
Roch. I thank your lordships.
Du Croy. The court is up. Make way.
[*Exeunt all but* ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.
Roch. I follow you.
Beaumont!
Beau. My lord.

Roch. You are a scholar, Beaumont;
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois, to you?
Beau. It is my wonder,
Since I want language to express it fully:
And sure the colonel——
Roch. Fie! he was faulty.
What present money have I?
Beau. There's no want
Of any sum a private man has use for.
Roch. 'Tis well:
I am strangely taken with this Charalois.
Methinks, from his example the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Prison.*

Enter Pontalier, Malotin, *and* Beaumont.

Mal 'Tis strange.
Beau. Methinks so.
Pont. In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic
In all humanity, and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier; that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.
Mal. Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
Beau. Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than 's son; the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
Pont. But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture; considering
These monies borrow'd bought the lender's peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?
Beau. True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free-will, as in his, to shun it.
Pont. Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:
For, in this partial avaricious age,
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago,
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days,
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.
Mal. This morning is the funeral?
Pont. Certainly,
And from this prison,—'twas the son's request,
That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave!
Beau. They come:—observe their order.

Solemn music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a Priest. Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, *and* Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, *&c. and very good order.* Romont *and* Charalois, *followed by the* Gaolers *and* Officers, *with* Creditors, *meet it.*

Charal. How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly, with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe
[*To the* Bearers, *who set down the Coffin.*
To stay awhile.—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love.
[*To the* Soldiers.
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath;
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.
Pont. Sir.
Charal. Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine.
What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont weeps!——
Ha! let me see!—my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves!
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive, stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,
Though rapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume!
1 Cred. Sir.
Charal. What? away, for shame! you, profane rogues,

Must not be mingled with these holy relics;
This is a sacrifice:—our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;
Your tears would spring but weeds.
1 *Cred.* Would they so!
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.
Rom. No, keep them
For your own sins, you rogues, till you repent;
You'll die else, and be damn'd.
2 *Cred.* Damn'd!—ha! ha! ha!
Rom. Laugh ye?
3 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad
To please you either way.
1 *Cred.* You are ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.
Rom. Both with a birth, ye rogues?
2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.
Rom. Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.
1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir! what would you? you're so choleric:
2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, i'faith?—let him alone.
They have little else to live on. We've not had
A penny of him, have we?
3 *Cred.* 'Slight! would you have our hearts?
1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in durance,
For all our money.
Priest. On.
Charal. One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together!
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew
Among the poor; 'tis all I have. Romont——
Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves:
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven!——
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.
This would I wear as my inheritance——
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep, or redeem, me from all infamy.

A DIRGE TO SOLEMN MUSIC.

1 *Cred.* No further; look to them at your own peril.
2 *Cred.* No, as they please: their master's a good man.——
I would they were at the Bermudas!
Gaol. You must no further.
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.
Rom. Out, you wolvish mongrels!
Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poison a whole town.
Charal. They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills perforce,
Turn now to charity: they would not have us
Walk too far mourning; usurer's relief
Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* ROCHFORT'S *House.*

Enter BEAUMELLE, FLORIMEL, *and* BELLAPERT.

Beaumel. I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do women marry?

Flor. Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with their husbands.

Bell. You are a fool. She lies, madam; women marry husbands, to lie with other men.

Flor. 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you, if you take delight in her license.

Beaumel. 'Tis true, Florimel; and thou wilt make me too good for a young lady. What an electuary found my father out for his daughter, when he compounded you two my women! for thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting-gentlewoman——

Flor. And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

Bell. Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom, whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip out, you know——

Flor. Well, said, whirligig.

Bell. You are deceived; I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs; go, go, govern the sweetmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a day, and as I take it, you have performed your function.

Flor. I may be even with you.

Bell. Hark! the court's broke up. Go, help my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head till dinner time.

Flor. Well. [*Exit.*

Bell. Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maidenhead, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why, there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

Beaumel. Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause
That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.
Bell. Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live,
One way or other you shall crown your will.
Would you have him your husband that you love,
And can it not be? he is your servant, though,
And may perform the office of a husband.
Beaumel. But there is honour, wench.
Bell. Such a disease
There is indeed, for which ere I would die——
Beaumel. Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

Bell. 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

Beaumel. What is a husband?

Bell. Physic, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he pleases; the last shall lie

with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love after?

Beaumel. I would meet love and marriage both at once.

Bell. Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemn'd: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

Beaumel. Humph!

Bell. Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

Enter NOVALL junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER.

Nov jun. Best day to nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!——
See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.

Bell. O, divine lord!

Nov. jun. No autumn nor no age ever approach
This heavenly piece; which nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair!

Lilad. Uds-light! my lord, one of the purls of your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

Nov. jun. How! I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

Bell. Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed that could deny thee anything.

Beaumel. Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but blow the fire,
That flames too much already.

[LILADAM *and* AYMER *trim* NOVALL, *while* BELLAPERT *dresses her lady.*

Aym. By gad, my lord, you have the divinest tailor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

Pont. This is a three-legg'd lord; there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

Malot. What are these?

Pont. One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music-house. The other is his dressing-block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo, and all night in——

Malot. A bawdyhouse.

Pont. If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm: they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

Malot. Good sir, tell me one thing.

Pont. What's that?

Malot. Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

Pont. Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

Nov. jun. Mistress, you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

Mal. And lord Charalois
Undone for ever.

Pont. Troth, 'tis pity, sir.
A braver hope of so assured a father,
Did never comfort France.

Lilad. A good dumb mourner.

Aym. A silent black.

Nov. jun. Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

Lilad. His colonel looks finely like a drover—

Nov. jun. That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

Aym. What, he that wears a clout about his neck,
His cuff's in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

Nov. jun. Now, out upon him!

Beaumel. Servant, tie my hand. [NOV. jun. *kisses her hand.*
How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay
Tribute to hands, when lips are in the way!

Nov. jun. I thus recant; [*Kisses her.*] yet now your hand looks white,
Because your lips robb'd it of such a right.
Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress.

MUSIC,—AND A SONG BY AYMER.

Enter ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMONT.

Beau. Romont will come, sir, straight.

Roch. 'Tis well.

Beaumel. My father!

Nov. jun. My honourable lord.

Roch. My lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;
So early up and ready before noon,
That are the map of dressing through all France!

Nov. jun. I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.

Roch. 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give me leave,—
I have some private conference with my daughter;
Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

Lilad. We'll wait on you.

Nov. jun. Good morn unto your lordship!
Remember, what you have vow'd— [*Aside to* BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. Perform I must.
[*Exeunt all but* ROCHFORT *and* BEAUMELLE.

Roch. Why, how now, Beaumelle? thou look'st not well.
Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have found
A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits:
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.
Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk; I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

Beaumel. Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,
Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.
[*Aside, and exit.*

Enter ROMONT *and* Gaoler.

Rom. Sent you for me, sir?
Roch. Yes.
Rom. Your lordship's pleasure?
Roch. Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcom-
Upon my word.—Sit down, good colonel. [ing,
[*Exit* Gaoler.
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;
To pity, and to counsel you submit
With expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly.
Rom. Reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall,
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments and shame.
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!——
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,
Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,
And bears as rich caparisons. I know
This elephant carries on his back not only
Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,
And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd
Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices, [trunk,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;
And therefore ask this camel, if these blessings
(For so they would be understood by a man)
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor,
In a just business? nay, does he not cross
Every deserved soldier and scholar,
As if, when nature made him, she had made
The general antipathy of all virtue?
How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Touching the general, the brave general dead!
I must weep when I think on't.
Roch. Sir.
Rom. My lord,
I am not stubborn; I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life:
For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file
To polish roughest customs; and, in you,
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep.
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary!
Roch. Oh! be temperate.
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:
Each man's opinion freely is his own
Concerning any thing, or any body;
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Beau. These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.
Roch. Pay them those sums upon the table; take
Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness.
Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid;
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plain.
Rom. I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends. [*Exeunt* ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Enter CHARALOIS.

Roch. Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois.
No man but has or must bury a father.
Charal. Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,
Should die alike.
Roch. They do not.
Charal. In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,
And therein differ not:—but I have done.
I spied the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes: See,—foolish that I am,
To let it do so!
Roch. Sweet and gentle nature!
How silken is this well, comparatively
To other men! [*Aside.*] I have a suit to you, sir.
Charal. Take it, 'tis granted.
Roch. What?
Charal. Nothing, my lord.
Roch. Nothing is quickly granted.
Charal. Faith, my lord,
That nothing granted is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.
Roch. Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant
You something, anything.
Charal. Nay, surely, I that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No man will grant me anything I sue for,
But begging nothing, every man will give it.
Roch. Sir!
The love I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you:—and tender here,
[*Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with money and jewels upon it.*
Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.—
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,
Or send your servants: nor, sir, shall you use,
In aught of this, a poor man's fee, or bribe
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.
Charal. How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to
Roch. Mock! thunder strike me then! [mock!
Charal. You do amaze me:
But you shall wonder too. I will not take
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging,
Is Romont's liberty.

Re-enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT, *with* Creditors.

Roch. Here is your friend,
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you;
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
As free a man as he. Your father's debts
Are taken off.

Charal. How!

Rom. Sir, it is most true;
I am the witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship! I did think him wiser.

3 *Cred.* He a statesman! he an ass. Pay other men's debts!

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.

Rom. One more such
Would save the rest of pleaders.

Charal. Honour'd Rochfort——
Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks,
That offer thanks in words, for such great deeds.

Roch. Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you, [*Exit* BEAUMONT.
Would you requite me.

Rom. With his life, I assure you.

Roch. Nay, would you make me now your debtor, sir——

Re-enter BEAUMONT *with* BEAUMELLE.

This is my only child: what she appears,
Your lordship well may see: her education
Follows not any; for her mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope
It will continue so. If now her birth
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so;
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty name to yours,
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.

Charal. Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!
Why, you precipitate me more in debt,
That nothing but my life can ever pay.
This beauty being your daughter, in which YOURS
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.

Rom. Sure, I sleep not.

Roch. Your sentence—life or death.

Charal. Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?

Beaumelle. Yes, my lord.

Enter NOVALL Junior, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER. *They all salute.*

Charal. You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.

Nov. jun. What's this change? [*Aside.*

Roch. You meet my wishes, gentlemen.

Rom. What make
These dogs in doublets here?

Beau. A visitation, sir.

Charal. Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,
Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men!
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall loose.
And let these tears, an emblem of our loves,
Like crystal rivers individually
Flow into one another, make one source,
Which never man distinguish, less divide!
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future life shall be a wooing time,
And every day new as the bridal one.
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,
More than my father's bones under his wrongs:
You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf
Of this his country's foul ingratitude,
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.

Roch. No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten
This celebration.

Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau. All fair bliss upon it!
[*Exeunt* ROCHFORT, CHARALOIS, ROMONT, BEAUMONT, *and* MALOTIN.

Nov. jun. [*As* BEAUMELLE *is going out.*] Mistress!

Beaumel. Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—
You will undo me, if you speak again. [*Exit.*

Lilad. Aym. Here will be sport for you! this works. [*Exeunt.*

Nov. jun. Peace! peace!

Pont. One word, my lord Novall.

Nov. jun. What, thou wouldst money?—there!

Pont. No, I will none; I'll not be bought a slave,
A pander, or a parasite, for all
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies: that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's,
And such a man's, so good, so popular!
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
The benefits you have done me are not lost,
Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my heart;
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way,
Than to defend your vices, or to sooth them.

Nov. jun. Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?—
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit.*

Pont. No more but scorn!
Move on then, stars, work your pernicious will:
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

[*Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of* CHARALOIS *with* BEAUMELLE, *&c.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter NOVALL Junior, *and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Fly not to these excuses; thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said
Ungrateful, all is spoken.

Bell. Good my lord,
But hear me only.

Nov. jun. To what purpose, trifler?

Can anything that thou canst say make void
The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream,
Which Charalois, oh Venus! hath enjoy'd?
Bell. I yet could say that you receive advantage
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me;
That you were never in the way, till now,
With safety to arrive at your desires;
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended
By danger or repentance.
Nov. jun. That I could
But apprehend one reason how this might be!
Hope would not then forsake me.
Bell. The enjoying
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.
Nov. jun. Give some relish
How this may appear possible.
Bell. I will,
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married,—I confess it;
That Charalois hath enjoy'd her;—'tis most true:
That, with her, he's already master of
The best part of my old lord's state—still better.
But, that the first or last should be your hinderance,
I utterly deny; for, but observe me;
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,
What courtesy could she, with her honour, give,
Or you receive with safety!—take me with you:
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at
The sport direct, where not alone the lover
Brings his artillery, but uses it;
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy
Do you expect, and sudden.
Nov. jun. But he tasted
The first sweets, Bellapert.
Bell. He wrong'd you shrewdly!
He toil'd to climb up to the phœnix' nest,
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.
I do not know, you that are perfect critics
In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—
Nov. jun. But for her marriage!
Bell. 'Tis a fair protection
Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,
To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale;
This only—is not the contentment more,
To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?
More I could say—but briefly, she doats on you;
If it prove otherwise, spare not; poison me,
With the next gold you give me.

Enter BEAUMELLE.

Beaumel. How's this, servant!
Courting my woman?
Bell. As an entrance to
The favour of the mistress. You are together;
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*
Beaumel. Stay, Bellapert.
Bell. In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.
Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without,
And stay my counsel and direction for
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice lord will find
So fit employment for you! [*Exit.*
Beaumel. I shall grow angry.
Nov. jun. Not so; you have a jewel in her, madam.

Re-enter BELLAPERT.

Bell. I had forgot to tell your ladyship
The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready;
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,
But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit.*
Beaumel. You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soon; yet, if you please
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,
That though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.
Nov. jun. With too much fervour
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,
To esteem that an injury to me,
Which was to you convenient:—that is past
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,
In recompense of all my duteous service,
(Provided that your will answer your power,)
Become my creditress.
Beaumel. I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit;
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find,
My passions are much fitter to desire,
Than to be sued to. [*They court.*

Enter ROMONT *and* FLORIMEL *behind.*

Flor. Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive
Of this discovery; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.
Rom. So I conceive it.
Flor. I have observed too much, nor shall my silence
Prevent the remedy:——Yonder they are;
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The office of a faithful and tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit.*
Rom. This is no vision: ha!
Nov. jun. With the next opportunity?
Beaumel. By this kiss,
And this, and this.
Nov. jun. That you would ever swear thus!
Rom. [*comes forward.*] If I seem rude, your pardon, lady; yours
I do not ask: come; do not dare to shew me
A face of anger, or the least dislike:
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,
I shall grow rough else.
Nov. jun. What have I done, sir,
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?
Rom. Done, popinjay! why, dost thou think, that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?
Beaumel. This is something more
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.
Nov. jun. Your presence and the place make him presume
Upon my patience.

Rom. As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee: thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some testimony, under good men's hands,
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied; till which time, keep from [me.—
The entertainment of your visitation,
Has made what I intended one, a business.
Nov. jun. So! we shall meet.—Madam.
Rom. Use that leg again
And I'll cut off the other.
Nov. jun. Very good. [*Exit.*
Rom. What a perfume the muskcat leaves behind [him!
Do you admit him for a property,
To save you charges, lady?
Beaumel. 'Tis not useless,
Now you are to succeed him.
Rom. So I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to understand
Your nasty scoff, than——
Beaumel. What, you will not beat me
If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant
Spares neither man nor woman!
Rom. My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks to you,
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness:——but then, lady,
You must endeavour not alone to BE,
But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service.
Beaumel. To what tends this?
Rom. Why, to this purpose, lady.
I do desire you should prove such a wife
To Charalois (and such a one he merits)
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at;
Not only innocent from crime, but free
From all taint and suspicion.
Beaumel. They are base
That judge me otherwise.
Rom. But yet be careful:
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people
Been learn'd to speak but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment: you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.
Beaumel. This pretty rag about your neck shews well,
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
Rom. Madam!
Beaumel. Yes:
And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,
Will outlast twenty scarfs.
Rom. What mean you, lady?
Beaumel. And [then] all else about you cap-à-pié,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shews such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer
Grew mad with love of you.
Rom. Is my free counsel
Answer'd with this ridiculous scorn?
Beaumel. These objects
Stole very much of my attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some curate
Had stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,
Had read an homily.
Rom. By this hand——
Beaumel. And sword;
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the camp, which affords only
The conversation of cast suburb whores,
To set down, to a lady of my rank,
Limits of entertainment?
Rom. Sure a legion
Has possest this woman!
Beaumel. One stamp more would do well: yet I desire not
You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen;
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;
Yet such as live upon my means shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:
You have something to inform him. [*Exit.*
Rom. And I will;
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven,
But, hearing, pardon me!—if these fruits grow
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it,
As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,
And I will rather choose a spittle sinner
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather than
Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery
Of such an impudence.

Enter BEAUMONT *with writings.*

Beau. Colonel, good fortune
To meet you thus! You look sad; but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride!
Rom. A happy man, indeed!—pray you, in what?
Beau. I dare swear, you would think so good a [lady
A dower sufficient.
Rom. No doubt. But, on.
Beau. So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed
All that is excellent!
Rom. Women have no cunning
To gull the world! [*Aside*
Beau. Yet, to all these, my lord,
Her father, gives the full addition of

All he does now possess in Burgundy:
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,
And I most fortunate to present him with them;
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me?
Rom. You'll find him breaking a young horse.
Beau. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Rom. I must do something worthy Charalois' friendship.
If she were well inclined, to keep her so
Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a woman
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,
Is harder than to prop a falling tower
With a deceiving reed.

Enter ROCHFORT, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Roch. Some one seek for me
As soon as he returns.
Rom. Her father? ha!——
How if I break this to him? sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction; his wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.
It shall be so.—My lord!
Roch. Your friend, Romont.
Would you aught with me?
Rom. I stand so engaged
To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some imputation to myself,
All doubts that may concern you.
Roch. The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
Rom. Then, with your patience, lend me your attention:
For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,
You will with too much grief receive.

Enter BEAUMELLE *and* BELLAPERT, *behind.*

Beaumel. See, wench!
Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
Bell. Fear not me; pox on him!
A captain turn informer against kissing!
Would he were hang'd up in his rusty armour!—
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself,
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,
With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us!
Roch. This is my daughter! do not wrong her.
Bell. Now
Begin: the game's afoot, and we in distance.
Beaumel. [*comes forward.*] 'Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil,
I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
Already match'd beyond my hopes? yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a suitor.
Bell. 'Tis the course
That our great ladies take.
Beaumel. A weak excuse!
Those that are better seen in what concerns
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
You wait well! in your absence my lord's friend,
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont——
Rom. Must I be still her sport?
Beaumel. Reproved me for it;
And he has travell'd to bring home a judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to years than he,
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,
And I must use them: true; but not to offend,
Or render me suspected.
Roch. Does your fine story
Begin from this?
Beaumel. I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such favours now; look, therefore,
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour
Shall call my fame in question.
Rom. Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?
Roch. So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a nature.
Rom. Why, 'tis exceeding well.
Roch. And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it!
I have that confidence in your goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a recluse in a cloister: Go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry;
Use all fit liberty.
Bell. Blessing upon you!
If this new preacher with the sword and feather
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world. [*Exit.*
Roch. Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service; but, if not,
Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence
Will not be much lamented. [*Exit.*
Rom. If this be
The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new change have you next?
Beaumel. Oh, fear not you, sir;
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will
Convert your heresy.
Rom. What heresy? speak.
Beaumel. Of keeping a lady that is married,
From entertaining servants——

Enter NOVALL JUN., MALOTIN, LILADAM, AYMER *and* PONTALIER.

——O, you are welcome!
Use any means to vex him,
And then with welcome follow me.
[*Aside to them, and exit*
Nov. jun. You are tired
With your grave exhortations, colonel!
Lilad. How is it? faith, your lordship may do well
To help him to some church preferment: 'tis
The fashion now for men of all conditions,
However they have lived, to end that way.
Aym. That face would do well in a surplice.
Rom. Rogues,
Be silent—or—
Pont. 'Sdeath! will you suffer this?

Rom. And you, the master-rogue, the coward
I shall be with you suddenly. [rascal,
Nov. jun. Pontalier,
If I should strike him, I know I should kill him;
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing else.
Lilad. His back
Appears to me, as it would tire a beadle;
And then he has a knotted brow, would bruise
A courtlike hand to touch it.
Aym. He looks like
A currier when his hides grow dear.
Pont. Take heed
He curry not some of you.
Nov. jun. Gads me! he's angry.
Rom. I break no jests; but I can break my
About your pates. [sword

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Lilad. Here's more.
Aym. Come, let's begone:
We are beleaguer'd.
Nov. jun. Look, they bring up their troops.
Pont. Will you sit down
With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.
Lilad. I grant you, sir, we are; and you would
Stay, and be more abused. [have us
Nov. jun. My lord, I'm sorry
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.
[*Exeunt all but* CHARALOIS *and* ROMONT.
Charal. Prithee, Romont, what caused this
Rom. Nothing; [uproar?
They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.
Charal. Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I wonder
That you, which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
Rom. Well, sir.
Charal. Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it; not a brabbler,
A swearer——
Rom. Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf
I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.
Charal. In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They are fools that judge me by my outward seeming.
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep.
For God's sake, speak the cause.

Rom. Not for the world.
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physic; drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,
Would I had perish'd in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd!—'twill wear you old.
Before you have experience in that art
That causes your affliction.
Charal. Thou dost strike
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,
And shrink'st my liver like the calenture.
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like
A man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such effect in me,
As thou denouncest: with a soldier's arm,
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.
Speak, though it make me monstrous.
Rom. I will die first.
Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven
Keep your wife chaste!
Charal. Hum! Stay, and take this wolf
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or
For ever lose me.
Rom. Lose not, sir, yourself,
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast.
[*Locks the door.*
Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength
That can belong to man; sift passion
From every vein, and whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know
This secret that I burn with?
Charal. Devil on't,
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish
My wife's continuance of chastity.
Rom. There was no hurt in that.
Charal. Why, do you know
A likelihood, or possibility,
Unto the contrary?
Rom. I know it not, but doubt it; these the grounds:
The servant of your wife now, young Novall,
The son unto your father's enemy,
(Which aggravates presumption the more,)
I have been warn'd of, touching her:—nay, seen them,
Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms
Glew'd, as if love had lock'd them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phœnix, methought, burn'd,
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir.—
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm,
As if you had no drop of choler mix'd
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?
Charal. You did not see him on my couch within,
Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?
Rom. No.

Charal. Ha! ha!

Rom. Laugh you! even so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.

Charal. They were wise:
Wouldst have me be a fool?

Rom. No, but a man.

Charal. There is no dram of manhood to suspect,
On such thin airy circumstance as this;
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale
The hideous monster which you so conceal'd?
Away, thou curious impertinent,
And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!
Go thou seditious sower of debate,
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts
He holds not worth enough to countervail
The virtue and the beauty of his wife!
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put Novall in balance against me;
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.

Rom. Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man!
Sweet-temper'd lord, adieu! What apoplexy
Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward?
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,
With what a healthful hope I did administer
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story!
An emperor put away his wife for touching
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,
And keep her, I think—Phoh! I am a fire,
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
Bleed—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a cuckold? here, I shew
A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.

Charal. Didst thou never see me
Angry, Romont?

Rom. Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightning.

Charal. Prithee, see me so no more:
I can be so again. Put up thy sword,
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.

Rom. Come, fright your foes with this, sir! I'm your friend,
And dare stand by you thus.

Charal. Thou art not my friend,
Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That open'd mine to me? yes! if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [*Exit.*

Rom. A dull Dutch rather: fall and cool, my blood!
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,
And note my friendship to an after-age. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* NOVALL'S *House.*

NOVALL junior *discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a* Barber *and* Perfumer *dressing his hair, while a* Tailor *adjusts a new suit which he wears.* LILADAM, AYMER, *and a* Page *attending.*

Nov. jun. Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

Perf. Oh, sweet lord!

Page. That's his perfumer.

Tail. Oh, dear lord!

Page. That's his tailor.

Nov. jun. Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

Aym. Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

Page. Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one, as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants; here I hear nothing all day, but—*Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!* [*Aside.*

Aym. I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

Page. That were a miracle. [*Aside.*

Lilad. With a hair's-breadth's error, there's a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in *puncto*.

Aym. You are right, monsieur; his vestaments sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deep read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

Tail. I am bound t'ye, gentlemen.

Page. You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none. [*Aside.*

Nov. jun. Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

Page. Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still. [*Aside.*

Nov. jun. I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite, punctual, queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Liladam?

Lilad. True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

Nov. jun. Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutred? or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habiliment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside.

Page. An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify! [*Aside.*

Aym. By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

Page. O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom. [*Aside.*

Nov. jun. Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

Page. O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;
They are the greater flatterers, I assure you. [*Aside.*

Aym. Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by,
Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus-like, should'st doat
Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world
Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

Lilad. Oh that I were the infanta queen of Europe!
Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

Nov. jun. I marry! were there a queen o' the world, not I.
Wedlock! no; padlock, horselock:—I wear spurs [*He capers.*
To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbour's pastures, pick my choice
Of all their fair-maned mares: but married once,
A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

Enter PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Pont. I have waited, sir,
Three hours to speak wi'ye, and not take it well
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.

Lilad. Magpies! what d'ye take me for?

Pont. A long thing with a most unpromising face.

Aym. I'll never ask him what he takes me for.

Malot. Do not, sir,
For he'll go near to tell you.

Pont. Art not thou
A barber-surgeon?

Barb. Yes, sirrah; why?

Pont. My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.

Lilad. Aym. Hum——

Pont. I prithee cure him of them.

Nov. jun. Pish! no more,
Thy gall sure's overflown; these are my council,
And we were now in serious discourse.

Pont. Of perfume and apparel! Can you rise,
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?

Nov. jun. Thou'ldst have me be a dog: up, stretch, and shake,
And ready for all day.

Pont. Sir, would you be
More curious in preserving of your honour trim,
It were more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, impórtune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under.
'Tis all the town talks; and, believe it, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled
By every lacquey: season now your youth
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,
Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine;
I borrow'd it of you, and now will pay it:
I tender you the service of my sword,
To bear your challenge; if you'll write, your fate
I'll make mine own; whate'er betide you, I,
That have lived by you, by your side will die.

Nov. jun. Ha! ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont?—
Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare [not:
Do not mistake me, coz, I am very valiant;
But valour shall not make me such an ass.
What use is there of valour now-a-days?
'Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.
Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade:
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont!
No; I'll not fight, under a lord.

Pont. Farewell, sir!
I pity you.
Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves,
For no companions fit but fools and knaves.
Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt* PONTALIER *and* MALOTIN.

Enter ROMONT.

Lilad. 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!

Aym. He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.

Page. Colbrand, d'ye call him? he'll make some [of you
Smoke, I believe.

Rom. By your leave, sirs!

Aym. Are you a consort?

Rom. Do you take me for
A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you. [*Kicks them.*

Page. It seems he knows you one, he bum-fiddles you so.

Lilad. Was there ever so base a fellow?

Aym. A rascal.

Lilad. A most uncivil groom.

Aym. Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! a pox o' your manners!

Lilad. Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.

Page. 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kick'd, they talk so.

Lilad. Let's leave the mad ape. [*Going.*

Nov. jun. Gentlemen!

Lilad. Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.

Nov. jun. Hark you!

Aym. We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!

Page. I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.

[*Exeunt all but* NOVALL Jun. *and* ROMONT.

Nov. jun. What mean you, sir? My people!

Rom. Your boy's gone, [*Locks the door.*
And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,
But privacy. Call up your blood again:——
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir;
And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and by my hope of heaven,
It never shall go further.

Nov. jun. Tell you! why, sir, are you my confessor?

Rom. I will be your confounder, if you do not.
[*Draws a pocket dag.*
Stir not, nor spend your voice.

Nov. jun. What will you do?

Rom. Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir, with lead,
If you not satisfy me suddenly:
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.

Nov. jun. Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to heaven and you,
She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and hands.
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing, she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests.

Rom. But may I build
On this assurance?

Nov. jun. As upon your faith.

Rom. Write this, sir; nay, you must.

Nov. jun. Pox of this gun!

Rom. Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your oath
Under your hand, (shake not,) ne'er to frequent
This lady's company, nor ever send
Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This, too much prone already, yielding lady.

Nov. jun. 'Tis done, sir.

Rom. Let me see this first is right: [*Reading.*
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Upon your body, and hell take your soul,
If ever more you see her, but by chance;
Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand.

Nov. jun. My hand to this!

Rom. Your heart else, I assure you.

Nov. jun. Nay, there 'tis.

Rom. So! keep this last article
Of your faith given, and, stead of threatenings, sir,
The service of my sword and life is yours.
But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,
Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's ruin.
Use your youth better, and this excellent form
Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So, good morrow
To your lordship! [*Exit.*

Nov. jun. Good devil to your rogueship! No man's safe——
I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,
Against such roaring rogues.

Enter BELLAPERT, *hastily.*

Bell. My lord, away!
The caroch stays: now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.

Nov. jun. Hah!

Bell. Do you stand
Humming and hahing now? [*Exit.*

Nov. jun. Sweet wench, I come.
Hence, fear!
I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An outer Room in* AYMER'S *House.*

Enter CHARALOIS *and* BEAUMONT.

Beau. I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners
Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont.

Charal. I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far on what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty.
But speak of something else, this is a theme
I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in
The chiefest parts of music, you bestow
Such praises on?

Beau. He is a gentleman
(For so his quality speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependence from the young lord Novall.
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,
I may presume your lordship so will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.

Charal. I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont,
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums, and trumpets:
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord;
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:
I love it to the worth of't, and no further.——
But let us see this wonder.

Beau. He prevents
My calling of him.

Enter AYMER, *speaking to one within.*

Aym. Let the coach be brought
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.——
My good lord Charalois! I think my house
Much honour'd in your presence.

Charal. To have means

To know you better, sir, has brought me hither
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome
In making me a witness to your skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.

Aym. Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted
With your intent, my lord, you should have found
Better provided: now, such as it is,
Pray you grace with your acceptance. [me

Beau. You are modest.

Aym. Begin the last new air.
[*To the* Musicians *within.*

Charal. Shall we not see them?

Aym. This little distance from the instruments,
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.

Charal. I'll not contend.

Aym. You are tedious. [*To the* Musicians.
By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

MUSIC, AND A SONG.

Beaumel. [*Within.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Charal. How's this! it is my lady's laugh, most certain.
When I first pleased her, in this merry language
She gave me thanks. [*Aside.*

Beau. How like you this?

Charal. 'Tis rare——
Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black list of those
I have declaim'd against, and to Romont. [*Aside.*

Aym. I would he were well off!——Perhaps your lordship
Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis call'd *the Happy Husband.*

Charal. Pray you, sing it.

SONG BY AYMER.

Beaumel. [*within.*] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!

Charal. Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [*Rushes into the house.*

Aym. Stay him—I am undone,
And they discover'd.

Beau. What's the matter?

Aym. Ah!
That women, when they're well pleased, cannot
But must laugh out. [hold;

Re-enter CHARALOIS, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* NOVALL Junior, BEAUMELLE, *and* BELLAPERT.

Nov. jun. Help! save me! murder! murder!

Beaumel. Undone, undone, for ever!

Charal. Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might
On all advantage take thy life, and justly;
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was
But to a noble purpose, shall not now [drawn
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!

Nov. jun. I dare not:
I have already done you too much wrong,
To fight in such a cause.

Charal. Why, darest thou neither
Be honest coward, nor yet valiant knave,
In such a cause! come, do not shame thyself:
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to them-
Could never heat, are yet in the defence [selves
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:
You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel, to
Venture your body.

Beau. No, he fears his clothes,
More than his flesh.

Charal. Keep from me! guard thy life,
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.

Nov. jun. Since there's no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!
[*They fight; NOVALL falls.*

Charal. How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown!
Lend me your hand:
Bear this to the caroch—come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall?
[*Exeunt* BEAUMONT *and* BELLAPERT, *with the Body of* NOVALL; *followed by* BEAUMELLE.
I wrong you not,
You are but to keep him company you love.—

Re-enter BEAUMONT.

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?

Beau. No, sir.

Charal. My griefs are now thus to be born;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMONT *and* PONTALIER.

Pont. I was bound to seek you, sir.

Rom. And, had you found me
In any place but in the street, I should
Have done,—not talk'd to you. Are you, the cap-
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen [tain,
Do, in the field, such service as then made you
Their envy that commanded, here, at home,
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pander?

Pont. Without this,
I come to call you to acccount for what
Is past already. I, by your example
Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offer'd,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy: you understand
The right I look for, and must have?

Rom. I do;
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CHARALOIS' *House.*

Enter CHARALOIS *with a casket,* BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT.

Charal. Pray bear this to my father, at his leisure
He may peruse it: but with your best language

Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.
Beau. Nor will I—but——
Charal. Doubt me not; by heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me [*Exit* BEAUMONT.
To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise; [BEAUMELLE *kneels.*
I am not worth the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused [it,
Were too much cruelty.
Beaumel. I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning.
Charal. Can you, Beaumelle,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope again
To get belief? No, no: if you look on me
With pity, or dare practise any means
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause
To all the world to think what I must do
Was call'd upon by you, use other ways:
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sin with impudence,
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,
That you have done but what is warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,
Or want of me in merit; tell me how
Your dower, from the low gulf of poverty,
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely: that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers ever.
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done.
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance.
Beaumel. O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!
While I was good, I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wander'd
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.——
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget.
Charal. O Beaumelle,
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste: see, how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.
Beaumel. In this life
It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,
That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.
Charal. How pity steals upon me! should I hear her [*Knocking within.*
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in. [*Exit* BEAUMELLE.
That to be merciful should be a sin!

Enter ROCHFORT.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,
I must not be denied —Here are your robes,
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness:
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;
I will be for you presently. [*Exit.*
Roch. Angels guard me!
To what strange tragedy does this induction
Serve for a prologue?

Re-enter CHARALOIS, BEAUMELLE, *and* BEAUMONT, *with Servants bearing the body of* NOVALL, Junior.

Charal. So, set it down before
The judgment-seat—[*Exeunt* Servants.]—and stand you at the bar: [*To* BEAUMELLE.
For me, I am the accuser.
Roch. Novall slain!
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraign'd!
Charal. O, are you touch'd!
I find that I must take another course.
Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes; [*He binds his eyes.*
For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An object that may sway her equal doom
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good, my lord,
A day of hearing.
Roch. It is granted, speak——
You shall have justice.
Charal. I then here accuse,
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,
For whom I owed so much to you; your daughter,
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the place of service
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,
To be a false adultress.
Roch. With whom?
Charal. With this Novall here dead.
Roch. Be well advised;
And ere you say *adultress* again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.
Charal. I took them in the act:
I know no proof beyond it.
Roch. O my heart!

Charal. A judge should feel no passions.
Roch. Yet remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answer makes the prisoner?
Beaumel. I confess
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
Roch. Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body —
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her.
[CHARALOIS *unbinds his eyes.*
And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.
Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,
Which thy - - - - lust, a thief, hath now stolen
And therefore—— [from him;
Charal. Stay, just judge:—may not what's lost
By her one fault, (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many,) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?
Roch. Never, sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed,
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured,—to pardon such a sin,
Is an offence as great as to commit it.
Charal. I may not then forgive her?
Roch. Nor she hope it.
Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,
But, ere it set, shall shew her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid.
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble fervour,
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out
Of all the courts of mercy.
Charal. Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*
Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father, as a judge
Partial against her.
Beaumel. I approve his sentence,
And kiss the executioner. My lust
Is now run from me in that blood in which
It was begot and nourish'd. [*Dies.*
Roch. Is she dead, then?
Charal. Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it
I think it be. [not?
Roch. And you have kill'd her?
Charal. True,
And did it by your doom.
Roch. But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;
And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red-died cruelty; but in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!
Charal. This is madness.
Roch. Keep from me!—Could not one good thought rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,
Flint-hearted Charalois!
Charal. Nature does prevail
Above your virtue.
Roch. No; it gives me eyes
To pierce the heart of your design against me:
I find it now, it was my state was aim'd at.
A nobler match was sought for, and the hours
I lived grew tedious to you: my compassion
Tow'rds you hath render'd me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself.
But there's a heaven above, from whose just wreak
No mists of policy can hide offenders.
Nov. sen. [*Within.*] Force ope the doors!

Enter NOVALL Senior, *with* Officers.

O monster! cannibal!
Lay hold on him. My son, my son!—O Rochfort,
'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,
To worry all our comforts:——but this is
No time to quarrel; now give your assistance
For the revenge——
Roch. Call it a fitter name,
Justice for innocent blood.
Charal. Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To shew, in spite of malice and their laws,
His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Tailor, *and two* Bailiffs *with* LILADAM.

Lilad. Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and untimely,
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before
He has worn them out: besides, you said you ask'd
My name in my lord's bond but for form only,
And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think
The taking measure of a customer
By a brace of varlets, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.
Tail. There I believe you.
But, sir, I must have present monies, or
Assurance to secure me when I shall;
Or I will see to your coming forth.
Lilad. Plague on't!
You have provided for my entrance in;
That coming forth you talk of, concerns me.
What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace

In the arrest, but more in giving cause
To all the street to think I cannot stand
Without these two supporters for my arms.
Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfaction,
I will not run away.
Tail. For theirs, you will not;
But for your own, you would. Look to him, fellows.
Lilad. Why, do you call them fellows? do not wrong
Your reputation so. As you are merely
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper,
For cloth of bodkin, and may, with one lark,
Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,
Or call your trade in question for't. But, when
You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence
With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,
The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,
In the expression of a knave and thief,
To be synonyma. Look, therefore, to it,
And let us part in peace; I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

Enter NOVALL Senior, *and* PONTALIER.

Tail. To let you go,
Were the next way. But see! here's your old lord;
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,
And you are free.
Lilad. 'Slid! I will put him to't.
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His lordship owing me three times your debt,
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the action enter'd:—
'Twould be a witty jest!
Tail. I must have earnest:
I cannot pay my debts so.
Pont. Can your lordship
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?
Nov. sen. I know not
One reason why you should not do like others:
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign
Of sorrow for him.
Pont. All his bounties yet,
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis true,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;
And, though none sooth'd them less than I, (for
To say that I foresaw the dangers that [now,
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely,)
I yet could wish the justice that you seek for,
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.
It has robb'd me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,
My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,
Shall do him service.
Nov. sen. As far as my grief
Will give me leave, I thank you.
Lilad. O, my lord!
Oh my good lord! deliver me from these Furies.
Pont. Arrested! this is one of them, whose base
And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave:
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.
Go to the basket, and repent.
Nov. sen. Away!
I only know thee now to hate thee deadly:
I will do nothing for thee.
Lilad. Nor you, captain?
Pont. No; to your trade again; put off this case;
It may be, the discovering what you were,
When your unfortunate master took you up,
May move compassion in your creditor.
Confess the truth.
[*Exeunt* NOVALL Senior, *and* PONTALIER.
Lilad. And now I think on't better,
I will. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet brother:
I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,
Against my will have waked me. This rich sword,
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
These hangers, from my vails and fees in hell;
And where as now this beaver sits, full often
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat,
Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen:
Our breakfasts, famous for the butter'd loaves,
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me, that, as I have been, will again
Be of the brotherhood.
1 *Bail.* I know him now;
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.
Lilad. And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead,
Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,
Have been received here for a complete monsieur:
Nor wonder at it; for but tithe our gallants,
Even those of the first rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—but hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My suits again, there cannot be much loss;
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants,
I will work out.
Tail. Then here our quarrel ends:
The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

Enter ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT.

Rom. You have them ready?
Beau. Yes, and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit
To have them call'd upon.
Rom. 'Tis well; and something
I can add to their evidence, to prove
This brave revenge, which they would have call'd
A noble justice. [murder,
Beau. In this you express
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made
A faithful friend. [up)
Rom. That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—but do you know
Who are to sit on him?
Beau. Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.
Rom. The advocate

That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was check'd for it by Novall?
Beau. The same.
Rom. How fortunes that?
Beau. Why, sir, my lord Novall,
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,
However he might wrong him by his power,
Should have an equal hearing.
Rom. By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.
Beau. Had you seen him,
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred;—and then curse his daughter,
But with more frequent violence himself,
As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him:—but here comes the prisoner;

Enter Officers *with* CHARALOIS.

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet, rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service, keeps you company. [*Exit.*
Rom. It is not doubted.
Charal. Why, yet as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer; they rather all put on,
As for great losses the old Romans used,
A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence:
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.
Why should I, then, though, for unusual wrongs,
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over-partial
In my own cause?—Romont!
Rom. Best friend, well met!
By my heart's love to you, and join to that,
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead,
I look upon you now with more true joy,
Than when I saw you married.
Charal. You have reason
To give you warrant for't: my falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate which justly
I have deserved from you.
Rom. Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?
Charal. You are not.
I am conscious I have wrong'd you; and allow me,
Only a moral man;—to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any death the judges can pronounce,
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.
Rom. Passion transports you.
Charal. For what I have done
To my false lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent cause; but touching you,
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing
But, I am sorry for't; a poor satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'd
For all I stand accused of.
Rom. You much weaken
The strength of your good cause, should you but think,
A man for doing well could entertain
A pardon, were it offer'd: you have given
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes,
To see and overtake impieties,
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received
Indulgence or protection.
Charal. Think you so?
Rom. Upon my soul! nor should the blood you challenged,
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword
Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear,
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.
To injure innocence is more than murder:
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever
Perform an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theatre of perfect men,
As he hath done in this. The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true victory! which, were great men
Ambitious to achieve, by your example
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families, and make lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first consent,
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.
Charal. You have confirm'd me. Who would love a woman,
That might enjoy in such a man a friend!
You have made me know the justice of my cause,
And mark'd me out the way how to defend it.
Rom. Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour—here they come.
Charal. I am ready.

Enter DU CROY, CHARMI, ROCHFORT, NOVALL *Senior*, PONTALIER, *and* BEAUMONT.

Nov. sen. See, equal judges, with what confidence
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Outface the court and justice!
Roch. But look on him,
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath died him black, something good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiser man
Than I have been, again to set him free,
And give him all he has.

Charm. This is not well.
I would you had lived so, my lord, that I
Might rather have continued your poor servant,
Than sit here as your judge.
Du Croy. I am sorry for you.
Roch. In no act of my life I have deserved
This injury from the court, that any here,
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what
Is proper to me only.
Du Croy. What distaste
Receives my lord?
Roch. You say you are sorry for him;
A grief in which I must not have a partner.
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised
The building of my life, for seventy years,
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,
Virtue, that was my patroness, betray'd me.
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty
To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up, with my liberty,
To be at his disposing. Had his person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me,
I might have borne it better: but, when goodness
And piety itself in her best figure
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?
Beau. Good, my lord!—
Nov. sen. You hinder our proceeding.
Char. And forget
The parts of an accuser.
Beau. Pray you, remember
To use the temper which to me you promised.
Roch. Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, that promise
Beyond the strength and patience of angels.
But I have done:—My good lord, pardon me,
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,
A miserable father; yet be careful
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Move you to any thing that may disbecome
The place on which you sit.
Char. Read the indictment.
Charal. It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,
Will be my own accuser, and confess
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance,
They seek to load me with; only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may
Not be denied it for myself, when I
Shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.
Roch. The motion's honest.
Char. And 'tis freely granted.
Charal. Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
To this man's charity, for my liberty;
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For, after my enlargement, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His only daughter, and his whole estate.
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:
Could any one, fee'd by you, press this further?—
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,
If to receive a favour make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,
To pour down riches with a liberal hand
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my head and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom
(When my captivity was honourable)
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious tongues?—
Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dower; my forehead then
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,
Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing neck to undergo
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.
Char. What proof have you she did play false, besides
Your oath?
Charal. Her own confession to her father:
I ask him for a witness.
Roch. 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.
Charal. And then to clear myself,
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold
Which Brennus took from Delphos, whose possession
Brought with it ruin to himself and army:
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent
All grants and writings back which made it mine,
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.
Beau. They are here to be seen.
Char. Open the casket.
——Peruse that deed of gift. [*To* Du Croy.
Rom. Half of the danger
Already is discharged; the other part
As bravely; and you are not only free,
But crown'd with praise for ever!
Du Croy. 'Tis apparent.
Char. Your state, my lord, again is yours.
Roch. Not mine;
I am not of the world. If it can prosper,
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal,) do you bestow it
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon
I ask; and, as you grant it me, may heaven,

Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So, farewell for ever!— [*Exit.*

Nov. sen. I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor example
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,
A son, grave judges; I require his blood
From his accursed homicide.

Char. What reply you,
In your defence for this?

Charal. I but attended
Your lordship's pleasure.—For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs,
To witness this for truth. When I was married,
For there I must begin, the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant; but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords: and though, on these presumptions,
Join'd to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;
But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly license, by my friend,
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,
As one uncourtly, and malicious to him.
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first pursuit,
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it;
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say.

Nov. sen. If all may be believed
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords; in his impunity,
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.

Char. You must find other proofs, to strengthen these
But mere presumptions.

Du Croy. Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.

Charal. All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

Rom. May it please the court, I may be heard?

Nov. sen. You come not
To rail again? but do—you shall not find
Another Rochfort.

Rom. In Novall I cannot;
But I come furnished with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?

Nov. sen. Yes, 'tis my son's.

Rom. May it please your lordships, read it:
And you shall find there, with what vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
How after, he abjured her company,
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—
Like a damn'd villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,
Produce his bawds and hers.

Enter Officers *with* Aymer, Florimel, *and* Bellapert.

Char. Have they ta'en their oaths?

Rom. They have, and, rather than endure the rack,
Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;
What would you more? only this matron made
A free discovery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the court, she may not
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.

Pont. I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,
And I shall do—— [*Aside.*

Char. 'Tis evident.

Nov. sen. That I
Till now was never wretched: here's no place
To curse him or my stars. [*Exit.*

Char. Lord Charalois,
The injuries you have sustain'd appear
So worthy of the mercy of the court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.

Pont. But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*

Charal. I am slain.

Rom. Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.
[*Stabs* Pontalier.

Char. A guard! disarm him.

Rom. I yield up my sword
Unforced—Oh, Charalois!

Charal. For shame, Romont,
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived,
Still constant and unmoved: what's fall'n upon me,
Is by heaven's will, because I made myself
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant;
But He that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men—forgive me! [*Dies.*

Pont. I receive
The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,
Has made me worthy, worthy of. [*Dies.*

Char. We are taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and power
That, to that purpose, have authority.
For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state: for these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt.*

A DIRGE. *See p.* 271.

Fie! cease to wonder,
Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute,
Move trees and rocks,
Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;
Weak foolish singer, here is one
Would have transform'd thyself to stone.

A SONG BY AYMER. *See p.* 282

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN.

Man. Set, Phœbus, set; a fairer sun doth rise
From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes
Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;
Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,
The more I strive, the more still I am took.

Wom. Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend
To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,
Come, strangle breath.

Man. What note so sweet as this,
That calls the spirits to a further bliss?

Wom. Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.

Man. Let's die; I languish, I consume.

CITIZENS' SONG OF THE COURTIER. *See p.* 282.

Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,
From this lesson learn to thrive;
If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and state,
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree;
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her servants, and thee honour.

COURTIER'S SONG OF THE CITIZENS. *See p.* 282

Poor citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me
To set thy wife first in thy shop;
A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man up.
What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,
A woman still is current ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But, whilst thou art at t'other end,
Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;
And after supper, for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:
What though the gallants call thee Mome!
Yet with thy lantern light her home;
Then look into the town, and tell
If no such tradesmen there do well.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,

MASTER-FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

My good Lord,—Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your Honour's true servant, Philip Massinger.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach, *a cruel Extortioner.*
Frank Wellborn, *a Prodigal.*
Tom Allworth, *a young Gentleman, Page to* Lord Lovell.
Greedy, *a hungry Justice of Peace.*
Marrall, *a Term-Driver; a creature of* Sir Giles Overreach.
Order, *Steward* } *to* Lady Allworth.
Amble, *Usher* } *to* Lady Allworth.
Furnace, *Cook* } *to* Lady Allworth.
Watchall, *Porter* } *to* Lady Allworth.

Willdo, *a Parson.*
Tapwell, *an Alehouse-Keeper.*

Creditors, Servants, *&c.*

Lady Allworth, *a rich Widow.*
Margaret, Overreach's *Daughter.*
Froth, Tapwell's *Wife.*

Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

SCENE,—The Country near Nottingham.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Before* Tapwell's *House.*

Enter Wellborn *in tattered apparel,* Tapwell, *and* Froth.

Well. No bouse? nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache!
The devil turn'd precisian; Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tatter'd, lousy——
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril: Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert thou not born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not:
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum;
And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordships melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them,)
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet;
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment——
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night.
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. [*To his wife.*] Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you,
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir:
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*
Tap. Oh!
Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold, for my sake hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They crawl off on their hands and knees.*
Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord, excepted; such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee;
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit, and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?
All. And your's too.
Well. I confess it.
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,——
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lady* ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his break-
And privilege in the wine-cellar. [fast,
Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, good-
My lady's go-before! [man Amble,
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I will be
Ord. With whom? [angry.
Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting
And raise fortifications in the pastry, [sauces,
Such as might serve for models in the Low Coun-
Which, if they had been practised at Breda, [tries,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it——
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?
Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three-parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well

His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
[*Knocking within.*

Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*

Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL *with* ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants.

Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long: i' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.

L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.

Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave me.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

L. All. So soon turn'd courtier!

All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.

L. All. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

All. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

L. All. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.

L. All. And how approve you of his course? you are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

All. Any form, you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear,
With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.

All. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.

L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school,
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*

All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.

L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, WATCHALL, *and* MARRALL.

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race?

Ord. Yes, master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship.

Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand; again; how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well season'd.

Greedy. Good!

Furn. A pheasant, larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!

Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!

Over. You know we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, master-cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter WELLBORN.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?

Well. You know me.

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged, and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!

[*Exeunt* OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?

Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!

All. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million.
[*Exit.*

Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?

Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Watch. Will you know your way?

Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black jacks or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?

Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

L. All. To me!

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

L. All. I am amazed
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know, and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought

A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

L. All. Fie! nothing else?

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours.

Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition: [*Aside.*]—I have said all;
When you please, you may retire. [*Exit* Lady ALLWORTH.]—Nay, all's forgotten;
[*To the Servants.*
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH *and* MARRALL.

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.

Marr. Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet,
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Marr. I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Marr. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,
Nor hunger, kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,

Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do anything to work him to despair;
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.
Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious,
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.—
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him. [rogue!
[*Aside, and exit.*
Mar. I warrant you, sir.
Well. By this light, I think he's mad.
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on your-
You long since had been mad. [self,
Well. You have ta'en a course
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——
Well. By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed:—but what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter, [shire.
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three-farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take
For your reputation. [some course
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give, or lend,
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or abram-men that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous: but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
Cham. Or half an hour?
All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.
Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.
Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir. [ALLWORTH *kisses them severally.*
Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a
I think the tits will ravish him. [beardless chin!

All. My service
To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,
Coral and ambergris: were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort.
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within. Exit* WATCHALL.

Mar. [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.

Re-enter WATCHALL, *ceremoniously introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum: this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on *blankets, and on dog-whips!*

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure.
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some growse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-month,
Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on Sundays. [*Aside.*

Well. That way I like them best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

Well. What think you of *the hedge we shall dine under?*
Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. O! sir, you are wish'd for.

Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was, (her devotions done,) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.

Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints, nor angels,
Could have won me to have faith in.

Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses* WELLBORN.

Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute——

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

L. All. Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute* MARRALL, *who retires.*

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*

L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. Will you still be babbling

Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still;
My art ne'er thought on!
L. All. Your arm, master Wellborn:——
Nay, keep us company. [*To* MARRALL.
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN, Lady ALLWORTH, AMBLE, MARRALL, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.
Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth, and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE *laughing.*

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE.
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering:
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that. [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country near* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL *bare-headed.*

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.
Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be, right worshipful.
Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.
Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel:
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady,
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,

Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savour'd not of amber.

Well. I do now then!

Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.—— [*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it;
What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that!

Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married,
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward,)
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on,
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter OVERREACH, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him! what lady?

Mar. The rich lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.

Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!——
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one,
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn——
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship—— [*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.

Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time— [*Aside*

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country near* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL ALLWORTH, *and* Servants.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt* Servants.

All. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?

Lov. Loving youth;
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.

All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!

All. As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise:
Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears.
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language
That I may understand them.

All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as Ulysses, if [he]
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?

All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack
with the weight
Of curious viands. [with the weight
Greedy. *Store indeed's no sore*, sir.

Over. That proverb fits your stomach, master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter. [*Exit* MARRALL.
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,
For which I will eat often; and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*

Over. It must be so:—should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET.

Alone—and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
(Even starv'd for want of twopenny chops,) to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter, and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself,
In birth.

Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Over. How! interrupted!

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience: there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own chaldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit.*

Over. But to our business, Meg; you have heard who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. [*aloud.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [*Exit*

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine; observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir.
Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn anything,
And from any creature that may make thee great:
From the devil himself.
Marg. This is but devilish doctrine! [*Aside.*
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what are you, then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others: so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion, or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit* MARGARET.
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. Strange! so humble. [*Aside.*
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
[*Aside.*
Over. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH.
Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect——he comes.

Re-enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.
[Lord LOVELL *salutes* MARGARET.
Lov. As I live, a rare one.
All. He's ta'en already: I am lost. [*Aside.*
Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.
[*Exeunt all but* OVER. LOV. *and* MARG.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——
Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves:—remember. [*Aside to* MARGARET, *and exit.*
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous,
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH *behind, listening.*

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY *behind.*

Greedy. Sir Giles, sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd [powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles! [*Strikes him.*
Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason,
Edwardi quinto: but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day: disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain, vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts* GREEDY *off.*
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and [bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.
Marg. I am prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [OVERREACH *comes forward.*

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.
Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*
Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
[*Noise within, as of a coach.*
Over. A coach!
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.
Lov. How! the lady Allworth!
Over. And thus attended!
[LOVELL *salutes* Lady ALLWORTH, LADY ALLWORTH *salutes* MARGARET.
Mar. No, *I am a dolt!*
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me!
Over. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, [madam,
Of words, to give you thanks.
L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat [so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman, howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents* WELLBORN
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles [Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN.
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is *rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,*
That should hang or drown himself; no man of [worship,
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead

In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help them.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but* GREEDY.
Greedy. Dear Master Wellborn! So she said: heaven! heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, *Dear master Wellborn!*
And, *My good nephew!*—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must; my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission,
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting-women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, *as from dinner.*

Over. She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat, to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who! the *rogue*
The lady scorn'd to look on?
Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.
L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.
Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
L. All. Come, master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt* Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN
Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, sir Giles,
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* Lady ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is return'd.
L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.
Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
L. All. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir Giles.
L. All. Good mistress Margaret! nay, come, master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
L. All. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. This parting kiss: [*Kisses* MARGARET.] you shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt* Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.
Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit* MARGARET.]—You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.
Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*
Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——
Over. As it is, nephew.
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Over. No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!
Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH's *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service; mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding,
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too.
Toss'd like a dog still! [*Aside, and exit.*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly your's already:——
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.
Over. To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive, to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be your's too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord? x

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are your's.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon your's.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight,
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.
Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*
Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* AMBLE.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner:
Since this bold bad man, sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
Woman. And well know our distance.
L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your breeding. [*Exeunt* AMBLE *and* WOMAN.
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom
As to an honour'd friend——
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours, than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,

And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.
L. All. Pray you do, my lord.
Lov. Were Overreach' states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.
L. All. I am glad to hear this.—— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?
L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves,
To search each other further, you having shewn
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;

Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter TAPWELL *and* FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marrall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.
Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.
Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY
To PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!
Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way, to my lady's?
[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn.
Tap. Yes;—I hear him.
Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his petition*

Well. How's this! petition'd too?——
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.
Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,

Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset; have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:
—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish!
If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.

Well. Speak; what are you?

1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.—
What are you?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
[*To* 3 Creditor.
Thou wert my surgeon; you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

Ord. A royal gentleman!

Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.

Well. See all men else discharg'd;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;
And this, for your respect; [*To* ORDER.] take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.

Ord. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors.

Well. Now, master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word; I know sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest:
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world,—that hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever,
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for,
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will;
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they are nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my herse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,
In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.
Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH *behind.*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth. [*Seeing her father.*
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.
All. I hope better,
Good lady.
Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks, to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore, this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An 't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad [*Points to his sword.*
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there!

All. I can furnish you.
Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*
All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away!—[Margaret *kneels.*] My blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, begone:—good master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt* Allworth *and* Margaret.
Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto,
(This is state in ladies,) or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow——
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady Allworth's *House.*

Enter Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, *and* Amble.

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense,
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
Lov. What you intended, Madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well:
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.
L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason, that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.
L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; [*Kisses him.*] yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter Wellborn, *handsomely apparelled.*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.
Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took,

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord, her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

L. All. When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*

L. All. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been [cozen'd;
I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows?

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol: you [know me,
And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*

Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw*

L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!

L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.

Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands [full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law, (howe'er you have no conscience,)
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, enclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire

With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
L. All. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
L. All. A fair skin of parchment.
Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear any thing, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The *ideot*, the *Patch*, the *slave*, the *booby*,
The *property fit only to be beaten*
For your morning exercise, your *football*, or
The *unprofitable lump of flesh*, your *drudge;*
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride: and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and Parson* WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.
Over. Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hope to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud music*]—they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!
Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,
[*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Over. How!
All. So I assure you; all the rights of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?
Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak
Or thou art dead. [quickly,
Willdo. They are married.
Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!
Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.
Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants,
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*
Mar. Is't not brave sport?
Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground*

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father!
[*They force* OVERREACH *off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too: but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me,
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king, and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.
Well. [coming forward.] *Nothing wants then*
But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may,)
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.
[Exeunt.

THE CITY MADAM.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS

LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

Honoured Lady,—In that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces, and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises, it is commendation enough to call it Massinger's; if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam, Your most humble servant, Andrew Pennycuicke.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lacy.
Sir John Frugal, *a Merchant.*
Sir Maurice Lacy, *Son to* Lord Lacy.
Mr. Plenty, *a Country Gentleman.*
Luke Frugal, *Brother to* Sir John.
Goldwire, Senior, } *Two Gentlemen.*
Tradewell, Senior, }
Goldwire, Junior, } *their Sons, Apprentices to* Sir John Frugal.
Tradewell, Junior, }
Stargaze, *an Astrologer.*
Hoyst, *a decayed Gentleman.*
Fortune, } *decayed Merchants.*
Penury, }
Holdfast, *Steward to* Sir John Frugal.
Ramble, } *Two Hectors.*
Scuffle, }
Ding'em, *a Pimp.*
Gettall, *a Box-Keeper.*
Page, Sheriff, Marshall, Serjeants.

Lady Frugal.
Anne, } *her Daughters.*
Mary, }
Millescent, *her Woman.*
Shave'em, *a Courtezan.*
Secret, *a Bawd.*

Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians, Porters, Servants.

SCENE,—London.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter Goldwire junior *and* Tradewell junior.

Gold. The ship is safe in the Pool then?
Trade. And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name she bears, *The Speedwell:*
My master will find it: for, on my certain knowledge,
For every hundred that he venturea in her,
She hath return'd him five.
Gold. And it comes timely;
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.
Trade. Who? Nan and Mall?
Gold. Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *scandalum magnatum.*
Trade. 'Tis great pity
Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.
Gold. The want of one,
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,
With hopes above their birth and scale: their dreams are
Of being made countesses; and they take state,
As they were such already. When you went

To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress,
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great ladies going to a mask
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.
Trade. 'Tis strange, my master, in his wisdom, [can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.
Gold. He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home:
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for sir John Frugal,
By some styled sir John Prodigal.
Trade. Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?
Gold. Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!
Trade. Still in the counter?
Gold. In a worse place. He was redeem'd from the hole,
To live, in our house, in hell; since, his base usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table; marry, ever
Beneath the salt, and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and dinner ended,
His courteous nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman,
And not an uncle.
Trade. I wonder, being a scholar
Well read, and travell'd, the world yielding means
For men of such desert, he should endure it.
Gold. He does, with a strange patience; and to [us,
The servants, so familiar, nay humble!

Enter Stargaze, Lady Frugal, Anne, Mary, *and* Milliscent, *in several affected postures, with looking-glasses at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?
Trade. In their habits
They appear other things: but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?
Gold. The young wagtails
Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir
Of the lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second, Mr. Plenty,
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.
L. Frug. You have done your parts here:
To your study; and be curious in the search
Of the nativities. [*Exit* Stargaze.
Trade. Methinks the mother,
As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity, to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.
Gold. Keeps the first place;
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her,
Than if they tax'd her honesty: t'other day,
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me*
To the speech of your lady-mother, so far pleased [her,
That he got his lease renew'd for't.
Trade. How she bristles!
Prithee, observe her.
Mill. As I hope to see
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a countess, as you may be one
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I, continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper hand
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
By the place you give me; you look now as young
As when you were married.
L. Frug. I think I bear my years well.
Mill. Why should you talk of years? Time hath not plough'd
One furrow in your face: and were you not known
The mother of my young ladies, you might pass
For a virgin of fifteen.
Trade. Here's no gross flattery!
Will she swallow this?
Gold. You see she does, and glibly.
Mill. You never can be old; wear but a mask
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts. What a waist is here! O Venus!
That I had been born a king! and here a hand
To be kiss'd ever:—pardon my boldness, madam.
Then, for a leg and foot, you will be courted
When a great grandmother.
L. Frug. These, indeed, wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face;
Their comeliness lasts longer.
Mill. Ever, ever!
Such a rare featured and proportion'd madam,
London could never boast of.
L. Frug. Where are my shoes?
Mill. Those that your ladyship gave order, [should
Be made of the Spanish perfum'd skins?
L. Frug. The same.
Mill. I sent the prison-bird this morning for [them;
But he neglects his duty.
Anne. He is grown
Exceeding careless.
Mary. And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle!
L. Frug. He is your slave,
And as such use him.
Anne. Willingly; but he's grown
Rebellious, madam.
Gold. Nay, like hen, like chicken.
L. Frug. I'll humble him.

Enter Luke, *with shoes, garters, fans and roses.*

Gold. Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shews like a walking frippery.
L. Frug. Very good, sir:
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?
Luke. Drunk, an't please you!
L. Frug. Drunk, I said, sirrah! dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble? Thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged, and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat,
Were your festival exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?
Luke. I confess I am,
Your creature, madam.

L. Frug. And good reason why
You should continue so.
Anne. Who did new clothe you?
Marg. Admitted you to the dining-room?
Mill. Allow'd you
A fresh bed in the garret?
L. Frug. Or from whom
Received you spending money?
Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.
Gold. Here was a walk
To breathe a footman!
Anne. 'Tis a curious fan.
Mary. These roses will shew rare: would 'twere in fashion
That the garters might be seen too!
Mill. Many ladies
That know they have good legs, wish the same with you;
Men that way have the advantage.
Luke. I was with
The lady, and delivered her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;
This night she vows she'll pay you [*Aside to* GOLDWIRE.
Gold. How I am bound
To your favour, master Luke!
Mill. As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.
L. Frug. Get your fur,
You shall pull them on within. [*Exit* LUKE.
Gold. That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.
Sir John. [*within.*] Goldwire! Tradewell!
Trade. My master calls.—We come, sir.
[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE *and* TRADEWELL.

Enter HOLDFAST, *and* Porters *with Baskets, &c.*

L. Frug. What have you brought there?
Hold. The cream o' the market;
Provision enough to serve a garrison.
I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,
And necks of beef on Sundays.——
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
Butcher's-meat will not go down.
L. Frug. Why, you rascal, is it
At your expense? what cooks have you provided?
Hold. The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord mayor's.
Anne. Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane, and Pie-corner.
Mary. And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.
L. Frug. I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.
Hold. You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.
L. Frug. Leave prating;
I'll have my will: do you as I command you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street before* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter SIR MAURICE LACY *and* Page.

Sir Maur. You were with Plenty?
Page. Yes, sir.
Sir Maur. And what answer
Return'd the clown?
Page. Clown, sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition;
More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you,
Of his two daughters, had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.
Sir Maur. In scorn!
Page. His words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this purpose: *Tell your master,*
Though his lordship in reversion were now his,
It cannot awe me. I was born a freeman,
And will not yield, in the way of affection,
Precedence to him: I will visit them,
Though he sate porter to deny me entrance:
When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.
Deliver thou this: then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.
Sir Maur. Where got he this spirit?
Page. At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers; where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

Enter PLENTY *and three* Servants.

Sir Maur. You, sir!
Plenty. What with me, sir?
How big you look! I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move mine;
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out; though I keep not
A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not shew
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs, 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.
Sir Maur. You presume
On the protection of your hinds.
Plenty. I scorn it:
Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.
Sir Maur. What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!
Plenty. 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison

With my neighbours, in the country, and present not
My pheasants, partridges, and growse to the usurer;
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.
I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
As are not encumber'd; no annuity
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
An it please your future honour, and why, therefore,
You should forbid my being suitor with you,
My dullness apprehends not.

Page. This is bitter. [*Aside.*

Sir Maur. I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shewn
Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher,
And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers.

Plenty. Stir not, on your lives.
This for the grazier—this for the butcher.
[*They fight.*

Sir Maur. So, sir!

Page. I'll not stand idle; draw! [*to the* Servants.] my little rapier,
Against your bumb blades! I'll one by one dispatch you,
Then house this instrument of death and horror.

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, LUKE, GOLDWIRE, Junior, *and* TRADEWELL, Junior.

Sir John. Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffian's hall!
What insolence is this?

Luke. Noble sir Maurice,
Worshipful master Plenty —

Sir John. I blush for you.
Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure! this at midnight,
After a drunken supper in a tavern,
(No civil man abroad to censure it,)
Had shewn poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!

Plenty. Very well, sir;
You look'd for this defence.

Sir Maur. 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.

Sir John. Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice' power,
And leave persuasion; and in plain terms tell you,

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT.

Neither your birth, sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords! i' th' street too?
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace: he that draws back, parts with
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathise with yours, they shall not come
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.

Sir Maur. May I have the honour
To support you, lady? [*To* ANNE.

Plenty. I know not what's supporting,
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.
[*To* MARY.
[*Exeunt all but* LUKE.

Enter HOYST, PENURY, *and* FORTUNE.

Luke. You are come with all advantage. I will help you
To the speech of my brother.

For. Have you moved him for us?

Luke. With the best of my endeavours, and I hope
You'll find him tractable.

Pen. Heaven grant he prove so!

Hoyst. Howe'er, I'll speak my mind.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Do so, master Hoyst.
Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours.
[*Exeunt* HOYST, PENURY, *and* FORTUNE.
Heaven bless your honour!

L. Lacy. Your hand, master Luke: the world's much changed with you
Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord; and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,
Too late repented.

L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes: how deals your brother with you?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a free man, all my debts discharged;
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.

L. Lacy. You bear it well;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.

Luke. In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him: such as are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet.
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making, or undoing,
Depends upon his pleasure.

L. Lacy. To my wish:
I know no object that could more content me.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A Counting-room in* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, HOYST, FORTUNE, PENURY, *and* GOLDWIRE, Junior.

Sir John. What would you have me do? reach me a chair.
When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.
Hoyst. Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,
For as I am a gentleman——

Re-enter LUKE, *behind, with* LORD LACY, *whom he places near the door.*

Luke. There you may hear all.
Hoyst. I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value:
Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,
And a livery punk or so, and trade not with
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me;
'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day,
Or I shall grow very angry.
Sir John. Fret, and spare not.
I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed drones. But to the pur-
How much owes Penury? [pose,
Gold. Two hundred pounds:
His bond three times since forfeited.
Sir John. Is it sued?
Gold. Yes, sir, and execution out against him.
Sir John. For body and goods?
Gold. For both, sir.
Sir John. See it served.
Pen. I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.
Sir John. More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support them.
What's Fortune's debt?
Gold. A thousand, sir.
Sir John. An estate
For a good man! You were the glorious trader,
Embraced all bargains: the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a lady; she had her caroch, her choice
Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies
Ta'en up at interest, the certain road
To Ludgate in a citizen. Pray you acquaint me,
How were my thousand pounds employ'd?
For. Insult not
On my calamity; though, being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.
Sir John. Suppose this true,
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.
For. 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.
Luke. [*comes forward.*] Not, as a brother, sir, but with such duty,
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.
Sir John. What would you say?
Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled,
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others miseries, (I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are
As rigid and inexorable. [curs'd
Sir John. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
Luke. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability, and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.
L. Lacy. A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.
Luke. Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate,
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?
Hoyst. If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will
If he be not converted. [damn him,
Luke. You are too violent.——
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge, (pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement,) in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
L. Lacy. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
Luke. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
Sir John. How, my good brother?
Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;

When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests, and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

Sir John. No more.

Luke. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.

Sir John. If this could be—

Luke. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich,
In being the instrument.

Sir John. You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but, do you hear, no talk of't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time,
But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;
Drink a health, and thank your orator.

Pen. On our knees, sir.

For. Honest master Luke!

Hoyst. I bless the counter, where
You learn'd this rhetoric.

Luke. No more of that, friends.

[*Exeunt* LUKE, HOYST, FORTUNE, *and* PENURY. Lord LACY *comes forward.*

Sir John. My honourable lord.

L. Lacy. I have seen and heard all.
Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors,
I do commend; but where you should express
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you,
You shew yourself an athiest.

Sir John. Make me know
My error, and for what I am thus censured,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.

L. Lacy. It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.

Sir John. Is that all?

L. Lacy. 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?

Sir John. Pray you, take me with you;
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.

L. Lacy. You could not do less.

Sir John. Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may, with justice, call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?

L. Lacy. I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.

Sir John. Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust, or employment you think fit,
Shall be confer'd upon him: if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.

L. Lacy. If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE, HOLDFAST, GOLDWIRE Junior, *and* TRADEWELL Junior.

Hold. The like was never seen.

Luke. Why in this rage, man?

Hold. Men may talk of country-christmasses, and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcases
Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.

Trade. What dear dainty
Was it, thou murmur'st at?

Hold. Did you not observe it?
There were three sucking pigs serv'd up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that dress'd it
Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.

Gold. Yet all this
Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.

Hold. I am rather
Starv'd to look on't. But here's the mischief—
The dishes were raised one upon another, [though
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd,
To furnish out a banquet; yet my lady
Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out,
There was nothing worth the eating.

Gold. You must have patience,
This is not done often.

Hold. 'Tis not fit it should;
Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolv'd
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accompts.
And since my master longs to be undone,

The great fiend be his steward : I will pray,
And bless myself from him ! [*Exit.*
Gold. The wretch shews in this
An honest care.
Luke. Out on him ! with the fortune
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all hands ; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security ; but this
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look ! in the meantime, how intend [you
To spend the hours ?
Gold. We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.
Trade. Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.
Luke. Have you almost served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty ! Hast thou traded [*To* TRADEWELL.
In the other world, exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure ?
Or wilt thou ; [*to* GOLD.] being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles ?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
Of gentry in you ? you are no mechanics,
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings : you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your poverty of spirit ; you,
The brave sparks of the city !
Gold. Master Luke,
I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.
Trade. And the penance
You endured for't in the counter.
Luke. You are fools,
The case is not the same ; I spent mine own money,
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon wasted ;
But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your master's.
As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty ;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.
Trade. Ay, but our father's bonds, that lie in pawn
For our honesties, must pay for't.
Luke. A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children ! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing lechery it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pie, trimm'd like a gallant,
For which, in trunks conceal'd, be ever furnish'd ;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pockets,
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters——
Trade. O rare !
Luke. Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them ; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them ;
Judgment having nought to do there.
Trade. Admirable !
Luke. My lord no sooner shall rise out of his chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows ; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant ; drink your health as freely,
And, striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.
Trade. This may be ; but suppose
We should be known ?
Luke. Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible. Or, if
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,
Wrought and perfumed——
Gold. There, there, master Luke,
There lies my road of happiness !
Luke. Enjoy it.
And pleasures stolen, being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.
Gold. 'Tis enchanting.
I have proved it.
Luke. Hast thou ?
Gold. Yes, in all these places
I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night
The shaking of the sheets, which I have danced
Again and again with my cockatrice :—master Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers ;
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash, yet if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.
Trade. Is't possible ?
Luke. You can instruct your tutor.
How, how, good Tom ?
Gold. Why, look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions : I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest ; and, when they want,
As my master's monies come in I do repay it :
Ka me, ka thee !
Luke. An excellent knot ! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed : for me it shall not.
You are shewn the way, friend Tradewell, you may make use on't,
Or freeze in the warehouse, and keep company
With the cater, Holdfast.
Trade. No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then, a crash at the ordinary !
Gold. I am for
The lady you saw this morning, who indeed is
My proper recreation.
Luke. Go to, Tom ;
What did you make me ?

Gold. I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.
Luke. If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.
Trade. Kind master Luke!
Gold. We'll break my master to make you. You know——
Luke. I cannot love money. Go, boys!
[*Exeunt* GOLDWIRE *and* TRADEWELL.
When time serves,
It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL, LORD LACY, SIR MAURICE LACY, PLENTY, LADY FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT.

Sir John. Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them, for their jointures,
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs male
Begotten on their bodies.
L. Lacy. Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.
Plenty. You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange,
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.
L. Frug. You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and importance
On the making up of marriages, to be
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted;
And I, by special privilege, may challenge
A casting voice.
L. Lacy. How's this?
L. Frug. Even so, my lord;
In these affairs I govern.
L. Lacy. Give you way to't?
Sir John. I must, my lord.
L. Frug. 'Tis fit he should, and shall.
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.
Sir Maur. By the city custom, madam?
L. Frug. Yes, my young sir; and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my copy.
Plenty. Brave, i'faith!
Sir John. Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do;
And now touching the business we last talk'd of,
In private, if you please.
L. Lacy. 'Tis well remember'd:
You shall take your own way, madam.
[*Exeunt* Lord LACY *and* Sir JOHN FRUGAL.
Sir Maur. What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?
L. Frug. Such as wisdom warrants
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?
Mill. Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.
Sir Maur. Stargaze! lady: what is he?
L. Frug. Call him in.—[*Exit* MILLISCENT.]—You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me: but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities;
Guided by that ne'er-erring science call'd,
Judicial astrology.
Plenty. Stargaze! sure
I have a penny almanack about me
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.
L. Frug. Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

Re-enter MILLISCENT, *followed by* STARGAZE *with two schemes.*

Sir Maur. I believe so.
Plenty. Must we couple by the almanack?
L. Frug. Be silent;
And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.
Star. *In omni*
Parte, et toto.
Plenty. Good learn'd sir, in English;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.
Star. You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then.
L. Frug. Pray you observe him.
Star. Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars Almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.
Plenty. Hey-day!
L. Frug. The angels' language! I am ravish'd· forward.
Star. Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicite trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous, and happy.
L. Frug. Kneel, and give thanks.
[*The* Women *kneel.*
Sir Maur. For what we understand not?
Plenty. And have as little faith in?
L. Frug. Be incredulous;
To me, 'tis oracle.
Star. Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.
Plenty. Wearing the breeches, you mean?
L. Frug. Touch that point home:
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,
Of main consideration.
Star. This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and Venus in the south angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities; occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the east, in cazini of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he dejected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and

declare, rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women.

L. Frug. Is't possible!

Star. 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes the first and greatest magician, Mercurius Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.

L. Frug. Are you yet satisfied?

Plenty. In what?

L. Frug. That you
Are bound to obey your wives; it being so
Determined by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.

Plenty. Since I must
Be married by the almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.

Sir Maur. With the date
Of my apprenticeship.

L. Frug. Make your demands;
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.

Sir Maur. Mine hath the van;
I stand your charge, sweet.

Star. Silence.

Anne. I require first,
And that, since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant, my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obey'd, not argued.

L. Frug. And good reason.

Plenty. A gentle *imprimis!*

Sir Maur. This in gross contains all:
But your special items, lady.

Anne. When I am one,
And you are honour'd to be styled my husband,
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,
My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,
Postillion, and footmen.

Sir Maur. Is there ought else
To be demanded?

Anne. Yes, sir, mine own doctor,
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:
A friend at court to place me at a masque;
The private box ta'en up at a new play,
For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
The gallant's eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;
Some decayed lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;
And there ends my ambition.

Sir Maur. Your desires
Are modest, I confess!

Anne. These toys subscribed to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.

L. Frug. You have said; give place,
And hear your younger sister.

Plenty. If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurr'd,
With a sithe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat!

Sir Maur. Curse not the judge,
Before you hear the sentence.

Mary. In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's; and must say,
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.

Sir Maur. How like you this exordium?

Plenty. Too modest, with a mischief!

Mary. Yes, too modest:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth,
My youth, my beauty——

Plenty. How your glass deceives you!

Mary. The greatness of the portion I bring with me,
And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.

Sir Maur. She bears up close.

Mary. And can you, in your wisdom,
Or rustical simplicity, imagine
You have met some innocent country girl, that never
Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew more
Than the price of corn in the market; or at what rate
Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the moon
To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,
Or when to raise up goslings?

Plenty. These are arts
Would not misbecome you, though you should put in
Obedience and duty.

Mary. Yes, and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your slavering hounds,
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after hunting
With your clowns and comrades, as if all were yours,
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge;
The case, sir, must be otherwise.

Plenty. How, I beseech you?

Mary. Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister, challenge
What's useful or superfluous from my husband,
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me
What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—
I will receive your rents.

Plenty. You shall be hang'd first.

Mary. Make sale or purchase: nay I'll have my neighbours
Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to answer,
The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?
The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these whose oxen?
The lady Plenty's.

Plenty. A plentiful pox upon you!

Mary. And when I have children, if it be enquired
By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still echo,
My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on.

Plenty. In their begetting: I think so.

Mary. Since you'll marry
In the city for our wealth, in justice, we
Must have the country's sovereignty.

Plenty. And we nothing.
Mary. A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,
Now if you like me, so.
L. Frug. At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.
Plenty. Shall they, i' faith ?
Like bitch, like whelps.
Sir Maur. Use fair words.
Plenty. I cannot ;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have
A whirlwind overturn it ! [found one :
Sir Maur. On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady ?
Plenty. A lady in a morris :
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first—
Sir Maur. Tinker's trull,
A beggar without a smock.
Plenty. Let monsieur almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.
Sir Maur. The general pimp to a brothel.
Plenty. Though that now
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them,
I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace
Anne. Wooing do you call this ! [thee.
Mary. A bear-baiting rather.
Plenty. Were you worried, you deserve it, and
I shall live to see it. [I hope
Sir Maur. I'll not rail, nor curse you :
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions
Add much unto your handsomeness ; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beg-
Deform'd and ugly. [gars,
L. Frug. Hear me.
Plenty. Not a word more.
[*Exeunt* Sir MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY.
Anne. I ever thought it would come to this.
Mary. We may
Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us
To articulate thus with our suitors.
[*Both speak weeping.*
Star. Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me. [*Aside.*
L. Frug. You rascal ! juggler !
[*She breaks* STARGAZE'S *head, and beats him.*
Star. Dear madam.
L. Frug. Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me !
Star. My art cannot err ;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own
I did foresee this broken head, and beating ; [star
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.
L. Frug. Did you ?
Star. Madam.
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets
Appointed for their husbands ; there will come
Gallants of another metal.
Mill. Once more trust him.
Anne. Mary. Do, lady-mother.
L. Frug. I am vex'd, look to it ;
Turn o'er your books ; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere : come, girls.
Star. I am glad I scaped thus.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Lord LACY *and* Sir JOHN FRUGAL.

L. Lacy. The plot shews very likely.
Sir John. I repose
My principal trust in your lordship ; 'twill prepare
The physic I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.
L. Lacy. I will do my parts,
To set it off to the life.

Enter Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY.

Sir John. It may produce
A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors ;
When we understand how they relish my wife's
The rest is feasible. [humours,
L. Lacy. Their looks are cloudy.
Sir John. How sits the wind ? are you ready to launch forth
Into this sea of marriage ?
Plenty. Call it rather,
A whirlpool of afflictions.
Sir Maur. If you please
To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner,
Than plough with your proud heifer.
Plenty. I will make
A voyage to hell first.—
Sir John. How, sir !
Plenty. And court Proserpine,
In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the Furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I
Take you, Mary, for my wife. [Jeffrey
L. Lacy. Why, what's the matter ?
Sir Maur. The matter is, the mother (with your pardon,
I cannot but speak so much) is a most unsufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.
Plenty. And the daughters worse.
The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.
Sir Maur. I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same leaven.
Plenty. Take my counsel ;
'Tis safer for your credit to profess
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,
Than say they are your daughters.
Sir John. You go too far, sir.
Sir Maur. They have so articled with us !
Plenty. And will not take us
For their husbands, but their slaves ; and so afore-
They do profess they'll use us. [hand
Sir John. Leave this heat :
Though they are mine, I must tell you, the perverseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.

Sir Maur. True; but what's bred in the bone,
Admits no hope of cure.
Plenty. Though saints and angels
Were their physicians.
Sir John. You conclude too fast.
Plenty. God be wi' you! I'll travel three years,
[but I'll bury
This shame that lives upon me.
Sir Maur. With your license,
I'll keep him company.
L. Lacy. Who shall furnish you
For your expenses.
Plenty. He shall not need your help,
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And will live and die so.
Sir Maur. Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.
Plenty. And till then leave you.
[*Exeunt* SIR MAURICE LACY *and* PLENTY.
L. Lacy. They are strangely moved.
Sir John. What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.
L. Lacy. Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.
Sir John. You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* SECRET'S *House.*

Enter SHAVE'EM *and* SECRET.

Secret. Dead doings, daughter.
Shave. Doings! sufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or eunuchs.
Secret. You have a friend yet,
And a striker too, I take it.
Shave. Goldwire is so, and comes
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one friend?
I would have a hundred;—for every hour, and use,
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one:
'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,
And not a single lambkin. I am starv'd,
Starv'd in my pleasures; I know not what a coach is,
To hurry me to the Burse, or Old Exchange:
The neathouse for musk-melons, and the gardens,
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.
Secret. There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.
Shave. You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon
In expectation of nuts and pippins; [there
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of drum-wine for me.
Secret. You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole sisterhood.
Shave. What's that?
Secret. I am told
Two ambassadors are come over: a French mon- [sieur,
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi,
A hot-rein'd marmoset. Their followers,
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.
Shave. They indeed are
Our certain and best customers:—[*knocking within.*]—Who knocks there?
Ramb. [*Within.*] Open the door.
Secret. What are you?
Ramb. [*Within.*] Ramble.
Scuff. [*Within.*] Scuffle.
Ramb. [*Within.*] Your constant visitants.
Shave. Let them not in;
I know them, swaggering, suburbian roarers,
Sixpenny truckers.
Ramb. [*Within.*] Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.
Scuff. [*Within.*] Force the doors!
Secret. They are outlaws, mistress Shave'em, and there is
No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have foil'd their betters.
Shave. Out, you bawd! you care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.
Secret. Sweet lady-bird,
Sing in a milder key.

Exit, and re-enters with RAMBLE *and* SCUFFLE.

Scuff. Are you grown proud?
Ramb. I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden [alleys,
And would come to a sailor's whistle.
Secret. Good sir Ramble,
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.
Ramb. Rank and rotten, is she not?
[SHAVE'EM *draws her knife.*
Shave. Your spittle rogueships
[RAMBLE *draws his sword.*
Shall not make me so.
Secret. As you are a man, squire Scuffle,
Step in between them: a weapon of that length
Was never drawn in my house.
Shave. Let him come on.
I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!
Ramb. You brache!
Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—
Shave. O'er night,
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

Enter GOLDWIRE, Junior, *disguised like a Justice of Peace,* DING'EM *like a Constable, and* Musicians *like Watchmen.*

Secret. Ah me! here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace, too.
Shave. I'll hang you both, you rascals!
I can but ride:—you for the purse you cut
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smoak'd you, ha!
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,
From the poor market woman, as she rode
From Rumford.

Ramb. Mistress Shave'em.
Scuff. Mistress Secret,
On our knees we beg your pardon.
Ramb. Set a ransome on us.
Secret. We cannot stand trifling: if you mean
Shut them out at the back-door. [to save them,
Share. First, for punishment,
They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in
I am their sovereign, and they my vassals, [sign
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues. and vanish!
[*Exeunt* RAMBLE *and* SCUFFLE.
Gold. My brave virago! The coast's clear; strike up.
[GOLDWIRE *and the rest discover themselves.*
Shave. My Goldwire made a justice!
Secret. And your scout
Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen!
Gold. We come not to fright you, but to make you merry:
A light lavolta. [*They dance.*
Shave. I am tired; no more.
This was your device?
Ding. Wholly his own; he is
No pig-sconce, mistress.
Secret. He has an excellent headpiece.
Gold. Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say,
We citizens have no wit.
Ding. He dies that says so:
This was a masterpiece.
Gold. A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.
Shave. I must kiss thee for it,
Again, and again. [*They kiss.*
Ding. Make much of her. Did you know
What suitors she had since she saw you——
Gold. I'the way of marriage?
Ding. Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too;
The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd
Five pound a week. [her
Secret. And a cashier'd captain, half
Of his entertainment.
Ding. And a new-made courtier,
The next suit he could beg.
Gold. And did my sweet one
Refuse all this, for me?
Shave. Weep not for joy:
'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders,
And country heirs for their servants; but give me
My gallant prentice! he parts with his money
So civilly, and demurely, keeps no account
Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd.—
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.
Gold. I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for nothing.
Shave. Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirrah, [*To* DING'EM.
His cap and pantofles ready.
Gold. There's for thee,
And thee: that for a banquet.
Secret. And a caudle
Again you rise.
Gold. There. [*Gives them money.*
Shave. Usher us up in state.
Gold. You will be constant?
Shave. Thou art the whole world to me.
[*Exeunt; Gold. and Shave. embracing, music playing before them.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sir JOHN FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter LUKE.

Anne. [*within.*] Where is this uncle?
L. Frug. [*within.*] Call this beadsman-brother;
He hath forgot attendance.
Mary. [*within.*] Seek him out;
Idleness spoils him.
Luke. I deserve much more
Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but justice
That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me; since, if now I sat
A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pity. Such as want
Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion; but I,
That knew profuseness of expense the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon
The alms of others, steering on a rock
I might have shunn'd! O Heaven! it is not fit
I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.

Enter Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, STARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.

L. Frug. What are you devising, sir?
Anne. My uncle is much given
To his devotion.
Mary. And takes time to mumble
A paternoster to himself.
L. Frug. Know you where
Your brother is? it better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.
Luke. In my will I do:
But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,
I have not seen him.
L. Frug. And why went not you
By his stirrup? How do you look! were his eyes
You'd be glad of such employment. [closed.
Luke. 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.
L. Frug. I know you can speak well;
But say, and do.

Enter Lord LACY.

Luke. Here comes my lord.
L. Frug. Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his business
Aims not at you, as I take it.
Luke. Can I live
In this base condition! [*He stands aside*
L. Frug. I hope, my lord,
You had brought master Frugal with you; for I
An account of him from you. [must ask
L. Lacy. I can give it, lady;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortified patience, I desire you
To give it hearing.
Luke. My heart beats.
L. Frug. My lord, you much amaze me.
L. Lacy. I shall astonish you. The noble mer-
Who, living, was, for his integrity [chant.
And upright dealing, (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen,) London's best honour;
Is——I am loth to speak it.

Luke. Wonderous strange!
L. Frug. I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?
L. Lacy. Your supposition's true, your hopes [are false;
He's dead.
L. Frug. Ah me!
Anne. My father!
Mary. My kind father!
Luke. Now they insult not.
L. Lacy. Pray hear me out.
He's dead; dead to the world and you, and, now,
Lives only to himself.
Luke. What riddle's this?
L. Frug. Act not the torturer in my afflictions;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.
L. Lacy. In few words take it:
He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.
Luke. More strange.
L. Lacy. I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And ere long will be at Lovain.
L. Frug. Could I guess
What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.
L. Lacy. I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk suck'd from you:
At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispers'd upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement: and, thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.
L. Frug. I confess
A guilty cause to him; but, in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.
L. Lacy. In fact, you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years travel.
L. Frug. I am much grieved for it.
L. Lacy. One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.
Luke. Hum! this sounds well.
L. Frug. 'Tis now past help: after these storms, [my lord,
A little calm, if you please.
L. Lacy. If what I have told you,
Shew'd like a storm, what now I must deliver,
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[*Giving the will to* LUKE, *who comes forward.*]—With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left [you,
Which you can call your own.
L. Frug. Undone for ever!
Anne. Mary. What will become of us?
Luke. Hum! [*Aside.*
L. Lacy. The scene is changed,
And he that was your slave, by Fate appointed
[Lady FRUGAL, MARY, *and* ANNE *kneel.*
Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility,
From him may gain remission, and, perhaps,
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.
L. Frug. Am I come to this?
L. Lacy. Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these shew it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.
Luke. Pray you rise, [*Raises them.*
And rise with this assurance, I am still,
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you,
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and, much less,
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.
L. Lacy. Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it!
L. Frug. You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.
Luke. By no means;
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:
You shall have all abundance. In my nature,
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;
Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,
With pæans to my praise will celebrate!
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal: and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.
L. Lacy. Yet take heed, sir,
You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.
L. Frug. And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd.
Luke. I'll build it higher,
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Bless'd with abundance.

L. Lacy. There, sir, I join with you;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguish'd from the city.
Luke. With your favour,
I know what you would say; but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.
Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives: and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear,
Like Juno, in full majesty, and my nieces,
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy, (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
Than various nature's,) and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with aërial wings,
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you,)
Prest to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.
L. Lacy. A strange frenzy? [*Aside.*
Luke. Off with these rags, and then to bed; there dream
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you. [*Exit.*
L. Lacy. Are we all turn'd statues? have his strange words charm'd us?
What muse you on, lady?
L. Frug. Do not trouble me.
L. Lacy. Sleep you too, young ones?
Anne. Swift-wing'd time till now
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night!
Mary. Nay, morning rather.
L. Lacy. Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband?
L. Frug. He was a vanity
I must no more remember.
L. Lacy. Excellent!
You, your kind father?
Anne. Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!
L. Lacy. Not one word in answer
Of my demands?
Mary. You are but a lord; and know,
My thoughts soar higher.
L. Lacy. Admirable! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this,
It will exceed belief; but he must know it. [*Aside and exit.*
Star. Now I may boldly speak. May it please you, madam,
To look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.
L. Frug. I begin to feel
Myself another woman.
Star. Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.
Mill. Princely husbands.
Anne. I'll go no less.
Mary. Not a word more;
Provide my night-rail.
Mill. What shall we be to-morrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LUKE.

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch;
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*]—that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes' moly
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchemist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the substance
And guardian of felicity! No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd:
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd
Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air!—Who's there?

Enter Lord LACY, *with* Sir JOHN FRUGAL, Sir MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY, *painted and disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!
L. Lacy. What strange passion's this!
Have you your eyes? do you know me?
Luke. You, my lord,
I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.
L. Lacy. Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good brother;
But let not this exalt you,
Luke. A good brother!
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,

Which your lordship may conceive great, no way
The general opinion: alas! [answers
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.
L. Lacy. A poor man, say you?
Luke. Poor, compared with what
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things.
L. Lacy. I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour,
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.
Luke. Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity; to send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can,
Nor will consent to't.
L. Lacy. Do not slight it; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.
Luke. Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose,
To worldly cares again! I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and, with the converted,
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.
Sir John. *Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.*
Plenty. *Enaula.*
Sir Maur. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*
Luke. Ha! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion?
L. Lacy. That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes: they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect; the business does concern you:
Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [*Exit.*
Luke. That is interpreted,
A slave and beggar.
Sir John. You conceive it right;
There being no religion, nor virtue,
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.
Luke. Oracle!
Sir John. Temples raised to ourselves in the increase
Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.
Luke. True worldly wisdom!
Sir John. All knowledge else is folly.
Sir Maur. Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.
Plenty. There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.
Sir John. As yet,
You do not know us; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.
Luke. There's something whispers to me
These are no common men. [*Aside.*]—My house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter:
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.
Sir John. You shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* FRUGAL'S *House.*

Enter DING'EM, GETTALL, *and* HOLDFAST.

Ding. Not speak with him! with fear survey me better.
Thou figure of famine! [me better.
Gett. Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now,
The brave spark Tradewell—
Ding. And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire!

Enter LUKE.

Hold. I know them for his prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.
Ding. Not yours, you rascal!
Hold. No, don pimp; you may seek them
In Bridewell, or the hole, here are none of your comrogues.
Luke. One of them looks as he would cut my throat:
Your business, friends? [throat:
Hold. I'll fetch a constable;
Let him answer him in the stocks.
Ding. Stir, an thou dar'st:
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are fleabitings
I am familiar with. [*Draws.*
Luke. Pray you put up:
And, sirrah, hold your peace. [*To* HOLDFAST.
Ding. Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburbian gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am, in person,
Sent to congratulate.
Gett. The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls
Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Tradewell,
Your fine facetious factor. [well,
Ding. I from Goldwire:

He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;
For, I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee,
To quit old scores.

Gett. Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can [assure you,
There's half a million stirring.

Luke. What hath he lost?

Gett. Three hundred.

Luke. A trifle.

Gett. Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad.

Luke. They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:
What's mine, is theirs. They are my friends, not servants,
But in their care to enrich me; and these courses,
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?

Gett. Gettall.
I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.

Luke. Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up; he shall [not
Sit long on Penniless-Bench.

Gett. There spake an angel!

Luke. You know mistress Shave'em?

Gett. The pontifical punk?

Luke. The same. Let him meet me there some two hours hence:
And tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him,
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.

Ding. She will make thee young,
Old Æson: she is ever furnish'd with
Medea's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.

Gett. I'll run with you.
[*Exeunt* Ding'em *and* Gettall.

Hold. You will not do as you say, I hope?

Luke. Enquire not;
I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]
—To the door. [*Exit* Holdfast.
New visitants!

Re-enter Holdfast.

What are they?

Hold. A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.

Luke. They come to gratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.

Hold. Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.

Luke. I am simple; they
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.

Hold. All will come to ruin! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—
[*Speaking to those without.*
But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;
'Twill shew like charity in you.

Enter Fortune, Penury, *and* Hoyst.

Luke. Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad
You have changed your creditor.

Pen. I weep for joy,
To look upon his worship's face.

For. His worship's!
I see lord mayor written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,
Born up in state before him.

Hoyst. Hospitals,
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.

Pen. The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.

Hoyst. All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.

For. Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.

Pen. We, his poor beadsmen, feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.

Luke. May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour,
To the utmost of my power!

Hold. Yes, for one year,
And break the next.

Luke. You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?

For. Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.

Luke. 'Tis very probable.

For. The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be prais'd for't!
Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.

Luke. Where are they?

For. Near Gravesend.

Luke. I am truly glad of it.

For. I find your worship's charity, and dare swear so,
Now may I have your licence, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment, against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.

Luke. You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, master Hoyst?

Hoyst. 'Tis the surrendering back the mortgage of
My lands, and on good terms, but three days patience;
By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am
Resolv'd to leave off play, and turn good husband.

Luke. A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, Penury?

Pen. My state stands as it did, sir:
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor,
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for.
[*Gives him a paper.*

Luke. You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.

Pen. Heaven preserve you!

For. Happy were London, if, within her walls,
She had many such rich men!
Luke. No more; now leave me:
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt* FORTUNE, HOYST, *and* PENURY.]—Be careful, Holdfast;
I have much to do.
Hold. And I something to say,
Would you give me hearing.
Luke. At my better leisure.
Till my return look well unto the Indians;
In the mean time, do you as this directs you.
[*Gives him a paper. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SHAVE'EM'S *House.*

Enter GOLDWIRE, Junior, TRADEWELL, Junior, SHAVE'EM, SECRET, GETTALL, *and* DING'EM.

Gold. *All that is mine is theirs.* Those were his words?
Ding. I am authentical.
Trade. And that *I should not*
Sit long on Penniless-Bench?
Gett. But suddenly start up
A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!*
Shave. And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?
Ding. He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.
Gold. Hug him close, wench,
And thou mayst eat gold and amber. I well know him
For a most insatiate drabber: he hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.
Shave. Hell take my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;
These ceruses are common.
Secret. 'Troth, sweet lady,
The colours are well laid on.
Gold. And thick enough;
I find that on my lips.
Shave. Do you so, Jack Sauce!
I'll keep them further off.
Gold. But be assured first
Of a new maintainer, ere you cashier the old one.
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt
Be my revenue; the whole college study
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman;
Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel
To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget
There e'er was a St. Martin's: thy procurer
Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door,
And let loud music, when this monarch enters,
Proclaim his entertainment.
Ding. That's my office.
[*Flourish of cornets within.*
The consort's ready.

Enter LUKE.

Trade. And the god of pleasure,
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.
Gold. Set your face in order,
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master?
Trade. Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!
Gett. Make my ordinary flourish!
Shave. Welcome, sir,
To your own palace! [*The music plays.*
Gold. Kiss your Cleopatra,
And shew yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!
Ding. All the nine worthies!
Secret. Variety of pleasures wait upon you,
And a strong back!
Luke. Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonish'd! all this preparation
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite?
All. We are all your creatures.
Luke. A house well furnish'd!
Gold. At your own cost, sir,
Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was
Derived from your brother's cash: the lease of the house,
And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.
Shave. But now you are master both of it and me,
I hope you'll build elsewhere.
Luke. And see you placed,
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell,
I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become you.
What is your loss? speak truth.
Trade. Three hundred, sir.
Gett. But, on a new supply, he shall recover
The sum told twenty times o'er.
Shave. There's a banquet,
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.
Luke. I couple not in the daylight. Expectation
Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!
Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided
A better consort, and you shall frolic it
In another place. [*The music ceases.*
Gold. *But have you brought gold, and store, sir.*
Trade. I long to *Ware the caster!*
Gold. I to appear
In a fresh habit.
Shave. My mercer and my silkman
Waited me, two hours since.
Luke. I am no porter,
To carry so much gold as will supply
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en order for you;

Enter Sheriff, Marshal, *and Officers.*

You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.
Sher. Seize them all.
Shave. The city marshal!
Gold. And the sheriff! I know him.
Secret. We are betray'd.
Ding. Undone.
Gett. Dear master Luke.
Gold. You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
Shew yourselves city sparks, and hang up money!
Luke. True; when it was my brother's, I contemn'd it;
But now it is mine own, the case is alter'd.

Trade. Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it?
Luke. Argue that hereafter;
In the mean time, master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at livery
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in London;
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
Ka me, ka thee! and knew, in your accompts,
To cheat my brother; if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.
Gold. You often told us
It was a bugbear.
Luke. Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft hands,
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their powders
And bitter almonds.
Shave. Secret. Ding. Will you shew no mercy?
Luke. I am inexorable.
Gett. I'll make bold
To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.
Luke. We must not part so, gentle master Gettall.
Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's *half a million stirring in your house,*
This a poor trifle.—Master shrieve and master marshal,
On your perils, do your offices.
Gold. Dost thou cry now [*To* TRADEWELL.
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a boman, and now, in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wert my pander.
Luke. Shall I hear this from
My prentice?
Mar. Stop his mouth.
Sher. Away with them.
[*Exeunt* Sheriff, Marshal, *and* Officers, *with* GOLD. TRADE. SHAVE. SECRET. GETT. *and* DING.
Luke. A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature! these house-thieves removed,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes, recover'd,
Will add unto my heap; increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cramm'd abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

Enter Serjeants *with* FORTUNE, HOYST, *and* PENURY.

For. At master Luke's suit! the action twenty thousand!
1 *Serj.* With two or three executions, which shall grind you
To powder. when we have you in the counter.
For. Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.
1 *Serj.* Yes, millstones.
Pen. He promised to lend me ten pound for a bargain,
He will not do it this way.
2 *Serj.* I have warrant
For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,
And for mine own security.
3 *Serj.* You are a gallant,
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money: for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.
2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter,
And search if there be aught else out against him.
3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's a prize,
And as we are city pirates by our oaths,
We must make the best on't.
Hoyst. Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab there
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

Enter LUKE.

3 *Serj.* Here he comes
You had best tell so.
For. Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs.
I know you gave no way to't.
Pen. Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.
Hoy. I must tell you
I do not like such trials.
Luke. Are you serjeants,
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.
For. Are you in earnest?
Luke. Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.
For. Can a gentleman
Of your soft and silken temper, speak such language?
Pen. So honest, so religious?
Hoy. That preach'd
So much of charity for us to your brother?
Luke. Yes, when I was in poverty it shew'd well;
But I inherit with his state, his mind,
And rougher nature. I grant then, I talk'd,
For some ends to myself conceal'd, of pity,
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you all shall feel, and with rigour;
Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?
For. Hear us speak.
Luke. While I,
Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,

Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be alter'd.
For. Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.
Pen. Lend me the ten pounds you promised.
Hoy. A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage,
And you shall be satisfied.
For. To the utmost farthing.
Luke. I'll shew some mercy; which is, that I will not
Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to.—Your ships to my use
Are seized on.—I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum.—I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve.—Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.
For. Broker!
Hoy. Jew!
For. Imposter!
Hoy. Cut-throat!
For. Hypocrite!
Luke. Do, rail on;
Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.
Pen. On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children
Shall hourly pray for your worship.
For. Mine betake thee
To the devil, thy tutor.
Pen. Look upon my tears.
Hoyst. My rage.
For. My wrongs.
Luke. They are all alike to me;
Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.
Do your duties, serjeants; I am elsewhere look'd for. [*Exit.*
3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!
2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.
Pen. See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's marble.
Hoyst. Buried alive!
For. There's no means to avoid it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter Holdfast, Stargaze, *and* Millisclnt.

Star. Not wait upon my lady?
Hold. Nor come at her;
You find it not in your almanack.
Mill. Nor I have license
To bring her breakfast?
Hold. My new master hath
Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long,
And, after a carnival, Lent ever follows.
Mill. Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this;
I must know what gown she'll wear.
Hold. You are mistaken,
Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her daughters
Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all
Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid in their chamber,
If they please to put them on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, master Stargaze,
As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold,
The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.
L. Frug. [*within.*] Stargaze! Milliscent!
Mill. My lady's voice.
Hold. Stir not, you are confined here.
Your ladyship may approach them, if you please;
But they are bound in this circle. [*Aloud.*
L. Frug. [*within.*] Mine own bees
Rebel against me! When my kind brother knows this,
I will be so revenged!
Hold. The world's well alter'd.
He's your kind brother now; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, *and* Mary, *in coarse habits, weeping.*

Mill. What witch hath transform'd you?
Star. Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promised you should appear in?
Mill. My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;
Rather shew all than be seen thus.
Hold. 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams.
Mill. A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would shew better.
L. Frug. We are fool'd indeed! by whose command are we used thus?

Enter Luke.

Hold. Here he comes can best resolve you.
L. Frug. O, good brother!
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?
Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape?
Anne. You talk'd of Hebe,
Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandler's daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields.
Mary. Or Exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,
At Pimlico, or Islington.
Luke. Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
Like a city matron; and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:
Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.
L. Frug. Is this spoken
In scorn?
Luke. Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now shew you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes; and stand resolved
You shall continue so.
L. Frug. It is confess'd, sir.
Luke. Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can bear it.
L. Frug. That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge
We have deserv'd ill from you; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.
L. Frug. And not make us ridiculous.
Luke. Admired rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist: but here gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.
L. Frug. We are bound to hear you.
Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.
Mill. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text;
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.
Luke. Peace, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon:—but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence,
Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis follow'd!
No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
The young lord's eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
To walk before you——
L. Frug. Pray you, end.
Hold. Proceed, sir;
I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.
Luke. Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value:
Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd,
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shewn,
And roses worth a family: you were served in plate,
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to shew
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.
Hold. Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.
Luke. And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
Like Pompey's Julia.
L. Frug. No more, I pray you.
Luke. Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in [your] daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits: not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!
Hold. Will you pack?
Mill. Not till I have
My trunks along with me.
Luke. Not a rag; you came
Hither without a box.
Star. You'll shew to me,
I hope, sir, more compassion.
Hold. Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed
An almanack, for this year, at his own charge;
Let him have the impression with him, to set up with.
Luke. For once I'll be entreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.
Star. O cursed stars
That reign'd at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor observer!
Anne. Must we part in tears?
Mary. Farewell, good Milliscent!
L. Frug. I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!
How justly am I punish'd!
Mary. Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.
Anne. And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.
Luke. Get you in,
And caterwaul in a corner.
L. Frug. There's no contending.
[Lady FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *go off at one door*, STARGAZE *and* MILLISCENT *at the other*.
Luke. How
Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?
Hold. Well in some parts;
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.
Luke. Thou art a fool:
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Sir John Frugal's *House.*

Enter Luke, Sir John Frugal, Sir Maurice, Lacy, *and* Plenty.

Luke. You care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion?
Sir John. We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.
Luke. I am glad that charge is saved.
Sir John. We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now, to you, we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us: far, far above your hopes,
Or fancy, to imagine.
Luke. It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me
You will deal fairly,) that I would not hazard:
Give me the name of it.
Sir Maur. I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience, to grant it.
Luke. Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety,
And without danger of the law.
Plenty. For that,
You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an atom,
To the mountain it brings with it.
Luke. Do not rack me
With expectation.
Sir John. Thus then in a word:
The devil—why start you at his name? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,
You must make haste to be familiar with him.—
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician, (for I can do wonders,)
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins, that, with their pure blood,
Might die his horrid altars; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecate,
And wanton Lust, her favourite.
Luke. A devilish custom!
And yet why should it startle me?—There are
Enough of the sex fit for this use; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.
Plenty. A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.
Sir Maur. Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary
Of their own country?
Sir John. Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity?
Luke. Give me leave—— [*Walks aside*
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron!
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,
And eat too much; and if they stay in London,
They will find friends that, to my loss, will force me
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title: should I urge,
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are design'd? they absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.—— [*Returns.*
I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,
In mine own family, and my blood too.
Sir John. Make this good, and your house shall not contain
The gold we'll send you.
Luke. You have seen my sister,
And my two nieces?
Sir John. Yes, sir.
Luke. These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work them a belief that you are kings——
Plenty. We are so.
Luke. I'll put it in practice instantly. Study you
For moving language. Sister! nieces!

Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, *and* Mary.

How!
Still mourning? dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension, though
It shew'd like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in: my end,
In humbling you, was to set off the height
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means,
With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.
L. Frug. Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents
And language are the same.
Luke. I'll change those hopes
To certainties.
Sir John. With what art he winds about them! [*Aside.*
Luke. What will you say, or what thanks shall I look for,
If now I raise you to such eminence, as
The wife and daughters of a citizen
Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant,
Have written ladies of honour, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you,
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?
Anne. We desire
A competence.

Mary. And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.
L. Frug. But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.
Luke. I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.
L. Frug. How! Virginia!
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech [you,
What creatures are shipp'd thither.
Anne. Condemn'd wretches,
Forfeited to the law.
Mary. Strumpets and bawds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own country.
Luke. Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there; but you,
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them; they are kings of
Such spacious teritories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.
Sir Maur. You shall be adored there
As goddesses.
Sir John. Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.
Plenty. Pomp, and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.
Luke. If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretch'd arms, and willing hands, embrace it.
But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here; and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.
[*Exeunt all but* Sir John Frugal *and* Luke.
Sir John. Be not moved, sir;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.
Luke. You say well: and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.
Sir John. That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal; and such ravishing music
As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your [guests.
Luke. I must have none.
Sir John. Not the city senate?
Luke. No;
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they [suffer
I have mark'd out to misery.
Sir John. You shall:
And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.
Luke. I have one business,
And, that dispatch'd, I am free.
Sir John. About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.
Luke. Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Lord Lacy, Goldwire, Senior, *and* Tradewell, Senior.

L. Lacy. Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. M. Goldwire, and M. Trade- [well,
What do you mean to do? Put on.
Gold. With your lordship's favour.
L. Lacy. I'll have it so.
Trade. Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.
L. Lacy. You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?
Trade. They are our only sons.
Gold. And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.
Trade. And pay for them
In a moderate way.
Gold. In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.
L. Lacy. All my power

Enter Luke, *richly dressed.*

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well met,
And to my wish,—and wonderous brave! your [habit
Speaks you a merchant royal.
Luke. What I wear
I take not upon trust.
L. Lacy. Your betters may,
And blush not for't.
Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
L. Lacy. You are very peremptory; pray you [stay:
I once held you
An upright honest man.
Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.
L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to shew the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.
Luke. What is it? I am troubled.
L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's prentices.
Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.
L. Lacy. Goldwire, and Tradewell.
Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.
Gold. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
Trade. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
L. Lacy. No moderation?
Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to't.
A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.
L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not shew thyself
Such a devil!
Luke. Good words.
L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your monies
Cannot justify your villainies.
Luke. I endure this.
And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger.
L. Lacy. In thy danger?
Luke. Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my monies: the interest
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship,
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
An extent on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in:
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are angry
From my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had I known
Of your coming, believe't, I would have had serjeants ready.
Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near,
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:
I know you'll drink a health to me. [*Exit.*
L. Lacy. To thy damnation.
Was there ever such a villain! heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.
Gold. We are undone.
Trade. Our families quite ruin'd.
L. Lacy. Take courage, gentlemen; comfort may appear,
And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter SIR JOHN FRUGAL *and* HOLDFAST.

Sir John. Be silent, on your life.
Hold. I am o'erjoy'd.
Sir John. Are the pictures placed as I directed?
Hold. Yes, sir.
Sir John. And the musicians ready?
Hold. All is done
As you commanded.
Sir John. [*goes to the door.*] Make haste; and be careful;
You know your cue, and postures?
Plenty. [*within.*] We are perfect.
Sir John. 'Tis well. The rest are come, too?
Hold. And disposed of
To your own wish.

Enter Servants *with a rich banquet.*

Sir John. Set forth the table: so!
A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
His chair in state: he shall feast like a prince.
Hold. And rise like a Dutch hangman.

Enter LUKE.

Sir John. Not a word more.——
How like you the preparation? Fill your room,
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.
Luke. I can brook
No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate?
Some wine. Jove's nectar! Brightness to the star
That govern'd at my birth! shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gain'd
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased
By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or service to my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised music.
Sir John. And you shall hear the strength and power of it,
The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,
And, in those ravishing strains, with which he moved
Charon and Cerberus to give him way,
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
—Appear! swifter than thought! [*Aloud.*

Music. Enter at one door, Cerberus, *at the other* Charon, Orpheus, *and* Chorus.

Luke. 'Tis wonderous strange!
[*They represent the story of* Orpheus, *with dance and gesture.*

Sir John. Does not the object and the accent take you?

Luke. A pretty fable. [*Exeunt* Orpheus *and the rest.*] But that music should
Alter, in fiends, their nature is to me
Impossible; since, in myself, I find,
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

Sir John. You are constant to your purposes; [yet I think
That I could stagger you.

Luke. How?

Sir John. Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

Luke. Not a mote.
The music that your Orpheus made was harsh,
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans: if it be in your power,
I would now see them.

Sir John. Spirits, in their shapes,
Shall shew them as they are: but if it should move you?—

Luke. If it do, may I ne'er find pity!

Sir John. Be your own judge.——
Appear! as I commanded.

Sad Music. Enter Goldwire, Junior, *and* Tradewell, Junior, *as from prison;* Fortune, Hoyst, *and* Penury; Serjeants *with* Tradewell, Senior, *and* Goldwire, Senior;—*these followed by* Shave'em *in a blue gown,* Secret *and* Ding'em; *they all kneel to* Luke, *lifting up their hands.* Stargaze *is seen, with a pack of almanacks, and* Millescent.

Luke. Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to compassion, or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face!
You are deceived: it rather renders me
More flinty, and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings,
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans,
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so;
It sets my happiness off:—I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.—Ha! my tarriers,
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,
As I gave order; new addition to
My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—They now grow tedious,
Let them be removed. [*Exeunt* Gold. *and the rest*
Some other object, if
Your art can shew it.

Sir John. You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please?

Luke. What is it?

Sir John. Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues.

Enter Lady Frugal, Anne, *and* Mary.

Luke. There they hang:
In things indifferent, I am tractable.

Sir John. There pay your vows, you have liberty.

Anne. O sweet figure [*Kneels.*
Of my abused Lacy! when removed
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.

Mary. I had been
Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance;
But far unworthy of it, now I fall
Thus prostrate to thy statue. [*Kneels.*

L. Frug. My kind husband, [*Kneels*
(Bless'd in my misery,) from the monastery
To which my disobedience confined thee,
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,
Look on my penitence. O, that I could
Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed,
With what humility would I observe
My long-neglected duty!

Sir John. Does not this move you?

Luke. Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
My absent brother. If, by your magic art,
You can give life to these, or bring him hither
To witness her repentance, I may have,
Perchance, some feeling of it.

Sir John. For your sport,
You shall see a masterpiece. Here's nothing but
A superficies; colours, and no substance.
Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement,
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice,
To make the great work perfect.

[*Burns incense, and makes mystical gesticulations.* Sir Maurice Lacy *and* Plenty *give signs of animation.*

Luke. Prodigious!

Sir John. Nay, they have life, and motion. Descend!

[Sir Maurice Lacy *and* Plenty *descend and come forward.*

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off,
Against your will you shall know him. [*Discovers himself.*

Enter Lord Lacy, *with* Goldwire Senior *and* Junior, Tradewell Senior *and* Junior, *the* Debtors, *&c. &c. as before.*

Luke. I am lost.
Guilt strikes me dumb.

Sir John. You have seen, my lord, the pageant?

L. Lacy. I have, and am ravish'd with it.

Sir John. What think you now
Of this clear soul? this honest, pious man?
Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship [have
A further trial of him? 'Tis not in
A wolf to change his nature.

L. Lacy. I long since
Confess'd my error.

Sir John. Look up; I forgive you,
And seal your pardons thus.

[*Raises and embraces* Lady Frugal, Anne, *and* Mary.

L. Frug. I am too full
Of joy, to speak it.

Anne. I am another creature;
Not what I was.

Mary. I vow to shew myself,
When I am married, an humble wife,
Not a commanding mistress.

Plenty. On those terms,
I gladly thus embrace you. [*To* Mary

Sir Maur. Welcome to
My bosom: as the one half of myself,
I'll love and cherish you. [*To* Anne.

Gold. jun. Mercy!

Trade. jun. and the rest. Good sir, mercy!

Sir John. This day is sacred to it. All shall [find me,
As far as lawful pity can give way to't,
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss

Unto myself.—My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had, in the possession
Of my estate!—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,
Transcending all example!—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this key, too,
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desart,
Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.

Luke. I care not where I go: what's done, with words
Cannot be undone. [*Exit.*

L. Frug. Yet sir, shew some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me and mine,
Did good upon us.

Sir John. Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court. [*Exeunt.*

THE GUARDIAN

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALPHONSO, *King of Naples.*
DUKE MONTPENSIER, *General of Milan.*
SEVERINO, *a banished Nobleman.*
MONTECLARO, *his Brother-in-Law, (supposed dead,) disguised under the name of* LAVAL.
DURAZZO, *the* GUARDIAN.
CALDORO, *his Nephew and Ward, in love with* CALISTA.
ADORIO, *a young Libertine.*
CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, *Neapolitan Gentlemen.*
CARIO, *Cook to* ADORIO.
CLAUDIO, *a confidential Servant to* SEVERINO.
Captain.
Banditti.
Servants.

IÖLANTE, *Wife to* SEVERINO.
CALISTA, *her Daughter, in Love with* ADORIO.
MIRTILLA, CALISTA'S *Maid.*
CALIPSO, *the Confidant of* IÖLANTE.

Singers, Countrymen.

SCENE,—PARTLY AT NAPLES, AND PARTLY IN THE ADJACENT COUNTRY.

PROLOGUE.

After twice putting forth to sea, his fame
Shipwreck'd in either, and his once-known name
In two years silence buried, perhaps lost
In the general opinion; at our cost
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
For good success in his uncertain trade)
Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
Forsaking the security of the shore,
Resolves to prove his fortune: what 'twill be,
Is not in him, or us, to prophesie;
You only, can assure us: yet he pray'd
This little, in his absence, might be said,
Designing me his orator. He submits
To the grave censure of those abler wits
His weakness; nor dares he profess that when
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.
(Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know
His errors as you find them, and bestow
His future studies to reform from this,
What in another might be judged amiss.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear
Some things so writ, as you may truly say
He hath not quite forgot to make a play,
As 'tis with malice rumour'd: his intents
Are fair; and though he want the compliments
Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,
Before their works are brought upon the stage,
Their parasites to proclaim them: this last birth,
Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—NAPLES. *A Grove.*

Enter DURAZZO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, *and two* Servants.

Dur. Tell me of his expenses! Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet? he spends his own;
And you impertinent fools or knaves, (make choice
Of either title, which your signiorships please,)
To meddle in't.
Camil. Your age gives privilege
To this harsh language.
Dur. My age! do not use
That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An almanack in my bones to pre-declare
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel
In adoration, at the spring and fall,
Before my doctor, for a dose or two
Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
You are familiar with.
Camil. This is from the purpose.
Dur. I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,
And crack a blade or two for exercise,

Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks, (and, by your leave,
At a gamesome mistress,) and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.
Lent. We are glad you bear
Your years so well.
Dur. My years! no more of years;
If you do, at your peril.
Camil. We desire not
To prove your valour.
Dur. 'Tis your safest course.
Camil. But as friends to your fame and reputation,
Come to instruct you, your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro,
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.
Dur. Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me,
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have me
Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe [him
In canvass or coarse cotton; while I fell
His woods, grant leases, which he must make good
When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know
No more than how to cipher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure
But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse
With none but clowns and coblers: as the Turk [says,
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons,
Light on such heathenish guardians!
Don. You do worse
To the ruin of his state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.
Dur. Riots! what riots?
He wears rich clothes, I do so; keeps horses, games, and wenches;
'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?
Camil. With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.
Dur. Out with it, man.
Camil. His rash endeavour, without your con- [sent,
To match himself into a family
Not gracious with the times.
Dur. 'Tis still the better;
By this means he shall scape court visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress: but does he mean to marry?
Camil. Yes, sir, to marry.
Dur. In a beardless chin
'Tis ten times worse than wenching. Family! [whose family?
Camil. Signor Severino's.
Dur. How! not he that kill'd
The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen
Captain of the Banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?
Lent. The same, sir.
Dur. This touches near: how is his love return'd
By the saint he worships?
Don. She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.
Dur. Worse and worse.
Camil. You know him, young Adorio.
Dur. A brave gentleman!
What proof of this?
Lent. I dogg'd him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,
But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.
Camil. And would you stand conceal'd
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The matins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.
Dur. I thank you;
This torrent must be stopt.
Don. They come.
Camil. Stand close. [*They stand aside.*

Enter Adorio, Calista, Mirtilla, *and* Caldoro *muffled.*

Calis. I know I wrong my modesty.
Ador. And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.
Calis. A hard sentence!
And to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were deform'd,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome——
Dur. I dare swear it.
Calis. Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely,
You might, with some pretence of reason, slight
What you should sue for.
Dur. Were he not an eunuch,
He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Hey-day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.
Calis. Hear me, sir;
Though you continue, nay increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare your further trouble.
Ador. I will tell you,
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.
Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex,—for my ends, take me with you;
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
In the whole fabric of your outward features,
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you;
Your father Severino's dire disaster
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,
A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
The Italian princes might contend as rivals;
Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you,
(A noted libertine I profess myself,)
In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot
As you desire, affect you.
Calis. Make me know it,
I'll soon reform it.
Ador. Would you'd keep your word!

Calis. Put me to the test.
Ador. I will. You are too honest,
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,
For one commodity, before I prove it?
Venus forbid on both sides! let crook'd hams,
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it,
And we'll meet merrily.
Calis. 'Tis strange such a man
Can use such language.
Ador. In my tongue my heart
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric;
A wife, mere rustic solecism: so good morrow!
[ADORIO *offers to go,* CALDORO *comes forward and stops him.*
Camil. How like you this?
Dur. A well-bred gentleman!
I am thinking now if ever in the dark,
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years
I was much of his religion.
Camil. Out upon you!
Don. The colt's tooth still in your mouth!
Dur. What means this whispering?
Ador. You may perceive I seek not to displant you,
Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.
Cald. There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Received in corners; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,
How much I am your servant.
Ador. My designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much time.
Camil. Pray you now observe your nephew.
Dur. How he looks! like a school-boy that had play'd the truant,
And went to be breech'd.
Cald. Madam!
Calis. A new affliction!
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.
Mirt. Hear him, madam;
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.
Dur. He has made the maid his;
And, as the master of *the Art of Love*
Wisely affirms, it is a kind of passage
To the mistress' favour.
Cald. I come not to urge
My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:
Much less to argue you of want of judgment
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from you,
While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,
In vain pursue you; bringing those flames with me,
Those lawful flames, (for, madam, know, with other
I never shall approach you,) which Adorio,
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,
With atheistical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected
To virgin honour.
Dur. My nephew is an ass;
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the purpose,
Of the delight to meet in the old dance,
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it,
The Peopling of the World.
Calis. How, gentle sir!
To vindicate my honour! that is needless;
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
Can throw upon it.
Cald. Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, render you
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused? I must confess
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself, can need
The aids of vice.
Ador. You take that license, sir,
Which yet I never granted.
Cald. I'll force more;
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss. To thee I turn,
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown
Defensible, the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,
And on her fame, (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is,) and if base desires,
And beastly appetite, will give thee leave,
Consider how she sought thee, how this lady,
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould, (which Nature broke,
The great work perfected,) to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines, and, when commanded,
To be used as physic after drunken surfeits!
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horror, shewed like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it.
[*Strikes* ADORIO, *the rest rush forward; they all draw.*
Calis. Murder!
Mirt. Help!
Dur. After a whining prologue, who would have look'd for
Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear nothing:
Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir?
(And yet I love thee too) if you take the wench now,
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to it.
Ador. You think you have shewn
A memorable masterpiece of valour
In doing this in public, and it may
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:
Wear it without my envy; but expect,

For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict accompt. [*Exit.*

Dur. Hook on, follow him, harpies!
You may feed upon this business for a month,
If you manage it handsomely:

[*Exeunt* CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

When two heirs quarrel,
The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference; some, I know,
Make a set living on't. Nay, let him go,
Thou art master of the field; enjoy thy fortune
With moderation: for a flying foe,
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it!

Cald. You stand, madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended: I perceive
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness
To usurp their room: yet you may please to ascribe it
To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever: for suppose
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service.

Cal. Alas, you weep! and in my just compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble,
Should I not keep you company: you have sought
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd,
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,
For my ingratitude, it is no better,
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!
In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.
If it be possible, learn to forget,
(And yet that punishment is too light,) to hate,
A thankless virgin: practise it; and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination, disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitch'd you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember.

[*Exeunt* CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

Dur. 'Tis a sweet rogue.
Why, how now! thunderstruck?

Cald. I am not so happy:
Oh that I were but master of myself!
You soon should see me nothing.

Dur. What would you do?

Cald. With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.

Dur. For a woman!
Better the kind were lost, and generation
Maintain'd a new way.

Cald. Pray you, sir, forbear
This profane language.

Dur. Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions. First, you must change
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here; I must have you
To my country villa: rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.

Cald. You talk of nothing.

Dur. This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths,
That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony: from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.

Cald. What's this to me?

Dur. It shall be,
And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't: if a hare, my greyhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a sparhawk
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
Our horses bellies; a hearn put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
Eyeing the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
Cleaving the purer element, make in,
And by turns bind with her; the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak a while defers her death,
But by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.

Cald. This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.

Dur. Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.

Cald. Yet all this
Is nothing to Calista.

Dur. Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there; for every night,
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers murmur,
Their leases are void, for that is a main point

In my indentures; and when we make our progress,
There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offer'd.
Cald. You make me smile.
Dur. I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses, knaves!
'Tis but six short hours riding: yet ere night
Thou shalt be an alter'd man.
Cald. I wish I may, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE, CALISTA, CALIPSO, *and* MIRTILLA.

Iöl. I had spies upon you, minion; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you:
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines! her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords!
Calis. 'Twas not in me
To help it, madam.
Iöl. No! how have I lived?
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censured.
Calip. Censured, madam!
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit
A competent judge on you?
Calis. Yet black detraction
Will find faults where they are not.
Calip. Her foul mouth
Is stopp'd, you being the object: give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction;
And if my young lady and her woman hear
With reverence, they may be edified.
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,
Fed by your bounties; and but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,
And with an emphasis, you are the lady
Admired and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women
That are or ever shall be. This is truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous ladyship, to act
The part of a she-parasite.
Iöl. If you do,
I never shall acknowledge you.
Calis. Admirable!
This is no flattery! [*Aside to* MIRT.
Mirt. Do not interrupt her:
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us,
To feed on her own praises.
Iöl. I am not
So far in debt to age, but if I would
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,
I could be courted.
Calip. Rest secure of that.
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.
Iöl. I keep no mankind servant in my house,
In fear my chastity may be suspected:
How is that voiced in Naples?
Calip. With loud applause,
I assure your honour.
Iöl. It confirms I can
Command my sensual appetites.
Calip. As vassals to
Your more than masculine reason, that commands them:
Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,
Your clear soul standing centinel.
Mirt. Well said, Echo! [*Aside.*
Iöl. Yet I have tasted those delights, which women
So greedily long for, know their titillations;
And when, with danger of his head, thy father
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,
As soon as his desires are satisfied,
I can with ease forget them.
Calip. Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing
For a simple maid, that never had her hand
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there often,
And felt the sweetness of't——
Mirt. How her mouth runs o'er
With rank imagination! [*Aside.*
Calip. If such can,
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam,
They may be sainted.
Iöl. I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension; look to it:
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.
Calip. Seek no other precedent:
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,
The *Palmerins*, and that true Spanish story,
The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have read often,
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel.
Iöl. Do not provoke me:
If, from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one; or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner;
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a Fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother.—Come, Calipso.
Calip. Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady
And her woman shall obey them.
[*Exeunt* IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO
Mirt. You shall fry first
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco!
Note the injustice, madam; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you!
Suffer this and suffer all.
Calis. Not stir abroad!
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us
Mirt. Insufferable.
Calis. Nor write, nor yet receive
An amorous letter!
Mirt. Not to be endured.
Calis. Nor look upon a man out of a window!
Mirt. Flat tyranny, insupportable tyranny,
To a lady of your blood.
Calis. She is my mother,
And how should I decline it?
Mirt. Run away from't;
Take any course.

Calis. But without means, Mirtilla,
How shall we live?

Mirt. What a question's that! as if
A buxom lady could want maintenance
In any place in the world, where there are men,
Wine, meat, or money stirring.

Calis. Be you more modest,
Or seek some other mistress: rather than
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught
That may take from my honour, I'll endure
More than my mother can impose upon me.

Mirt. I grant your honour is a specious dressing,
But without conversation of men,
A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk)
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,
Wise children may evade them. She may as well
Command when you are hungry, not to eat,
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,
Compared with the not seeing of a man,
As I persuade no further; but to you
There is no such necessity; you have means
To shun your mother's rigour.

Calis. Lawful means?

Mirt. Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;
Make trial of Adorio.

Calis. And give up
My honour to his lust!

Mirt. There's no such thing
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;
That you desire not present marriage from him,
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little,
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger
With any hazard, and at my return,
Yield you a good account of't.

Calis. 'Tis a business
To be consider'd of.

Mirt. Consideration,
When the converse of your lover is in question,
Is of no moment: if she would allow you
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
A songster in the afternoon, a servant
To air you in the evening; give you leave
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark
How the old actors decay, the young sprout up,
(A fitting observation,) you might bear it;
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
Abominable!

Calis. Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?

Mirt. Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street near* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Iöl. And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?

Calip. Gallant and active; their free breeding knows not
The Spanish and Italian preciseness
Practised among us; what we call immodest,
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight
Under a velvet ensign, at fourteen.

Iöl. A petticoat, you mean?

Calip. You are in the right;
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,
They are not to be beaten off.

Iöl. You are merry, neighbour.

Calip. I fool to make you so: pray you observe them,
They are the forward'st monsieurs; born physicians
For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:
I owe my life to one of them. When I was
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cured me in an instant; Venus be praised for't!

Enter ALPHONSO, MONTPENSIER, LAVAL, *Captain, and* Attendants.

Iöl. They come, leave prating.

Calip. I am dumb, an't like your honour.

Alph. We will not break the league confirm'd between us
And your great master: the passage of his army
Through all our territories lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.

Mont. Royal Alphonso,
The king my master, your confederate,
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact, which I
Want words t'express. I must remove to-night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character; in France
He was a precedent for arts and arms,
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples
Worthy the imitation.
[*Introduces* LAVAL *to the King.*

Calip. Is he not, madam, rare!
A monsieur in print! what a garb was there! O
Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of them!
A main assurance that he is within
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.

Iöl. Peace, I have observed him
From head to foot.

Calip. Eye him again, all over.

Lav. It cannot, royal sir, but argue me
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achieved.
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine,
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness,)

With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon
From your magnificence. [*He delivers a petition.*
Calip. With what punctual form
He does deliver it!
Iöl. I have eyes: no more.
Alph. For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse
I dare not pardon murder. [me,
Lav. His fact, sir,
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,
By Monteclaro's rashness; who repining
That Severino, without his consent,
Had married Iölante, his sole sister,
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years,)
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave
A blow in public. [him
Mont. Not to be endured,
But by a slave.
Lav. This, great sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.
Iöl. I can hear no more.
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.
Calip. As your shadow.
[*Exeunt* IÖLANTE *and* CALIPSO.
Alph. We grant you these are glorious pre-
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour, [tences,
Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder; every trifle falsely styled
An injury, and not to be determined
But by a bloody duel: though this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains,
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,
England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits, than would have stood the
Of the Turk's army,) while Alphonso lives [shock
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further
In this; in what else suiting you to ask,
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
To your good fortune.
Mont. Your grace overwhelms me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter CALIPSO *and* IÖLANTE.

Calip. You are bound to favour him: mark you
For my lord's pardon. [how he pleaded
Iöl. That's indeed a tie;
But I have a stronger on me.
Calip. Say you love
His person, be not asham'd of't; he's a man,
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him.
Iöl. Do not fan
A fire that burns already too hot in me;
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,
Never to be recovered.
Calip. What a coil's here
For loving a man! It is no Africk wonder:
If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull,
Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not
blamed for't;
And many more besides of higher calling,
Though I forbear to name them. You have a hus-
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is [band;
A kind of no husband; and your ladyship
As free as a widow can be. I confess,
If ladies should seek change, that have their hus-
bands
At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,
(The surest bond of concord,) 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that
Do lie alone so often—body of me!
I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.
Iöl. I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want
all
As means to quench the spurious fire that burns
here.
Calip. Want means, while I, your creature,
Be so unthankful. [live! I dare not
Iöl. Wilt thou undertake it?
And, as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of
crowns.——
How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour! [*Aside.*
Calip. I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill
become
My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him.
He shall be yours; that's poor, he is already
At your devotion. I will not boast
My faculties this way, but suppose he were
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,
And your desires more hot than Cytherea's,
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters:
I have said it.
Iöl. Go, and prosper; and imagine
A salary beyond thy hopes.
Calip. Sleep you
Secure on either ear; the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ADORIO'S *House.*

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Don. Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you
Too fairly with him, if you take that way [deal
To right yourself.
Lent. The least that you can do,
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet
To give him the bastinado. [him,
Cam. And that done,
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No,
Be ruled by me, shew yourself an Italian,
And having received one injury, do not put off
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that,
For a few crowns, will make him sure, and so,
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.
Ador. I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied
In what concerns my honour; but in that [care
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom
Lies open to you; I begin to feel
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness.

And something tells me here, I should repent
My harshness to Calista.

Enter CARIO, *hastily.*

Camil. When you please,
You may remove that scruple.
Ador. I shall think on't.
Car. Sir, sir, are you ready?
Ador. To do what?
I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.
Car. True; but I usher
Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate, oil'd mushrooms,
And yet a drawer-on too; and if you shew not
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface,) I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.
Ador. Art thou in thy wits? what new-found rarity
Hast thou discover'd?
Car. No such matter, sir;
It grows in our own country.
Don. Serve it up,
I feel a kind of stomach.
Camil. I could feed too.
Car. Not a bit upon a march; there's other lettuce
For your coarse lips; this is peculiar only
For my master's palate: I would give my whole year's wages,
With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,
But to be his carver.
Ador. Leave your fooling, sirrah,
And bring in your dainty.
Car. 'Twill bring in itself,
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,
Behold! Now fall to boldly; my life on't,
It comes to be tasted.

Enter MIRTILLA.

Camil. Ha! Calista's woman?
Lent. A handsome one, by Venus.
Ador. Pray you forbear:—
You are welcome, fair one.
Don. How that blush becomes her!
Ador. Aim your designs at me?
Mirt. I am trusted, sir,
With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.
Car. I told you so.
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.
Ador. Pray you, gentlemen,
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend you. [*Exeunt* CAMIL. LENT. *and* DON.
Car. Dispatch her first for your honour: the quickly doing——
You know what follows.
Ador. Will you please to vanish? [*Exit* CARIO.
Now, pretty one, your pleasure? you shall find me
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to
My oath, I'll take it on this book.
[*Offers to kiss her.*
Mirt. O sir,
The favour is too great, and far above
My poor ambition; I must kiss your hand
In sign of humble thankfulness.
Ador. So modest!
Mirt. It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those blessings
For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;
But this will better speak her chaste desires,
[*Delivers a letter.*
Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer.
Ador. O the powerful charms
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those
Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
An opposite working, I already feel,
But reading them, their saving operations;
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.
Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of error that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding, is removed.
What sacrifice of thanks can I return
Her pious charity, that not alone
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;
But adds a matchless favour, to receive
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
In my protection?
Mirt. Transform'd!—it is
A blessed metamorphosis, and works
I know not how on me. [*Aside.*
Ador. My joys are boundless,
Curb'd with no limits: for her sake, Mirtilla,
Instruct me how I presently may seal
To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service,
Which never shall be cancell'd.
Mirt. She'll become
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
Her pure affection.
Ador. Answer it, Mirtilla!
With more than adoration I kneel to it.
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform
All her commands.
Mirt. I am lost on this assurance,
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,
As in an oracle: ah me! [*Aside.*] She presents you
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic,
(For so I think she call'd it,) you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.
Ador. [*looking at the trinket.*] Heaven be pleased
To qualify this excess of happiness
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning lapidary hath here express'd
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymenæal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.
Mirt. I despair then. [*Aside*

Ador. At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her,
And guard her from the fury of her mother,
And all that dare disturb her.
Mirt. You speak well;
And I believe you.
Ador. Would you aught else?
Mirt. I would carry
Some love-sign to her; and now I think on it,
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I ll faithfully deliver it.
Ador. O, a kiss!
You must excuse me, I was then mine own,
Now wholly hers: the touch of other lips
I do abjure for ever: but there's gold
To bind thee still my advocate. [*Exit.*
Mirt. Not a kiss!
I was coy when it was offer'd, and now justly,
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and, from a servant,
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitch'd me,
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet
An embryon, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undetermined. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country. A Forest.*

Enter CLAUDIO *and* SEVERINO.

Claud. You are master of yourself; yet, if I may,
As a tried friend in my love and affection,
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts
Without offence, i'the way of counsel to you;
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,
Is full of danger.
Sev. Danger, Claudio!
'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion:
The rising and the setting sun beholds us
Environ'd with it; our whole life a journey
Ending in certain ruin.
Claud. Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced.
Sev. 'Tis so indeed
By wisest men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians; but when I consider
How different the progress of our actions
Is from religion, nay, morality,
I cannot find in reason, why we should
Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,
Would bring security unto ourselves,
And safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio! since by this fatal hand
The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro,
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed
After my flight, by the justice of the king,
My being hath been but a living death,
With a continual torture.
Claud. Yet in that,
You do delude their bloody violence
That do pursue your life.
Sev. While I, by rapines,
Live terrible to others as myself.—
What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep:
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us
To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserv'd, and at
So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty? in the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples.
Claud. May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
As Fame proclaims her, without parallel,
Can yield to ease your sorrows!
Sev. I much thank you;
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy
I have proved certainties, and from their want
Her excellencies take lustre.
Claud. Ere you go yet,
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds, were not impertinent:
For though that with a look you can command [them,
In your absence they'll be headstrong.
Sev. 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn*]—they know [my call.
Claud. And will,
As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* What's your will?
2 *Ban.* Hail sovereign of these woods!
3 *Ban.* We lay our lives
At your highness' feet.
4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,
Nor laws but what come from your mouth; and [those
We gladly will subscribe to.
Sev. Make this good,
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself;
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish: on your lives,
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.
Claud. 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory: besides,
Here are some newly initiated.
Sev. To these
Read you the articles; I must be gone:
Claudio, farewell! [*Exit.*
Claud. May your return be speedy!
1 *Ban.* Silence; out with your table-books.
2 *Ban.* And observe.
Claud. [reads.] *The cormorant that lives in expectation*
Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and, smiling, grinds
The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of;
Even theft to such is justice.
3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.
Claud. *The grand encloser of the commons, for*
His private profit or delight, with all
His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize

4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the devil
Stood roaring by, to guard them.
Claud. *If a usurer,*
Greedy, at his own price, to make a purchase,
Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage
From a prodigal, pass through our territories,
In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,
You may ease him of his burthen.
2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.
Claud. *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests*
With timber trees for shipping.
1 *Ban.* May we not
Have a touch at lawyers?
Claud. By no means; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets,
Not to be jested with.
3 *Ban.* This is not so well.
Claud. *The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares*
With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented
With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,
When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late and bed-time.
These ransack at your pleasures.
3 *Ban.* How shall we know them?
Claud. If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd stockings,
And shining-shoes; if horsemen, by short boots,
And riding-furniture of several counties.
2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us.
Claud. *But for scholars,*
Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets,
Soldiers that have bled in their country's service;
The rent-rack'd farmer, needy market folks;
The sweaty labourer, carriers that transport
The goods of other men, are privileged;
But, above all, let none presume to offer
Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,
Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy
Hangs for't, by martial law.
All. Long live Severino,
And perish all such cullions as repine
At his new monarchy!
Claud. About your business,
That he may find, at his return, good cause
To praise your care and discipline.
All. We'll not fail, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Naples. *A Street.*

Enter Laval *and* Calipso.

Lav. Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.
Calip. Not you the man! you are the man of men,
And such another, in my lady's eye,
Never to be discover'd.
Laval. A mere stranger,
Newly arrived!
Calip. Still the more probable.
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them. This is not an age
In which saints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *summum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Derived from several nations; and if men would
Be wise by their example—
Lav. As most are;
'Tis a coupling age!
Calip. Why, sir, do gallants travel?
Answer that question; but, at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan,
The English fair companion, that learns something
From every nation, and will fly at all:—
I say again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters.
Lav. Aptly urged.
Some make that their main end: but may I ask,
Without offence to your gravity, by what title
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?
Calip. If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,
No single-ducat trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her;
No lioness by her breath.
Lav. Leave these impertinencies,
And come to the matter.
Calip. Would you'd be as forward,
When you draw for the upshot! she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexion'd, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,
A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is
Madonna Iölante.
Lav. Iölante!
I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,
The wonder of the age.
Calip. Pray you, not too much
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.
Lav. Come, you are a base creature;
And, covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.
Calip. A plot! very fine!
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;
'Tis cunningly contriv'd: I plot to bring you
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!
A kiss then ravish'd from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot!
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common:
But I must not forget, to make the plot
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,
So furnish'd as might force the Persian's envy,
The silver bathing-tub, the cambric rubbers,
The embroider'd quilt, the bed of gossamer
And damask roses; a mere powder plot
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,
To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils and settings off.
Lav. No more; her breath
Would warm an eunuch.

Calip. I knew I should heat you:
Now he begins to glow!
Lav. I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have consider'd
Your motion, matron.
Calip. My *plot*, sir, *on your life*,
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well, sir,
I'll be bold to take my leave.
Lav. I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion: I confess
My error; and eyeing you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you;
I am serious, and, for proof of it, I'll purchase
Your good opinion. [*Gives her his purse*
Calip. I am gentle natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.
Lav. What's the hour?
Calip. Twelve.
Lav. I'll not miss a minute.
Calip. I shall find you
At your lodging?
Lav. Certainly; return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.
Calip. At twelve
I'll be your convoy.
Lav. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

Enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* Servant.

Dur. Walk the horses down the hill; I have a little
To speak in private. [*Exit* Servant.
Cald. Good sir, no more anger.
Dur. Love do you call it! madness, wilful madness;
And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad, katexokên the madman.
Cald. Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests;
But I, that am embark'd, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth:
To me it is unseasonable.
Dur. Pleasing viands
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well
As any boy of you all; and on good terms
Will venture as far i' the fire, so she be willing
To entertain me; but ere I would dote,
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever t' enjoy her, I would forswear wine,
And kill this lecherous itch with drinking water,
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.
Cald. You may,
(And I must suffer it,) like a rough surgeon,
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds
Already gangrened, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.
Dur. I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts! [*Aside.*
Cald. You have put yourself already
To too much trouble, in bringing me thus far:
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave me
To my hard fortunes.
Dur. I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee! I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful; and, ere I see thee perish,
Dispensing with my dignity and candour,
I will do something for thee, though it savour
Of the old squire of Troy. As we ride, we will
Consult of the means: bear up.
Cald. I cannot sink,
Having your noble aids to buoy me up;
There was never such a guardian.
Dur. How is this?
Stale compliments to me! when my work's done,
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—NAPLES. *A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter CALISTA *richly habited, and* MIRTILLA *in the gown which* CALISTA *first wore.*

Calis. How dost thou like my gown?
Mirt. 'Tis rich and courtlike.
Calis. The dressings too are suitable?
Mirt. I must say so,
Or you might blame my want of care.
Calis. My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.
Mirt. I hope so.
Calis. How dully thou reply'st! thou dost not envy
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
That it brings to me?
Mirt. My endeavours that way
Can answer for me.
Calis. True; you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress:
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet express'd.
Mirt. The miseries
Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,
Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam,
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear
A little daunted with the heavy burthen
I am to undergo: when you are safe,
My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will
Gush in upon me; yet I would endure
Your mother's cruelty; but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.
Since we were children I have loved and serv'd you:
I willingly learn'd to obey, as you

Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me;
And now to be divorc'd from all my comforts!—
Can this be borne with patience?
Calis. The necessity
Of my strange fate commands it; but I vow
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.
Mirt. Pity me, madam! a cold charity;
You must do more, and help me.
Calis. Ha! what said you?
I *must!* is this fit language for a servant?
Mirt. For one that would continue your poor servant,
And cannot live that day in which she is
Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit
Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
Which you, this blessed Hymeneal night,
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
And my lord too, in being yours? (already
As such I love and honour him.) Shall a stranger
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead
You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you?
Shall another do those bridal offices,
Which time will not permit me to remember,
And I pine here with envy? pardon me,—
I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions
Are in extremes; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights, but with becoming distance;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all!
Calis. Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast raised.
Mirt. Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolv'd.
Calis. I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her,
I have made my slave my mistress; I must sooth her,
There's no evasion else. [*Aside.*] Prithee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken
With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.
Mirt. When?
Calis. This very night;
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desired possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Convey'd unto us.
Mirt. Should you break!
Calis. I dare not.
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.
Mirt. Pray you forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.
Calis. I thank thee for't.
Mirt. You'll keep your word?
Calis. Still doubtful! [*Exit.*
Mirt. 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to fortune. [*Exit, following.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* ADORIO's *House.*

Enter ADORIO, CAMILLO, LENTULO, DONATO, CARIO, *and* Servants.

Ador. Haste you unto my villa, and take all
Provision along with you, and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,
And costliest hangings; and, if't be possible,
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.
Car. Trust me
For belly timber: and for a song, I have
A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready in the deck: it is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride,
Or bridegroom, in the kingdom.
Ador. But for the dance?
Car. I will make one myself, and foot it finely;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser
Which is, indeed, my drum, make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which, you know, is
The grace of the country-hall.
Ador. About it, Cario,
And look you be careful.
Car. For mine own credit, sir. [*Exeunt* CARIO *and* Servants.
Ador. Now, noble friends, confirm your loves, and think not
Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir: I will secure you,
And pay the breach of't.
Camil. Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.
Ador. Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum; this is all.
Don. A dangerous business!
Camil. I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,
Under a crown.
Lent. And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.
Camil. Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us.
Ador. You much engage me:
But I forget myself.
Camil. Pray you, in what, sir?
Ador. Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer: the disgrace, in taking
A blow in public from Caldoro, branded
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher;
That's first to be consider'd.
Camil. If you dare
Trust my opinion, (yet I have had
Some practice and experience in duels,)
You are too tender that way: can you answer
The debt you owe your honour till you meet
Your enemy from whom you may exact it?
Hath he not left the city, and in fear
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine?
What would you more?
Ador. I should do.
Camil. Never think on't,
Till fitter time and place invite you to it:
I have read Caranza, and find not in his Grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour;
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it.
Ador. You'll subscribe
Your hand to this?

Camil. And justify't with my life;
Presume upon't.
Ador. On, then; you shall o'er-rule me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter IOLANTE *and* CALIPSO.

Iol. I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have [it hung up,
Over thy tomb, for a monument.
Calip. I am not prepared yet
To leave the world; there are many good pranks
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:
And I had rather, if your honour please,
Have the crowns in my purse.
Iol. Take that.
Calis. Magnificent lady!
May you live long, and, every moon, love change,
That I may have fresh employment! You know [what
Remains to be done?
Iol. Yes, yes; I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.
Calip. And lock them up; such liquorish kitlings, are not
To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll help you
To set forth the banquet, and place the candied eringoes
Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress you,
For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active:
A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl-embroider'd pantofles on your feet,
And then you are arm'd for service! nay, no trifling,
We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street before* SEVERINO'S *House.*

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.
Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?
Serv. No, sir;
All's silent here.
Ador. Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And shew where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DURAZZO *and* CALDORO.

Dur. What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy;
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow
In thy possession.
Cald. Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.
Dur. Is not here fine fooling!
Cald. Thou great queen of love,
Or real or imagined, be propitious
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow
To erect a statue to thee, equal to
Thy picture, by Apelles' skilful hand
Left as the great example of his art;
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
For further honour!
Dur. End this waking dream,
And let's away.

Enter from the house CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

Calis. Mirtilla!
Cald. 'Tis her voice!
Calis. You heard the horses' footing?
Mirt. Certainly.
Calis. Speak low. My lord Adorio!
Cald. I am dumb.
Dur. The darkness friend us too! Most honour'd madam,
Adorio, your servant.
Calis. As you are so,
I do command your silence till we are
Further remov'd; and let this kiss assure you
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)
I am wholly yours.
Dur. Forward, you micher!
Mirt. Madam,
Think on Mirtilla! [*Goes into the house.*
Dur. I'll not now enquire
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune
Favouring us beyond our hopes: yet, now I think on't,
I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ADORIO *and* Servant.

Ador. This slowness does amaze me: she's not [alter'd
In her late resolution?
Iol. [*within.*] Get you to bed,
And stir not on your life, till I command you.
Ador. Her mother's voice! listen.
Serv. Here comes the daughter.

Re-enter MIRTILLA *hastily.*

Mirt. Whither shall I fly for succour?
Ador. To these arms,
Your castle of defence, impregnable,
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;
And I'll defer the music of your voice,
Till we are in a place of safety.
Mirt. O blest error! [*Aside. Exeunt.*

Enter SEVERINO.

Sev. 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain death,
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown
A stranger in the city, and no wonder,
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul——
I hear some footing, ha!

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Calip. That is the house,
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready
To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought you on,
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*

Sev. It makes this way.

Lav. I am much troubled, and know not what to think
Of this design.

Sev. It still comes on.

Lav. The watch!
I am betray'd.

Sev. Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me; there's no retiring.
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear
As if I walk'd the round.—Stand!

Lav. I am lost.

Sev. The word?

Lav. Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to it.

Sev. Do you think I stand here
For a page or a porter?

Lav. Good sir, grow not so high:
I can justify my being abroad; I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you,
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;
For if you do assault me, though not in fear
Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,
And raise the streets.

Sev. Before my captain, ha!
And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.

Lav. Will you do your duty?

Sev. I must close with him:—
Troth, sir, whate'er you are, (yet by your language,
I guess you a gentleman,) I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good night!

Lav. The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd!—Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Sev. I am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage,
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me
To her desired embraces, which must be,
My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* SEVERINO'S *House.*

IÖLANTE *is heard speaking behind a curtain.*

Iöl. I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious blood,
Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim,
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails, (my understanding
Stow'd under hatches,) like a desperate pilot,
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself,
Are justly punish'd: I that did deny
My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,
That must consume my fame; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

Enter SEVERINO *before the curtain.*

Sev. 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banish'd mate; alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstasy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain, and discovers* IÖLANTE *seated, with a rich banquet, and tapers, set forth.*]—Iölante!

Iöl. Ha!
Good angels guard me!

Sev. What do I behold!
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I
May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together!

Iöl. Guilt and horror
Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,
The subtilty of all wantons, though abstracted,
Can shew no seeming colour of excuse,
To plead in my defence. [*Aside.*

Sev. Is this her mourning?
O killing object! The imprison'd vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me;
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropp'd;—yet in my fall,
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poniard.*

Iöl. [*kneeling.*] Good sir, hold:
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution;
And will, too late, repent it.

Sev. Thy defence!
To move it, adds (could it receive addition)
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already
Infected every vein, and spreads itself
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore!
Then send thee to him. Speak.

Iöl. Your Gorgon looks
Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
My silenced tongue.

Sev. O Fate, that the disease
Were general in women, what a calm
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.

Iöl. Be appeased, sir,
Until I have deliver'd reasons for
This solemn preparation.

Sev. On, I hear thee.

Iöl. With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you,
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,
You married me.

Sev. Grant it, what canst thou urge
From this?
Iöl. That day, since your proscription, sir,
In the remembrance of it annually,
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
I have with pomp observed.
Sev. Alone!
Iöl. The thoughts
Of my felicity then, my misery now,
Were the invited guests; imagination
Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a partner in it.
Sev. Rare! this real banquet
To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off
These flaggons to my health, or the idle thought,
Like Baal, devour these delicates? the room
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,
Which Messalina would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter? where
The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murder'd,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour,
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso,
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in
The close adulterer. [*Lays hands on her.*
Iöl. What will you do?
Sev. Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not
So near to reconcilement. Ha! this scarf,
The intended favour to your stallion, now
Is useful: do not strive;—[*He binds her.*]—thus bound, expect
All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald [hither,] glut thyself with him;
I will cry *Aim!* and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heart-strings!
[*Exit with the tapers.*
Iöl. Most miserable woman! and yet sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incens'd husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment, as if
I had, in fact, offended.
Calip. [*within.*] Bore my eyes out,
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

Enter Calipso.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will she play
At blindman's buff?—Madam!
Iöl. Upon thy life,
Speak in a lower key.
Calip. The mystery
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?
Iöl. Here, fast bound.
Calip. By whom.
Iöl. I'll whisper that into thine ear,
And then farewell for ever.——
Calip. How! my lord?
I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?
Iöl. What shall we do!
Calip. Betray him;
I'll instantly raise the watch.
Iöl. And so make me
For ever infamous.
Calip. The gentleman,
The rarest gentleman is at the door,
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must perish,
'Twill shew a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim·
But I will first unbind you. [*Frees Iöl.*
Iöl. Now what follows?
Calip. I will supply your place; [Iöl. *binds* Calip.] and, bound, give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick: if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolv'd to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman,
His courage may cool.
Iöl. I'll speak with him, but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me! [*Exit.*
Calip. I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should kill me?
I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

Re-enter Severino *with a knife in his hand, throwing open the doors violently.*

Sev. It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me; there is something tells me
I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan,
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together: do not play with
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet. [*Strikes at her with the knife*
Calip. Oh!
Sev. Thus stab these arms
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a stranger.
Calip. Oh!
Sev. This is but an induction; I will draw
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis music to me. [*Exit*
Calip. He is gone.
A *kiss*, and *love-tricks!* he hath villainous teeth,
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cukolds. Oh my nose! I *had* one:

My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear;
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd!

Re-enter IÖLANTE.

Iöl. Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd
Loose appetite is; as in a few short minutes
This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
Oh! that I could recall my bad intentions,
And be as I was yesterday, untainted
In my desires, as I am still in fact,
I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,
So strong the guards and sure defences are
Of armed innocence; but I will endure
The penance of my sin, the only means
Is left to purge it. The day breaks.—Calipso!
Calip. Here, madam, here.
Iöl. Hath my lord visited thee?
Calip. Hell take such visits! these stabb'd arms, and loss
Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish
What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered,
Had I not supplied your place.
Iöl. I truly grieve for't;
Did not my husband speak to thee?
Calip. Yes, I heard him,
And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief!
But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan boy,
With silence I endured it; he could not get
One syllable from me.
Iöl. Something may be fashion'd
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden. [*Unbinds her.*
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me sure,
And leave me to my fortune.
Calip. Pray you consider
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for you,
Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie, I had
Examples to excuse me; but my nose,
My nose, dear lady!
Iöl. Get off, I'll send to thee. [*Exit* CALIPSO.
If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
Suffer whatever follows.

Re-enter SEVERINO *with the knife and taper.*

Sev. I have search'd
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.
Iöl. 'Tis he,
And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning,
I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter!
Sev. I begin
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how,
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered,)
Would plead in her excuse.
Iöl. [*aloud.*] You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless sufferings!
Sev. At her devotions:
Affliction makes her repent.
Iöl. Look down
Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fasten'd, firm; (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended;) to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms
To their late strength and beauty.
Sev. Does she hope
To be cured by miracle?
Iöl. This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted.
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means, have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever
Canonized for't!
Sev. I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes too, they cannot deceive me:
If I have no belief in their assurance,
I must turn sceptic. Ha! this is the hand,
And this the fatal instrument: these drops
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more
Than wonder or amazement; I profess
I am astonish'd.
Iöl. Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence cleared by miracle,
Proceed; these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.
Sev. I would not be fool'd
With easiness of belief, and faintly give
Credit to this strange wonder; 'tis now thought on:
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further. [*Aside.*
How can I expiate my sin? or hope, [*Unties her.*
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despair'd-of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor,
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,
Than I can fancy; wilt thou have revenge?
My heart lies open to thee.
Iöl. This is needless
To me, who in the duty of a wife,
Know I must suffer.
Sev. Thou art made up of goodness,
And from my confidence that I am alone
The object of thy pleasures, until death
Divorce us, we will know no separation.
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd
By such as style me sovereign. Already
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present;
The Neapolitan court a place of exile
When thou art absent: my stay here is mortal,
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;
Come, dearest Iölante, with this breath
All jealousy is blown away. [*Embraces her.*
Iöl. Be constant. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country.*

A noise within, as of a horse fallen;—then enter DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* Servant, *with* CALISTA *in their arms.*

Dur. Hell take the stumbling jade!
Cald. Heaven help the lady!
Serv. The horse hath broke his neck.
Dur. Would thine were crack'd too,
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon.
Cald. 'Tis more, she's dead.
Dur. Examine
Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,
You ferret; this is no coney-burrow for you.
How do you find her?
Cald. No breath of comfort, sir: too cruel fate!
Had I still pined away, and linger'd under
The modesty of just and honest hopes
After a long consumption, sleep and death
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,
Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment
To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck
In view of the port! and, like a half-starved beggar,
No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd!—
Malevolent destinies, too cunning in
Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,
If thy immortal part hath not already
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light
Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor
Of hope in thy recovery.
Calis. Oh!
Dur. She lives;
Disturb her not: she is no right-bred woman,
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance
Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.
Cald. Good sir—
Dur. Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My mother were in her place.
Cald. But had you heard
The music of the language which she used
To me, believed Adorio, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro—
Calis. Ah, Adorio!
Dur. Leave talking, I conceive it.
Calis. Are you safe?
Cald. And raised, like you, from death to life, to hear you.
Calis. Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil off,
A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you.
I faintly could deliver; willingly
I am become your prize, and therefore use
Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun,
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken
The splendour of your merits. I could urge
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined
The shadows of insinuating pleasures
Tender'd by all men else, you only being
The object of my hopes: that cruel prince
To whom the olive-branch of peace is offer'd,
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,
Because Calista's humble: I have said,
And now expect your sentence.
Dur. What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love,
Were there many such she-advocates! Art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?
Cald. [*kneels.*] Dear lady,
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.
Calis. I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived; but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.
Dur. Why, good lady?
Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else.
The youth's a well-timber'd youth, look on his making;
His hair curl'd naturally; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through stitch with't,
As any Adorio in the world, my state on't!
A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.
Calis. I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not: would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betray'd!
Dur. To a young and active husband!
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i' the city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms
Are soon blown over.
Calis. How could'st thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee,
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions,
Not to be reconciled?
Cald. Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd
A friend, in his creation, to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way: I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.
Dur. Now he comes to her; on, boy!
Cald. I have served you
With a religious zeal, and born the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,
I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,
Gilding a crystal river; and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his

While I bit mine with envy: yet these favours,
Howe'er my passions raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.
Calis. My blushes
Confess this for a truth.
Dur. A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.
Cald. I could add,
But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy: could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer, or give power
To Fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam,
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back again:
Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,
You were appointed mine; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion: and if so,
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you, by a most blessed error,
To your vow'd servant's bosom.
Dur. By my holidam,
Tickling philosophy!
Calis. I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you; but my stars have better,
I hope, provided for me.
Cald. If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.
Dur. Give fire
To the mine, and blow her up.
Calis. I am sensible
Of what you have endured; but on the sudden,
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary. In yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further: for my part,
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make you
Full satisfaction.
Cald. I am exalted
In the employment; sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant centinel.
Calis. But I command you,
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me.
Cald. My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.
Dur. Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog-days.
Remember the old adage, and make use of't,
Occasion's bald behind.
Calis. Is this your uncle?
Cald. And guardian, madam: at your better leisure,
When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.
Calis. He appears
A pleasant gentleman. [*Exeunt* CALDORO *and* CALISTA.
Dur. You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.
Serv. With all care, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in* ADORIO'S *House.*

Enter CARIO *with several* Villagers, Musicians, &c.

Car. Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss not
A hair's breadth of my footing; our dance has
A most melodious note, and I command you
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's honour,
And something for my worship: your reward is
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar;
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better;
You were born for this night's service. And, do you hear,
Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd hoboys,
For the credit of your calling, have not your instruments
To tune when you should strike up; but twang it perfectly,
As you would read your neck-verse: and you, warbler,
Keep your wind pipe moist, that you may not spit and hem,
When you should make division. How I sweat!
Authority is troublesome:—[*A horn within*]—they are come,
I know it by the cornet that I placed
On the hill to give me notice: marshal yourselves
I'the rear; the van is yours.

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Now chant it sprightly.

A SONG.

Ador. A well-penn'd ditty.
Camil. Not ill sung.
Ador. What follows? [*To the dancers.*
Car. Use your eyes. If ever—now your master-piece!

A DANCE.

Ador. 'Tis well perform'd: take that, but not from me.
'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it;
All that I have is her's.
Car. I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equally. [*Exeunt* CARIO, Villagers, &c.
Mirt. My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish,
In my discovery.
Ador. Welcome to your own!
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours' silence; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms; a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you: nay, unmask,

And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.
[*Takes off her mask.*
Mirtilla!
Camil. It is she, and wears the habit
In which Calista three days since appeared,
As she came from the temple.
Lent. All this trouble
For a poor waiting-maid!
Don. We are grossly gull'd.
Ador. Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.
Mirt. Innocence
Is free, and open-breasted; of what crime
Stand I accused, my lord?
Ador. What crime! no language
Can speak it to the height; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover.
Were not Calista's aids in't?
Mirt. No, on my life;
Nor am I faulty.
Ador. No! what May-game's this?
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistress' favours,
To make sale of thine own?
Mirt. With her and you
I have dealt faithfully: you had her letter
With the jewel I presented: she received
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself
To be removed by you: and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.
Ador. How! has she left
Her mother's house?
Mirt. You drive this nail too far.
Indeed she deeply vow'd, at her departure,
To send some of your lordship's servants for me,
(Though you were pleased to take the pains yourself,)
That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her, the substance.
Ador. She is gone then?
Mirt. This is too much; but, good my lord, forgive me,
I come a virgin hither to attend
My noble mistress, though I must confess,
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were mine own.
Ador. Then, as it seems,
You do yourself affect me?
Mirt. Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,
But all our sex like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.
Ador. O my fate!
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,
For my defended wantonness! I, that scorn'd
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those
Ambitious servingwomen, who, contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied, by a lord? was there
No forward page or footman in the city,
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?
Mirt. Great lords sometimes
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats:
In modesty I dare speak no more.
Camil. If 'twere
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty whiting-mop.
Ador. Discover yet
How thou cam'st to my hands.
Mirt. My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,
You were pleased, unask'd, to comfort me; (I used
No sorceries to bewitch you;) then vouchsafed
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.
Ador. This is still more bitter. Canst thou guess to whom
Thy lady did commit herself?
Mirt. They were
Horsemen, as you are.
Ador. In the name of wonder,
How could they pass the port, where you expected
My coming?
Camil. Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and, behind one, a woman
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.
Lent. I knew the men; but she was veil'd.
Ador. What were they?
Lent. The first the lord Durazzo, and the second,
Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he
That carried the wench behind him.
Don. The last a servant,
That spurr'd fast after them.
Ador. Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much assurance of her love undid me.
Why did you not stay them?
Don. We had no such commission.
Camil. Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on
The angry old ruffian?
Lent. For my part, I had rather
Take a baited bull by the horns.
Ador. You are sure friends
For a man to build on!
Camil. They are not far off,
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh ones,
And coast the country; ten to one we find them.
Ador. I will not eat nor sleep, until I have them:
Moppet, you shall along too.
Mirt. So you please
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,
And ride with you all the world o'er.
Camil. A good girl! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—NAPLES. *A Street.*

Enter LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

Lav. Her husband? Severino?
Calip. You may see
His handywork by my flat face; no bridge
Left to support my organ, if I had one:
The comfort is, I am now secure from the crin-
I can lose nothing that way. [comes,
Lav. Dost thou not know
What became of the lady?
Calip. A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer:
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant left there.
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king,
Among the banditti; and how there he hath used them,
Is more than to be fear'd.
Lav. I have play'd the fool,
And kept myself too long conceal'd, sans question,
With the danger of her life. Leave me——the king!

Enter ALPHONSO *and* Captain.

Calip. The surgeon must be paid.
Lav. Take that. [*Gives her money.*
Calip. I thank you;
I have got enough by my trade, and I will build
An hospital only for noseless bawds,
('Twill speak my charity,) and be myself
The governess of the sisterhood. [*Exit.*
Alph. I may
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;
But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.
Lav. The king's moved.
Alph. To suffer
A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
To pass and repass through our guards!
Capt. Your pardon
For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.
Alph. Look you be so:
Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
For Severino's pardon.
Lav. I was so, my good lord,
Alph. You might have met him here, to have thank'd you for't,
As now I understand.
Lav. So it is rumour'd;
And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.
Alph. I have consider'd it.
Lav. He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
To his own daughter; in whom, sir, I have
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
In my humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your highness.
Alph. Go along,
You shall have opportunity as we walk;
See you what I committed to your charge,
In readiness, and without noise.
Capt. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter CLAUDIO *and all the* Banditti, *making a guard;* SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE *with oaken-leaved garlands;* Singers.

A SONG.

Sev. Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty:
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
And secure in the guards of these few subjects,
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.
Iöl. Revive not
A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys, which now
I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue us, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.
Sev. 'Tis well said.
Iöl. In you, sir,
I live; and when, or by the course of nature,
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for heaven.
Sev. I join with you
In my votes that way: but how, Iölante,
You that have spent your past days, slumbering in
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.
Iöl. These woods, Severino,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such whose choice behaviour, or discourse,
May nourish jealous thoughts.
Sev. True, Iölante;
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here,
To be clear'd by miracle.
Iöl. Still on that string!
It yields harsh discord.
Sev. I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.
Claud. Shall we bring in
The persons, with the pillage?
Sev. By all means;
Without reply, about it: we'll retire
[*Exeunt* CLAUDIO *and the rest.*
Into my cave, and there at large discourse

Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.
Iöl. We must wait
With patience heaven's pleasure.
Sev. 'Tis my purpose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter LENTULO *and* CAMILLO.

Lent. Let the horses graze, they are spent.
Camil. I am sure I'm sleepy,
And nodded as I rode: here was a jaunt
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no purpose!
What a dulness grows upon me!
Lent. I can hardly
Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose
Adorio? [*They sit down.*
Camil. He, Donato, and the wench,
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right hand:
But this place is our rendezvous.
Lent. No matter,
We'll talk of that anon——heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*
Camil. He's fast already.
Lentulo!—I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*

Enter ADORIO, MIRTILLA, *and* DONATO.

Ador. Was ever man so crost?
Mirt. So blest; this is
The finest wild-goose chase! [*Aside.*
Ador. What's that you mutter?
Mirt. A short prayer, that you may find your wish'd-for love,
Though I am lost for ever.
Don. Pretty fool!
Who have we here?
Ador. This is Camillo.
Mirt. This signior Lentulo.
Ador. Wake them.
Don. They'll not stir,
Their eyelids are glued, and mine too: by your favour,
I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*
Ador. Are you not weary?
Mirt. I know not what the word means, while I travel
To do you service,
Ador. You expect to reap
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes
Will be blasted, I assure you.
Mirt. So you give leave
To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,
Though you deny your beams of gracious favour
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.
Ador. No more; my resolution to find
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot
(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.
You could lie down too?
Mirt. Willingly; so you please
To use me—
Ador. Use thee!
Mirt. As your pillow, sir;
I dare presume no further. Noble sir,
Do not too much contemn me; generous feet
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.
Ador. Well; sit down.
Mirt. I am ready, sir.
Ador. So nimble!
Mirt. Love is active,
Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.
Ador. For once,
So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap*
Mirt. All the joys of rest
Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb
Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you
Be not offended, though I glory in
My being thus employ'd: a happiness
That stands for more than ample satisfaction
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling
Were bound up too! I should——I am all fire.
Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey,
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer
Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave
No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have heard of nectar,
But till now never tasted it; these rubies
Are not clouded by my breath: if once again
I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles
Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am entranced: our fancy,
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my—— [*Falls asleep.*

Enter DURAZZO.

Dur. My bones ache,
I am exceeding cold too; I must seek out
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,
Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson! you are
The best accommodated. I will call
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;
The object may perhaps do more upon her,
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what
Security they sleep! sure Mercury
Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

Enter CALDORO *and* CALISTA.

Cald. Here, sir. Is
Your man return'd with horses?
Dur. No, boy, no;
But here are some you thought not of.
Calis. Adorio!
Dur. The idol that you worshipped.
Calis. This Mirtilla!
I am made a stale.
Dur. I knew 'twould take. [*Aside*
Calis. False man!
But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent,
They jointly did conspire against my weakness
And credulous simplicity, and have
Prevail'd against it.
Cald. I'll not kill them sleeping;
But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after
Offer them, as a fatal sacrifice,
To your just anger.
Dur. You are a fool; reserve
Your blood for better uses.
Calis. My fond love

Is changed to an extremity of hate;
His very sight is odious.

Dur. I have thought of
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry; if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the girts and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood; if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already!

Calis. In his hat
He wears a jewel, which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.

Dur. I am not good at nimming;
And yet that shall not hinder us: by your leave, [sir;
'Tis restitution: pray you all bear witness
I do not steal it; here 'tis.

[*Takes off* ADORIO'S *hat, and removes the jewel, which he gives to* CALISTA.

Calis. Take it,—not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife. [*Gives it to* CALDORO.

Cald. O heaven!

Dur. Pray in the church.
Let us away. Nephew, a word; have you not
Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved
This unexpected favour?

Cald. You are pleasant.

[*Exeunt* DURAZZO, CALDORO, *and* CALISTA.

Ador. As thou art a gentleman, kill me not basely; [*Starts up; the rest awake.*
Give me leave to draw my sword.

Camil. Ha! what's the matter?

Lent. He talk'd of's sword.

Don. I see no enemy near us,
That threatens danger.

Mirt. Sure 'twas but a dream.

Ador. A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword
Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,
To strike my head off.

Camil. Mere imagination
Of a disturbed fancy.

Mirt. Here's your hat, sir.

Ador. But where's my jewel?

Camil. By all likelihood lost,
This troublesome night.

Don. I saw it when we came
Unto this place.

Mirt. I look'd upon't myself,
When you reposed.

Ador. What is become of it?
Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.

Mirt. Search me!

Ador. You have been,
Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.

Mirt. How, my good lord!

Ador. Traded in picking pockets, when tame [gulls,
Charm'd with your prostituted flatteries,
Deign'd to embrace you.

Mirt. Love, give place to anger.
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.

Ador. This will not do.

Camil. Deliver it in private.

Mirt. You shall be
In public hang'd first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented!

Lent. Do not strive.

Ador. Though thou hast swallow'd it, I'll rip thy entrails,
But I'll recover it. [*Seizes her.*

Mirt. Help, help!

CLAUDIO *and two* Banditti *rush upon them with pistols.*

Ador. A new plot!

Claud. Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer
The least resistance, you are dead. If one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

Ador. Let us fight for what we have, and if you can
Win it, enjoy it.

Claud. We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money; throw down your sword,
Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not
We'll force you.—[Fear not,] thou shalt have no wrong,
But justice against these. *To* MIRTILLA.

1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.

2 *Ban.* It being
Against our canons.

Camil. Whither will you lead us?

Claud. You shall know that hereafter.—Guard them sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter ALPHONSO *disguised as an* Old Man, LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Alph. Are all the passages stopp'd?

Capt. And strongly mann'd;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.

Lav. But why, great sir, you should expose your person
To such apparent danger, when you may
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.

Alph. I am better arm'd
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirm'd
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino
Commanded these banditti, (though it be
Unusual in Italy,) imitating
The courteous English thieves, for so they call them,
They have not done one murder: I must add too,
That, from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice, in disposing
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report:
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,
As soon as they encounter us, without
A shew of opposition, yield.

Lav. Your will
Is not to be disputed.

Alph. You have placed
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,
They suddenly may break in?

Capt. My life upon't.

Alph. We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows; and be sure
You do as I command you.
Lav. Without fear, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SEVERINO *and* IOLANTE.

Sev. 'Tis true; I did command Calista should not,
Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married; but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven her
To take some desperate course.
Iol. What then I did
Was, in my care, thought best.
Sev. So I conceive it;
But where was your discretion to forbid
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor,
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle
And guardian's entradas, by the course
Of nature to descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none
Of eminence in Italy.
Iol. Your wishes,
Howe'er a while delay'd, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.
Sev. Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune,
When she comes smiling to us.—Hark! this cornet [*Cornet within.*
Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,
'Tis thy first tribute.
Iol. Would we might enjoy
Our own as subjects!
Sev. What's got by the sword,
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms
Of Alexander were, by force, extorted,
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of conquest:
His victories but royal robberies,
And his true definition a thief,
When circled with huge navies, to the terror
Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey
In a small pinnace: [*Cornet within.*]—From a second place
New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*]—from a third party! brave!
This shall be register'd a day of triumph,
Design'd by fate to honour thee.——

Enter CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!
Good booty, ha?

Enter at different sides, various parties of the Banditti; *one with* ADORIO, LENTULO, DONATO, CAMILLO, MIRTILLA: *another with* DURAZZO, CALDORO, CALISTA; *and the rest with* ALPHONSO, LAVAL, *and* Captain.

Claud. Their outsides promise so;
But yet they have not made discovery
Of what they stand possest of.
Sev. Welcome all;
Good boys! you have done bravely, if no blood
Be shed in the service.
1 *Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir.
Sev. 'Tis to my wish.
Iol. My lord!
Sev. No more; I know them.
Iol. My daughter, and her woman too!
Sev. Conceal
Your joys.
Dur. Fallen in the devil's mouth!
Calis. My father,
And mother! to what fate am I reserv'd?
Cald. Continue mask'd; or grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,
If you despair a father's?
Ador. I perceive now
Which way I lost my jewel.
Mirt. I rejoice
I'm clear'd from theft: you have done me wrong, but I,
Unask'd, forgive you.
Dur. 'Tis some comfort yet,
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.
Sev. You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs,
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off;
For understand you are not fallen into
The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman,
Not born to these low courses, howsoever
My fate, and just displeasure of the king,
Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear,
For profit, to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd
Into another country; in a word,
You know the proscribed Severino, he,
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you.—Want in myself I know not;
But for the pay of these my squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchased, and must be
With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed
To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compell'd, (a word
I speak with much unwillingness,) deliver
Such coin as you are furnish'd with.
Dur. A fine method!
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery;
Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word, sir.
Sev. Your pleasure.
Dur. When we have thrown down our muck,
What follows?
Sev. Liberty, with a safe convoy,
To any place you choose.
Dur. By this hand, you are
A fair fraternity! for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your convent.
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits,

Arising from my herds, bound in one bag,
Share it among you.
Sev. You are still the jovial,
And good Durazzo.
Dur. To the offering; nay,
No hanging an a—, this is their wedding-day:
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
For your own sakes.
Camil. There's mine.
Lent. Mine.
Don. All that I have.
Cald. This, to preserve my jewel.
Ador. Which I challenge:
Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.
Lav. I will not weep for mine.
Capt. Would it were more.
[*They all throw down their purses.*
Sev. Nay, you are privileged; but why, old father, [*To the King.*
Art thou so slow; thou hast one foot in the grave,
And, if desire of gold do not increase
With thy expiring lease of life, thou shouldst
Be forwardest.
Alph. In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under
[*Throws down three bags.*
The burthen of my treasure: nay, 'tis gold;
And if your hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shewn unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre, as struck blind
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd
[*Opens the casket.*
To honour his own art in setting them:
Some orient pearls too, which the queen of Spain
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crown'd.
Sev. The spoils, I think,
Of both the Indies!
Dur. The great sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this Crœsus.
Sev. Why dost thou weep?
Alph. From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restored, will not
Serve my occasions.
Sev. Impossible!
Dur. May be he would buy his passport up to heaven;
And then this is too little; though, in the journey,
It were a good viaticum.
Alph. I would make it
A means to help me thither: not to wrong you
With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them.
I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his
Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions,
(For such were their intentions,) put to sea:
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully mann'd,
An old experienced master, lusty sailors,
Stout landmen, and what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Chain'd in the Turkish servitude.
Sev. A brave aim!
Dur. A most heroic enterprise; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.
Alph. Prosperously,
At first, and to their wishes: divers gallies
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,
Redeem'd from the oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance: their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner,
For sure the cause deserved it—
Dur. Pray you end here;
The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.
Alph. Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,
In every place, with her loud trump, proclaiming
The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Argiers laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.
In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!
Sev. Will not these heaps of gold, added to thine,
Suffice for ransome?
Alph. For my sons it would;
But they refuse their liberty, if all
That were engaged with them, have not their irons,
With theirs, struck off, and set at liberty with them;
Which these heaps cannot purchase.
Sev. Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up,
Can make the sum up, freely take't.
Dur. I'll sell
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables; and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.
2 Ban. We will not yield to't.
3 Ban. Nor lose our parts.
Sev. How's this!
2 Ban. You are fitter far
To be a churchman, than to have command
Over good fellows.
Sev. Thus I ever use [*Strikes them down.*
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of them alive.
Alph. Hold;—give the sign. [*Discovers himself.*
All. The king!
Sev. Then I am lost.
Claud. The woods are full
Of armed men.
Alph. No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.

Sev. Mercy, dread sir! [*Kneels.*

Alph. Thy carriage
In this unlawful course appears so noble,
Especially in this last trial, which
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:
But when the holy oil was pour'd upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,
But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood
Would ill become a king; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;
My doom's irrevocable.

Lav. Not, dread sir,
If Monteclaro live.

Alph. If! good Laval.

Lav. He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval. [*Discovers himself.*
Three years have not so alter'd me, but you may
Remember Monteclaro.

Dur. How!

Iöl. My brother!

Calis. Uncle!

Mont. Give me leave: I was
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier,
Now general at Milan, taken up,
And with much care recover'd.

Alph. Why lived you
So long conceal'd?

Mont. Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment imposed upon myself,
For my offence.

Iöl. Now, sir, I dare confess all:
This was the guest invited to the banquet,
That drew on your suspicion.

Sev. Your intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive;
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.

Alph. It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.

Sev. Claud. and the rest. Long live great Alphonso!

Dur. Your mercy shewn in this; now, if you please,
Decide these lovers' difference.

Alph. That is easy;
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men
Consenting to it.

Calis. Here I fix then, never
To be removed. [*Embraces* CALDORO.

Cald. 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.

Mirt. O, that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.

Ador. But my mind
A pitch above yours: marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!

Sev. You are deceived:
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,
Perish'd by shipwreck; one I dearly loved.
He to my care intrusted her, having taken
My word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood; now for her portion:
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.

Ador. This made good,
I will not be perverse.

Dur. With a kiss confirm it.

Ador. I sign all concord here; but must to you, sir,
For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.

Alph. This in our presence!

Ador. The cause, dread sir, commands it: though your edicts
Call private combats, murders; rather than
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.

Cald. I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.

Ador. I desire no more.

Alph. All then are pleased; it is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy:
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [*Exeunt.*

SONG,

BETWEEN JUNO AND HYMEN

JUNO *to the* Bride.

See p. 357.

Enter a maid; but made a bride,
  Be bold, and freely taste
The marriage banquet, ne'er denied
  To such as sit down chaste.
Though he unloose thy virgin zone,
  Presumed against thy will,
Those joys reserved to him alone,
  Thou art a virgin still.

HYMEN *to the* Bridegroom.

Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,
  As thou wouldst have her true,
Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,
  And bid loose fires adieu.
That husband who would have his wife
  To him continue chaste,
In her embraces spends his life,
  And makes abroad no waste.

HYMEN *and* JUNO.

Sport then like turtles, and bring forth
  Such pledges as may be
Assurance of the father's worth,
  And mother's purity.
Juno doth bless the nuptial bed;
  Thus Hymen's torches burn.
Live long, and may, when both are dead,
  Your ashes fill one urn!

SONG,

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FOREST'S QUEEN.

See p 359.

Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
In winter, changed by her into the spring.
We know no night,
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye.
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though Death stood by.
From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.
These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.
Bless then the hour
That gives the power
In which you may,
At bed and board,
Embrace your lord
Both night and day.
Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen!

EPILOGUE.

I am left to enquire, then to relate
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
His merchandise are valued. If they prove
Staple commodities, in your grace and love
To this last birth of his Minerva, he
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,
He'll search with his best care, until he find
New ways, and make good in some labour'd song,
Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.
Cherish his good intentions, and declare
By any signs of favour, that you are
Well pleased, and with a general consent;
And he desires no more encouragement.

A VERY WOMAN;

OR,

THE PRINCE OF TARENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICEROY OF SICILY.
DON PEDRO, *his Son.*
DUKE OF MESSINA.
DON MARTINO CARDENES, *his Son.*
DON JOHN ANTONIO, *Prince of Tarent.*
Captain *of the Castle of Palermo.*
PAULO, *a Physician.*
CUCULO, *the Viceroy's Steward.*
Two Surgeons.
Apothecary.
Citizens.
Slave-Merchant.
Servant.
Page.

An English Slave.
Slaves.
Moors.
Pirates.
Sailors.

ALMIRA, *the Viceroy's Daughter.*
LEONORA, Duke *of* MESSINA'S *Niece.*
BORACHIA, *Wife to* CUCULO, *Governess of* LEONORA *and* ALMIRA.
Two Waiting Women.

A Good *and* Evil Genius, Servants, Guard, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE,—PALERMO.

PROLOGUE.

To such, and some there are, no question, here,
Who, happy in their memories, do bear
This subject, long since acted, and can say,
Truly, we have seen something like this play.
Our author, with becoming modesty,
(For in this kind he ne'er was bold.) by me,
In his defence thus answers, By command,
He undertook this task, nor could it stand
With his low fortune to refuse to do
What, by his patron, he was call'd unto:
For whose delight and yours. we hope, with care
He hath review'd it; and with him we dare
Maintain to any man, that did allow
'Twas good before, it is much better'd now:
Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation,
To raise new piles upon an old foundation.
So much to them deliver'd; to the rest,
To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest,
Should his Muse fail now a fair flight to make,
He cannot fancy what will please or take.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter PEDRO *meeting* LEONORA.

Pedro. My worthiest mistress! this day cannot end
But prosperous to Pedro, that begins
With this so wish'd encounter.

Leon. Only servant,
To give you thanks in your own courtly language,
Would argue me more ceremonious
Than heartily affected; and you are
Too well assured, or I am miserable,
Our equal loves have kept one rank too long,
To stand at distance now.

Pedro. You make me happy
In this so wise reproof, which I receive
As a chaste favour from you, and will ever
Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,
That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,
I never shall presume to seek aught from you,
But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me
And virtue sign the warrant.

Leon. Your love to me
So limited, will still preserve your mistress
Worthy her servant, and in your restraint
Of loose affections, bind me faster to you:
But there will be a time when we may welcome
Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest blessings,

When that the viceroy, your most noble father,
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,
Shall by their free consent confirm them lawful.
Pedro. You ever shall direct, and I obey you:
Is my sister stirring yet?
Leon. Long since.
Pedro. Some business
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,
Hath brought me hither; pray you vouchsafe the favour
To acquaint her with so much.
Leon. I am prevented.

Enter ALMIRA, *and two* Waiting Women *dressing her.*

Alm. Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot;
This room is cooler. Brother!
Pedro. Morrow, sister!
Do I not come unseasonably?
Alm. Why, good brother?
Pedro. Because you are not yet fully made up,
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,
On any terms, to their own fathers, as
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on,
When they ask blessing.
Alm. Such, indeed, there are
That would be still young, in despite of time;
That in the wrinkled winter of their age
Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,
As if it were within the power of art
To frame a second nature: but for me,
And for your mistress I dare say as much,
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.
Pedro. Which is not frequent, sister, with some ladies.
Alm. You spy no sign of any night-mask here,
(Tie on my carcanet,) nor does your nostril
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting:
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,
And not in your apothecary's shop.
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,
Like servants, not like such as do create us:—
Faith, search our pockets, and, if you find there
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.
Pedro. You are pleasant, sister,
And I am glad to find you so disposed;
You will the better hear me.
Alm. What you please, sir.
Pedro. I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,
Don John Antonio—
Alm. Would you would choose
Some other subject.
Pedro. Pray you, give me leave,
For his desires are fit for you to hear,
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent
(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)
Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked of
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,
Resolves to leave Palermo.
Alm. He does well;
That I hear gladly.
Pedro. How this prince came hither,
How bravely furnish'd, how attended on,
How he hath born himself here, with what charge
He hath continued; his magnificence
In costly banquets, curious masques, rare presents,
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.
Alm. Give me my gloves.
Pedro. Now, for reward of all
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,
He does entreat that you will please he may
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour
Of kissing of your hands.
Alm. You are his friend,
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him
That he may spare the trouble; I desire not
To see or hear more of him.
Pedro. Yet grant this,
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship,
Might challenge from you.
Alm. And obtain it sooner.
Pedro. One reason for this would do well.
Alm. My will
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose
The privilege of my sex, which is my will,
To yield a reason like a man? or you,
Deny your sister that which all true women
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it
I were no more a woman?
Pedro. Sure, a good one
You cannot be, if you put off that virtue
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else
You raise your pride upon, will stand against
The censure of just men.
Alm. Why, let it fall then;
I still shall be unmoved.
Leon. And, pray you, be you so. [*Aside to* PEDRO.
Alm. What jewel's that?
1 Wom. That which the prince of Tarent——
Alm. Left here, and you received without my knowledge!
I have use of't now. Does the page wait without,
My lord Cardenes sent to enquire my health?
1 Wom. Yes, madam.
Alm. Give it him, and, with it, pray him
To return my service to his lord, and mine.
Pedro. Will you so undervalue one that has
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge
Of his affection, being a prince, upon
The servant of his rival?
Leon. 'Tis not well.
Faith, wear it, lady: send gold to the boy,
'Twill please him better.
Alm. Do as I command you.
[*Exit* Waiting Woman.
I will keep nothing that may put me in mind
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was;
Being wholly now Cardenes'.
Pedro. In another
This were mere barbarism, sister; and in you,
(For I'll not sooth you,) at the best, 'tis rudeness.
Alm. Rudeness!
Pedro. Yes, rudeness; and, what's worse, the want
Of civil manners; nay, ingratitude
Unto the many and so fair deservings
Of don Antonio. Does this express
Your breeding in the court, or that you call
The viceroy father? a poor peasant's daughter,
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame
Her education.
Alm. Pray you, leave my chamber;
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.

Leon. You are too violent, madam.
Alm. Were my father
Here to command me, (as you take upon you
Almost to play his part,) I would refuse it.
Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it.
Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath
That prince you plead for; no antipathy
Between things most averse in nature, holds
A stronger enmity than his with mine;
With which rest satisfied:—If not, your anger
May wrong yourself, not me.
Leon. My lord Cardenes!
Pedro. Go: in soft terms, if you persist thus, you
Will be one——

Enter CARDENES.

Alm. What one? pray you, out with it.
Pedro. Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to [me,
That I might curse you; but——
Car. Whence grows this heat?
Pedro. Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly,
For I will send him to you; or no more
Know me a brother.
Alm. As you please.
Pedro. Good morrow. [*Exit.*
Car. Good morrow, and part thus! you seem moved too:
What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here,
To sink himself?
Alm. Good sir, have patience;
The cause, though I confess I am not pleased,
No way deserves your anger.
Car. Not mine, madam,
As if the least offence could point at you,
And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me
The promise of your heart, conceal it not,
Whomsoever it concerns.
Alm. It is not worth
So serious an enquiry: my kind brother
Had a desire to learn me some new courtship,
Which I distasted; that was all.
Car. Your brother!
In being yours, with more security
He might provoke you; yet if he hath past
A brother's bounds——
Leon. What then, my lord?
Car. Believe it.
I'll call him to accompt for't.
Leon. Tell him so.
Alm. No more.
Leon. Yes, thus much; though my modesty
Be call'd in question for it, in his absence
I will defend him: he hath said nor done,
But what don Pedro well might say or do;
Mark me, don Pedro! in which understand
As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for
Of those that love him best—from don Cardenes.
Car. This to me, cousin!
Alm. You forget yourself.
Leon. No, nor the cause in which you did so, lady,
Which is so just that it needs no concealing
On Pedro's part.
Alm. What mean you?
Leon. I dare speak it,
If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade
Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe
Some little conference with the prince of Tarent,
Before he left the court; and, that the world
Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not
In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd,
He did desire the kissing of her hand,
And then to leave her:—this was much!
Car. 'Twas more
Than should have been urged by him; well denied,
On your part, madam, and I thank you for't.
Antonio had his answer, I your grant;
And why your brother should prepare for him
An after-interview, or private favour,
I can find little reason.
Leon. None at all,
Why you should be displeased with't.
Car. His respect
To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd down
His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly,
I would be loath to say, maliciously,
To build up the demolish'd hopes of him
That was my rival. What had he to do,
If he view not my happiness in your favour
With wounded eyes, to take upon himself
An office so distasteful?
Leon. You may ask
As well, what any gentleman has to do
With civil courtesy.
Alm. Or you, with that
Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord,
Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;
And that nor father, brother, nor the world,
Can work me unto any thing but what
You give allowance to—in which assurance,
With this, I leave you.
Leon. Nay, take me along;
You are not angry too?
Alm. Presume on that.
[*Exit, followed by* LEONORA.
Car. Am I assured of her, and shall again
Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,
Before I have enjoy'd her! the next sun
Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then? [yet
To doubt is safer than to be secure.
But one short day! Great empires in less time
Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a woman;
And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,
May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,
There are too many and too sad examples.
The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety;
Or not admitted to solicit her,
My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I
Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire
To own what's hard [to win,] that dares not [guard it.——
Who waits there?

Enter Servants *and* Page.

Serv. Would your lordship aught?
Car. 'Tis well
You are so near.

Enter ANTONIO *and a* Servant.

Ant. Take care all things be ready
For my remove.
Serv. They are. [*Exit*
Car. We meet like friends,
No more like rivals now: my emulation
Puts on the shape of love and service to you.
Ant. It is return'd.
Car. 'Twas rumour'd in the court
You were to leave the city, and that won me
To find you out. Your excellence may wonder
That I, that never saw you, till this hour.

But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly
Should come to wait upon you to the ports;
And there, with hope you never will look back.
Take my last farewell of you.
Ant. Never look back!
Car. I said so; neither is it fit you should;
And may I prevail with you as a friend,
You never shall; nor, while you live, hereafter
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent
Buried his honour.
Ant. You speak in a language
I do not understand.
Car. No! I'll be plainer.
What madman, that came hither with that pomp
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only
Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died;
That came with such assurance, as young Paris
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, contemn'd,
Disgraced, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd [at,
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted
Left quietly in possession of another,
(Not to be named that day a courtier
Where he was mentioned,) the scarce-known Cardenes,
And he to bear her from him!—that would ever
Be seen again (having got fairly off)
By such as will live ready witnesses
Of his repulse and scandal?
Ant. The grief of it,
Believe me, will not kill me: all man's honour
Depends not on the most uncertain favour
Of a fair mistress.
Car. Troth, you bear it well.
You should have seen some that were sensible
Of a disgrace, that would have raged, and sought
To cure their honour with some strange revenge:
But you are better temper'd; and they wrong
The Neapolitans in their report,
That say they are fiery spirits, uncapable
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with
After a loss; where nothing can move you,
But, like a stoic, with a constancy
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,
And smile when men abuse you.
Ant. If they wrong
Themselves, I can; yet, I would have you know,
I dare be angry.
Car. 'Tis not possible.
A taste of't would do well; and I'd make trial
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You [have seen
This jewel, as I take it?
Ant. Yes; 'tis that
I gave Almira.
Car. And in what esteem
She held it, coming from your worthy self,
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it
Upon my page.
Ant. When I presented it,
I did not indent with her, to what use
She should employ it.
Car. See the kindness of
A loving soul! who, after this neglect,
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,
And not be frighted from it.
Ant. No, indeed, sir;
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,
To your loose wit, to run the wild-goose chase,
Six syllables further. I will see the lady,
That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate
My love increases, though you stand elected
Her porter, to deny me.
Car. Sure you will not.
Ant. Yes, instantly: your prosperous success
Hath made you insolent; and for her sake
I have thus long forborn you, and can yet
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,
That you end here; and, for what's past recalling,
That she make intercession for your pardon,
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.
Car. I am much unwilling
To move her for a trifle—bear that too, [*Strikes him.*
And then she shall speak to you.
Ant. Men and angels,
Take witness for me, that I have endured
More than a man!— [*They fight; CARDENES falls.*
O do not fall so soon.
Stand up—take my hand—so! when I have printed,
For every contumelious word, a wound here,
Then sink for ever.
Car. Oh, I suffer justly!
1 *Serv.* Murder! murder! murder! [*Exit.*
2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.
3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.
Ant. I do wish you more;
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not
Matter to work on: one life is too little
For so much injury.

Re-enter ALMIRA, LEONORA, *and* Servant.

Alm. O my Cardenes!
Though dead, still my Cardenes! Villains, cowards,
What do ye check at? can one arm, and that
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,
Against so many swords made sharp with justice?
1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all; he is a devil.
2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.
Alm. Your base fears
Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,
[*Snatches a Sword from the* Servant.
This my weak arm, made strong in my revenge,
Shall force a way to't. [*Wounds* ANTONIO.
Ant. Would it were deeper, madam!
The thrust which I would not put by, being yours,
Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart
Which still retains your figure!—weep still, lady:
For every tear that flows from those grieved eyes,
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from [me;
And so to die were in a gentle slumber
To pass to paradise: but you envy me
So quiet a departure from my world,
My world of miseries; therefore, take my sword,
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds
It gave Cardenes. [*Gives* ALMIRA *his sword.*

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. 'Tis too true: was ever
Valour so ill employed!
Ant. Why stay you, lady?
Let not soft pity work on your hard nature;
You cannot do a better office to
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,
Your fair hand offering it.
Alm. Thou couldst ask nothing
But this, which I would grant. [*Attempts to wound him.*
Leon. Flint-hearted lady!

Pedro. Are you a woman, sister!
[*Takes the sword from her.*
Alm. Thou art not
A brother, I renounce that title to thee;
Thy hand is in this bloody act; 'twas this,
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.
Thou equal Judge of all things! if that blood,
And innocent blood——
Pedro. [Best sister.]
Alm. Oh, Cardenes!
How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,
That it can be that such an upright cedar
Should violently be torn up by the roots,
Without an earthquake in that very moment
To swallow them that did it!
Ant. The hurt's nothing;
But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,
Which sorrow in death only can recover.
Pedro. Have better hopes.

Enter VICEROY, Duke *of* MESSINA, Captain, Guard, *and* Servants.

Duke. My son, is this the marriage
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!
I come to find a grave here.
Alm. I have wasted
My stock of tears, and now just anger help me
To pay, in my revenge, the other part
Of duty, which I owe thee. O, great sir,
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,
Made so before she was a bride, I fly
To your impartial justice: the offence
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name,
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater,)
Secure the offender.
Duke. Give me life for life,
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,
Whose deputy thou art here.
Alm. And speedy justice.
Duke. Put the damn'd wretch to torture.
Alm. Force him to
Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,
Although you find a son among them.
Vice. How!
Duke. Why bring you not the rack forth?
Alm. Wherefore stands
The murderer unbound?
Vice. Shall I have hearing?
Duke. Excellent lady, in this you express
Your true love to the dead.
Alm. All love to mankind
From me, ends with him.
Vice. Will you hear me yet?
And first to you; you do confess the fact
With which you stand charged?
Ant. I will not make worse
What is already ill, with vain denial.
Vice. Then understand, though you are prince of Tarent,
Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,
No privilege of Sicily can free you
(Being convict by a just form of law)
From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,
But as a common man, being found guilty,
Must suffer for it.
Ant. I prize not my life
So much, as to appeal from anything
You shall determine of me.
Vice. Yet despair not
To have an equal hearing; the exclaims
Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge
To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,
I must not grant it.
Duke. No!
Vice. I cannot, sir;
For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd
From other men, before they are condemn'd,
From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands free;
So take him to your charge, and, as your life,
See he be safe.
Capt. Let me die for him else.
[*Exeunt* PEDRO, *and* Capt. *and* Guard *with* ANT.
Duke. The guard of him should have been given [to me.
Alm. Or unto me.
Duke. Bribes may corrupt the captain.
Alm. And our just wreak, by force, or cunning [practice,
With scorn prevented.
Car. Oh!
Alm. What groan is that?
Vice. There are apparent signs of life yet in him.
Alm. Oh that there were! that I could pour my [blood
Into his veins!
Car. Oh, oh!
Vice. Take him up gently.
Duke. Run for physicians.
Alm. Surgeons.
Duke. All helps else.
Vice. This care of his recovery, timely practised,
Would have express'd more of a father in you,
Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.
But I shall find fit time to urge that further,
Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me
To add weight to oppress'd calamity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PEDRO, ANTONIO, *and* Captain.

Ant. Why should your love to me, having already
So oft endured the test, be put unto
A needless trial? have you not, long since,
In every circumstance and rite of friendship,
Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,
And will you yet move further?
Pedro. Hitherto
I have done nothing (howsoe'er you value
My weak endeavours) that may justly claim
A title to your friendship, and much less
Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due
To your deservings, not I, but mankind
Stands bound to tender.
Ant. Do not make an idol
Of him that should, and without superstition,
To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!
When I am to expire, to call you mine,
Assures a future happiness: give me leave
To argue with you, and, the fondness of

Affection struck blind, with justice hear me:
Why should you, being innocent, fling your life
Into the furnace of your father's anger,
For my offence? or, take it granted (yet
'Tis more than supposition) you prefer
My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally
You waste your favours, wherefore should this captain,
His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour
Of his great master, falsify the trust
Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,
For me, a stranger?

Pedro. Let him answer that,
He needs no prompter: speak your thoughts, and freely.

Capt. I ever loved to do so, and it shames not
The bluntness of my breeding: from my youth
I was train'd up a soldier, one of those
That in their natures love the dangers more,
Than the rewards of danger. I could add,
My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd
But by his intercession; and therefore,
It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,
Which I will never be, if I refused
To pay that debt at any time demanded.

Pedro. I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.

Ant. No, it raises
More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school
Of gratitude, in which this captain reads
The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?
Or, viewing in your actions the idea
Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me
How brave a thing it is to be a friend,
Turn from the object? Had I never loved
The fair Almira for her outward features,
Nay, were the beauties of her mind suspected,
And her contempt and scorn painted before me,
The being your sister would anew inflame me,
With much more impotence to dote upon her:
No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm,
(Though you in all things else have the precedence,)
I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs
Shall suffer in my cause.

Pedro. If you so love me,
In love to that part of my soul dwells in you,
(For though two bodies, friends have but one soul,)
Lose not both life and me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The prince is dead. [*Exit.*

Ant. If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer
For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let
The viceroy's sentence find me.

Pedro. Fly, for heaven's sake!
Consider the necessity; though now
We part, Antonio, we may meet again,
But death's division is for ever, friend.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's death,
Is check'd; there's hope of his recovery. [*Exit.*

Ant. Why should I fly, then, when I may enjoy,
With mine own life, my friend?

Pedro. That's still uncertain,
He may have a relapse; for once be ruled, friend:
He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due;
A prodigal, that, before it is required,
Makes tender of it.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.

2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.

3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape. [*Whistle within.*

Capt. Hark, how the boatswain whistles you aboard!
Will nothing move you?

Ant. Can I leave my friend?

Pedro. I must delay no longer: force him hence.

Capt. I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with you.

Ant. What violence is this?—hear but my reasons.

Pedro. Poor friendship that is cool'd with arguments!
Away, away!

Capt. For Malta.

Pedro. You shall hear
All our events.

Ant. I may sail round the world,
But never meet thy like. Pedro!

Pedro. Antonio!

Ant. I breathe my soul back to thee.

Pedro. In exchange,
Bear mine along with thee.

Capt. Cheerly, my hearts!

[*Exeunt* Captain *and* Sailors *with* ANTONIO.

Pedro. He's gone: may pitying heaven his pilot be,
And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter VICEROY, Duke *of* MESSINA, *and* Attendants.

Vice. I tell you right, sir.

Duke. Yes, like a rough surgeon,
Without a feeling in yourself you search
My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare
The tediousness and danger of the cure,
Never remembering what the patient suffers.
But you preach this philosophy to a man
That does partake of passion, and not
To a dull stoic.

Vice. I confess you have
Just cause to mourn your son; and yet, if reason
Cannot yield comfort, let example cure.
I am a father too, my only daughter
As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,
As your Martino, in her love to him
As desperately ill, either's loss equal;
And yet I bear it with a better temper:

Enter PEDRO.

Which, if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong
Your piety, nor your judgment.

Duke. We were fashion'd
In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes, sir,
Pursue my ends too; pity to you's a cordial,
Revenge to me; and that I must and will have,
If my Martino die.

Pedro. Your *must* and *will*,
Shall in your full-sail'd confidence deceive you. [*Aside.*
Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

Enter PAULO *and two* Surgeons.

Duke. My hand! you rather
Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to
A second father, if your saving aids
Restore my son.

Vice. Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,
Thou glory of our academies!
Paul. If I blush, sir,
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me,
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,
Nor holy saint that can do miracles,
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may,
In some proportion, deserve these favours
Your excellencies please to grace me with,
I promise all the skill I have acquired
In simples, or the careful observation
Of the superior bodies, with my judgment
Derived from long experience, stand ready
To do you service.
Duke. Modestly replied.
Vice. How is it with your princely patient?
Duke. Speak,
But speak some comfort, sir.
Paul. I must speak truth:
His wounds, though many, heaven so guided yet
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve
The names of surgeons, have done their duties;
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought
Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks,
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,
And Æsculapius, which drew upon him
The Thunderer's envy, they with care pursued,
Heaven prospering their endeavours.
Duke. There is hope, then,
Of his recovery?
Paul. But no assurance;
I must not flatter you. That little air
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not
Rob these t' enrich myself) you owe their care;
For, yet, I have done nothing.
Duke. Still more modest;
I will begin with them: to either give
Three thousand crowns.
Vice. I'll double your reward;
See them paid presently.
1 *Surg.* This magnificence
With equity cannot be conferr'd on us;
'Tis due unto the doctor.
2 *Surg.* True; we were
But his subordinate ministers, and did only
Follow his grave directions.
Paul. 'Tis your own:
I challenge no part in it.
Vice. Brave on both sides!
Paul. Deserve this, with the honour that will [follow,
In your attendance.
2 *Surg.* If both sleep at once,
'Tis justice both should die. [*Exeunt* Surgeons.
Duke. For you, grave doctor,
We will not in such petty sums consider
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,
Command it as your own.
Vice. Choose any castle,
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.
Paul. Of neither, sir; I am not so ambitious:
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.
We have but faintly yet begun our journey;
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,
There is a deeper one, and in his mind,
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,
And at the height, too, near akin to madness,
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them,
With all the various ways invention
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it
My masterpiece.
Duke. You more and more engage me.
Vice. May we not visit him?
Paul. By no means, sir;
As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,
It will renew the memory of that
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,
And those I do presume shall not be wanting
To my endeavours, are the utmost aids
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.
So, with my humblest service——
Duke. Go, and prosper. [*Exit* PAULO.
Vice. Observe his piety!—I have heard, how [true
I know not, most physicians, as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for: this doctor steers
Another course—but let this pass. If you please,
Your company to my daughter.
Duke. I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LEONORA *and* Waiting-women.

Leon. Took she no rest to-night?
1 *Wom.* Not any, madam;
I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where
Have you conceal'd him?* sometimes names Antonio,
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast.
Leon. 'Tis wondrous strange.
2 *Wom.* Nay, more;
She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer
Our service, she contemns it.
Leon. Does she not
Sometimes forsake her chamber?
2 *Wom.* Much about
This hour; then, with a strange unsettled gait,
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,
Silent, and frowning, (we dare not speak to her,)
And then returns.—She's come, pray you, now observe her.

Enter ALMIRA *in black, carelessly habited.*

Alm. Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground, and not
Bent upwards? ha! that which was mortal of
My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,
I know this mother earth hath sepulchred;
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which

The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,
Had the least power, born upon angels' wings
Appointed to that office, mounted far
Above the firmament.

Leon. Strange imagination!
Dear cousin, your Martino lives.

Alm. I know you,
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!
Amongst a million of glorious lights
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.
Do you not see it?

Leon. Lady!

Alm. Look with my eyes.
What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,
Viewing himself outshined. Bright constellation!
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou [art,
As I did truly love thee on the earth,
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,
And place me near thee!

Leon. I much more than fear
She'll grow into a frenzy.

Alm. How! what's this?
A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?

Leon. Where, sweet lady?

Alm. In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him soundly,
'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office, Furies.——
How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for [you!
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you.

Leon. 'Tis but fancy,
Collect yourself.

Alm. Leave babbling; 'tis rare music!
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;
Pluto sits laughing by too. So! enough:
I do begin to pity him.

Leon. I wish, madam,
You would shew it to yourself.

2 *Wom.* Her fit begins
To leave her.

Alm. Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?

Leon. Now she speaks temperately. I am ever [ready
To do you service: how do you?

Alm. Very much troubled.
I have had the strangest waking dream of hell
And heaven—I know not what.

Leon. My lord your father
Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him
That is so tender of you, entertain him
With a becoming duty.

Enter VICEROY, Duke *of* MESSINA, PEDRO, *and* Attendants.

Vice. Still forlorn!
No comfort, my Almira?

Duke. In your sorrow,
For my Martino, madam, you have express'd
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady,
(For we are not past hope,) with his future service,
In some part to deserve it.

Alm. If heaven please
To be so gracious to me, I will serve him
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,
That I will rise up an example for
Good wives to follow: but until I have
Assurance what fate will determine of me,
Thus, like a desolate widow, give me leave
To weep for him; for, should he die, I have vow'd
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,
One monument may cover us, and Antonio
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd
A sacrifice to our ashes.

Vice. Prithee put off
These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,
A happy pair.

Enter CUCULO *and* BORACHIA.

Cuc. O sir, the foulest treason
That ever was discover'd!

Vice. Speak it, that
We may prevent it.

Cuc. Nay, 'tis past prevention:
Though you allow me wise, (in modesty,
I will not say oraculous,) I cannot help it.
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one;
But I could never conjure, nor divine
Of things to come.

Vice. Leave fooling: to the point;
What treason?

Cuc. The false prince, don John Antonio
Is fled.

Vice. It is not possible.

Pedro. Peace, screech-owl.

Cuc. I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the [captain
You trusted with the fort is run away too.

Alm. O miserable woman! I defy
All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be
A way to death, I'll find it. [*Exit.*

Vice. Follow her,
She'll do some violent act upon herself;
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,
And fetch the doctor to her.—

[*Exeunt* LEONORA *and* Waiting-women
Had not you
A hand in this?

Pedro. I, sir! I never knew
Such disobedience.

Vice. My honour's touch'd in't:
Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit,
Search every port and harbour; if I live,
He shall not 'scape thus.

Duke. Fine hypocrisy!
Away, dissemblers! 'tis confederacy
Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false captain,
He could not thus have vanish'd else. You have murder'd
My son amongst you, and now murder justice:
You know it most impossible he should live,
Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,
And you have shifted hence Antonio.

Vice. Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old [man
And being in my court, protected by
The law of hospitality, or I should
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish,
If I knew of his flight!

Duke. Fire, then, the castle.
Hang up the captain's wife and children.

Vice. Fie, sir!

Pedro. My lord, you are uncharitable; capital treasons
Exact not so much.
Duke. Thanks, most noble signior!
We ever had your good word and your love.
Cuc. Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are clear
Of any imputation in this case
You seem to load them with.
Duke. Impertinent fool!——
No, no; the loving faces you put on,
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled me
Out of my son, and out of justice too;
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:
There I will force it from thee by the king.
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,
Till I am righted for this treachery.
Vice. Thy worst, Messina! since no reason can
Qualify thy intemperance; the corruption
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong
My true integrity. Let privy searchers
Examine all the land.
Pedro. Fair fall Antonio! [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt* VICEROY, PEDRO, *and* Attendants.
Cuc. This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your conscience,
Is't not a goodly dame?
Duke. She is no less, sir;
I will make use of these: may I entreat you
To call my niece.
Bora. With speed, sir. [*Exit* BORACHIA.
Cuc. You may, my lord, suspect me
As an agent in these state-conveyances:
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,
For all his place, wit, and authority,
Held a most worthy, honest gentleman.

Re-enter BORACHIA *with* LEONORA.

Duke. I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see
To what extremes I am driven; the cunning viceroy,
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly
Their cold affections to my son Martino:
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom
If my son fail,—however, all thy fortunes;
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:
And as thou keep'st Almira company,
In this her desolation, so in hate
To this young Pedro, for thy cousin's love,
Be her associate: or assure thyself,
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.
If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,
I never more will own thee!
Leon. O, dear uncle!
You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart,
And it will break it. [*Exit.*
Duke. Gravest lady, you
May be a great assister in my ends.
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple,
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires:
Whereto, good sir, but add your friendly aids,
And use me to my uttermost.
Cuc. My lord,
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.
Borachia, what do you say?
Bora. I say, my lord,
I know my place; and be assured, I will
Keep fire and tow asunder.
Duke. You in this
Shall much deserve me. [*Exit*
Cuc. We have ta'en upon us
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear
The excess of wine.
Bora. I will do what I please.
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me;
I must be better waited on.
Cuc. Any thing,
So you'll leave wine.
Bora. Still prating!
Cuc. I am gone, duck. [*Exit.*
Bora. Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

Re-enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Donna Borachia, you most happily
Are met to pleasure me.
Bora. It may be so;
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way,
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.
Pedro. Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with you.
Bora. With me, sir! I beseech you, sir—why, what, sir,
See you in me?
Pedro. Do not mistake me, lady;
Nothing but honesty.
Bora. Hang honesty!
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.
Pedro. Prithee conceive me rightly.
Bora. I conceive you!
Pedro. But understand.
Bora. I will not understand, sir,
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.
Pedro. Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,
But look upon her; stand you by.
Bora. How's this!
Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,
You are a paltry lord to tempt my trust thus:
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,
To be deflower'd of my loyalty
With your fair language.
Pedro. Thou mistak'st me still.
Bora. It may be so, my place will bear me out in't,
And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.
Pedro. A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.
Bora. A plague upon you! you shall never see her.
Pedro. This is a crone in grain! thou art so testy—
Prithee, take breath, and know thy friends.
Bora. I will not.
I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:
And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?
Pedro. Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.
Bora. She hates you damnably, most wickedly,
Build that upon my word, most wickedly;
And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,
And cast and rail again; and cast again;
Call for hot waters, and then rail again!
Pedro. How! 'tis not possible.
Bora. I have heard her swear
(How justly, you best know, and where the cause lies)

That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out—
Fie, fie! why, how have you deserved it?
Pedro. I am what?
Bora. The beastliest man—why, what a grief must this be?
(Sir-reverence of the company)—a rank whore-master.
Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,
With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,
Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,
And of all countries.
Pedro. This must needs be a lie.
Bora. Besides, you are so careless of your body,
Which is a foul fault in you.
Pedro. Leave your fooling,
For this shall be a fable: happily,
My sister's anger may grow strong against me,
Which thou mistak'st.
Bora. She hates you very well too,
But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon [you!
Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,
With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,
She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell you,
For certainly you are rank, she says, extreme rank,
And the wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever!
Pedro. For all this, I would see her.
Bora. That's all one.
Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out, or a nose
To clap on warm? have you proof against a piss-pot,
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?
Pedro. I shall not see her, then, you say?
Bora. It seems so.
Pedro. Prithee, be thus far friend then, good Borachia,
To give her but this letter, and this ring,
And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon:
But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.
I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?
Bora. Take up my petticoat! I scorn the motion,
I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!
Pedro. And why thus hot?
Bora. Sir, you shall find me hotter,
If you take up my petticoat.
Pedro. I'll give thee a new petticoat.
Bora. I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!
Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,
Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.
Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,
A woman of another way, my lord,
A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him.
I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.
Pedro. Thou art disposed still to mistake me.
Bora. Petticoat!
You shew now what you are; but do your worst, sir.
Pedro. A wild-fire take thee!
Bora. I ask no favour of you,
And so I leave you; and withal, I charge you
In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,
In this place I present your father's person,
Upon your life, not dare to follow me,
For if you do— [*Exit.*
Pedro. Go! and the pox go with thee,
If thou hast so much moisture to receive them!
For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow
I must devise a way—for I must see her, [them.
And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,
If all the wit I have, and this can do,
I'll make you break your charge, and your hope too. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Slave Market.*

Enter Slave-merchant *and* Servant, *with* ANTONIO *and* Captain *disguised and dressed as slaves*, English Slave, *and divers other* Slaves.

Merch. Come, rank yourselves, and stand out handsomely.
—Now ring the bell, that they may know my market.
Stand you two here; [*To* ANTONIO *and the* Captain.] you are personable men,
And apt to yield good sums, if women cheapen.
Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind,
He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like famine.
Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs out on's nose yet.
He will not yield above a peck of oysters—
If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:
Why sure, thou hadst no father.
1 *Slave.* Sure I know not.
Merch. No, certainly; a March frog [leap'd] thy mother;
Thou'rt but a monster-paddock.—Look who comes, sirrah.— [*Exit* Servant.
And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the buyer, [*To the* English Slave.
And if you do them well, they'll prove good dowries.—
How now?

Re-enter Servant

Serv. They come, sir, with their bags full loaden.
Merch. Reach me my stool. O! here they come.

Enter PAULO, Apothecary, CUCULO, *and* Citizens.

Cuc. That's he.
He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;
He buys them presently upon their taking,
And so disperses them to every market.
Merch. Begin the song, and chaunt it merrily.

A SONG, *by one of the Slaves.*

Well done.
Paul. Good morrow!
Merch. Morrow to you, signiors!
Paul. We come to look upon your slaves, and buy too,
If we can like the persons, and the prices.
Cuc. They shew fine active fellows.
Merch. They are no less, sir,
And people of strong labours.
Paul. That's in the proof, sir.

Apoth. Pray what's the price of this red-bearded fellow?
If his gall be good, I have certain uses for him.
Merch. My sorrel slaves are of a lower price,
Because the colour's faint:—fifty chequins, sir.
Apoth. What be his virtues?
Merch. He will poison rats;
Make him but angry, and his eyes kill spiders;
Let him but, fasting, spit upon a toad,
And presently it bursts, and dies; his dreams kill:
He'll run you in a wheel, and draw up water,
But if his nose drop in't, 'twill kill an army.
When you have worn him to the bones with uses,
Thrust him into an oven luted well,
Dry him, and beat him, flesh and bone to powder,
And that kills scabs, and aches of all climates.
Apoth. Pray at what distance may I talk to him?
Merch. Give him but sage and butter in a morning,
And there's no fear: but keep him from all women,
For there his poison swells most.
Apoth. I will have him.
Cannot he breed a plague too?
Merch. Yes, yes, yes,
Feed him with fogs; *probatum*.—Now to you, sir.
Do you like this slave? [*Pointing to* ANTONIO.
Cuc. Yes, if I like his price well.
Merch. The price is full an hundred, nothing bated.
Sirrah, sell the Moors there;—feel, he's high and lusty,
And of a gamesome nature; bold and secret,
Apt to win favour of the man that owns him,
By diligence and duty: look upon him.
Paul. Do you hear, sir?
Merch. I'll be with you presently.—
Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you four-score; [*Pointing to the* Captain.
An easy price—turn him about, and view him.—
For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children——
Twins, on my credit, sir.—Do you see this boy, sir?
He will run as far from you in an hour——
1 *Cit*. Will he so, sir?
Merch. Conceive me rightly,—if upon an errand,
As any horse you have.
2 *Cit*. What will this girl do?
Merch. Sure no harm at all, sir,
For she sleeps most an end.
Cit. An excellent housewife.
Of what religion are they?
Merch. What you will, sir,
So there be meat and drink in't: they'll do little
That shall offend you, for their chief desire
Is to do nothing at all, sir.
Cuc. A hundred is too much.
Merch. Not a doit bated:
He's a brave slave, his eyes shew activeness;
Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him.
Here is one you shall have——
Cuc. For what?
Merch. For nothing,
And thank you too.
Paul. What can he do?
Merch. Why, anything that's ill,
And never blush at it: he's so true a thief,
That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it.
He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant;
And from a lousy nurse he stole his nature,
From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness;
He will look in your face and pick your pockets,
Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring;
There, where a cat will go in, he will follow,
His body has no back-bone. Into my company
He stole, for I never bought him, and will steal into yours,
An you stay a little longer. Now, if any of you
Be given to the excellent art of lying,
Behold, before you here, the masterpiece!
He'll outlie him that taught him, monsieur devil,
Offer to swear he has eaten nothing in a twelve-month,
When his mouth's full of meat.
Cuc. Pray keep him, he's a jewel;
And here's your money for this fellow.
Merch. He's yours, sir.
Cuc. Come, follow me. [*Exit with* ANTONIO.
Cit. Twenty chequins for these two.
Merch. For five and twenty take them.
Cit. There's your money;
I'll have them, if it be to sing in cages.
Merch. Give them hard eggs, you never had such black birds.
Cit. Is she a maid, dost think?
Merch. I dare not swear, sir:
She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here.
Cit. A merry fellow! thou say'st true. Come, children. [*Exit with the two* Moors.
Paul. Here, tell your money; if his life but answer
His outward promises, I have bought him cheap, sir.
Merch. Too cheap, o'conscience: he's a pregnant knave;
Full of fine thought, I warrant him.
Paul. He's but weak-timber'd.
Merch. 'Tis the better, sir;
He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.
Paul. Very weak legs.
Merch. Strong, as the time allows, sir.
Paul. What's that fellow?
Merch. Who, this? the finest thing in all the world, sir;
The punctuallest, and the perfectest; an English metal,
But coin'd in France: *Your servant's servant, sir!*
Do you understand that? *or your shadow's servant!*
Will you buy him to carry in a box? Kiss your hand, sirrah;—
Let fall your cloak on one shoulder;—face to your left hand;—
Feather your hat;—slope your hat;—now charge.—Your honour,
What think you of this fellow?
Paul. Indeed, I know not;
I never saw such an ape before: but, hark you,
Are these things serious in his nature?
Merch. Yes, yes;
Part of his creed: come, do some more devices.
Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy,
Do it in dumb show. Now observe him nearly.
[*The* English Slave *practises his postures*
Paul. This fellow's mad, stark mad.
Merch. Believe they are all so:
I have sold a hundred of them.
Paul. A strange nation!
What may the women be?

Merch. As mad as they,
And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal madder :
Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder;
They have a city, sir,—I have been in it,
And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw
With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks,
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,
You would start indeed.
Paul. They are handsome men ?
Merch. Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God-tailor, and god-mercer: a kind of Jews, sir,
But fall'n into idolatry; for they worship
Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calves.
Paul. What do you mean by cow-calves?
Merch. Why, their women.
Will you see him do any more tricks ?
Paul. 'Tis enough, I thank you;
But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him :
He may make my princely patient mirth, and that done,
I'll chain him in my study, that at void hours
I may run o'er the story of his country.
Merch. His price is forty.
Paul. Hold—I'll once be foolish,
And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.
Apoth. Will your worship walk ?
Paul. How now, apothecary,
Have you been buying too ?
Apoth. A little, sir,
A dose or two of mischief.
Paul. Fare ye well, sir;
As these prove, we shall look the next wind for
Merch. I shall be with you, sir. [you.
Paul. Who bought this fellow ?
2 *Cit.* Not I.
Apoth. Nor I.
Paul. Why does he follow us, then ?
Merch. Did not I tell you he would steal to you ?
2 *Cit.* Sirrah,
You mouldy-chaps! know your crib, I would wish
And get from whence you came. [you,
1 *Slave.* I came from no place.
Paul. Wilt thou be my fool? for fools, they say, will tell truth.
1 *Slave.* Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to
For I can do that naturally. [abuse you,
Paul. And I can beat you.
1 *Slave.* I should be sorry else, sir.
Me ch. He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,
As a cat in a bowl on the water.
Paul. You will part with him ?
Merch. To such a friend as you, sir.
Paul. And without money ?
Merch. Not a penny, signior;
And would he were better for you!
Paul. Follow me, then;
The knave may teach me something.
1 *Slave.* Something that
You dearly may repent; howe'er you scorn me,
The slave may prove your master.
Paul. Farewell once more!
Merch. Farewell! and when the wind serves next, expect me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter CUCULO *and* ANTONIO.

Cuc. Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now; you serve a man, sir,
That, when you know more, you will find—
Ant. I hope so.
Cuc. What dost thou hope ?
Ant. To find you a kind master.
Cuc. Find you yourself a diligent true servant,
And take the precept of the wise before you,
And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand,
You serve me—what is ME ? a man of credit.
Ant. Yes, sir.
Cuc. Of special credit, special office; hear first
And understand again, of special office:
A man that nods upon the thing he meets,
And that thing bows.
Ant. 'Tis fit it should be so, sir.
Cuc. It shall be so: a man near all importance.
Dost thou digest this truly ?
Ant. I hope I shall, sir.
Cuc. Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress,
Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,
Serve all with diligence, but her delights;
There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah,
And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman.
Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,
And stirring faculties, for she'll shew a fair one ?
Ant. As I am a man, I may; but as I am your man,
Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall perish.
Cuc. 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next precept,
And then, observe me, you have all your duty;
Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine
All talk of wine. [from her,
Ant. Wine is a comfort, sir.
Cuc. A devil, sir! let her not dream of wine;
Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine;
Swear it.
Ant. Will you have me lie ?
Cuc. To my end, sir:
For if one drop of wine but creep into her,
She is the wisest woman in the world straight,
And all the women in the world together
Are but a whisper to her: a thousand iron mills
Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-crackers.
Keep her from wine; wine makes her dangerous.
Fall back—my lord don Pedro!

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, master Office,
What is the reason that your vigilant Greatness,
And your wife's wonderful Wiseness, have lock'd up from me
The way to see my mistress ? Whose dog's dead
That you observe these vigils ? [now,
Cuc. Very well, my lord.
Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,
Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made them,
When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.
Pedro. What state-command ? dost thou think any state
Would give thee anything but eggs to keep,
Or trust thee with a secret above lousing ?
Cuc. No, no, my lord, I am not passionate;

You cannot work me that way, to betray me.
A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir,
A secret and a serious point of state too;
And do not urge it further, do not, lord,
It will not take; you deal with them that wink not.
You tried my wife. Alas! you thought she was foolish,
Won with an empty word; you have not found it.

Pedro. I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I am sure on.

Cuc. Your lordship may say three:—I am not passionate.

Pedro. How's that?

Cuc. Your lordship found a faithful gentlewoman,
Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart;
A woman of another making, lord:
And, lest she might partake with woman's weakness,
I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect,
A rib that will not shrink, nor break in the bending,
This trouble we are put to, to prevent things,
Which your good lordship holds but necessary.

Pedro. A fellow of a handsome and free promise,
And much, methinks, I'm taken with his countenance.—
Do you serve this yeoman, porter? [*To* ANTONIO.

Cuc. Not a word.
Basta! Your lordship may discourse your freedom;
He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence.

Pedro. You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye well;
I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [*Exit.*

Cuc. And I shall fit you, lord: you would be billing;
You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot.—Go you home,
And there observe these lessons I first taught you,
Look to your charge abundantly; be wary,
Trusty and wary; much weight hangs upon me,
Watchful and wary too! this lord is dangerous,
Take courage and resist: for other uses,
Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,
And, do you hear? no wine.

Ant. I shall observe, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter PAULO *and* Surgeons.

Paul. He must take air.

1 *Surg.* Sir, under your correction,
The violence of motion may make
His wounds bleed fresh.

2 *Surg.* And he hath lost already
Too much blood, in my judgment.

Paul. I allow that;
But to choke up his spirits in a dark room,
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no questions.

Enter CARDENES.

Car. Certain we have no reason, nor that soul
Created of that pureness books persuade us:
We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.
Our imperfections form, and flatter us;
A will to rash and rude things is our reason,
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.
Why did I wrong this man? unmanly wrong him?
Unmannerly? He gave me no occasion.
In all my heat how noble was his temper!
And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,
With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd?
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me.
The devil and his angel, woman, bade me.—
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,
And like a beast I make my blood my master.
Farewell, farewell, for ever, name of mistress!
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women
Out of my thoughts.

Paul. Ay, now you shew your manhood.

Car. Doctor, believe me, I have bought my knowledge,
And dearly, doctor:—they are dangerous creatures,
They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless creatures,
And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

Paul. To man, indeed.

Car. Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.
What can they shew, or by what act deserve us,
While we have Virtue, and pursue her beauties!

Paul. And yet I've heard of many virtuous women.

Car. Not many, doctor; there your reading fails you:
Would there were more, and in their loves less dangers!

Paul. Love is a noble thing without all doubt, sir.

Car. Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch. [*Exit.*

1 *Surg.* Strange melancholy!

Paul. By degrees 'twill lessen:
Provide your things.

2 *Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* CUCULO'S *House.*

Enter LEONORA *and* ALMIRA.

Leon. Good madam, for your health's sake clear those clouds up,
That feed upon your beauties like diseases.
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;
You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd
All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:
You rather with this torrent choak his mercies,
Than gently slide into his providence.
Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,
Where they express no more than drops on lilies;
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes;
Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,
To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take comfort;
This is a sullen grief becomes condemn'd men,
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:
Do but look up. Why, so!—is not this better,
Than hanging down your head still like a violet,
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager!
Pray you, speak a little.

Alm. Pray you, desire no more;
And, if you love me, say no more.

Leon. How fain,
If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,
Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,
Even of the same disease have you cured me,

And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,
And forced my hands, thus?

Alm. By these tears, no more.

Leon. You are too prodigal of them. Well, I will not;
For though my love bids me transgress your will,
I have a service to your sorrows still. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter PEDRO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait
Who comes to seek accesses; nor is it fit, sir,
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

Pedro. Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,
But carrying up this letter, and this token,
And giving them discreetly to my mistress,
The lady Leonora: there's my purse,
Or anything thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'st me,
And what I may be to thee for this courtesy——

Ant. Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,
That by my troth I'll venture.

Pedro. I dearly thank thee.

Ant. And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your purse, sir,
For, though my body's bought, my mind was never.
Though I am bound, my courtesies are no slaves.

Pedro. Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

Ant. If I were so,
The state I am in bids you not believe it.
But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter,
And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mistress.

Pedro. And she must be removed, thou wilt else ne'er do it.

Ant. Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll think awhile too.

Pedro. Her husband's suddenly fallen sick?

Ant. She cares not;
If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.

Pedro. Would he were hang'd!

Ant. Then she would run for joy, sir.

Pedro. Some lady crying out?

Ant. She has two already.

Pedro. Her house afire?

Ant. *Let the fool, my husband, quench it.*
This will be her answer.—This may take; it will, sure.
Your lordship must go presently, and send me
Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,
The strongest and the sweetest.

Pedro. Instantly:
But will that do?

Ant. Let me alone to work it. [*Exit* PEDRO.
Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;
All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,
That I am sure, and gives men all accesses.
Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk now!
For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it.
She'll turn my stomach then abominably.
She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face
Being a drunken face, what face will there be!——
She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master
Should take her so, and know I minister'd,
What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,
And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee service
Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet——
Here come the executioners.

Enter Servant *with bottles.*

You are welcome;
Give me your load, and tell my lord I am at it.

Serv. I will, sir; speed you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ant. Good speed on all sides!
'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the yaws that she will make!
Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Portugal.
Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;
For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.
She is yonder by herself, the ladies from her.
Now to begin my sacrifice:—[*Pours out some of the wine.*]—she stirs, and vents it.
O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet
In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,
And now she comes.—I'll stand aside awhile.

Enter BORACHIA.

Bora. [*Snuffing.*] 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine! excellent strong wine!
In the must, I take it: very wine! this way too.

Ant. How true she hunts! I'll make the train a little longer. [*Pours out more wine.*

Bora. Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed wine!

Ant. Now she hunts hot.

Bora. All that I can for this wine!
This way it went, sure.

Ant. Now she's at a cold scent.
Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!
That's she! that's she!

Bora. O, if I could but see it!
Oh what a precious scent it has!—but handle it!

Ant. Now I'll untappice. [*Comes forward with the bottle.*

Bora. What's that? still 'tis stronger.
Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer quickly,
And to the point.

Ant. 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,
Excellent Candy wine.

Bora. 'Tis well, forsooth!
Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah,
(Excellent Candy wine!) draw nearer to me,
Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd slave—

Ant. Pray be not angry, for with all my service
And pains, I purchased this for you, (I dare not drink it,)
For you a present; only for your pleasure;
To shew in little what a thanks I owe
The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.

Bora. And I will give thee more; there, kiss my hand on't.

Ant. I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour:
How rank it smells! [*Aside.*

Bora. By thy leave, sweet bottle,
And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee;
Hold your hand under.

Ant. How does your worship like it?

Bora. Under again—again—and now come kiss me;
I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me.

Ant. I do beseech your pardon.

Bora. Here's to thee, then;
I am easily entreated for thy good.

'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;
Thou hast a pure complexion: now, for me
'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.
Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—

Ant. Blows out a cry at both ends.

Bora. Kiss again.
Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:
Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll shew thee all.

Ant. Heaven bless mine eyes!

Bora. Even all the secrets, son slave,
In my dominion.

Ant. Oh! here come the ladies;
Now to my business.

Enter LEONORA *and* ALMIRA *behind.*

Leon. This air will much refresh you.

Alm. I must sit down.

Leon. Do, and take freer thoughts,
The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.

Bora. And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all,
Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to; but abundance:
I'll leave thee two young ladies—what think you of that, boy!— [ANTONIO *goes to* LEONORA.
Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies:
But first you shall commit with me; do you mark, son?
And shew yourself a gentleman, that's the truth, son.

Ant. Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand,
And humbly craving pardon for intruding,
This letter, and this ring——

Leon. From whom, I pray you, sir?

Ant. From the most noble, loving lord, don Pedro,
The servant of your virtues.

Bora. And prithee, good son slave, be wise and circumspect,
And take heed of being o'ertaken with too much drink;
For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all:
Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk, son!
Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one thing I'd have done:
Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may be,
For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot perform—
Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?

Leon. I much thank you;
And this, sir, for your pains. [*Offers him her purse.*

Ant. No, gentle lady;
That I can do him service is my merit,
My faith, my full reward.

Leon. Once more, I thank you.
Since I have met so true a friend to goodness,
I dare deliver to your charge my answer:
Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him
To meet me in the garden; means he may find,
For love, they say, wants no abilities.

Ant. Nor shall he, madam, if my help may prosper;
So everlasting love and sweetness bless you!—
She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.

Alm. What fellow's that?

Leon. Indeed I know not, madam;
It seems of some strange country by his habit;
Nor can I shew you by what mystery
He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.

Alm. A handsome man.

Leon. But of a mind more handsome.

Alm. Was his business to you?

Leon. Yes, from a friend you wot of.

Alm. A very handsome fellow,
And well demean'd.

Leon. Exceeding well; and speaks well.

Alm. And speaks well, too!

Leon. Ay, passing well, and freely,
And, as he promises, of a most clear nature;
Brought up, sure, far above his shew.

Alm. It seems so:
I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?

Leon. Indeed I know not if he do.

Alm. 'Tis no matter.
Come let's walk in.

Leon. I am glad you have found your tongue yet. [*Exeunt* LEONORA *and* ALMIRA.

BORACHIA *sings.*

Cuc. [*Within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas her voice:
Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.

Ant. 'Tis sure my master.

Enter CUCULO.

Now the game begins;
Here will be spitting of fire o' both sides presently;
Send me but safe deliver'd!

Cuc. O, my heart aches!
My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd!
She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever!

Bora. Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies swimming;
Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.

Cuc. O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou done?

Ant. I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.

Cuc. Sirrah,
How came she by this wine?

Ant. Alas, I know not.

Bora. Who's that, that talks of wine there?

Ant. Forsooth, my master.

Bora. Bring him before me, son slave.

Cuc. I will know it,
This bottle, how this bottle?

Bora. Do not stir it;
For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you,
I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay, I'll beat you;
And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you mark me?
Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,
And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.
No question, I would advise you, how I came by it;
I will have none of these points handled now.

Cuc. She'll ne'er be well again while the world stands.

Ant. I hope so. [*Aside.*

Cuc. How dost thou, lamb?

Bora. Well, God a-mercy.
Belwether, how dost thou? Stand out, son slave,
Sit you here, and before this worshipful audience
Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk now.

Cuc. Now, now it works; the devil now dwells in her.

Bora. Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer the moon?
Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs
To make her husband cuckold? Bring me your cousin
The curate now, that great philosopher,

He that found out a pudding had two ends,
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist;
And let him with his Jacob's-staff discover
What is the third part of three farthings,
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.
Cuc. You see she hath learning enough, if she could dispose it.
Bora. Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou [bull-head!
Cuc. Nay, good Borachia.
Bora. Thou a sufficient statesman
A gentleman of learning! hang thee, dogwhelp;
Thou shadow of a man of action,
Thou scab o'the court! go sleep, you drunken rascal,
You debauch'd puppy; get you home, and sleep, sirrah;
And so will I: son slave, thou shalt sleep with me.
Cuc. Prithee, look to her tenderly.
Bora. No words, sirrah,
Of any wine, or anything like wine,
Or anything concerning wine, or by wine,
Or from, or with wine. Come, lead me like a countess.
Cuc. Thus must we bear, poor men! there is a trick in't;
But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety;
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

Enter ANTONIO.

My honest friend!
Ant. Your lordship's poorest servant.
Pedro. How hast thou sped?
Ant. My lord, as well as wishes.
My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd
Your loveletter, and token; who, with all joy,
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you:
Commands you this night, by her loving power,
To meet her in the garden.
Pedro. Thou hast made me;
Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows;
Done above wonder for me. Is it so?
Ant. I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.
Pedro. I do see something in this fellow's face still,
That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service:
And if I e'er forget it——
Ant. Good my lord,
The only knowledge of me is too much bounty:
My service, and my life, sir.
Pedro. I shall think on't;
But how for me to get access?
Ant. 'Tis easy;
I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you;
My credit's better than you think.
Pedro. I thank you,
And soon I'll wait your promise.
Ant. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in the same.*

Enter VICEROY, DUKE, PAULO, *and* CUCULO.

Paulo. All's as I tell you, princes; you shall [here
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy,
And strong imagination of his wrongs.
His inhumanity to don Antonio
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces
Of various imaginations, that,
Like the celestial bow, this colour now's
The object, then another, till all vanish.
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,
Or think his spirit out; to all which humours
I do apply myself, checking the bad,
And cherishing the good. For these, I have
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber
With trapdoors, and descents; sometimes present-[ing
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth,
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes
Thinks that which, by confederacy, I do,
Is by some skill in magic.

Enter CARDENES, *a book in his hand.*

Here he comes
Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir?
Car. A strange position, which doth much perplex me:
That every soul's alike a musical instrument,
The faculties in all men equal strings,
Well or ill handled; and those sweet or harsh.
[*Exit* PAULO.
How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then!
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,
Like the most barbarous peasant; read my pride
Upon Antonio's meek humility,
Wherein he was far valianter than I.
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,
Enabling sufferance past inflictions.
In patience Tarent overcame me more
Than in my wounds: live then, no more to men,
Shut daylight from thine eyes, here cast thee down,
[*Falls on the bed.*
And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

Re-enter PAULO *disguised as a Friar.*

What art? an apparition, or a man?
Paul. A man, and sent to counsel thee.
Car. Despair
Has stopt mine ears; thou seem'st a holy friar.
Paul. I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking
To lend compassion and aid to others.
My order bids me comfort thee. I have heard all
Thy various, troubled passions: hear but my story.
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend,
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man;
This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman,
(Nature proud of her workmanship,) mutual love

Possess'd them both, her heart in his breast lodged,
And his in hers.
Car. No more of love, good father,
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.
Paul. Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. This betroth'd lady,
(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten,)
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved,
Despised by honest men, my conscience sear'd up,
Love I converted into frantic rage;
And by that false guide led, I summon'd him
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove
If he or I might claim most right in love.
But fortune, that does seld or never give
Success to right and virtue, made him fall
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear [blood,
A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me,
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,
Lies on my conscience.
Car. And durst thou live,
After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived.
Art quiet in thy bosom?
Paul. As the sleep
Of infants.
Car. My fault did not equal this;
Yet I have emptied my heart of joy,
Only to store sighs up. What were the arts
That made thee live so long in rest?
Paul. Repentance
Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirm'd me,
I was forgiven, and took me to my beads. [*Exit.*
Car. I am in the wrong path; tender conscience
Makes me forget mine honour: I have done
No evil like this, yet I pine; whilst he,
A few tears of his true contrition tender'd,
Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of conscience,
That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.
'Tis feign'd that Jupiter two vessels placed,
The one with honey fill'd, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; Destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
Hence is it we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;
Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.
Duke. Is't not a strange effect?
Vice. Past precedent.
Cuc. His brain-pan's perish'd with his wounds: [go to,
I knew 'twould come to this.
Vice. Peace, man of wisdom.
Car. Pleasure's the hook of evil; ease of care,
And so the general object of the court;
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is
Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour, that clasps
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer.—This distracts me:
But I have found the right: had don Antonio
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd [him;
The injury so foul, and done in public,
My footman would not bear it; then in honour
Wronging him so, I'll right him on myself:
There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction
Equally tender'd; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.
They rush forward and disarm him
They take all weapons from me.
Duke. Bless my son!

Re-enter PAULO, *dressed like a Soldier, and the* English Slave *like a Courtier.*

Vice. The careful doctor s come again.
Duke. Rare man!
How shall I pay this debt?
Cuc. He that is with him.
Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said,
To accommodate his cure: he's English born,
But French in his behaviour; a delicate slave.
Vice. The slave is very fine.
Cuc. Your English slaves
Are ever so; I have seen an English slave
Far finer than his master: there's a state-point,
Worthy your observation.
Paul. On thy life,
Be perfect in thy lesson: fewer legs, slave.
Car. My thoughts are search'd and answer'd; [for I did
Desire a soldier and a courtier,
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts
Not yet concluded of.
Paul. Your doctor did
Admit us, sir.
Slave. And we are at your service;
Whate'er it be, command it.
Car. You appear
A courtier in the race of LOVE; how far
In honour are you bound to run?
Slave. I'll tell you,
You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,
To win a mistress' favour; not afraid
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful sports:
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her:
Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,
For that draws on——
Car. No more; this points at me;
[*Exit* English Slave.
I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old [soldier,
The height of HONOUR?
Paul. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat I choak with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone:
'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.
Vice. Mark, how he winds him.
Duke. Excellent man!
Paul. Who fights
With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued
With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [*Exit.*
Car. Thou hast touch'd me, soldier; oh! this honour bears
The right stamp; would all soldiers did profess
Thy good religion! The discords of my soul

Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony:
What sweet peace feel I now! I am ravish'd with it.
Vice. How still he sits! [*Music.*
Cuc. Hark! music.
Duke. How divinely
This artist gathers scatter'd sense; with cunning
Composing the fair jewel of his mind,
Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before.

Re-enter PAULO, *dressed like a Philosopher, accompanied by a good and evil Genius, who sing a song in alternate stanzas: during the performance of which,* PAULO *goes off, and returns in his own shape.*

Vice. See Protean Paulo in another shape.
Paul. Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect, [doubt not.
Duke. Master of thy great art!
Vice. As such we'll hold thee.
Duke. And study honours for him.
Cuc. I'll be sick
On purpose to take physic of this doctor.
[*Exeunt all but* CARDENES *and* PAULO.
Car. Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,
You, for my recreation, have invented
The several objects, which my melancholy
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles
Imagined them chimæras. You have been
My friar, soldier, philosopher,
My poet, architect, physician:
Labour'd for me, more than your slaves for you,
In their assistance: in your moral song
Of my good Genius, and my bad, you have won me
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent;
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,
But once more, were it possible, to behold
Don John Antonio.
Paul. There shall be letters sent
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.
Car. What honours, what rewards can I heap on you!
Paul. That my endeavours have so well succeeded,
Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir;
Not too much air so soon.
Car. I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* CUCULO'S *House.*

Enter ALMIRA *and* LEONORA.

Leon. How strangely
This fellow runs in her mind! [*Aside.*
Alm. Do you hear, cousin?
Leon. Her sadness clean forsaken!
Alm. A poor slave
Bought for my governess, say you?
Leon. I hear so.
Alm. And, do you think, a Turk?
Leon. His habit shews it;
At least bought for a Turk.
Alm. Ay, that may be so.
Leon. What if he were one naturally?
Alm. Nay, 'tis nothing,
Nothing to the purpose; and yet, methinks, 'tis strange
Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,
Should spring from those rude countries.
Leon. If it be no more,
I'll call our governess, and she can shew you.
Alm. Why, do you think it is?
Leon. I do not think so.
Alm. Fie! no, no, by no means; and to tell thee truth, wench,
I am truly glad he is here, be what he will:
Let him be still the same he makes a shew of;
For now we shall see something to delight us.
Leon. And heaven knows, we have need on't.
Alm. Heigh ho! my heart aches.
Prithee, call in our governess.—[*Exit* LEONORA.]
Plague o' this fellow!
Why do I think so much of him? how the devil
Creep'd he into my head? and yet, beshrew me,
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen
A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.——
But say this fellow were adorn'd as they are,
Set off to shew and glory!—What's that to me?
Fie, what a fool am I! what idle fancies
Buz in my brains!

Re-enter LEONORA *with* BORACHIA.

Bora. And how doth my sweet lady?
Leon. She wants your company to make her merry.
Bora. And how does master Pug, I pray you, [madam?
Leon. Do you mean her little dog?
Bora. I mean his worship.
Leon. Troubled with fleas a little.
Bora. Alas, poor chicken!
Leon. She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk, I take it;
I found her with a bottle for her bolster,
Lying along, and making love.
Alm. Borachia,
Why, where hast thou been, wench? she looks not [well, friend.
Art not with child?
Bora. I promise ye, I know not;
I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign:
Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego
Here in my head, madam; often with this tiego,
It takes me very often.
Leon. I believe thee.
Alm. You must drink wine.
Bora. A little would do no harm, sure.
Leon. 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head;
Which good strong wine will temper.
Bora. I thank your highness.
I will be ruled, though much against my nature;
For wine I ever hated from my cradle:
Yet, for my good——
Leon. Ay, for your good, by all means.
Alm. Borachia, what new fellow's that thou hast gotten?
(Now she will sure be free) that handsome stranger?
Bora. How much wine must I drink, an't please your ladyship?
Alm. She's finely greased!—Why two or three [round draughts, wench.
Bora. Fasting?
Alm. At any time.
Bora. I shall hardly do it:
But yet I'll try, good madam.
Leon. Do; 'twill work well.
Alm. But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow?
Bora. I'll tell you two: but let it go no further.
Leon. No, no, by no means.
Bora. May I not drink before bed too?
Leon. At any hour.
Bora. And say in the night it take me?
Alm. Drink then: but what's this man?
Bora. I'll tell ye, madam,

But pray you be secret; he's the great Turk's son, for certain,
And a fine Christian; my husband bought him for me:
He's circumsinged.
Leon. He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.
Alm. How dost thou know?
Bora. I had an eye upon him:
But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your ladyship,
And speaks ye as pure pagan:—I'll assure ye,
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him;
And found me but the Turk's own son, his own son
By father and mother, madam!
Leon. She's mad-drunk.
Alm. Prithee, Borachia, call him; I would see him,
And tell thee how I like him.
Bora. As fine a Turk, madam,
For that which appertains to a true Turk——
Alm. Prithee, call him.
Bora. He waits here at the stairs:—Son slave! come hither.

Enter ANTONIO.

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.
Son slave, where's the other bottle?
Ant. In the bedstraw;
I hid it there.
Bora. Go up, and make your honours.
Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam;
I must needs be unmannerly.
Alm. Pray you be so.
Leon. You know your cure.
Bora. In the bedstraw?
Ant. There you'll find it. [*Exit* BORACHIA.
Alm. Come hither, sir: how long have you served here?
Ant. A poor time, madam, yet, to shew my service.
Alm. I see thou art diligent.
Ant. I would be, madam;
'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.
Alm. Thou art but young.
Ant. Had fortune meant me so,
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.
Alm. Wilt thou serve me?
Ant. In all my prayers, madam,
Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.
Alm. Beshrew my heart, he speaks well; wondrous honestly. [*Aside.*
Ant. Madam, your loving lord stays for you.
Leon. I thank you.
Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.
Alm. Your pleasure.
Leon. I dearly thank you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ant. My humblest service.
She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not:
I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not. [*Aside.*
Alm. You are not as your habit shews?
Ant. No, madam,
His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil.
Alm. A brave clear mind he has, and nobly season'd.
What country are you of?
Ant. A Biscan, lady.
Alm. No doubt, a gentleman.
Ant. My father thought so.
Alm. Ay, and I warrant thee, a right fair woman
Thy mother was:—he blushes, that confirms it.
Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness!
I prithee, blush again.
Ant. 'Tis a weakness, madam,
I am easily this way woo'd to.
Alm. I thank you.
Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [*Aside.*
Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't.——
Ant. What would she have?
Alm. The story of your fortune,
The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.
Ant. That makes me stagger; yet I hope I'm hid still.— [*Aside.*
That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.
Alm. But how this misery you bear, fell on you?
Ant. *Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*
Alm. Come, I will have it; I command you tell it,
For such a speaker I would hear for ever.
Ant. Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and heavy,
Because I know your goodness full of pity;
And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,
That are acquainted with things sweet and easy,
So harsh a harmony.
Alm. I prithee speak it.
Ant. I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.
Honour of ladies, then, first passing over
Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,
Let me begin the sadness of my story,
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.
Alm. 'Tis well, go forward; some rare piece I look for.
Ant. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And blest the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued, and serv'd: long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.—
Alm. How feelingly he speaks! [*Aside.*]—And she loved you too?
It must be so.
Ant. I would it had, dear lady;
This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.
Alm. Were your bloods equal?
Ant. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.
Alm. Then she must love.
Ant. She did—but never me; she could not love me,
She would not love, she hated: more, she scorn'd me,
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me.
Alm. An ill woman!
Belike you found some rival in your love, then?
Ant. How perfectly she points me to my story! [*Aside.*
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,
I should say something unbeseeming me.

What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her *boys* she flung,
And in disdain of me.

Alm. Pray you take me with you.
Of what complexion was she?

Ant. But that I dare not
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,
She look'd not much unlike—though far, far short.
Something, I see, appears—your pardon, madam—
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;
And so she would look sad: but yours is pity,
A noble chorus to my wretched story;
Hers was disdain and cruelty.

Alm. Pray heaven,
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story, [*Aside.*
And said 'twould make me sad! he is no liar.—
But where begins this poor state? I will have all,
For it concerns me truly.

Ant. Last, to blot me
From all remembrance what I had been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason:
We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was with me.—
For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,
And sold me here.

Alm. Stop there awhile; but stay still. [*Walks aside.*
In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous!
How poor and naked now I shew! what don John,
In all the virtue of his life, but aim'd at,
This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and carried.
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! never conscience
Touch'd me till now, nor true love: let me keep it.

Re-enter LEONORA *with* PEDRO.

Leon. She is there. Speak to her, you will find her alter'd.

Pedro. Sister, I am glad to see you, but far gladder,
To see you entertain your health so well.

Alm. I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be gladder
Shortly to see you all.

Pedro. Now she speaks heartily.
What do you want?

Alm. Only an hour of privateness
I have a few thoughts—

Pedro. Take your full contentment,
We'll walk aside again; but first to you, friend
Or I shall much forget myself: my best friend,
Command me ever, ever—you have won it.

Ant. Your lordship overflows me.

Leon. 'Tis but due, sir. [*Exeunt* LEONORA *and* PEDRO.

Alm. He's there still. Come, sir, to your last part now,
Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.
Why, whither go you?

Ant. Give me leave, good madam,
Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.

Alm. You shall not go, I swear you shall not go:
I ask you nothing but your name; you have one,
And why should that thus fright you?

Ant. Gentle madam,
I cannot speak; pray pardon me, a sickness,
That takes me often, ties my tongue: go from me,
My fit's infectious, lady.

Alm. Were it death
In all his horrors, I must ask and know it;
Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,
To let a lady of my youth, and place,
Beg thus long for a trifle!

Ant. Worthiest lady,
Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for it;
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.

Alm. I only beg your name, sir.

Ant. That will choak you;
I do beseech you, pardon me.

Alm. I will not.

Ant. You'll curse me when you hear it.

Alm. Rather kiss thee;
Why shouldst thou think so?

Ant. Why! I bear that name,
And most unluckily as now it happens,
(Though I be innocent of all occasion,)
That, since my coming hither, people tell me
You hate beyond forgiveness: now, heaven knows
So much respect, although I am a stranger,
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness,
That for the world I would not grieve your goodness:
I'll change my name, dear madam.

Alm. People lie,
And wrong thy name; thy name may save all others,
And make that holy to me, that I hated:
Prithee, what is't?

Ant. Don John Antonio.——
What will this woman do, what thousand changes
Run through her heart and hands? no fix'd thought in her!
She loves for certain now, but now I dare not,
Heaven guide me right! [*Aside.*

Alm. I am not angry, sir,
With you, nor with your name; I love it rather,
And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time
I license you to go: be not far from me,
I shall call for you often.

Ant. I shall wait, madam. [*Exit*

Enter CUCULO.

Alm. Now, what's the news with you?

Cuc. My lord your father
Sent me to tell your honour, prince Martino
Is well recover'd, and in strength.

Alm. Why, let him.—
The stories and the names so well agreeing,
And both so noble gentlemen. [*Aside.*

Cuc. And more, an't please you—

Alm. It doth not please me, neither more nor less on't.

Cuc. They'll come to visit you.

Alm. They shall break through the doors then. [*Exit.*

Cuc. Here's a new trick of state; this shews foul weather;
But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Pirates, *and the* Slave *that followed* Paulo.

1 *Pir.* Sold for a slave, say'st thou?
Slave. 'Twas not so well:
Though I am bad enough, I personated
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,
That the market yielded not one man that would
Vouchsafe to own me.
1 *Pir.* What was thy end in it?
Slave. To be given away for nothing, as I was
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I have continued
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;
His horse and dog of more esteem: and from
That villainous carriage of myself, as if
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,
I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,
And pried in every place, without observance.
For which, if you desire to be made men,
And by one undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings,
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap
A plentiful harvest.
1 *Pir.* To the point; I like not
These castles built in the air.
Slave. I'll make them real,
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall
No more be sea-rats.
1 *Pir.* Art not mad?
Slave. You have seen
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward
Of the duke of Messina?
1 *Pir.* Madam Leonora.
Slave. What will you say, if both these princesses,
This very night, for I will not delay you,
Be put in your possession?
1 *Pir.* Now I dare swear
Thou hast maggots in thy brains, thou wouldst not else,
Talk of impossibilities.
Slave. Be still
Incredulous.
1 *Pir.* Why, canst thou think we are able
To force the court?
Slave. Are we able to force two women,
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pinnace?
1 *Pir.* In a creek not half a league hence.
Slave. Can you fetch ladders,
To mount a garden wall?
2 *Pir.* They shall be ready.
Slave. No more words then, but follow me; and if
I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.
1 *Pir.* What heaps of gold these beauties would bring to us
From the great Turk, if it were possible
That this could be effected!
Slave. If it be not,
I know the price on't.
1 *Pir.* And be sure to pay it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Cuculo's *House.*

Enter Antonio *with a letter in his hand.*

Ant. Her fair hand threw this from the window
And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,* [to me,
And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.—
What may the inside speak?—
[*Breaks it open, and reads.*
For satisfaction
Of the contempt I shew'd don John Antonio,
Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,
I do profess I love thee—How!—'tis so—
I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,
There thou shalt know more—subscribed,
Thy Almira.
Can it be possible such levity
Should wait on her perfections! when I was
Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,
And did profess it openly; yet now,
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,
And, since I wore it, never did her service,
To dote thus fondly!—and yet I should glory
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,
There is no reason for your hate or love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to the same.*

Enter Almira, Leonora, *and two* Waiting-women.

Leon. At this
Unseasonable time to be thus brave,
No visitants expected; you amaze me.
Alm. Are these jewels set forth to the best advantage,
To take the eye?
1 *Wom.* With our best care.
2 *Wom.* We never
Better discharged our duties.
Alm. In my sorrows,
A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,
As then neglected, forced him to look on me
With some sparks of affection; but now,
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,
I cannot be too curious. I wonder
He stays so long. [*Aside.*
Leon. These are strange fancies.
Alm. Go,
Entreat—I do forget myself—command
My governess' gentleman, her slave, I should say,
To wait me instantly;—[*Exit* 1 Woman.]—and yet already
He's here; his figure graven on my heart,
Never to be razed out.

Enter Pirates, *and the* Slave.

Slave. There is the prize.
Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?
Here I begin. [*Seizes* Almira.
Alm. Help! villain!
1 *Pir.* You are mine. [*Seizes* Leonora

2 Pir. Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve, after a storm,
To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes* 2 Woman.

Leon. Ravisher!
Defend me, heaven!

Alm. No aid near!

2 Wom. Help!

Slave. Dispatch.
No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?
Their cries will reach the guard, and then we are lost.

Re-enter 1 Woman, *with* ANTONIO.

Ant. What shrieks are these? from whence? O blessed saints,
What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,
When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword from the* Slave.]—Take that.

Slave. All set upon him.

1 Pir. Kill him.

Ant. You shall buy
My life at a dear rate. you rogues.

Enter PEDRO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, *and* Guard.

Cuc. Down with them.

Pedro. Unheard-of treason!

Bora. Make in, loggerhead;
My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,
Drink courage out on't.

Ant. Madam, you are free.

Pedro. Take comfort, dearest mistress.

Cuc. O you micher,
Have you a hand in this?

Slave. My aims were high;
Fortune's my enemy: to die's the worst,
And that I look for.

1 Pir. Vengeance on your plots!

Pedro. The rack at better leisure shall force from them
A full discovery: away with them.

Cuc. Load them with irons.

Bora. Let them have no wine
[*Exit* Guard *with* Pirates *and* Slave.
To comfort their cold hearts.

Pedro. Thou man of men!

Leon. A second Hercules.

Alm. An angel thus disguised.

Pedro. What thanks?

Leon. What service?

Bora. He shall serve me, by your leave, no service else.

Ant. I have done nothing but my duty, madam;
And if the little you have seen exceed it,
The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,
And this my sober mistress.

Bora. He speaks truth, madam,
I am very sober.

Pedro. Far beyond thy hopes
Expect reward.

Alm. We'll straight to court, and there
It is resolved what I will say and do.
I am faint, support me.

Pedro. This strange accident
Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,
You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter VICEROY, Duke *of* MESSINA, *and* PAULO.

Duke. Perfectly cured!

Paul. As such I will present him:
The thanks to be given to heaven.

Duke. Thrice-reverend man,
What thanks but will come short of thy desert?
Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,
Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue
Set up in brass.

Vice. Thy name made the sweet subject
Of our best poems; thy unequall'd cures
Recorded to posterity.

Paul. Such false glories
(Though the desire of fame be the last weakness
Wise men put off) are not the marks I shoot at·
But, if I have done any thing that may challenge
Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,
That for the good of such as shall succeed me,
A college for physicians may be
With care and cost erected, in which no man
May be admitted to a fellowship,
But such as by their vigilant studies shall
Deserve a place there; this magnificence,
Posterity shall thank you for.

Vice. Rest assured,
In this, or any boon you please to ask,
You shall have no repulse.

Paul. My humblest service
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,
I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.

Duke. Do; and imagine in what I may serve [you,
And, by my honour, with a willing hand
I will subscribe to't. [*Exit* PAULO.

Enter PEDRO, ALMIRA, LEONORA, ANTONIO, CUCULO, BORACHIA, *and* Guard.

Cuc. Make way there.

Vice. My daughter!
How's this! a slave crown'd with a civic garland!
The mystery of this?

Pedro. It will deserve
Your hearing and attention: such a truth
Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore
With all the brevity and plainness that
I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,
When of most power and wisdom, did decree
A wreath like this to any common soldier
That saved a citizen's life, the bravery
And valour of this man may justly challenge
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,
And ready to be forced hence, when this man,
Unarm'd, came to their rescue, but his courage
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies,
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,
And ready, when you please, for punishment.

Vice. As an induction of more to come,
Receive this favour.

Duke. With myself, my son
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now
Their amorous meeting.

Re-enter PAULO *with* CARDENES.

Car. I am glad you are well, lady.

Alm. I grieve not your recovery.
Vice. So coldly!
Duke. Why fall you off?
Car. To shun captivity, sir.
I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.
Alm. 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection
To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with
In the childhood of my love; which now, grown [older,
I cannot like of.
Vice. Strange inconstancy!
Car. 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true debt
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,
Loaden with all the follies of a man,
Or what could take addition from a woman,
Was by my headstrong passions, which o'er-ruled
My understanding, forfeited to death:
But this new being, this my second life,
Begun in serious contemplation of
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never
Sink under such weak frailties.
Duke. Most unlook'd for!
Paul. It does transcend all wonders.
Car. 'Tis a blessing
I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:
But if you envy your own gift, and will
Make me that wretched creature which I was,
You then again shall see me compassionate,
A lover of poor trifles, confident
In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;
Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,
Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases
The beastly part of man infects his soul with,
And to remember what's the worst, once more
To love a woman; but till that time never. [*Exit.*
Vice. Stand you affected so to men, Almira?
Alm. No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge
What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.
Though prince Martino does profess a hate
To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,
Were there no other choice, or all should follow
The example of this new Hippolytus:
There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved truly;
Nor am I desperate but I may deserve
One that both can and will so.
Vice. My allowance
Shall rank with your good liking, still provided
Your choice be worthy.
Alm. In it I have used
The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer
With calling oft to heaven it might be so.
I have not sought a living comfort from
The reverend ashes of old ancestors;
Nor given myself to the mere name and titles
Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,
Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:
For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,
Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;
No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all
The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,
Has in himself such true and real goodness,
His parts so far above his low condition,
That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,
Both to your name and family.
Pedro. What strange creature
Hath she found out?
Leon. I dare not guess.
Alm. To hold you
No longer in suspense, this matchless man,
That saved my life and honour, is my husband,
Whom I will serve with duty.
Bora. My son slave!
Vice. Have you your wits?
Bora. I'll not part with him so.
Cuc. This I foresaw too.
Vice. Do not jest thyself
Into the danger of a father's anger.
Alm. Jest, sir! by all my hope of comfort in him,
I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;
But let it be with my eyes, and the care
You should owe to your daughter's life and safety
Of which, without him, she's uncapable,
And you'll approve him worthy.
Vice. O thou shame
Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
With what an impious violence thou tak'st from [him
His few short hours of breathing!
Paul. Do not add, sir,
Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.
Vice. From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low
And base affections in thee? what strange philtres
Hast thou received? what witch with damned spells
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,
From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.
Duke. Good sir, take comfort;
The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.
Paul. This villain, (for such practices in that nation
Are very frequent,) it may be, hath forced,
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,
This frenzy in her.
Vice. Sever them.
Alm. I grow to him.
Vice. Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from [him,
By the most cruel means, a free confession
Of his impostures.
Alm. I will follow him,
And with him take the rack.
Bora. No; hear me speak,
I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,
But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;
For I'll be bound body to body with him,
He's very honest, that's his fault.
Vice. Take hence
This drunken beast.
Bora. Drunk! am I drunk? bear witness.
Cuc. She is indeed distemper'd.
Vice. Hang them both,
If e'er more they come near the court.
Cuc. Good sir,
You can recover dead men; can you cure
A living drunkenness?
Paul. 'Tis the harder task:
Go home with her, I'll send you something that
Shall once again bring her to better temper,
Or make her sleep for ever.
Cuc. Which you please, sir.
[*Exeunt* CUCULO *and* BORACHIA
Vice. Why linger you? rack him first, and after [break him
Upon the wheel.
Pedro. Sir, this is more than justice.
Ant. Is't death in Sicily to be beloved
Of a fair lady?
Leon. Though he be a slave,
Remember yet he is a man.

Vice. I am deaf
To all persuasions:—drag him hence.
[*The* Guard *carry off* ANTONIO.
Alm. Do, tyrant,
No more a father, feast thy cruelty
Upon thy daughter; but hell's plagues fall on me,
If I inflict not on myself whatever
He can endure for me!
Vice. Will none restrain her?
Alm. Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,
The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspics,
Famine, deep waters, have the power to free me
From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.
Pedro. Sister!
Leon. Dear cousin!
[*Exit* ALMIRA, *followed by* PEDRO, *and* LEON.
Vice. Let her perish.
Paul. Hear me:
The effects of violent love are desperate,
And therefore in the execution of
The slave be not too sudden. I was present
When he was bought, and at that time myself
Made purchase of another; he that sold them
Said that they were companions of one country;
Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.
By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition;
In the mean time use all fair and gentle means,
To pacify the lady.
Vice. I'll endeavour,
As far as grief and anger will give leave,
To do as you direct me.
Duke. I'll assist you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PEDRO *and* Keeper.

Pedro. Hath he been visited already?
Keep. Yes, sir,
Like one of better fortune; and to increase
My wonder of it, such as repair to him,
In their behaviour rather appear
Servants, than friends to comfort him.
Pedro. Go fetch him. [*Exit* Keeper.
I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish
The life and safety of a man that hath
So well deserved me.

Re-enter Keeper *with* ANTONIO *in his former dress, and* Servant.

Keep. Here he is, my lord.
Pedro. Who's here? thou art no conjurer to raise
A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in,
My friend, the prince of Tarent: doubts, forsake me!
I must and will embrace him.
Ant. Pedro holds
One that loves life for nothing, but to live
To do him service.
Pedro. You are he, most certain.
Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty.
Run to the Viceroy, let him know this rarity.
[*Exit* Keeper.
But how you came here thus—yet, since I have you,
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means
That brought you hither?
Ant. Dear friend, you shall know all;
And though, in thankfulness, I should begin
Where you deliver'd me——
Pedro. Pray you pass that over,
That's not worth the relation.
Ant. You confirm
True friends' love to do courtesies, not to hear them.
But I'll obey you. In our tedious passage
Towards Malta—I may call it so, for hardly
We had lost the ken of Sicily, but we were
Becalm'd and hull'd so up and down twelve hours;
When, to our more misfortunes, we descried
Eight well-mann'd gallies making amain for us,
Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,
Was admiral: I'll not speak what I did
In our defence, but never man did more
Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me:
All would not do: courage oppress'd with number,
We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after
Twice sold for slaves; by the pirate first, and after
By a Maltese to signior Cuculo,
Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune
To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—
I thought to cheer you up with this short story,
But you grow sad on't.
Pedro. Have I not just cause,
When I consider I could be so stupid,
As not to see a friend through all disguises;
Or he so far to question my true love,
To keep himself conceal'd?
Ant. 'Twas fit to do so,
And not to grieve you with the knowledge of
What then I was; where now I appear to you,
Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,
Like to myself and birth.
Pedro. May you live long so!
How dost thou, honest friend? (your trustiest servant)
Give me thy hand:—I now can guess by whom
You are thus furnish'd.
Ant. Troth he met with me
As I was sent to prison, and there brought me
Such things as I had use of.
Pedro. Let's to court,
My father never saw a man so welcome,
As you'il be to him.
Ant. May it prove so, friend! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the* VICEROY'S *Palace.*

Enter VICEROY, Duke *of* MESSINA, CARDENES, PAULO, Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, Waiting-women, *and* Attendants.

Vice. The slave changed to the prince of Tarent, says he?
Capt. Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency
Reposed in me.
Paul. Yet since all hath fallen out
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.
Alm. O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead
Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love,
The best strength of thy unconfined empire
Lies in weak women's hearts: thou art feign'd blind,
And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.
Could it be else, the person still the same,
Affection over me such power should have,
To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave!

Car. But art thou sure 'tis he?
Capt. Most certain, sir.
Car. Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as able
As when he left me dead?
Capt. Your own eyes, sir,
Shall make good my report.
Car. I am glad of it,
And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope,
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.
Duke. What's that?
Car. I will do something, that shall speak me
Messina's son.
Duke. I like not this:—one word, sir.
[*Whispers the* VICEROY.
Vice. We'll prevent it.—
Nay look up, my Almira: now I approve
Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger;
I freely do forgive thee.
Alm. May I find
Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent!
I then were happy.
Leon. Rest assured you shall.

Enter ANTONIO, PEDRO, *and* Servant.

Vice. We all with open arms haste to embrace you.
Duke. Welcome, most welcome!
Car. Stay.
Duke. 'Twas this I fear'd.
Car. Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict terms
The reputation of men's fame and honours
Depends in this so punctual age, in which
A word that may receive a harsh construction,
Is answer'd and defended by the sword:
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,
As you would guard your own.
Ant. I were unjust else.
Car. I have received from your hands wounds, and deep ones,
My honour in the general report
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand
This satisfaction—that you would forgive
My contumelious words and blow, my rash
And unadvised wildness first threw on you.
Thus I would teach the world a better way
For the recovery of a wounded honour,
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,
Still to run headlong on.
Ant. Can this be serious?
Car. I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't;
And wish that they who dare most, would learn from me,
Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.
Paul. Why, this is like yourself.
Car. For further proof,
Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up
This lady to you.
Vice. Which I make more strong
With my free grant.
Alm. I bring mine own consent,
Which will not weaken it.
All. All joy confirm it!
Ant. Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all love and service
To appear worthy of.
Paul. Pray you, understand, sir,
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly
Would hear from you as much as the pleased Viceroy
Hath said unto the prince of Tarent.
Duke. Take her;
Her dowry shall be answerable to
Her birth, and your desert.
Pedro. You make both happy.
Ant. One only suit remains; that you would please
To take again into your highness' favour,
This honest captain: let him have your grace;
What's due to his much merit, shall from me
Meet liberal rewards.
Vice. Have your desire.
Ant. Now may all here that love, as they are friends
To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Custom, and that a law we must obey,
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,
Howe'er to little purpose, since we know,
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow
A gentle censure: on the other side,
If that this play deserve to be decried
In your opinions, all that I can say
Will never turn the stream the other way.
Your gracious smiles will render us secure;
Your frowns without despair we must endure.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GONZAGA, *Duke of Mantua.*
LORENZO, *Duke of Tuscany.*
UBERTI, *Prince of Parma.*
FARNEZE, *Cousin to* GONZAGA.
ALONZO, *the Ambassador, Nephew to* LORENZO.
MANFROY, *a Lord of Mantua.*
OCTAVIO, *formerly General to* GONZAGA, *but now in Exile.*
GOTHRIO, *his Servant.*
GALEAZZO, *a Milanese Prince, disguised under the name of* HORTENSIO.
JULIO, *his Attendant.*

PISANO, } *Florentine Officers.*
MARTINO, }
Captains.
Milanese Ambassador.
Doctor.

MATILDA, *Daughter to* GONZAGA.
BEATRICE, *her Waiting-Woman.*
MARIA, *Daughter to* OCTAVIO, *disguised as a Page, and called* ASCANIO.
Waiting-Women.

Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN THE CITY OF MANTUA, AND PARTLY IN THE DUTCHY.

PROLOGUE.

This from our author, far from all offence
To abler writers, or the audience
Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,
Presents his service, with such modesty
As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,
He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,
To be a little diffident, when we are
To please so many with one bill of fare.
Let others, building on their merit, say
You're in the wrong, if you move not that way
Which they prescribe you: as you were bound to learn
Their maxims, but uncapable to discern
'Twixt truth and falsehood. Our's had rather be
Censured by some for too much obsequy,
Than tax'd of self opinion. If he hear
That his endeavours thrived, and did appear
Worthy your view, (though made so by your grace,
With some desert,) he, in another place,
Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays
Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise
More pleasure in him, you the givers free,
Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Space before the Palace.*

Enter HORTENSIO *and* JULIO.

Jul. I dare not cross you, sir, but I would gladly
(Provided you allow it) render you
My personal attendance.
Hort. You shall better
Discharge the duty of an honest servant,
In following my instructions, which you have
Received already, than in questioning
What my intents are, or upon what motives
My stay's resolved in Mantua: believe me,
That servant overdoes, that's too officious;
And, in presuming to direct your master,
You argue him of weakness, and yourself
Of arrogance and impertinence.
Jul. I have done, sir;
But what my ends are——
Hort. Honest ones, I know it.
I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions,
Entrusted to you; you have shewn yourself
Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet,
To satisfy in some part your curious care,
Hear this, and leave me. I desire to be
Obscured; and, as I have demean'd myself
These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue
Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,
Appear no more than a gentleman, and a stranger,
That travels for his pleasure.
Jul. With your pardon,
This hardly will hold weight, though I should swear it,
With your noble friends and brother.
Hort. You may tell them,
Since you will be my tutor, there's a rumour,
Almost cried up into a certainty,
Of wars with Florence, and that I am determined
To see the service: whatever I went forth,

Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home
A soldier, and a good one.
Jul. Should you get
A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little
To what you are; few of your rank will follow
That dangerous profession.
Hort. 'Tis the noblest,
And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more,
On my displeasure.
Jul. Saints and angels guard you! [*Exit.*
Hort. A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected,
From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already
Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here,
No foreign, but intestine war: I have
Defied myself, in giving up my reason
A slave to passion, and am led captive
Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when
I only saw mine enemy, and yielded,
Before that I was charged; and, though defeated,
I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion,
I look on Juno, feel my heart turn cinders
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she
Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her
With adoration, feast my eye, while all
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting
The place which she makes happy with her pre-
I never yet had power with tongue or pen [sence,
To move her to compassion, or make known
What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,
Though it increase my flame:—however, I
Much more than fear I am observ'd, and censured
For bold intrusion. [*Walks by.*

Enter BEATRICE *and* ASCANIO.

Beat. Know you, boy, that gentleman?
Asc. Who? monsieur Melancholy? hath not
Mark'd him before? [your honour
Beat. I have seen him often wait
About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd
What his designs were.
Asc. No! what a sigh he breath'd now!
Many such will blow up the roof: on my small
There's gunpowder in them. [credit
Beat. How, crack! gunpowder?
He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry
Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove
He is or spirit or conjurer.
Asc. That I grant,
But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs
Are like petards, and blow all up.
Beat. A lover!
I have been in love myself, but never found yet
That it could work such strange effects.
Asc. True, madam,
In women it cannot; for when they miss the enjoying
Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh-hoes,
At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are cured too
With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears
Between a pair of sheets: but, with us men,
The case is otherwise.
Beat. You will be breech'd, boy,
For your physical maxims.—But how are you
He is a lover? [assured,
Asc. Who, I? I know with whom too:
But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*
Beat. How! the princess!
The unparallel'd Matilda! some proof of it;
I'll pay for my intelligence. [*Gives* Asc. *money.*
Asc. Let me kiss
Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now
Beyond comparison.
Beat. I guess the reason;
A giving hand is still fair to the receiver.
Asc. Your ladyship's in the right; but to the purpose.
He is my client, and pays his fees as duly
As ever usurer did, in a bad cause,
To his man of law; and yet I get, and take them
Both easily and honestly: all the service
I do him is, to give him notice when
And where the princess will appear; and that
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming back;
But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and nose it
From all the rest of her train.
Beat. Yet I ne'er saw him
Present her a petition.
Asc. Nor e'er shall:
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices
A tear or two—then vanishes.
Beat. 'Tis most strange: [of't.
What a sad aspéct he wears! but I'll make use
The princess is much troubled with the threats
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,
The novelty may afford her sport, and help
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay
Your client here for the third part of an hour?
I have some ends in't.
Asc. Stay him, madam! fear not't
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,
Cannot drag him from me.
Beat. See you do. [*Exit.*
Asc. Ne'er doubt me.
I'll put him out of his dream.—Good morrow, signior.
Hort. My little friend, good morrow. Hath the
Slept well to-night? [princess
Asc. I hear not from her women
One murmur to the contrary.
Hort. Heaven be praised for't!
Does she go to church this morning?
Asc. Troth, I know not;
I keep no key of her devotion, signior.
Hort. Goes she abroad? pray tell me.
Asc. 'Tis thought rather,
She is resolv'd to keep her chamber.
Hort. Ah me!
Asc. Why do you sigh? if that you have a business
To be dispatch'd in court, shew ready money,
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.
Hort. Business! can any man have business, but
To see her; then admire her, and pray for her,
She being composed of goodness? for myself,
I find it a degree of happiness
But to be near her, and I think I pay
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;
And that's all my ambition.
Asc. I believe you:
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours
With profit and delight too. After dinner,

The duke gives audience to a rough ambassador,
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,
Employ'd from Florence ; I'll help you to a place,
Where you shall see and hear all.
Hort. 'Tis not worth
My observation.
Asc. What think you of
An excellent comedy, to be presented
For his entertainment ? he that penn'd it is
The poet of the time, and all the ladies,
(I mean the amorous and learned ones,)
Except the princess, will be there to grace it.
Hort. What's that to me ? without her all is nothing ;
The light that shines in court Cimmerian darkness ;
I will to bed again, and there contemplate
On her perfections.

Re-enter BEATRICE *with* MATILDA, *and two* Waiting-women.

Asc. Stay, sir, see ! the princess,
Beyond our hopes.
Hort. Take that. [*Gives him money.*]—As Moors salute
The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship.——O my heart !
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,
Or something which no simile can express,
She shews to me : a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and amazement, does possess me.
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye !
Beat. That's he,
An't please your excellence.
1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,
But with a quarter-look.
2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him,
Will breed astonishment.
Matil. A comely gentleman !
I would not question your relation, lady,
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me !
Will he not speak ?
Beat. Your excellence hath deprived him
Of speech and motion.
Matil. 'Tis most strange.
Asc. These fits
Are usual with him.
Matil. Is it not, Ascanio,
A personated folly ! or he a statue ?
If it be, it is a masterpiece ; for man
I cannot think him.
Beat. For your sport, vouchsafe him
A little conference.
Matil. In compassion rather :
For should he love me, as you say, (though hopeless,)
It should not be return'd with scorn ; that were
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour
Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive
He has life and motion in him. To whom, lady,
Pays he that duty ?
[HORTENSIO, *bowing, offers to go off.*
Beat. Sans doubt, to yourself.
Matil. And whither goes he now ?
Asc. To his private lodging,
But to what end I know not ; this is all
I ever noted in him.
Matil. Call him back :
In pity I stand bound to counsel him,
Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing,
To ease his sufferings.
Asc. Signior ! the princess
Commands you to attend her.
Hort. [*Returns.*] How ! the princess !
Am I betray'd ?
Asc. What a lump of flesh is this !
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus
Do you make yourself ! the flying fruit stays for you,
And the water that you long'd for, rising up
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it ?
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust
This goad in your breech : had I such a promising beard,
I should need the reins, not spurs.
Matil. You may come nearer.
Why do you shake, sir ? If I flatter not
Myself, there's no deformity about me,
Nor any part so monstrous, to beget
An ague in you.
Hort. It proceeds not, madam,
From guilt, but reverence.
Matil. I believe you, sir ;
Have you a suit to me ?
Hort. Your excellence
Is wondrous fair.
Matil. I thank your good opinion.
Hort. And I beseech you that I may have license
To kneel to you.
Matil. A suit I cannot cross.
Hort. I humbly thank your excellence. [*Kneels.*
Matil. But what,
As you are prostrate on your knee before me,
Is your petition ?
Hort. I have none, great princess.
Matil. Do you kneel for nothing ?
Hort. Yes, I have a suit,
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.
Matil. Take comfort: it must be of some strange nature,
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant,
If I refuse it.
Hort. It is, madam——
Matil. Out with't.
Hort. That I may not offend you, this is all,
When I presume to look on you.
Asc. A flat eunuch !
To look on her ? I should desire myself
To move a little further.
Matil. Only that ?
Hort. And I beseech you, madam, to believe
I never did yet with a wanton eye ;
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.
Beat. You'll never make good courtier, or be
In grace with ladies.
1 *Wom.* Or us waiting-women,
If that be your *nil ultra.*
2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,
On my virginity, it is apparent :
My tailor has more boldness ; nay, my shoemaker
Will fumble a little further, he could not have
The length of my foot else.
Matil. Only to look on me !
Ends your ambition there ?
Hort. It does, great lady,—
And that confined too, and at fitting distance :
The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,
I look on you, and wish it were no sin
Should I adore you.
Matil. Come, there's something more in't ;
And since that you will make a goddess of me,
As such a one I'll tell you, I desire not

The meanest altar raised up to mine honour
To be pull'd down: I can accept from you,
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabæan spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it:
I know you love me.

Hort. Next to heaven, madam.
And with as pure a zeal. That, we behold
With the eyes of contemplation, but can
Arrive no nearer to it in this life;
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve
And witness my affection. [yours,

Matil. Pray you rise;
But wait my further pleasure.

[HORT. *rises and walks aside.*

Enter FARNEZE *and* UBERTI.

Farn. I'll present you,
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one;
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold
To trench so far upon your privacy,
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour
To kiss your hand.

Matil. His own worth challenges
A greater favour.

Farn. Your acknowledgment
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him
As he's built up a man, without addition
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,
He doth deserve no usual entertainment:
But, as he is a prince, and for your service
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges
No other lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes
His person to the dangers of the war,
Ready to break in storms upon our heads;
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,
Not kill, his amorous hopes.

Matil. Cousin, you know
I am not the disposer of myself,
The duke my father challenges that power:
Yet thus much I dare promise; prince Uberti
Shall find the seed of service that he sows.
Falls not on barren ground.

Uber. For this high favour
I am your creature, and profess I owe you
Whatever I call mine. [*They walk aside.*

Hort. This great lord is
A suitor to the princess.

Asc. True, he is so.

Hort. Fame gives him out too for a brave commander.

Asc. And in it does him but deserved right;
The duke hath made him general of his horse,
On that assurance.

Hort And the lord Farneze,
Pleads for him, as it seems.

Asc. 'Tis too apparent:
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask
What hope have you, sir?

Hort. I may still look on her,
Howe'er he wear the garland.

Asc. A thin diet,
And will not feed you fat, sir.

Uber. I rejoice,
Rare princess, that you are not to be won
By carpet-courtship, but the sword; with this
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much
I can and dare do for you.

Matil. 'Tis not question'd.
Some private business of mine own disposed of,
I'll meet you in the presence.

Uber. Ever your servant.

[*Exeunt* UBERTI *and* FARNEZE.

Matil. Now, sir, to you. You have observed, I doubt not,
For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose
This prince solicits me; and yet I am not
So taken with his worth, but that I can
Vouchsafe you further parle. The first command
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear
And follow my good counsel: I am not
Offended that you love me, persist in it,
But love me virtuously; such love may spur you
To noble undertakings, which achieved,
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour:
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person,
(For that's impossible,) you are indebted
To your high aims: visit me when you please,
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,
So you confine yourself to what you promise,
As my virtuous servant.

Beat. Farewell, sir! you have
An unexpected cordial.

Asc. May it work well! [*Exeunt all but* HORT.

Hort. *Your love*—yes, so she said, *may spur you to*
Brave undertakings: adding this, *You may*
Visit me when you please. Is this allow'd me,
And any act, within the power of man
Impossible to be effected? no
I will break through all oppositions that
May stop me in my full career to honour:
And borrowing strength to do, from her high favour,
Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

Enter GONZAGA UBERTI, FARNEZE, MANFROY, *and* Attendants.

Gon. This is your place: and, were it in our power, [*Leads* UBERTI *to the state.*
You should have greater honour, prince of Parma;
The rest know theirs.—Let some attend with care
On the ambassador, and let my daughter
Be present at his audience. [*Exeunt* Attendants.]
—Reach a chair,
We'll do all fit respects; and, pray you, put on
Your milder looks, you are in a place where frowns
Are no prevailing agents. [*To* UBERTI.

Enter at one door ALONZO *and* Attendants: MATILDA, BEATRICE, ASCANIO, HORTENSIO, *and* Waiting-women, *at the other.*

Asc. I have seen
More than a wolf, a Gorgon! [*Swoons.*

Gon. What's the matter?

Matil. A page of mine is fallen into a swoon;
Look to him carefully. [ASCANIO *is carried out*

Gon. Now, when you please,
The cause that brought you hither?

Alon. The protraction
Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo,

The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,
The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,
He does salute you fairly, and entreats
(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)
You would consent to tender that which he,
Unwillingly, must force, if contradicted.
Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is, in a prince, the virtue.
Gon. To the purpose;
These ambages are impertinent.
Alon. He demands
The fair Matilda, for I dare not take
From her perfections, in a noble way;
And in creating her the comfort of
His royal bed, to raise her to a height
Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she
With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live
The envy of her sex.
Gon. Suppose this granted.
Uber. Or, if denied, what follows?
Alon. Present war,
With all extremities the conqueror can
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.
Uber. Grant me license
To answer this defiance. What intelligence
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven,
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,
He dares assure himself the victory?
Are his unjust invading arms of fire?
Or those we put on in defence of right,
Like chaff to be consumed in the encounter?
I look on your dimensions, and find not
Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills
My veins, as hot as yours: my sword as sharp,
My nerves of equal strength, my heart as good;
And, confident we have the better cause,
Why should we fear the trial?
Far. You presume
You are superior in numbers; we
Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue;
Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,
Must prove a strong protection.
Gon. Two main reasons
(Seconding those you have already heard)
Give us encouragement; the duty that
I owe my mother-country, and the love
Descending to my daughter. For the first,
Should I betray her liberty, I deserv'd
To have my name with infamy razed from
The catalogue of good princes; and I should
Unnaturally forget I am a father,
If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,
I should consign her, as a bondwoman,
To be disposed of at another's pleasure;
Her own consent or favour never sued for,
And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,
She is my only child, my heir; and, if
A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand
Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her
As, in the former ages, kings would rise up
In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:
Nor can she, if that any spark remain
To kindle a desire to be possess'd
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords
To guard it safe from violence.
Hort. I must speak,
Or I shall burst: now to be silent were
A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,
Such innocence, an abstract of perfection,
The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,
A temple of things sacred, should groan under
The burthen of oppression, we might
Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us
Of negligence or injustice.——Pardon, sir,
A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it
True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,
The husbandman would change his ploughing-irons
To weapons of defence, and leave the earth
Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow:
The student would forswear his book, the lawyer
Put off his thriving gown, and, without pay,
Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.
The women will turn Amazons, as their sex
In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their names
In the muster-book for soldiers.
Gon. Take my hand:
Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?
Hort. Hortensio, a Milanese.
Gon. I wish
Mantua had many such.—My lord ambassador,
Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you may
Partake it, and advise us. [*They walk aside.*
Uber. Do you know, friend,
What this man is, or of what country?
Farn. Neither.
Uber. I'll question him myself. What are you, sir?
Hort. A gentleman.
Uber. But if there be gradation
In gentry, as the heralds say, you have
Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.
Hort. My betters, sir!
Uber. Your betters. As I take it,
You are no prince.
Hort. 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;
I have not heard that glorious title crowns you,
As a reward of virtue: it may be,
The first of your house deserv'd it; yet his merits
You can but faintly call your own.
Matil. Well answer'd.
Uber. You come up to me.
Hort. I would not turn my back,
If you were the duke of Florence, though you charged me
I' the head of your troops.
Uber. Tell me in gentler language,
Your passionate speech induces me to think so,
Do you love the princess?
Hort. Were you mine enemy,
Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,
Even then I would profess it. The ascent
To the height of honour is by arts or arms;
And if such an unequall'd prize might fall
On him that did deserve best in defence
Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,
I should lead you a way would make your greatness
Sweat drops of blood to follow.
Uber. Can your excellence
Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?
Is he a rival for a prince?
Matil. My lord,
You take that liberty I never gave you.
In justice you should give encouragement
To him, or any man, that freely offers
His life to do me service, not deter him;
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion
To his desert and quality, I can

And will reward him; yet give you no cause
Of jealousy or envy.
Hort. Heavenly lady!
Gon. No peace but on such poor and base conditions!
We will not buy it at that rate: return
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms
As honour would give way to, we are not
So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,
As to acknowledge him our lord before
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we
So unprovided as you think, my lord;
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him,
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps
Sooner than he expects.
Alon. And find repentance,
When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with* FARNESE.
Gon. No, my Matilda,
We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey,
To their last gasp, defend their brood; and Florence,
Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,
Before he force affection. The arms
That thou must put on for us and thyself,
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust
We do give up the city, and my daughter;
On both keep a strong guard—No tears, they are ominous.
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio,
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,
In passion recompensed with banishment.
Error of princes, who hate virtue when
She's present with us, and in vain admire her
When she is absent!—'tis too late to think on't.
The wish'd-for time is come, princely Uberti,
To shew your valour; friends, being to do, not talk,
All rhetoric is fruitless, only this,
Fate cannot rob you of deserv'd applause,
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MATILDA, BEATRICE, *and* Waiting-women.

Matil. No matter for the ring I ask'd you for.
The boy not to be found?
Beat Nor heard of, madam.
1 *Wom.* He hath been sought and search'd for, house by house,
Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.
2 *Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the lord Manfroy
Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears
A thing impossible.
Matil. I never saw him,
Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father
Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel
A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion,
He would find out such pretty arguments
To make me sport, and with such witty sweetness
Deliver his opinion, that I must
Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,
When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought more
In the removing of't, than music on me.
Beat. An't please your excellence, I have observed him
Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,
He would be very pensive; and then talk
So feelingly of love, as if he had
Tasted the bitter sweets of't.
1 *Wom.* He would tell, too,
A pretty tale of a sister, that had been
Deceived by her sweetheart; and then, weeping, swear
He wonder'd how men could be false.
2 *Wom.* And that
When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies' champion,
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers,
As durst play false with their mistresses.
Matil I am sure
I want his company.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There are letters, madam,
In post come from the duke, but I am charged,
By the careful bringer, not to open them
But in your presence.
Matil. Heaven preserve my father!
Good news, an't be thy will!
Man. Patience must arm you
Against what's ill.
Matil. I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Dutchy of* MANTUA. GONZAGA'S *Camp.*

Enter HORTENSIO *and* ASCANIO.

Hort. Why have you left the safety of the city,
And service of the princess, to partake
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too
When the armies are in view, and every minute
The dreadful charge expected?
Asc. You appear
So far beyond yourself, as you are now,
Arm'd like a soldier, (though I grant your presence
Was ever gracious,) that I grow enamour'd
Of the profession: in the horror of it,
There is a kind of majesty.
Hort. But too heavy
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth; retire
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.
Asc. Sir, I come
To serve you; knight-adventurers are allow'd
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall
Supply my want of power.
Hort. To serve me, boy!
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves
To do thee any service; and thou shalt,
If I survive the fortune of this day,
Be satisfied I am serious.
Asc. I am not
To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect
My offer'd duty, I must use the power
I bring along with me, that may command you:
You have seen this ring—
Hort. Made rich by being worn
Upon the princess' finger.

Asc. 'Tis a favour
To you, by me sent from her: view it better;
But why coy to receive it?
Hort. I am unworthy
Of such a blessing, I have done nothing yet
That may deserve it; no commander's blood
Of the adverse party hath yet died my sword
Drawn out in her defence. I must not take it.
This were a triumph for me when I had
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd him
To kneel for mercy at her feet.
Asc. 'Twas sent, sir,
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for;
And, as I am her creature, to revenge
A wrong to me done.
Hort. By what man?
Asc. Alonzo.
Hort. The ambassador?
Asc. The same.
Hort. Let it suffice.
I know him by his armour and his horse;
And if we meet——[*Trumpets sound.*]—I am cut off, the alarum
Commands me hence: sweet youth, fall off.
Asc. I must not;
You are too noble to receive a wound
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,
I am secure; though I could wish my bosom
Were your defence.
Hort. Thy kindness will undo thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.* LORENZO'S *Camp.*

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, *and* MARTINO.

Lor. We'll charge the main battalia, fall you
Upon the van; preserve your troops entire,
To force the rear: he dies that breaks his ranks,
Till all be ours, and sure.
Pis. 'Tis so proclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

Fighting and Alarum. Enter HORTENSIO, ASCANIO, *and* ALONZO.

Hort. 'Tis he, Ascanio:—Stand!
Alon. I never shunn'd
A single opposition; but tell me
Why, in the battle, of all men, thou hast
Made choice of me?
Hort. Look on this youth; his cause
Sits on my sword.
Alon. I know him not.
Hort. I'll help
Your memory. [*They fight.*
Asc. What have I done? I am doubtful
To whom to wish the victory; for, still
My resolution wavering, I so love
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot,
Without repentance, wish success to him
That seeks to do me right.—[ALONZO *falls.*]—Alas, he's fall'n!
As you are gentle, hold, sir! or, if I want
Power to persuade so far, I cónjure you
By her loved name I am sent from.
Hort. 'Tis a charm
Too strong to be resisted: he is yours.
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life
Which you so late desired should be cut off,
For injuries received, begets my wonder.
Asc. Alas! we foolish, spleenful boys would have
We know not what; I have some private reasons,
But now not to be told.
Hort. Shall I take him prisoner?
Asc. By no means, sir; I will not save his life,
To rob him of his honour: when you give,
Give not by halves. One short word, and I follow.
[*Exit* HORTENSIO.
My lord Alonzo, if you have received
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,
Remember what your entertainment was
At old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,
And how you did return it. [*Exit.*
Alon. I remember
I did not well; but it is now no time
To think upon't: my wounded honour calls
For reparation, I must quench my fury
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall smart for't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Forest.*

Alarum continued. Enter UBERTI, *and* FARNEZE *wounded.*

Farn. O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us;
The body of our army's pierced and broken,
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops
Not to be rallied up.
Uber. 'Tis yet some comfort,
The enemy must say we were not wanting
In courage or direction; and we may
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer
For want of fortune.
Farn. All is lost; the duke
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off:
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but
With odds was beaten back; only the stranger,
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,
Cutting his way; but 'tis beyond my hopes,
That either should return.
Uber. That noble stranger,
Whom I, in my proud vanity of greatness,
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made
Resistance; and then whisper'd in mine ear,
Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else,
To the fair Matilda's favour.
Farn. 'Twas done nobly.
Uber. In you, my bosom friend, I had call'd it noble:
But such a courtesy from a rival merits
The highest attribute.

Enter HORTENSIO *and* GONZAGA.

Farn. Stand on your guard;
We are pursued.
Uber. Preserv'd! wonder on wonder.
Farn. The duke in safety!
Gon. Pay your thanks, Farneze,
To this brave man, if I may call him so,
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art
My better angel, from my infancy
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.
Hort. No, great sir,
A weak and sinful man; though I have done you
Some prosperous service that hath found your favour,
I am lost to myself: but lose not you
The offer'd opportunity to delude
The hot-pursuing enemy; these woods,

Nor the dark veil of ni^ht, cannot conceal you,
If you dwell long here. You may rise again;
But I am fallen for ever.
Farn. Rather born up
To the supreme sphere of honour.
Uber. I confess
My life your gift.
Gon. My liberty.
Uber. You have snatch'd
The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,
Though we are slaved, by true heroic valour
Deserve a triumph.
Gon. From whence then proceeds
This poor dejection?
Hort. In one suit I'll tell you,
Which I beseech you grant:—I loved your daughter,
But how? as beggars, in their wounded fancy,
Hope to be monarchs: I long languish'd for her,
But did receive no cordial, but what
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.
At length her goodness and compassion found it;
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,
The distance and disparity consider'd
Between her birth and mine, she would contemn me,
The princess gave me comfort.
Gon. In what measure?
Hort. She did admit me for her knight and servant,
And spurr'd me to do something in this battle,
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish
So fair a favour.
Gon. This you have perform'd
To the height of admiration.
Uber. I subscribe to't,
That am your rival.
Hort. You are charitable:
But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance
Of those achievements which my love and youth
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me
The strength to do; her piety preserved
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers
You threw yourself into for her defence,
Protected you by me her instrument:
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,
And to do something so remarkable,
That should at my return command her thanks
And gracious entertainment, then, alas!
I fainted like a coward. I made a vow, too,
(And it is register'd,) ne'er to presume
To come into her presence, if I brought not
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,
Which now's impossible.——Hark! the enemy
Makes his approaches: save yourselves: this only
Deliver to her sweetness; I have done
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate!
And make use of this sword: arms I abjure,
And conversation of men; I'll seek out
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.
[*Exit hastily.*
Gon. Follow him.
Uber. 'Tis in vain; his nimble feet
Have born him from my sight.
Gon. I suffer for him.
Farn. We share in it; but must not, sir, forget
Your means of safety.
Uber. In the war I have served you,
And to the death will follow you.
Gon. 'Tis not fit,
We must divide ourselves. My daughter——
If I retain yet
A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friends with you.
Do, and dispute not; by my example change
Your habits: as I thus put off my purple,
Ambition dies; this garment of a shepherd,
Left here by chance, will serve; in lieu of it,
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,
And meet me at St. Leo's fort; my daughter,
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.
The city cannot hold out, we must part:
Farewell, thy hand.
Farn. You still shall have my heart. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another part of the Forest.*

Enter LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, *Captains, and Soldiers.*

Lor. The day is ours, though it cost dear; yet
Enough to get a victory, if we lose ['tis not
The true use of it. We have hitherto
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward
Due to your bloody toil: but now give freedom,
Nay, license to your fury and revenge;
Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to
The fear-struck hares, our enemies: fire these trees,
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,
And offer their scorch'd bodies to your swords,
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner,
(Which I incline to rather, that he may
Be sensible of those tortures, which I vow
To inflict upon him for denial of
His daughter to our bed,) shall have a blank,
With our hand and signet made authentical,
In which he may write down himself, what wealth
Or honours he desires.
Alon. The great duke's will
Shall be obey'd.
Pisan. Put it in execution.
Mart. Begirt the wood, and fire it.
Sold. Follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter FARNEZE *disguised as a* Florentine Soldier.

Farn. Uberti, prince Uberti! O my friend,
Dearer than life! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,
Unsatisfied with our sufferings! we no sooner
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop
Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced
To take the woods again, but in our flight,
Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy
If we had died together. To survive him,
To me is worse than death; and therefore should not
Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,
Though weary of it; and my reason prompts me.

This habit of a Florentine, which I took
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,
Till opportunity mark me out a way
For flight, and with security.

Enter UBERTI.

Uber. Was there ever
Such a night of horror?
Farn. My friend's voice! I now
In part forgive thee, fortune.
Uber. The wood flames,
The bloody sword devours all that it meets,
And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.
I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life,
As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey:
Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable?
Better to fall with manly wounds before
Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour:
And yet to charge him, and die unrevenged,
Mere desperation.
Farn. Heroic spirit!
Uber. Mine own life I contemn, and would not [save it,
But for the future service of the duke,
And safety of his daughter; having means,
If I escape, to raise a second army:
And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy
My friend Farneze.
Farn. I am still his care.
Uber. What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe
That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.
Shall I return by the same path? I cannot,
The darkness of the night conceals it from me;
Something I must resolve.
Farn. Let friendship rouse
Thy sleeping soul, Farneze: wilt thou suffer
Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free
Thy captived country, perish, when 'tis in
Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life?
Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die;
Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy master
Compell'd to shameful flight; the fields and woods
Strew'd o'er with carcases of thy fellow-soldiers:
The miseries thou art fallen in, and before
Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand
Calamities to come; and after all these,
Can any hope remain? shake off delays:
Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen,
The conquering Roman in a general
Esteem'd the highest honour: can it be then
Inglorious to preserve a prince, thy friend?—
Uberti, prince Uberti! [*Aloud.*] use this means
Of thy escape;—
[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before* UBERTI.
Conceal'd in this, thou mayst
Pass through the enemy's guards: the time denies
Longer discourse; thou hast a noble end,
Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend. [*Exit.*
Uber. Farneze, stay thy hasty steps! Farneze!
Thy friend Uberti calls thee: 'tis in vain;
He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,
The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.
Thou art too covetous of another's safety,
Too prodigal and careless of thine own.
'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me
To put this garment on, and live, that he
May have alone the honour to die nobly.
O cruel piety, in our equal danger
To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend!
It must not be; I will restore his gift.
And die before him. How? where shall I find him?——
Thou art o'ercome in friendship; yield, Uberti,
To the extremity of the time, and live:
A heavy ransome! but it must be paid.
I will put on this habit: pitying heaven,
As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,
And give me means to satisfy the debt
I stand engaged for; if not, pale despair,
I dare thy worst; thou canst but bid me die,
And so much I'll force from an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* LORENZO'S *Camp.*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO, *with* FARNEZE *bound; Soldiers with torches,* FARNEZE'S *sword in one of the Soldiers' hands.*

Alon. I know him, he's a man of ransome.
Pisan. True;
But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.
Alon. I forced him to the woods.
Pisan. But my art found him;
Nor will I brook a partner in the prey
My fortune gave me.
Alon. Render him, or expect
The point of this.
Pisan. Were it lightning, I would meet it,
Rather than be outbraved.
Alon. I thus decide
The difference.
Pisan. My sword shall plead my title.
[*They fight.*

Enter LORENZO, MARTINO, *Captains, and* Attendants.

Lor. Ha! where learn'd you this discipline? my commanders
Opposed 'gainst one another! what blind fury
Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisano
At bloody difference! hold, or I tilt
At both as enemies.—Now speak; how grew
This strange division?
Pisan. Against all right,
By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest
Sown by my labour.
Alon. Sir, this is my prisoner,
The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,
That hath no interest in him, would take from me.
Pisan. Did not the presence of the duke forbid [me,
I would say——
Alon. What?
Pisan. 'Tis false.
Lor. Before my face!
Keep them asunder. And was this the cause
Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base
To raise your fury on? the ties of blood,
Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience
To me, your prince and general, no more
Prevailing on you? this a price for which
You would betray our victory, or wound
Your reputation with mutinies,
Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—
This is a course to throw us headlong down
From that proud height of empire, upon which
We were securely seated. Shall division
O'erturn what concord built! if you desire
To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy
Still flies before you: would you have spoil? the country
Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness!

What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,
Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave leaders,
Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord
Be banish'd to our enemies.
Alon. Take the prisoner,
I do give up my title.
Pisan. I desire
Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.
[*They embrace.*
Alon. No man's a faithful judge in his own cause;
Let the duke determine of him: we are friends, sir.
Lor. Shew it in emulation to o'ertake
The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,
With our whole strength we'll follow.
[*Exeunt* ALONZO *and* PISANO, *embracing.*
Farn. Death at length
Will set a period to calamity:
I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

Enter UBERTI, *habited like a Florentine Soldier, and mixes with the rest.*

Lor. Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel
Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince
Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames
Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,
Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.
Bring forth the tortures.
Uber. Hear, victorious duke,
The story of my miserable fortune,
Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue
Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:
And, if my humble suit have justice in it,
Vouchsafe to grant it.
Lor. Soldier, be brief; our anger
Can brook no long delay.
Uber. I am the last
Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up
With his best care, for service in your wars:
My father died under his fatal hand,
And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,
Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,
Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance
On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:
My father, (on whose face he durst not look
In equal mart,) by his fraud circumvented,
Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting
Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd
Our utmost for his ransome: that refused,
The subtile tyrant, for his cruel ends,
Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,
Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,
If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.
We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,
Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,
With an undaunted constancy drew lots
(For each of us contended to be one)
Who should preserve our father; I was exempted,
But to my more affliction. My brothers
Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide,
Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks
Pulling my wretched father on his knees,
Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*
And instantly struck off his head.
Lor. Most barbarous!
Farn. I never saw this man.
Lor. One murmur more,
I'll have thy tongue pull'd out.—Proceed.
Uber. Conceive, sir,
How thunderstruck we stood, being made spectators
Of such an unexpected tragedy:
Yet this was a beginning, not an end
To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing
Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress,
Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,
Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off
My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.
Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears
Blended together follow'd; not one passion
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.——
Now, mighty sir, (bathing your feet with tears,)
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,
To sacrifice this monster, to appease
My father's ghost, and brothers'.
Lor. Thou hast obtain'd it:
Choose any torture, let the memory
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one,
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see
The execution done; but bring his head,
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.
[*Exit, with* Captains *and* Attendants.
Mart. Soldier, to work;
Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,
Provided that he die: his body's thine,
But I must have his head.
Uber. I have already
Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!
Mart. Why art thou rapt thus?
Uber. In this soldier's hand
I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;
Yes, this is it by which my father and
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes* FARNEZE'S *sword from the* Soldier.]—Stand forth and tremble!
This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
I would not kill thy soul.
Farn. Canst thou believe
There is a heaven, or hell, or soul? thou hast none,
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,
Where did I ever see thy face? or when
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,
And make it good: thou dar'st not.
Uber. Yes, I will [*He unbinds his arms.*
In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;
We'll live or die together.
Mart. We are betray'd.
[MARTINO *is struck down, the* Soldiers *run off.*
Farn. And have I leave once more, brave prince, to ease
My head on thy true bosom?
Uber. I glory more
To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,
Or any higher title.
Farn. My preserver!
Uber. The life you gave to me I but return;
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language
Necessity made me use.

Farn. O, sir, I am
Outdone in all; but comforted, that none
But you can wear the laurel.
Uber. Here's no place
Or time to argue this; let us fly hence.
Farn. I follow. [*Exeunt.*
Mart. [*rises.*] A thousand Furies keep you company!
I was at the gate of [hell,] but now I feel
My wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd;
And, coming to myself, I find I am
Reserv'd for the gallows: there's no looking on
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve;
I must do something that may get my pardon;
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Dutchy of* MANTUA. *A part of the Country near* OCTAVIO'S *Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, *a book in his hand.*

Oct. 'Tis true, by proof I find it, human reason
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,
That if the great Disposer of our being
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,
We know not what to take. When I was young,
Ambition of court-preferment fired me:
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,
I labour'd for't, and got it; no man stood
In greater favour with his prince; I had
Honours and offices, wealth flow'd in to me,
And, for my service both in peace and war,
The general voice gave out I did deserve them.
But, O vain confidence in subordinate greatness!
When I was most secure it was not in
The power of fortune to remove me from
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion
That I was dangerous: which no sooner enter'd
Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd;
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seized on:
And, had I not prevented it by flight,
The jealousy of the duke had been removed
With the forfeiture of my head.
Hort. [*within.*] Or shew compassion,
Or I will force it.
Oct. Ha! is not poverty safe?
I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' ruins,
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd
To look on a poor cottage.

Enter HORTENSIO *with* ASCANIO *in his arms,* GOTHRIO *following.*

Goth. What would you have?
The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,
My scrip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will prove
But a thin purchase; if you turn my inside outwards,
You'll find it true.
Hort. Not any food? [*Searches his scrip.*
Goth. Alas! sir,
I am no glutton, but an under-shepherd;
The very picture of famine; judge by my cheeks else:
I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,
When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,
I have, a crumb a meal.
Hort. No drop left? [*Takes his bottle.*
Drunkard! hast thou swill'd up all?
Goth. How! drunkard, sir?
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters;
A calling in repute; some sell their lands for't,
And roar, *Wine's better than money.* Our poor beverages
Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. Drunk! I had never
The credit to be so yet.
Hort. Ascanio,
Look up, dear youth; Ascanio, did thy sweetness
Command the greedy enemy to forbear
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune
For suffering me to live, that in some part
I might return thy courtesies, and now,
To heighten my afflictions, must I be
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,
Heaven deaf to my complaints too, to behold thee
Die in my arms for hunger? no means left
To lengthen life a little! I will open
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,
Into his famish'd mouth.
Oct. [*comes forward.*] Young man, forbear
Thy savage pity; I have better means
To call back flying life.
[*Pours a cordial into the mouth of* ASCANIO
Goth. You may believe him;
It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,
An old man's twice a child; his nurse's milk
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too
For soap and candles: though he sell his flock for't
The baby must have this dug: he swears 'tis ill
For my complexion; but wonderous comfortable
For an old man, that would never die.
Oct. Hope well, sir;
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness;
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession
On his pale cheeks; his pulse beats high: stand off,
Give him more air, he stirs. [GOTHRIO *steals the bottle.*
Goth. And have I got thee,
Thou bottle of immortality! [*Aside.*
Asc. Where am I?
What cruel hand hath forced back wretched life?
Is rest in death denied me!
Goth. O sweet liquor! [*Drinks.*
Were here enough to make me drunk, I might
Write myself gentleman, and never buy
A coat of the heralds. [*Aside.*
Oct. How now, slave!
Goth. I was fainting,
A clownlike qualm seized on me; but I am
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts: one draught more
Will make me a perfect signior.
Oct. A tough cudgel
Will take this gentle itch off: home to my cottage,
See all things handsome.

Goth. Good sir, let me have
The bottle along to smell to: O rare perfume! [*Exit.*

Hort. Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How he eyes you,
Then turns away his face! look up, sweet youth;
The object cannot hurt you; this good man,
Next heaven, is your preserver.

Asc. Would I had perish'd
Without relief, rather than live to break
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame!
My shame, my never-dying shame!

Oct. I have been
Acquainted with this voice, and know the face too:——
'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my daughter!
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus to find thee,
Is more to be lamented.

Hort. How! your daughter?

Oct. My only child; I murmur'd against heaven
Because I had no more, but now I find
This one too many.—Is Alonzo glutted [MARIA *weeps.*
With thy embraces?

Hort. At his name, a shower
Of tears falls from her eyes; she faints again.
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer
The story of her fortune. On my life
She is a worthy one; her innocence
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power
To make her guilty. Shew yourself a father
In her recovery; then as a judge,
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,
You may determine of her.

Oct. I much thank you
For your wise counsel: you direct me, sir,
As one indebted more to years, and I,
As a pupil, will obey you: not far hence
I have a homely dwelling; if you please there
To make some short repose, your entertainment,
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,
And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,
Thou art in thy father's arms.

Hort. She's weak and faint still—
O spare your age! I am young and strong, and this way
To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen: [*Takes her in his arms.*
Pray you, lead the way.

Oct. The saints reward your goodness! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another part of the Country.*

Enter MANFROY *and* MATILDA *disguised.*

Matil. No hope of safety left?

Man. We are descried.

Matil. I thought that, cover'd in this poor disguise,
I might have pass'd unknown.

Man. A diamond,
Though set in horn, is still a diamond,
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd:
Out of the troops that scour'd the plains, I saw
Two gallant horsemen break forth, (who, by their
Brave furniture and habiliments for the war,
Seem'd to command the rest,) spurring hard towards us.
See with what winged speed they climb the hill,
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey!
Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees
O'ercome the deep ascent that guards us from them.
Your beauty hath betray'd you; for it can
No more be night when bright Apollo shines
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.

Matil. It is my curse, not blessing: fatal to
My country, father, and myself. Why did you
Forsake the city?

Man. 'Twas the duke's command:
No time to argue that; we must descend.
If undiscover'd, your soft feet, unused
To such rough travel, can but carry you
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will
Yield us protection.

Matil. I wish I could lend you
Part of my speed; for me, I can outstrip
Daphne or Atalanta.

Man. Some good angel
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO.

Alon. She cannot be far off: how gloriously
She shew'd to us in the valley!

Pisan. In my thought,
Like to a blazing comet.

Alon. Brighter far:
Her beams of beauty made the hill all fire;
From whence removed, 'tis cover'd with thick clouds.
But we lose time: I'll take that way.

Pisan. I, this. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Wood.*

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hort. 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,
I have done one good work in reconciling
Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,
To griev'd Octavio. What a sympathy
I found in their affections! she with tears
Making a free confession of her weakness,
In yielding up her honour to Alonzo,
Upon his vows to marry her; Octavio,
Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,
To extenuate her guilt; she the delinquent,
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort
Deigns to appear; nor can I, in my fancy,
Fashion a means to get it: to my country
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence
To think of a return; yet this I could
Endure with patience, but to be divorced
From all my joy on earth, the happiness
To look upon the excellence of nature,
That is perfection in herself, and needs not
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda,
Would make a saint blaspheme. Here, Galeazzo,
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit;
This hook thy best defence, since thou couldst use
When thou didst fight in such a princess' cause
Thy sword no better. [*Lies down*

Enter ALONZO *and* PISANO *with* MATILDA.

Matil. Are you men, or monsters?
Whither will you drag me? can the open ear
Of heaven be deaf, when an unspotted maid
Cries out for succour!

Pisan. 'Tis in vain; cast lots
Who shall enjoy her first.
Alon. Flames rage within me,
And, such a spring of nectar near to quench them!
My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,
Thy friend or enemy; let me have precedence,
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,
As an enemy I defy thee.
Pisan. Friend or foe
In this alike I value, I disdain
To yield priority; draw thy sword.
Alon. To sheath it
In thy ambitious heart.
Matil. O curb this fury,
And hear a wretched maid first speak.
Hort. I am marble.
Matil. Where shall I seek out words, or how restrain
My enemies rage, or lovers'? oh, the latter
Is far more odious: did not your lust
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,
And enemies to me; better I fall
A sacrifice to your atonement, than
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause
Of your division; remove, it lords,
And concord will spring up: poison this face
That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want
Aspics or toads; creatures, though justly call'd,
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,
More happy than myself with this false beauty
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant,
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck
The milk of a fierce lioness, shew compassion
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,
In taking loath'd life from me.
Pisan. What shall we do?
Or end our difference in killing her,
Or fight it out?
Alon. To the last gasp. I feel
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find
A virgin's plaints can move so.
Pisan. To prevent
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast
To this cypress-tree.
Alon. Agreed.
Matil. It does presage
My funeral rites. [*They bind* MATILDA.
Hort. I shall turn atheist
If heaven see and suffer this: why did I
Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd hands
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me
From the apostacy I am falling to,
And by a miracle lend me a weapon
To underprop falling honour.
Pisan. She is fast:
Resume your arms.
Alon. Honour, revenge, the maid too,
Lie at the stake.
Pisan. Which thus I draw.
[*They fight,* PISANO *falls.*
Alon. All's mine,
But bought with some blood of mine own. Pisano,
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel
In death to comfort thee: for the reward.
'Tis mine now without rival.
[HORTENSIO *snatches up* PISANO'S *sword.*
Hort. Thou art deceived;
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,
And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.
Matil. I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is sure.
Alon. A rustic swain dare to retard my pleasure!
Hort. No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and servant
To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,
At the intercession of the princess' page.
Look on me better.
Matil. 'Tis my virtuous lover!
Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.
Alon. I know thee, and with courage will re-
What fortune then took from me. [deem
Hort. Rather keep [*They fight,* ALONZO *falls.*
Thy compeer company in death.—Lie by him,
A prey for crows and vultures; these fair arms,
[*He unbinds* MATILDA.
Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make
A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud
Of such captivity: whatsoe'er you are,
I glory in the service I have done you;
But I entreat you pay your vows and prayers,
For preservation of your life and honour,
To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.
I am her creature, and what good I do
You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.
Matil. You never did do ill, my virtuous ser-
Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda, [vant;
To cancel such an obligation as,
With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.
Hort. The princess? ha!
Matil. Give me a fitter name,
Your manumised bondwoman, but even now
In the possession of lust, from which
Your more than brave,—heroic valour bought me:
And can I then, for freedom unexpected,
But kneel to you, my patron?
Hort. Kneel to me!
For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you tread on,
My eyes fix'd on the earth; for I confess
I am a thing not worthy to look on you,
Till you have sign'd my pardon.
Matil. Do you interpret
The much good you have done me, an offence?
Hort. The not performing your injunctions to
Is more than capital: your allowance of [me,
My love and service to you, with admission
To each place you made paradise with your presence,
Should have enabled me to bring home conquest;
Then, as a sacrifice, to offer it
At the altar of your favour: had my love
Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an army
Had been as dust before me; whereas I,
Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not
The fury of the enemy. [stand

Matil. Had you done
Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more
Than I, the duke my father joining with me,
Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure;
Suppose you have offended in not grasping
Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips
A full remission.
Hort. Let mine touch your foot,
Your hand's too high a favour.
Matil. Will you force me
To ravish a kiss from you. [*Kisses him.*
Hort. I am entranced.
Matil. So much desert and bashfulness should not march
In the same file. Take comfort: when you have brought me
To some place of security, you shall find
You have a seat here, in a heart that hath
Already studied and vow'd to be thankful.
Hort. Heaven make me so! oh, I am overwhelm'd
With an excess of joy! Be not too prodigal,
Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties,
At once; if you are pleased, I shall enjoy them,
Not taste them, and expire.
Matil. I'll be more sparing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter OCTAVIO, GOTHRIO, *and* MARIA.

Oct. What noise of clashing swords, like armour fashion'd
Upon an anvil, pierced mine ears; the echo
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies?
This way the wind assures me that it came.
Goth. Then with your pardon, I'll take this.
Oct. Why, sirrah?
Goth. Because, sir, I will trust my heels before
All winds that blow in the sky: we are wiser far
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove it;
They said, *Haste to the beginning of a feast*,
There I am with them; *but to the end of a fray*—
That is apocryphal; 'tis more canonical,
Not to come there at all; after a storm
There are still some drops behind.
Mar. Pure fear hath made
The fool a philosopher.
Oct. See, Maria, see!
I did not err; here lie two brave men weltering
In their own gore.
Mar. A pitiful object.
Goth. I am in a swoon to look on't.
Oct. They are stiff already.
Goth. But are you sure they are dead?
Oct. Too sure, I fear.
Goth. But are they stark dead?
Oct. Leave prating.
Goth. Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to them.
This fellow without a sword shall be my patient. [*Goes to* PISANO.
Oct. Whate'er they are, humanity commands us
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria,
To the neighbour spring for water; you will find there
A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it. [*Exit* MARIA.
Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body, and feel
If any life remain?
Goth. By your leave, he shall die first,
And then I'll be his surgeon.
Oct. Tear ope his doublet,
And prove if his wounds be mortal.
Goth. Fear not me, sir:
Here's a large wound.—[*Feels his pocket.*]—How it is swoln and imposthumed!
This must be cunningly drawn out; should it break, [*Pulls out his purse.*
'Twould strangle him. What a deal of foul matter's here!
This hath been long a gathering. Here's a gash too
On the rim of his belly,—[*Feels his side pocket.*]—it may have matter in it.
He was a choleric man, sure; what comes from him [*Takes out his money.*
Is yellow as gold:—how! troubled with the stone too? [*Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.*
I'll cut you for this.
Pisan. Oh, oh! [*Starts up.*
Goth. He roars before I touch him.
Pisan. Robb'd of my life?
Goth. No, sir, nor of your money,
Nor jewel; I keep them for you:—if I had been
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived
To call for his fees again.
Oct. Give me leave—there's hope
Of his recovery. [*Quits* PISANO *and goes to* ALONZO.
Goth. I had rather bury him quick,
Than part with my purchase; let his ghost walk, I care not.

Re-enter MARIA *with a dish of water.*

Oct. Well done, Maria; lend thy helping hand.
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off
The clotted blood; he comes to himself.
Alon. My lust!
The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust!
With horror now I taste it.
Oct. Do you not know him?
Mar. Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though disloyal,
Still dear to thy Maria.
Goth. So they know not
My patient, all's cocksure; I do not like
The Romanish restitution. [*Aside.*
Oct. Rise, and leave him.
Applaud heaven's justice.
Mar. 'Twill become me better,
To implore its saving mercy.
Oct. Hast thou no gall?
No feeling of thy wrongs?
Mar. Turtles have none;
Nor can there be such poison in her breast
That truly loves, and lawfully.
Oct. True, if that love
Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,
In thy disgrace is published; heaven hath mark'd him
For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness
In thee to attempt to alter it: revenge,
A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,
This wretch, the vassal of thy wrath: I'll make him,
While yet he lives, partake those torments which,
For perjured lovers, are prepared in hell,
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,
Extracted and sublimed from all the simples
The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought forth,

Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as
The Furies' whips but imitate; and when
Extremity of pain shall hasten death,
Here is another that shall keep in life,
And make him feel a perpetuity
Of lingering tortures.

Goth. Knock them both o' th' head, I say,
An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,
And will sell well in the market.

Mar. Ill-look'd devil,
Tie up thy bloody tongue.—O sir! I was slow
In beating down those propositions which
You urge for my revenge; my reasons being
So many, and so forcible, that make
Against yours, that until I had collected
My scatter'd powers, I waver'd in my choice
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)
Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.
If you deny me means of reparation,
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp
The name of strumpet on my forehead, which
Heaven's mercy would take off; you fan the fire,
E'en ready to go out; forgetting that
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase
My husband by such benefits as should make him
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim
Superiority.

Oct. My blessing on thee!
What I urged was a trial; and my grant
To thy desires shall now appear, if art
Or long experience can do him service.
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,
Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,
Do your best to raise him.—So!

Goth. He's wondrous heavy;
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

Oct. 'Tis but a trance,
And 'twill forsake both.

Mar. If he live, I fear not
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness
Confirm he owes you for a second life,
And pay the debt, in making me his wife.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIO *and* MARIA *with* ALONZO, *and* GOTHRIO *with* PISANO.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—LORENZO'S *Camp under the Walls of* Mantua.

Enter LORENZO *and Captains.*

Lor. Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison in it,
To keep it so; and as a due reward
To your brave service, be our governour in it.

1 *Capt.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*

Lor. Gonzaga
Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress,
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out
I made this war,) I value not; alas!
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd
With a more glorious fire of my ambition
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,
My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract made
Of all the eminent and canonized beauties
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,
Commend the workmanship, and think no more on't;
I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 *Capt.* My lord, of neither.

Lor. Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,
Much less command in war; if they were lost,
I should not pine with mourning.

Enter MARTINO *and Soldiers with* MATILDA *and* HORTENSIO.

Mart. Bring them forward:
This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his father;
Besides the reward that follows.

Lor. Ha, Martino!
Where is Farneze's head? dost thou stare! and where
The soldier that desired the torture of him?

Mart. An't please your excellence——

Lor. It doth not please us;
Are our commands obey'd?

Mart. Farneze's head, sir,
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's less, sir:
I have brought your highness such a head! a head
So well set on too! a fine head——

Lor. Take that, [*Strikes him.*
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

Mart. My lord, if they that bring such presents to you
Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive
To be near your grace's pleasures: but I know
You will repent your choler. Here's the head:
And now I draw the curtain, it hath a face too,
And such a face——

Lor. Ha!

Mart. View her all o'er, my lord,
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,
And will do her labour tightly, a *bona roba:*
And for her face, as I said, there are five hundred
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would part with
Their jointures to have such another:—hold up your head, maid.

Lor. Of what age is the day?

Mart. Sir, since sunrising
About two hours.

Lor. Thou liest; the sun of beauty,
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth,
As through a shower in April; every drop
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,
Were ear-rings for the Catholic king, [to be]
Worn on his birthday.

Mart. Here's a sudden change!
Lor. Incensed Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)
In her fair eyes:—see, how they head their arrows
With her bright beams! now frown, as if my heart,
Rebellious to their edicts were unworthy,
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive
A wound from such divine artillery!
Mart. I am made for ever. [*Aside.*
Matil. We are lost, dear servant.
Hort. Virtue's but a word;
Fortune rules all.
Matil. We are her tennis-balls.
Lor. Allow her fair, her symmetry and features
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,
Nay, force him to forget his faculty
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose.
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my youth
Unscorch'd with wanton fires, my sole delight
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mistress,
Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans
Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music:
And shall I, in the autumn of my age,
Now, when I wear the livery of time
Upon my head and beard, suffer myself
To be transform'd, and like a puling lover,
With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's!*
And write myself a bondman to my vassal?
It must not, nay, it shall not be: remove
The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.
Mart. I shall have a regiment: colonel Martino,
I cannot go less.
Lor. What thing is this thou hast brought me?
Mart. What thing? heaven bless me! are you a Florentine,
Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having had her
So long in your power, do you now ask what she is?
Take her aside and learn: I have brought you that
I look to be dearly paid for.
Lor. I am a soldier,
And use of women will, Martino, rob
My nerves of strength.
Mart. All armour and no smock?
Abominable! a little of the one with the other
Is excellent: I ne'er knew general yet,
Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,
But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off
By a juicy bedfellow.
Lor. But say she be unwilling
To do that office?
Mart. Wrestle with her, I will wager
Ten to one on your grace's side.
Lor. Slave, hast thou brought me
Temptation in a beauty not to be
With prayers resisted; and, in place of counsel
To master my affections, and to guard
My honour, now besieged by lust, with the arms
Of sober temperance, mark me out a way
To be a ravisher? Would thou hadst shewn me
Some monster, though in a more ugly form
Than Nile or Afric ever bred! The basilisk,
Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,
Kills but the body; her more potent eye
Buries alive mine honour: Shall I yield thus?
And all brave thoughts of victory and triumphs,
The spoils of nations, the loud applauses
Of happy subjects, made so by my conquests,
And, what's the crown of all, a glorious name
Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,
Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me
But a weak woman, rich in colours only,
Too delicate a touch, and some rare features
Which age or sudden sickness will take from her!
And where's then the reward of all my service,
Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry
I must pay to her? Hence, and with thee take
This second but more dangerous Pandora,
Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me
All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.
To the desarts with this Circe, this Calypso,
This fair enchantress! let her spells and charms
Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise nature
Ne'er made a viler creature.
Matil. Happy exile!
Hort. Some spark of hope remains yet.
Mart. Come, you are mine now.
I will remove her where your highness shall not
Or see or hear more of her: what a sum
Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio!
Lor. Stay, I feel
A sudden alteration.
Mart. Here are fine whimsies.
Lor. Why should I part with her? can any foulness
Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace?
The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave
The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,
Than I endure her absence; yet her presence
Is a torment to me: why do I call it so?
My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else;
He was a complete prince, and shall I blush
To follow his example? Oh! but my choice,
Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me:
But even now, in my proud thoughts, I scorn'd
A princess, fair Matilda; and is't decreed
For punishment, I straight must dote on one,
What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be
Obscure, without a coat or family,
Those I can give: and yet, if she were noble,
My fondness were more pardonable.—Martino,
Dost thou know thy prisoner?
Mart. Do I know myself?
I kept that for the l'envoy; 'tis the daughter
Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.
Lor. Fair Matilda!
I now call to my memory her picture,
And find this is the substance; but her painter
Did her much wrong, I see it.
Mart. I am sure
I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness,
Before I could call her mine.
Lor. No matter how:
Make thine own ransome, I will pay it for her
Mart. I knew 'twould come at last.
Matil. We are lost again.
Hort. Variety of afflictions!
Lor. That his knee,
That never yet bow'd to mortality, [*Kneels.*
Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,
I know, begets your wonder; hear the reason,
And cast it off:—your beauty does command it.
Till now, I never saw you; fame hath been
Too sparing in report of your perfections,
Which now with admiration I gaze on.
Be not afraid, fair virgin; had you been
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,
My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet hung up;

Nor had the terror of the war e'er frighted
His peaceful confines; your demands had been
As soon as spoke, agreed to: but you'll answer,
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,
Something my pious love commands me do,
Which may call down your pardon.

Matil. This expression
Of reverence to your person better suits [*Raises* LORENZO, *and kneels*.
With my low fortune. That you deign to love me,
My weakness would persuade me to believe,
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness:
You being as the liberal eye of heaven,
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me!
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not
Deliver what I fear.

Lor. Dry your fair eyes;
I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,
If humble love could warrant it, you should
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear witness,
And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose
Is yet an embryon; but, grown into form,
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer
Of blessings unexpected; that your father,
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,
In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand
Once more I swear it:—O imperious Love,
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*The Dutchy. A Room in* OCTAVIO'S *Cottage.*

Enter OCTAVIO, *disguised as a Priest, and* MARIA.

Oct. You must not be too sudden, my Maria,
In being known: I am, in this friar's habit,
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery
Be almost certain, I must work him to
Repentance by degrees; when I would have you
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to
Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,——then,
You know to act your part.

Mar. I shall be careful. [*Exit*.

Oct. If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,
As I despair not of his body's wounds,
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio!

Enter GOTHRIO.

Goth. Here, sir.

Oct. Desire my patients to leave their chamber,
And take fresh air here: how have they slept?

Goth. Very well, sir.
I would we were so rid of them.

Oct. Why?

Goth. I fear one hath
The art of memory, and will remember
His gold and jewels: could you not minister
A potion of forgetfulness? What would gallants
That are in debt give me for such a receipt,
To pour in their creditors' drink?

Oct. You shall restore all,
Believe't, you shall:—will you please to walk?

Goth. Will you please to put off
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience? one,
I think, infects the other. [*Exit*.

Oct. I have observed
Compunction in Alonzo; he speaks little,
But full of retired thoughts, the other is
Jocund and merry; no doubt, because he hath
The less accompt to make here.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. Reverend sir,
I come to wait your pleasure; but, my friend,
Your creature I should say, being so myself,
Willing to take further repose, entreats
Your patience a few minutes.

Oct. At his pleasure;
Pray you sit down; you are faint still.

Alon. Growing to strength,
I thank your goodness: but my mind is troubled,
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,
Your pious habit giving me assurance
Of your skill and power that way, that you would please
To be my mind's physician.

Oct. Sir, to that
My order binds me; if you please to unload
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you
In a path that leads to comfort.

Alon. I will open
My bosom's secrets to you. That I am
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,
And cruel executions, my profession
Admits not to be question'd; but in that,
Being a subject, and bound to obey
Whate'er my prince commanded, I have left
Some shadow of excuse: with other crimes,
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,
I am besmear'd all over.

Oct. On repentance,
Mercy will wash it off.

Alon. O sir, I grant
These sins are deadly ones; yet their frequency
With wicked men makes them less dreadful to us.
But I am conscious of one crime, with which
All ills I have committed from my youth
Put in the scale, weigh nothing; such a crime,
So odious to heaven and man, and to
My sear'd-up conscience so full of horror,
As penance cannot expiate.

Oct. Despair not.
'Tis impious in man to prescribe limits
To the divine compassion: out with it.

Alon. Hear then, good man, and when that I have given you
The character of it, and confess'd myself
The wretch that acted it, you must repent
The charity you have extended towards me.
Not long before these wars began, I had
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I style it friendship,
That being a virtue, and not to be blended
With vicious breach of faith) with the lord Octavio,
The minion of his prince and court, set off
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness:
To this then happy man I offer'd service,
And with insinuation wrought myself
Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him,
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman
Was bless'd with one fair daughter, so he thought,
And boldly might believe so, for she was
In all things excellent without a rival,

Till I, her father's mass of wealth before
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,
With far more subtile arts than perjured Paris
E'er practised on poor credulous Oenone,
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,
No vows or imprecation forgotten
With speed to marry her.

Oct. Perhaps, she gave you
Just cause to break those vows.

Alon. She cause! alas,
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?
The good Octavio no sooner fell
In the displeasure of his prince, his state
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,
And she exposed to want; but all my oaths
And protestation of service to her,
Like seeming flames raised by enchantment, vanish'd;
This, this sits heavy here.

Oct. He speaks as if
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have reason
To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman
So to betray a maid.

Alon. Most barbarous.

Oct. But does your sorrow for the fact beget
An aptness in you to make satisfaction,
For the wrong you did her?

Alon. Gracious heaven! an aptness?
It is my only study: since I tasted
Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er were closed,
But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep;
And, being awake, in my imagination
Her apparition haunted me.

Oct. 'Twas mere fancy. [*He stamps.*

Alon. 'Twas more, grave sir—nay, 'tis——now it appears!

Enter MARIA, *in white.*

Oct. Where?

Alon. Do you not see there the gliding shadow
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears
The very garments that adorn'd her, when
She yielded to my crocodile tears: a cloud
Of fears and diffidence then so chased away
Her purer white and red, as it foretold
That I should be disloyal. Blessed shadow!
For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all
I have committed, to hope only that
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow,
Nay, soul's contrition: hear again those vows
My perjury cancell'd, stamp'd in brass, and never
To be worn out.

Mar. I can endure no more;
Action, not oaths, must make me reparation:
I am Maria.

Alon. Can this be?

Oct. It is,
And I Octavio.

Alon. Wonder on wonder!
How shall I look on you, or with what forehead
Desire your pardon?

Mar. You truly shall deserve it
In being constant.

Re-enter GOTHRIO, *with the purses of* ALONZO *and* PISANO.

Oct. If you fall not off,
But look on her in poverty with those eyes
As when she was my heir in expectation,
You thought her beautiful.

Alon. She is in herself
Both Indies to me.

Goth. Stay, she shall not come
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,
She shall not want a dower: here's white and red
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her one,
Being a captain, would beget some doubt,
If you should deal with a lawyer.

Alon. I have seen this purse.

Goth. How the world's given—I dare not say, to lying,
Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,
This gold is mark'd too: you, being to receive it,
Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest
To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring.
I have one for the purpose.—[*Gives* PISANO'S *ring to* ALONZO.]—Now, sir, I think I'm honest. [*Exit.*

Alon. This ring was Pisano's.

Oct. I'll dissolve this riddle
At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,
Which, in your honour, you are bound to cure,
Exacts our present care.

Alon. I am all yours, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Castle of* St. LEO.

Enter GONZAGA, UBERTI, *and* MANFROY.

Gon. Thou hast told too much to give assurance that
Her honour was too far engaged, to be
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given
Thy sad narration this full period,
She's dead, I had been happy.

Uber. Sir, these tears
Do well become a father, and my eyes
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,
But that the burning fire of my revenge
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more,
Our broken forces rallied up, and with
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t'endure
A second trial; nor let it dismay us
That we are once again to affront the fury
Of a victorious army; their abuse
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down
The Powers above to aid us. I have read
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that
The general, that gave way to cruelty,
The profanation of things sacred, rapes
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,
Against the discipline and law of arms,
Did feel the hand of heaven lie heavy on him,
When most secure. We have had a late example,
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,
It will be seconded.

Gon. You argue well,
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us,
To be the ministers of justice.

Uber. No, sir:
One day given to refresh our wearied troops,
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,
And force him to a battle. [*Shouts within*

Gon. Ha! how's this?
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,
And acclamations of joy?

[*Cry within*, Long live the princess! long live Matilda!

Uber. Matilda!
The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echoed!

Enter FARNEZE.

Gon. What speaks thy haste!
Farn. More joy and happiness
Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.
Gon. By whom deliver'd?
Farn. This is not to be staled by my report,
This only must be told:—As I rode forth
With some choice troops, to make discovery
Where the enemy lay, and how intrench'd, a leader
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in
His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me:
He shew'd the great duke's seal, that gave him [power
To parley with me; his desires were, that
Assurance for his safety might be granted
To his royal master, who came as a friend,
And not as an enemy, to offer to you
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.
This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,
For insolence after victory, condemn'd
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,
Her robes majestical, their richness far
Above all value, as the present age
Contended that a woman's pomp should dim
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.
[*Music without.*
—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders,
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice music
Ushers the parent of security,
Long-absent peace.
Man. I know not what to think on't.
Uber. May it poise the expectation!

Loud music. Enter Soldiers *unarmed, bearing olive branches,* Captains, LORENZO, MATILDA *crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by* Soldiers; *followed by* HORTENSIO *and* MARTINO.

Gon. Thus to meet you,
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,
With an excess of comfort overwhelms me:
And yet I cannot truly call myself
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.
Lor. I must crave license first; for know, Gon- [zaga,
I am subject to another's will, and can
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.
My curled forehead, of late terrible
To those that did acknowledge me their lord,
Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost
Their potent awe, and sweetness: I am transform'd
(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captived,
And, by the unresistable force of beauty,
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that
I shall deliver those injunctions which
Your absolute command imposed upon me,
Or deign yourself to speak them?
Matil. Sir, I am
Your property, you may use me as you please;
But what is in your power and breast to do,
No orator can dilate so well.
Lor. I obey you.
That I came hither as an enemy,
With hostile arms, to the utter ruin of
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;
That fortune seconded my will, the late
Defeature will make good: that I resolved
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make
Your dukedom tributary, my surprisal
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,
Stand ready to maintain: yet I must tell you
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransome
I am commanded to lay down.
Gon. My lord,
You humble yourself too much; it is fitter
You should propose and we consent.
Lor. Forbear,
The articles are here subscribed and sign'd
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,
Without a ransome, set at liberty;
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires
Ruin'd in the assault, to be repair'd;
The loss the husbandman received, his crop
Burnt up by wanton license of the soldier,
To be made good;—with whatsoever else
You could impose on me, if you had been
The conqueror, I your captive.
Gon. Such a change
Wants an example: I must owe this favour
To the clemency of the old heroic valour,
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue
Buried long since, but raised out of the grave
By you, to grace this latter age.
Lor. Mistake not
The cause that did produce this good effect,
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty,
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it.
Matil. Mighty sir, no more:
You honour her too much, that is not worthy
To be your servant.
Lor. I have done, and now
Would gladly understand that you allow of
The articles propounded.
Gon. Do not wrong
Your benefits with such a doubt; they are
So great and high, and with such reverence
To be received, that, if I should profess
I hold my dukedom from you, as your vassal,
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel
The bond I stand engaged for:—but accept
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;
Nor is there any here, (though I must grant
Some have deserved much from me,) for so far
I dare presume, but will surrender up
Their interest to that your highness shall
Deign to pretend a title.
Uber. I subscribe not
To this condition.
Farn. The services
This prince hath done your grace in your most [danger.
Are not to be so slighted.
Hort. 'Tis far from me
To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain,

Howe'er my power is less, my love is more;
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknowledge
I have been her humble servant.
Lor. Smooth your brows,
I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were
Once more to force affection, (a crime
With which should I the second time be tainted,
I did deserve no favour,) neither will I
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,
Howe'er I thank his goodness. I'll lay by
My power, and though I should not brook a rival,
(What we are, well consider'd,) I'll descend
To be a third competitor; he that can
With love and service best deserve the garland,
With your consent let him wear it; I despair not
The trial of my fortune.
Gon. Bravely offer'd,
And like yourself, great prince.
Uber. I must profess
I am so taken with it, that I know not
Which way to express my service.
Hort. Did I not build
Upon the princess' grace, I could sit down,
And hold it no dishonour.
Matil. How I feel
My soul divided! all have deserved so well,
I know not where to fix my choice.
Gon. You have
Time to consider: will you please to take
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted
The fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove,
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—MANTUA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ALONZO, OCTAVIO, PISANO, MARIA, *and* GOTHRIO.

Alon. You need not doubt, sir, were not peace proclaim'd
And celebrated with a general joy,
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,
To you alone is proper) would force mercy
For an offence, though capital.
Pisan. When the conqueror
Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands
The vanquish'd must not check at.
Mar. My piety pay the forfeit,
If danger come but near you! I have heard
My gracious mistress often mention you,
When I served her as a page, and feelingly
Relate how much the duke her sire repented
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage
Pronounced against you.
Oct. In a private difference,
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,
And scorns the hottest battery; but, when
The cause depends between the prince and subject,
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,
The severe letter of the law calls death;
Which I am subject to, in coming so near
His court and person. But my only child
Being provided for, her honour salved too,
I thank your noble change, I shall endure
Whate'er can fall, with patience.
Alon. You have used
That medicine too long; prepare yourself
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.
Mar. Of what is your wisdom musing?
Goth. I am gazing on
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishclout to it;
It has no sign,—what do you call't?
Mar. The court;
I have lived in't a page.
Goth. Page! very pretty:
May I not be a page? I am old enough,
Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it:
Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear already,
Upon your pantofle.
Mar. What?
Goth. That I'll be true
Unto your smock.
Mar. How, rascal!
Oct. Hence, and pimp
To your rams and ewes: such foul pollution is
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use of you;
Return to your trough.
Goth. Must I feed on husks,
Before I have play'd the prodigal?
Oct. No, I'll reward
Your service; live in your own element,
Like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage,
I freely give you.
Goth. Your bottles too, that I carry
For your own tooth!
Oct. Full as they are.
Mar. And gold, [*Gives him her purse.*
That will replenish them.
Goth. I am made for ever.
This was done i' the nick.
Oct. Why in the nick?
Goth. O sir!
'Twas well for me that you did reward my service
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown old,
Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting horses,
To starve on the commons. [*Exit.*
Alon. Bitter knave!

Enter MARTINO.

There's craft
In the clouted shoe.—Captain!
Mart. I am glad to kiss
Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take notice,
My title's changed, I am a colonel.
Pisan A colonel! where's your regiment?
Mart. Not raised yet;
All the old one's are cashier'd, and we are now
To have a new militia: all is peace here,

Yet I hold my title still, as many do
That never saw an enemy.
Alon. You are pleasant,
And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?
Mart. Long since,
Four hours at least, but yet not ready.
Pisan. How!
Mart. Even so; you make a wonder of't, but
Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp, [leave it:
To be up and arm'd upon the least alarum;
There's something else to be thought on: here he
With his officers, new-rigg'd. [comes,

Enter LORENZO, *as from his chamber, with a looking-glass;* Doctor, Gentleman, *and* Page *employed about his person.*

Alon. A looking-glass!
Upon my head, he saw not his own face
These seven years past, but by reflection
From a bright armour.
Mart. Be silent, and observe.
Lor. So, have you done yet?
Is your building perfect?
Doct. If your highness please,
Here is a water.
Lor. To what use? my barber
Hath wash'd my face already.
Doct. But this water
Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art;
It is a sacred relic, part of that
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made
Old Æson young.
Lor. A fable! but suppose
I should give credit to it, will it work
The same effect on me?
Doct. I'll undertake
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little
Inclining unto gray.
Lor. Inclining! doctor.
Doct. Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,
Not gray at all;—I dare not flatter you—
'Tis something changed; but this applied will help
To the first amber-colour, every hair [it
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,
Your grace arrived at thirty.
Lor. Very well.
Doct. Then here's a precious oil, to which the maker
Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up
These dimples in your face and front. I grant
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off
Your frowns with majesty; but you may please
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,
Though dumb, are the prevailing orators.
Lor. Will he new-create me?
Doct. If you deign to taste too,
Of this confection.
Lor. I am in health, and need
No physic.
Doct. Physic, sir! An empress,
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted
With putrefaction, would taste of it,
That night on which she were to print a kiss
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord,
Returning home with conquest.
Lor. 'Tis predominant
Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor?
Doct. Clothe the infirmity with sweeter lan-
'Tis a preservative that way. [guage:
Lor. You are, then,
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties
Of such as write near forty.
Doct. True, my good lord,
And my attempts have prosper'd.
Lor. Did you never
Minister to the princess?
Doct. Sir, not yet;
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not
The aids of art, my gracious lord; but in
The autumn of her age I may be useful,
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace
Partake of the delight.—
Lor. Slave! witch! impostor! [*Strikes him down.*
Mountebank! cheater! traitor to great nature,
In thy presumption to repair what she,
In her immutable decrees, design'd
For some few years to grow up, and then wither!
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray
The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,
But thou must make the honour of this age,
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,
Which for a perpetuity of youth
And pleasure she disdains to act, such is
Her purity and innocence!
[*Sets his foot on the* Doctor's *breast.*
Alon. Long since
I look'd for this l'envoy.
Mart. Would I were well off!
He's dangerous in these humours.
Oct. Stand conceal'd.
Doct. O sir, have mercy! in my thought I never
Offended you.
Lor. Me! most of all, thou monster!
What a mock-man property in thy intent
Wouldst thou have made me? a mere pathic to
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,
And held a blessing by the wisest men,
And for such warranted by holy writ,
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame?
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,
As if I were a painted bawd or whore?
By such base means if that I could ascend
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition
Would not wipe off the scandal: no, thou wretch!
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies:—
Vanish for ever!
Mart. You have your fee as I take it,
Dear domine doctor! I'll be no sharer with you.
[*Exit* Doctor
Lor. I'll court her like myself; these rich adornments
And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,
Can meet no ill construction; yet 'tis far
From my imagination to believe
She can be taken with sublimed clay,
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries:
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness,
But as a loyal lover plead my cause;
If I can feelingly express my ardour,
And make her sensible of the much I suffer
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take

Compassion on me,—ha! compassion?
The word sticks in my throat: what's here, that tells me
I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,
I conjure thee to leave me! there is now
No contradiction or declining left,
I must and will go on.

Mart. The tempest's laid;
You may present yourselves.

[*Alonzo and Pisano come forward.*

Alon. My gracious lord.

Pisan. Your humble vassal.

Lor. Ha! both living?

Alon. Sir,
We owe our lives to this good lord, and make it
Our humble suit——

Lor. Plead for yourselves: we stand
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon
For leaving of the camp without our license,
Is not yet signed. At some more fit time wait us.

[*Exeunt* Lorenzo, Gentleman, *and* Page.

Alon. How's this?

Mart. 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with
A rougher entertainment, yet I had
Good cards to shew. He's parcel mad; you'll find him
Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well,
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, *and* Manfroy.

Gon. How do you find her?

Uber. Thankful for my service.
And yet she gives me little hope; my rival
Is too great for me.

Gon. The great duke, you mean?

Uber. Who else? the Milanese, although he be
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs
More than myself.

Farn. A high estate, with women,
Takes place of all desert.

Uber. I must stand my fortune.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Attendants.

Man. The duke of Florence, sir.

Gon. Your highness' presence
Answers my wish. Your private ear:—I have used
My best persuasion, with a father's power,
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves not
At which port to put in. This prince's merits,
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,
I needs must call them so) Hortensio
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;
All these together tumbling in her fancy,
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,
And am assured this instant hour she gives
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you
Where we will see and hear all.

Lor. You oblige me.

Uber. I do not like this whispering.

Gon. Fear no foul play.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Hortensio, Beatrice, *and two* Waiting-women.

1 Wom. The princess, sir, long since expected you;
And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that
I have often moved her for you.

Hort. I am your servant.

Enter Matilda.

Beat. She's come; there are others I must place to hear
The conference.

[*Aside, and exit*

1 Wom. Is't your excellency's pleasure
That we attend you?

Matil. No; wait me in the gallery.

1 Wom. Would each of us, wench, had a sweet-heart too,
To pass away the time!

2 Wom. There I join with you.

[*Exeunt* Waiting-women

Matil. I fear this is the last time we shall meet.

Hort. Heaven forbid!

Re-enter above Beatrice *with* Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, *and* Farneze.

Matil. O my Hortensio!
In me behold the misery of greatness,
And that which you call beauty. Had I been
Of a more low condition, I might
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,
Not seeing that which was to be beloved
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched
And miserable princess, in my fortune,
To be too much engaged for service done me!
It being impossible to make satisfaction
To my so many creditors; all deserving,
I can keep touch with none.

Lor. A sad exordium.

Matil. You loved me long, and without hope (alas,
I die to think on't!) Parma's prince, invited
With a too partial report of what
I was, and might be to him, left his country,
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,
Because I would not force the sweetness of
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:
And, that there might be nothing wanting to
Sum up my numerous engagements, (never
In my hopes to be cancell'd,) the great duke,
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil
Of the victorious army, and I brought
Into his power, hath shewn himself so noble,
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot
Render him that respect I would, I am bound
In thankfulness to admire him.

Hort. 'Tis acknowledged,
And on your part to be return'd.

Matil. How can I,
Without the brand of foul ingratitude
To you, and prince Uberti?

Hort. Hear me, madam,
And what your servant shall with zeal deliver,
As a Dædalean clew may guide you out of
This labyrinth of distraction. He that loves
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour
And peace of mind, above the glutting of
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her,

But with a fit restraint, and not take from her
To give himself: he should make it the height
Of his ambition, if it lie in
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she fly in
An eminent place, to add strength to her wings,
And mount her higher, though he fall himself
Into the bottomless abyss; or else
The services he offers are not real,
But counterfeit.
Matil. What can Hortensio.
Infer from this?
Hort. That I stand bound in duty,
(Though in the act I take my last farewell
Of comfort in this life,) to sit down willingly,
And move my suit no further. I confess,
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy made me
Its instrument to preserve you, (which your goodness
Prized far above the merit,) I was bold
To feed my starv'd affection with false hopes
I might be worthy of you: for know, madam,
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,
I had in expectation a fortune,
Though not possess'd of't, that encouraged me
With confidence to prefer my suit, and not
To fear the prince Uberti as my rival.
Gon. I ever thought him more than what he seem'd.
Lor. Pray you, forbear.
Hort. But when the duke of Florence
Put in his plea, in my consideration
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him
A Mars of men in arms, and, those put off,
The great example for a kingly courtier
To imitate; annex to these his wealth,
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs
Call him the king of coin; and, what's above all,
His lawful love, with all the happiness
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you;
The true affection which I have ever born you,
Does not alone command me to desist,
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you
To meet and welcome that felicity,
Which hastes to crown your virtues.
Lor. We must break off this parley:
Something I have to say. [*Exeunt above.*
Matil. In tears I thank
Your care of my advancement; but I dare not
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety
Pass unrewarded? such a pure affection,
For any ends of mine, be undervalued?
Avert it, heaven! I will be thy Matilda,
Or cease to be; no other heat but what
Glows from thy purest flames, shall warm this bosom,
Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,
Shall keep thee from me.

Re-enter below LORENZO, GONZAGA, UBERTI, FARNEZE, *and* MANFROY.

Hort. I fear, gracious lady,
Our conference hath been overheard.
Matil. The better:
Your part is acted; give me leave at distance
To zany it.—Sir, on my knees thus prostrate
Before your feet——
Lor. This must not be, I shall
Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.
Matil. I will grow here, and weeping thus turn marble,
Unless you hear and grant the first petition
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered:
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,
It hath a stronger reference to you,
And to your honour; and, if you deny it,
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were not
Born only for yourself, heaven's liberal hand
Design'd you to command a potent nation,
Gave you heroic valour which you have
Abused, in making unjust war upon
A neighbour-prince, a Christian; while the Turk,
Whose scourge and terror you should be, securely
Wastes the Italian confines: 'tis in you
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,
And 'tis expected from you.
Lor. I have been
In a dream, and now begin to wake.
Matil. And will you
Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories,
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces
Of a slight woman? or exchange your triumphs
For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves
(That should with your victorious sword make way
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose
And wanton dalliance? be yourself, great sir,
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever
Two hearts long since united; your example
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe
To that which you allow of.
Lor. The same tongue
That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,
Hath disenchanted me. Rise, fairest princess!
And, that it may appear I do receive
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will
Obey and follow it: I am your debtor,
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd reason
New strengths once more to hold a full command
Over my passions. Here, to the world,
I freely do profess that I disclaim
All interest in you, and give up my title,
Such as it is, to you, sir; and, as far
As I have power, thus join your hands.
Gon. To yours
I add my full consent.
Uber. I am lost, Farneze.
Farn. Much nearer to the port than you suppose:—
In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.
Matil. Ah me, new stops!
Hort. Shall we be ever cross'd thus?
Farn. There is an act upon record, confirm'd
By your wise predecessors, that no heir
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess
Is the undoubted one) must be join'd in marriage,
But where the match may strengthen the estate
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman
However I must style him honourable,
And of a high desert, having no power
To make this good in his alliance, stands
Excluded by our laws; whereas this prince,
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua
The power and principality of Parma:
And therefore, since the great duke hath let fall
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can
Challenge the princess' favour.
Lor. Is this true, sir?
Gon. I cannot contradict it.

Enter MANFROY.

Man. There's an ambassador
From Milan, that desires a present audience;
His business is of highest consequence,
As he affirms: I know him for a man
Of the best rank and quality.
Hort. From Milan!
Gon. Admit him.

Enter Ambassador, *and* JULIO *with a letter, which he presents on his knee to* HORTENSIO.

How! so low?
Amb. I am sorry, sir,
To be the bringer of this heavy news;
But since it must be known——
Hort. Peace rest with him!
I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.
My faithful servant too!
Jul. I am o'erjoy'd,
To see your highness safe.
Hort. Pray you, peruse this,
And there you'll find that the objection,
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.
Gon. The great John Galeas dead!
Lor. And this his brother,
The absolute lord of Milan!
Matil. I am revived.
Uber. There's no contending against destiny:
I wish both happiness.

Enter ALONZO, MARIA, OCTAVIO, PISANO, *and* MARTINO.

Lor. Married, Alonzo!
I will salute your lady, she's a fair one,
And seal your pardon on her lips. [*Kisses* MARIA.
Gon. Octavio!
Welcome e'en to my heart. Rise, I should kneel
To thee for mercy.
Oct. The poor remainder of
My age shall truly serve you.
Matil. You resemble
A page I had, Ascanio.
Mar. I am
Your highness' servant still.
Lor. All stand amazed
At this unlook'd-for meeting; but defer
Your several stories. Fortune here hath shewn
Her various power; but virtue, in the end,
Is crown'd with laurel: Love hath done his parts too;
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars,
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Pray you, gentlemen, keep your seats; something I would
Deliver to gain favour, if I could,
To us, and the still doubtful author. He,
When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,
"'Twas to no purpose: he must stand his fate,
"Since all entreaties now would come too late;
"You being long since resolved what you would say
"Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."
A strange old fellow! yet this sullen mood
Would quickly leave him, might it be understood
You part not hence displeased. I am design'd
To give him certain notice: if you find
Things worth your liking, shew it. Hope and fear,
Though different passions, have the self-same ear.

THE OLD LAW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER, *Duke of Epire.*
CRATILUS, *the Executioner.*
CREON, *Father to* SIMONIDES.
SIMONIDES, } *young Courtiers.*
CLEANTHES, }
LYSANDER, *Husband to* EUGENIA, *and Uncle to* CLEANTHES.
LEONIDES, *Father to* CLEANTHES.
GNOTHO, *the Clown.*
Lawyers.
Courtiers.
Dancing-Master.
Butler, }
Bailiff, }
Tailor, }
Coachman, } *Servants to* CREON.
Footman, }
Cook, }
Clerk.
Drawer.

ANTIGONA, *Wife to* CREON.
HIPPOLITA, *Wife to* CLEANTHES.
EUGENIA, *Wife to* LYSANDER, *and Mother to* PARTHENIA.
PARTHENIA.
AGATHA, *Wife to* GNOTHO.
Old Women, *Wives to* CREON'S *Servants.*
Courtezan.

Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, *&c.*

SCENE,—EPIRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CREON'S *House.*

Enter SIMONIDES *and two* Lawyers

Sim. Is the law firm, sir?
1 *Law.* The law! what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?
Sim. By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,
You have indirectly answered my question.
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds
Of law in general, for the most solid;
But this particular law that me concerns,
Now, at the present, if that be firm and strong,
And powerful, and forcible, and permanent?
I am a young man that has an old father.
2 *Law.* Nothing more strong, sir.
It is—*Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum voce senatus, et voce reipublicæ;* nay, *consummatum et exemplificatum.*
Is it not in force,
When divers have already tasted it,
And paid their lives for penalty?
Sim. 'Tis true.
My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.
2 *Law.* He is here, then,
Sub pœna statuti: hence I can tell him,
Truer than all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out to-morrow; this
Is the most certain climacterical year—
'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.
What age is your mother, sir?
Sim. Faith, near her days too;
Wants some two of threescore.
1 *Law.* So! she'll drop away
One of these days too: here's a good age now,
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance!
Sim. And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices,
That younger men would walk lustily in?
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives so long,
That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languish'd in their hoped reversions,
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave, sir,
Have you not places fill'd up in the law,
By some grave senators, that you imagine
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?
1 Law. *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*
Sim. But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:
Is't not a sound and necessary law,
This, by the duke enacted?
1 *Law.* Never did Greece,
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,
'Mongst all her *nomothetæ* and lawgivers,
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
Produce a law more grave and necessary.
Sim. I am of that mind too.

2 *Law.* I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government
Of community reduced into few,
Framed a fair state; Solon's *chreokopia*,
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,
Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;
His *seisactheia* did reform that error,
His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline;
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,
Might choose her able friend to propagate;
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,
And so did Aristotle, in allowing
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws:
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law
That all our predecessive students
Have miss'd, unto their shame.

Enter CLEANTHES.

Sim. Forbear the praise, sir,
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!
O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.

Clean. Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms, among those trees
Which we had shelter from?

Sim. Yes, from our growth
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?

Clean. Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with me.

Sim. Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee.

Clean. I know not how to answer you, Simonides;
He is too old, being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;
And yet not old enough by many years,
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.

Sim. These very passions I speak to my father.
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak
Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.

Clean. They shall be now, sir,
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.

1 *Law.* O, sir, we must undertake of both parts;
But the good we have most good in.

Clean. Pray you, say,
How do you allow of this strange edict?

1 Law. *Secundum justitiam*; by my faith, sir,
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.

Clean. What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be,
It is no rule in justice there to punish.

1 *Law.* Oh, sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law.

Clean. Why, sir, is there so main a difference?

1 *Law.* You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.

Clean. I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.

1 *Law.* Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both do overthrow you in this statute, which speaks, that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what nature linger'd at.

Clean. And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in law?

1 *Law.* It is so plain it can have no demur,
The church-book overthrows it.

Clean. And so it does;
The church-book overthrows it, if you read it well.

1 *Law.* Still you run from the law into error:
You say it takes the lives of innocents,
I say no, and so says common reason;
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,
That can die innocent?

Clean. A fine law evasion!
Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me.

Sim. Fie! that's too tedious; you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.

Clean. Sir,
'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,
If they can pick a quarrel with some error.

2 *Law.* Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for you:
Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good of the commonwealth, (for divers necessary reasons that we shall urge,) thus peremptorily enacted,—

Clean. A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!

2 Law. *That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the same day be instantly put to death, by those means and instruments that a former proclamation, had to this purpose, through our said territories dispersed.*

Clean. There was no woman in this senate, certain.

1 Law. *That these men, being past their bearing arms, to aid and defend their country; past their manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further issue to their posterity; and as well past their councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country: yet wanting the means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, be condemned to die: for the women, for that they never were a defence to their country; never by counsel admitted to assist in the government of their country; only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now, at the age of threescore, past that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit (a quarter abated from the more worthy member) that they be put to death, as is before recited: provided that for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefully performed; and not, for a full month following, extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in Epire.*

Clean. A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no scruple in all these words,
To demur the law upon occasion?

Sim. Pox! 'tis an unnecessary inquisition;
Prithee set him not about it.
2 *Law.* Troth, none, sir:
It is so evident and plain a case,
There is no succour for the defendant.
Clean. Possible! can nothing help in a good case?
1 *Law.* Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,
Which would protract; delay, if not remedy.
Clean. Why, there's some comfort in that; good sir, speak it.
1 *Law.* Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.
Sim. Prithee, do not;
It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,
That may die after it.
Clean. Come, sir, I know
How to make you speak:—will this do it?
[*Gives him his purse.*
1 *Law.* I will afford you my opinion, sir.
Clean. Pray you, repeat the literal words expressly,
The time of death.
Sim. 'Tis an unnecessary question; prithee let it alone.
2 *Law.* Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless sir.
That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.
1 *Law.* Thus I help the man to twenty-one years more.
Clean. That were a fair addition.
1 *Law.* Mark it, sir; we say, man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty; before, 'tis infancy,
And adolescency; now, by that addition,
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.
Sim. Oh, poor evasion!
He is fourscore years old, sir.
1 *Law.* That helps more, sir;
He begins to be old at fifty, so, at fourscore,
He's but thirty years old; so, believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination;
And so long may a man linger and live by it.
Sim. The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard!
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.
1 *Law.* There is no law for restitution of fees, sir.
Clean. No, no, sir; I meant it lost when it was given.

Enter CREON *and* ANTIGONA.

Sim. No more, good sir,
Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.
1 *Law.* I have spoke out my fee, and I have done, sir.
Sim. O my dear father!
Creon. Tush! meet me not in exclaims;
I understand the worst, and hope no better.
A fine law! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant;
Forty of them I know my seniors,
That did due deeds of darkness too:—their country
Has watch'd them a good turn for't,
And ta'en them napping now:
The fewer hospitals will serve too, many
May be used for stews and brothels; and those people
Will never trouble them to fourscore.
Ant. Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?
Creon. Sorrow! for what, Antigona? for my life?
My sorrow is I have kept it so long well,
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.
I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong,
To bind it faster to me.
Sim. For mine own sake,
I should have been sorry for that.
Creon. In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Dangers, on horse, on foot, [by land,] by water,
I have scaped to this day; and yet this day,
Without all help of casual accidents,
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now?
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,
Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves
Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.
He that has been a soldier all his days,
And stood in personal opposition
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat
And pinching cold, has treacherously at home,
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:——
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.
1 *Law.* Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.
Creon. And what's that, but the sword of tyranny,
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?
I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit
I should unbosom my free conscience,
And shew the faith I die in:—I do believe
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.
Sim. Would it were gone
By one means or other! what a long day
Will this be ere night? [*Aside.*
Creon. Simonides.
Sim. Here, sir,—weeping.
Creon. Wherefore dost thou weep?
Clean. 'Cause you make no more haste to your end. [*Aside.*
Sim. How can you question nature so unjustly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filial tears for him?
Clean. Hypocrite!
A disease of drought dry up all pity from him,
That can dissemble pity with wet eyes!
Creon. Be good unto your mother, Simonides.
She must be now your care.
Ant. To what end, sir?
The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,
As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,
With one hour's stay, to go along with you.
Creon. Thou must not, woman, there are years behind,
Before thou canst set forward in this voyage;
And nature, sure, will now be kind to all:
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law
Seeks to prevent her, she will therefore fight in't,
And draw out life even to her longest thread:
Thou art scarce fifty-five.
Ant. So many morrows!
Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,
To hours, or minutes, for your company.
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,
Should walk together arm in arm.
Sim. I hope
They'll go together; I would they would, i'faith,
Then would her thirds be saved too. [*Aside.*]—
The day goes away, sir.
Creon. Why wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?

Sim. O my heart! Would you have me gone before you, sir,
You give me such a deadly wound?
Clean. Fine rascal!
Sim. Blemish my duty so with such a question?
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!
Creon. Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou mean'st so.
Clean. You were in the more error. [*Aside.*
Sim. The words wounded me.
Clean. 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.
Sim. I have been ransacking the helps of law,
Conferring with these learned advocates:
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense
Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had been bought, though with your full estate,
Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.
1 Law. Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to toe,
Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side,
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped,
But the duke's mercy.
Sim. I know the hope of that;
He did not make the law for that purpose.
Creon. Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;
I have so many precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,
See me deliver'd up unto my deathsman,
And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look for thee.
Sim. I hope she will not stay so long behind you. [*Aside.*
Creon. Do not bate him an hour by grief and sorrow,
Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.
Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,
Any disease thou wilt may be my end,
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.
[*Exeunt* CREON *and* ANTIGONA.
Sim. Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow
I'll trust you while your father's dead. [use me;
[*Exit, with the* Lawyers.
Clean. Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen.
And must not gratitude descend again,
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?
Improvident, or at least partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind,) who, in thy last teeming,
Forgettest still the former, ever making
The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling!
O yet in noble man reform [reform] it,
And make us better than those vegetives,
Whose souls die with them. Nature, as thou art old,
If love and justice be not dead in thee,
Make some the pattern of thy piety;
Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
And thou be blamed for our oblivious

Enter LEONIDES *and* HIPPOLITA.

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground
Whereon my filial faculties must build
An edifice of honour, or of shame,
To all mankind.
Hip. You must avoid it, sir,
If there be any love within yourself:
This is far more than fate of a lost game
That another venture may restore again;
It is your life, which you should not subject
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.
Clean. O dearest woman, thou hast doubled now
A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!—
Why, she whose love is but derived from me,
Is got before me in my debted duty.
Hip. Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?
Clean. Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
To be so forward in so good a cause?
Hip. Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
And then your love and power did both command me.
Clean. They were all blessed angels to direct thee;
And take their counsel. How do you fare, sir?
Leon. Cleanthes, never better; I have conceived
Such a new joy within this old bosom,
As I did never think would there have enter'd.
Clean. Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
Leon. Death! what is that, Cleanthes? I thought not on't,
I was in contemplation of this woman:
'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her
A treasure invaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.
Clean. 'Twere much better, sir,
Could you prevent their malice.
Leon. I'll prevent them,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.
That the strong tie of wedlock should do more,
Than nature in her nearest ligaments
Of blood and propagation! I should never
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,
Were there more such children.
Clean. This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.
Leon. Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
And knew the wise and the sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder, in your love to her.
Clean. The thought,
The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,
And she is now possest of't: but, good sir,
If you have aught received from her advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest course.
Leon. I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe country;
To turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.
Clean. And, sir,
I apprehend it as a safest course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.
Every country where we breathe will be our own,

Or better soil; heaven is the roof of all,
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.
Hip. Oh, then avoid it, sir; these sad events
Follow those black predictions.
Leon. I prithee peace;
I do allow thy love, Hippolita,
But must not follow it as counsel, child;
I must not shame my country for the law.
This country here hath bred me, brought me up,
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I am in my second infancy, and children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle,
As in their natural mother's.
Hip. Ay, but, sir,
She is unnatural; then the stepmother's
To be preferr'd before her.
Leon. Tush! she shall
Allow it me in despite of her entrails.
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis,
That I should travel forth to seek a grave
That is already digg'd for me at home.
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?—
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves, how have I banish'd you
From your country ever? With my base attempt,
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I bred together;
Buried my name in Epire which I built
Upon this frame, to live for ever in?
What a base coward shall I be, to fly from
That enemy which every minute meets me,
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me
Before this hour of battle! Fly my death!
I will not be so false unto your states,
Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me:
I'll meet him bravely; I cannot (this knowing) fear
That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.
Come, I have days of preparation left.
Clean. Good sir, hear me:
I have a genius that has prompted me,
And I have almost form'd it into words——
'Tis done, pray you observe them; I can conceal you;
And yet not leave your country.
Leon. Tush! it cannot be,
Without a certain peril on us all.
Clean. Danger must be hazarded, rather than accept
A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,
So far remote from way of passengers,
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't;
And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,
As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.
Leon. Fie, fie! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,
To abuse the law.
Hip. 'Tis holy care, sir,
Of your dear life, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose, either in will
Or negligence.
Clean. Call you it treason, sir?
I had been then a traitor unto you,
Had I forgot this; beseech you, accept of it;
It is secure, and a duty to yourself.
Leon. What a coward will you make me!
Clean. You mistake;
'Tis noble courage, now you fight with death;
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.
Leon. This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torture follows?
Clean. By what means, sir?
Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself: we two are one,
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one thought;
And yet we two are not completely one,
But as I have derived myself from you.——
Who shall betray us where there is no second?
Hip. You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex plead
Weakness and frailty for me.
Leon. Oh, I dare not
But where's the means that must make answer for me?
I cannot be lost without a full account,
And what must pay that reckoning?
Clean. Oh, sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral;
We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour; and this no mortal ear shall
Participate the knowledge of.
Leon. Ha, ha, ha!
This will be a sportive fine demur,
If the error be not found.
Clean. Pray doubt of none.
Your company and best provision,
Must be no further furnish'd than by us;
And, in the interim, your solitude may
Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you.
Leon. Still, there are some doubts
Of the discovery; yet I do allow it.
Hip. Will you not mention now the cost and charge,
Which will be in your keeping!
Leon. That will be somewhat,
Which you might save too.
Clean. With his will against him,
What foe is more to man than man himself?
Are you resolved sir?
Leon. I am, Cleanthes:
If by this means I do get a reprieve,
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter EVANDER, *Courtiers, and* CRATILUS.

Evan. Executioner!
Crat. My lord.
Evan. How did old Diocles take his death?
Crat. As weeping brides receive their joys at night;
With trembling, yet with patience.
Evan. Why, 'twas well.
1 *Court.* Nay, I knew my father would do well, my lord,
Whene'er he came to die; I'd that opinion of him

Which made me the more willing to part from him:
He was not fit to live in the world, indeed
Any time these ten years, my lord,
But I would not say so much.
Evan. No! you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all hours,
And does but trifle time out.
1 *Court.* Troth, my lord,
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.
Evan. Our law is fourscore years, because we
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness [judge
In women, at threescore; marry, if the son
Can, within compass, bring good solid proofs
Of his own father's weakness, and unfitness
To live, or sway the living, though he want five
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every act
Is in effect then, when the cause is ripe.
2 *Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he talks!
Oh that we'd known this, lads! What a time did we endure
In two-penny commons, and in boots twice vamp'd!
1 *Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet not thankful;
'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come
2 *Court.* Ay, an they knew it. [after us.
1 *Court.* Peace, let them never know it.
3 *Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon smell't out.
2 *Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man: may your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth!
Evan. Why now, methinks, our court looks like a spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are gone.
1 *Court.* It is as a court should be:
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for
And herein your law proves a provident act, [merit;
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,
Nor colour in their cheeks.
Evan. But women,
By that law, should live long, for they're ne'er past it.
1 *Court.* It will have heats though, when they see the painting
Go an inch deep i' th' wrinkle, and take up
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my
That should be the sole bravery of a palace, [lord,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;
With clothes as if they sat on their backs on pur-
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile; [pose
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!
Now ours lie downward, here, close to the flank;
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be,
That lives i'the fashion; where our diseased fathers,
Worried with the sciatica and aches,
Brought up your paned hose first, which ladies laugh'd at,
Giving no reverence to the place lies ruin'd:
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,
And sits so close makes a man groan again,
And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those,
That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,
Why should we fear our rising?
Evan. You but wrong
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't
Has not our law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.
1 *Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear worthy.
Evan. Why you're i'the noble way then, for the
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost, [most
And bravery stands for't.

Enter Creon, Antigona, *and* Simonides.

1 *Court.* Look, look, who comes here!
I smell death, and another courtier,
Simonides.
2 *Court.* Sim!
Sim. Pish! I'm not for you yet,
Your company's too costly; after the old man's
Dispatch'd, I shall have time to talk with you;
I shall come into the fashion you shall see too,
After a day or two; in the mean time,
I am not for your company.
Evan. Old Creon, you have been expected long;
Sure you're above fourscore.
Sim. Upon my life,
Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
'Twere pity o' my life then! no, your act
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him,
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,
I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.
Creon. 'Tis just I die, indeed; for I confess
I am troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel? I've o'late
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;
'Tis clean another way.
Ant. Oh, give not confidence
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.
His preparation only for the next world,
Makes him talk wildly, to his wrong, of this;
He is not lost in judgment.
Sim. She spoils all again. [*Aside.*
Ant. Deserving any way for state employment.
Sim. Mother——
Ant. His very household laws prescribed at home by him,
Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,
They are so wise and virtuous.
Sim. Mother, I say——
Ant. I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
But to unnecessary years; and, my lord,
His are not such; though they shew white, they
Judicious, able, and religious. [are worthy,
Sim. Mother,
I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.
Ant. Away, unnatural!
Sim. Then I am no fool, sure,
For to be natural at such a time
Were a fool's part, indeed.
Ant. Your grace's pity,
And 'tis but fit and just.
Creon. The law, my lord,
And that's the justest way.
Sim. Well said, father, i'faith!
Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.
Evan. Come hither, sir.
Sim. My lord.

Evan. What are those orders?
Ant. Worth observation, sir,
So please you hear them read.
Sim. The woman speaks she knows not what, my lord:
He make a law, poor man! he bought a TABLE, indeed,
Only to learn to die by't, there's the business, now;
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't:
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better TABLE than that, I trow.
Evan. And is that all, sir?
Sim. All, I vow, my lord;
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers, as——

Take heed of whoring, shun it;
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.

And such calves' maws of wit and admonition,
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs;
They are not so easily caught.
Evan. Agent for death!
Crat. Your will, my lord?
Evan. Take hence that pile of years,
Forfeit before with unprofitable age,
And, with the rest, from the high promontory,
Cast him into the sea.
Creon. 'Tis noble justice!
[*Exit* CRAT. *with* CREON.
Ant. 'Tis cursed tyranny!
Sim. Peace! take heed, mother;
You've but short time to be cast down yourself;
And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,
In the mean time.
Ant. Hence, slave!
Sim. Well, seven-and-fifty,
You have but three years to scold, then comes your payment. [*Exit* ANTIGONA.
1 *Court.* Simonides.
Sim. Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you talk yet,
Give a man time, I have a suit a making.
2 *Court.* We love thy form first; brave clothes will come, man.
Sim. I'll make them come else, with a mischief to them,
As other gallants do, that have less left them.
[*Recorders within.*
Evan. Hark! whence those sounds? what's that?
1 *Court.* Some funeral,
It seems, my lord; and young Cleanthes follows.

Enter a Funeral Procession; the hearse followed by CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA, *gaily dressed.*

Evan. Cleanthes!
2 *Court.* 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.
Evan. Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it;
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed:
Light colours and light cheeks! who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.
Sim. One, belike,
That doth participate this our present joy.
Evan. Cleanthes.
Clean. Oh, my lord!
Evan. He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly?
1 *Court.* I have known a widow laugh closely, my lord,
Under her handkerchief, when t'other part
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine;
But all the face to laugh apparently,
Was never seen yet.
Sim. Yes, mine did once.
Clean. 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.
Evan. How can that be?
Clean. I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.
Evan. Dead!
2 *Court.* Old Leonides!
Clean. In his last month dead:
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest,
That ever age was blest to.——
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke,
I did not do so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gawdy-hearted: When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry,
And yet to see now!—of a sudden,
Naming but death, I shew myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long.
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on't; sorrow's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.
Evan. Well, perform it,
The law is satisfied; they can but die:
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* DUKE, Courtiers, &c.
Sim. I would I had e'en
Another father, condition he did the like.
Clean. I have past it bravely now; how blest was I,
To have the duke in sight! now 'tis confirm'd,
Past fear or doubts confirm'd: on, on I say,
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.
[*Exit Funeral Procession, followed by* CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA.
Sim. I am rapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse;
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
To live, and follow some seven uncles thus,
As many cousin-germans, and such people,
That will leave legacies; pox! I'd see them hang'd else,
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the way.
Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.

Enter Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, *and* Footman.

But. We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,

Having long serv'd your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.
Sim. Not a jot, i'faith:
My father wore cheap garments, he might do't;
I shall have all my clothes come home to morrow,
They will eat up all you, an there were more of you, sirs.
To keep you six at livery, and still munching!
Tail. Why, I'm a tailor; you have most need of me, sir.
Sim. Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess;
But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at?
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that when
I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight!
But. I a butler.
Sim. There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.
But. But a cup of small beer will do well next morning, sir.
Sim. I grant you; but what need I keep so big a knave for a cup of small beer?
Cook. Butler, you have your answer: marry, sir, a cook
I know your mastership cannot be without.
Sim. The more ass art thou to think so; for what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house?—the banishing the butler might have been a warning for thee, unless thou mean'st to choak me.
Cook. In the mean time you have choak'd me, methinks.
Bail. These are superfluous vanities, indeed,
And so accounted of in these days, sir;
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents——
Sim. I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall take a course to spend them faster than thou canst reckon them; 'tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to be laugh'd at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is your business?
Coach. Your good mastership.
Sim. You have stood silent all this while, like men
That know your strengths: in these days, none of you
Can want employment; you can win me wagers,
Footman, in running races.
Foot. I dare boast it, sir.
Sim. And when my bets are all come in, and store,
Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.
Coach. I'll firk them into foam else.
Sim. Speaks brave matter:
And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.
[*Exeunt* SIMONIDES, Coachman, *and* Footman.
Cook. Why, here's an age to make a cook a ruffian,
And scald the devil indeed! do strange mad things,
Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh.
Bake snakes for lamprey pies, and cats for conies.
But. Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now, as the case stands: let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, an we can, that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.
Cook. Oracle butler! oracle butler! he puts down all the doctors o'the name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CREON'S *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *and* PARTHENIA.

Eug. Parthenia.
Parth. Mother.
Eug. I shall be troubled
This six months with an old clog; would the law
Had been cut one year shorter!
Parth. Did you call, forsooth?
Eug. Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for your father, [*Exit* PARTHENIA.
And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't!
The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list——
And some sev'n of the properest men in the dukedom
Making a banquet ready i'the next room for me;
Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen! 'tis but justice:
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough,
That we may soon be rid o' them; there's our quittance.
I've waited for the happy hour this two years,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,
All that time I have lost.

Enter Courtiers.

1 Court. Young lady!
2 Court. O sweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.
1 Court. The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to her——
It does exceed you only in the prickle,
But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.
Eug. What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?
So passing well perfumed too! who's your milliner?
1 Court. Love, and thy beauty, widow.
Eug. Widow, sir?
1 Court. 'Tis sure, and that's as good: in troth we're suitors;
We come a wooing, wench; plain dealing's best.
Eug. A wooing! what, before my husband's dead?
2 Court. Let's lose no time; six months will have an end;
I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.
Eug. That's a sure knowledge; but it holds not here, sir.
1 Court. Do not we know the craft of you young tumblers?
That when you wed an old man, you think upon

Another husband as you are marrying of him;—
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

Enter SIMONIDES *richly drest, and* Coachman.

Eug. How wondrous right he speaks! 'twas my thought, indeed.

Sim. By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants?

Eug. Widow, again! 'tis a comfort to be call'd so. [*Aside.*

1 *Court.* Who's this? Simonides?

2 *Court.* Brave Sim, i'faith!

Sim. Coachman!

Coach. Sir.

Sim. Have an especial care of my new mares;
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well,
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy husband?
Is't not July next?

Eug. Oh, you are too hot, sir!
Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.

Sim. September! oh, I was but two bows wide.

1 *Court.* Simonides.

Sim. I can entreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Ha! whence this herd of folly? what are you?

Sim. Well-willers to your wife: pray 'tend your book, sir;
We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.

Lys. What's thy wild business here?

Sim. Old man, I'll tell thee;
I come to beg the reversion of thy wife:
I think these gallants be of my mind too.—
But thou art but a dead man, therefore what should a man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stand to your tackling.

Lys. Impious blood-hounds!

Sim. Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.

Lys. Shames of nature!

Sim. Alas, poor ghost! consider what the man is.

Lys. Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous
Of your own father's death, gape you for mine now?
Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon
Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet,
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd
For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty,
It will not give an old man leave to die,
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls!
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery!
And may you never know what leisure is,
But at repentance!—I am too uncharitable,
Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men,
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon. [*Exit.*

Sim. So, so! the ghost is vanish'd: now, your answer, lady.

Eug. Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as much impudence
In me, to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,
Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;
But I say no such thing: I set no time,
Nor is it mannerly to deny any.
I'll carry an even hand to all the world:
Let other women make what haste they will,
What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly,
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.

Sim. Would he were hang'd, for my part, looks for other!

Eug. I'm at a word.

Sim. And I am at a blow, then;
I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you. [*Kisses her.*

1 *Court.* Well struck, Sim.

Sim. He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

1 *Court.* He would betray himself to be a botcher,
That goes about to mend it.

Eug. Gentlemen,
You know my mind; I bar you not my house:
But if you choose out hours more seasonably,
You may have entertainment.

Re-enter PARTHENIA.

Sim. What will she do hereafter, when she is a widow,
Keeps open house already? [*Exeunt* SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers.

Eug. How now, girl!

Parth. Those feather'd fools that hither took their flight,
Have grieved my father much.

Eug. Speak well of youth, wench,
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make thee,
And when youth fails, wise women will make it;
But always take age first, to make thee rich:
That was my counsel ever, and then youth
Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
'Tis the time's policy, wench; what is't to bide
A little hardness for a pair of years, or so?
A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,
A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheezing matter;
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after?

Parth. Every one to their liking; but I say
An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.
Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter HIPPOLITA.

Eug. Art, I must use thee now;
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue,
That ever women had; it saves their credit oft.

Hip. How now, cousin!
What, weeping?

Eug. Can you blame me, when the time
Of my dear love and husband now draws on?
I study funeral tears against the day
I must be a sad widow.

Hip. In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too;
But, when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quited:—yet more sobbing?

Eug. Oh!
The greatest part of your affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come; I have one to die:
Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.

Hip. You must use patience, coz

Eug. Tell me of patience!

Hip. You have example for't, in me and many.
Eug. Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband:
O, for a woman that could love, and live
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin;
So quietly he lies by one, so still!
Hip. Alas! I have a secret lodged within me,
Which now will out in pity:—I cannot hold. [*Aside.*
Eug. One that will not disturb me in my sleep
For a whole month together, less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,
Against his will too:—he's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.
Hip. Be comforted.
Eug. How can I, lady?
None know the terror of an husband's loss,
But they that fear to lose him.
Hip. Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;
She is my kinswoman, and I am pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know it once,
To them that stand in need on't; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone,
My friends must partake too. [*Aside.*]—Prithee, cease, cousin;
If your love be so boundless, which is rare,
In a young woman, in these days, I tell you,
To one so much past service as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you;
My husband found it out first.
Eug. Oh, sweet cousin!
Hip. You may conceal him, and give out his death
Within the time; order his funeral too;
We had it so for ours, I praise heav'n for't,
And he's alive and safe.
Eug. O blessed coz,
How thou revivest me!
Hip. We daily see
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,
That ever life yet shew'd me.
Eug. So should I think,
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well!
Hip. And then we have his prayers and daily blessing;
And we two live so lovingly upon it,
His son and I, and so contentedly,
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.
Eug. No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,
What a great sorrow hast thou eased me of?
A thousand thanks go with thee!
Hip. I have a suit to you,
I must not have you weep when I am gone. [*Exit*
Eug. No, if I do ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever;
Take heed of angering of me: I conceal!
I feign a funeral! I keep my husband!
'Las! I've been thinking any time these two years,
I have kept him too long already.—
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
And prick the man down: I've six months to do't,
But could dispatch it in one, were I put to't. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Church.*

Enter Gnotho *and* Clerk.

Gnoth. You have search'd over the parish-chronicle, sir?

Clerk. Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.

Gnoth. Pray you, be cover'd, sir.

Clerk. When you have shewed me the way, sir.

Gnoth. Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.

Clerk. A small clerk, sir.

Gnoth. Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.

Clerk. You are a great man in the parish, sir.

Gnoth. I understand myself so much the better, sir; for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.

Clerk. Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.

Gnoth. Mine is a capcase: now to our business in hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.

Clerk. Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:
This is the dial that goes ever true;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is good in law too.

Gnoth. Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

Clerk. Mark, sir.—*Agatha, the daughter of Pollux*, (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father,) *born*——

Gnoth. Whose daughter, say you?

Clerk. The daughter of Pollux.

Gnoth. I take it his name was Bollux.

Clerk. Pollux the orthography I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

Gnoth. Well, on sir,—of Pollux; now come on, Castor.

Clerk. *Born in an.* 1540, and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see,) she's now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.

Gnoth. I am sorry she wants so much.

Clerk. Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many——

Gnoth. Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by hourglasses were intolerable.

Clerk. Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

Gnoth. O, you mistake me neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? It must needs be a grief to us both.

Clerk. I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!

Gnoth. You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it, (which is a word that I know you are perfect in,) it might be done. Clerks are the

most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.

Clerk. With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to anything might do you a pleasure.

Gnoth. There is, first, something above your duty: [*Gives him money.*] now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

Clerk. I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

Gnoth. Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me, not the jack of the clock-house; the hand of the dial, I mean.—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose, but have the art to cast a figure.

Clerk. Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

Gnoth. I'll shew you on the back side of your book, look you,—what figure's this?

Clerk. Four with a cypher, that's forty.

Gnoth. So! forty; what's this, now?

Clerk. The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; what is't now?

Clerk. The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

Gnoth. Very well understood; and can you do this again?

Clerk. Oh! easily, sir.

Gnoth. A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

Clerk. Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

Gnoth. Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

Clerk. A match with you.

Gnoth. Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

Clerk. A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scirophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by law.

Gnoth. That's all one, sir; either do it, or pay me my wager.

Clerk. Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

Gnoth. A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

Clerk. I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

Gnoth. Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

Clerk. Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

Gnoth. Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

Enter the Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, *and* Butler.

Clerk. Lock close, here comes company; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

Cook. Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats, as long as old master lived.

Gnoth. And is this then the end of serving-men?

Cook. Yes, 'faith, this is *the end of serving-men*: a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

Gnoth. 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

Tail. And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

But. And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

Clerk. That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

Tail. I do so, so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece.

Bail. Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

Cook. The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

Gnoth. Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request.

Cook. Troth, he says true: well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

Clerk. With me, sir? anything that I can.

But. Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

Tail. The truth is, every man has laid by his widow; so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

Clerk. I keep the town-stock; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

All. We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

Clerk. Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

Cook. Oh, bountifully.—Come, mine first.

But. The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

Tail. Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

Bail. I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

Clerk. I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

Gnoth. I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest.

Bail. So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

Gnoth. Alack! no, sir; I am a married man,

and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

Bail. What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

Gnoth. 'Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

Bail. Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

Gnoth. Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

Bail. Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

Gnoth. A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

Bail. A match.

Cook. I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight, and upwards; 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

But. Hey, boys! I am made sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honeymoon.

Tail. I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

Gnoth. This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

Bail. Now comes my turn, I hope, goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it.* Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Bail. That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

Clerk. Amen, sir.

Cook. How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

Gnoth. You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

But. I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

Gnoth. There's five drachms for ten at my next wife.

But. A bargain.

Cook. Nay, then we'll be all merchants: give me.

Tail. And me.

But. What, has the bailiff sped?

Bail. I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

Clerk. As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

Bail. Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

Clerk. I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter AGATHA.

All. For this time, honest register.

Clerk. Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry Amen to it. [*Exit.*

Cook. Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

Gnoth. My first wife, sir.

But. Nay, then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

Tail. I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

Cook. We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

But. I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

Bail. So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[*Exeunt all but* GNOTHO *and* AGATHA.

Gnoth. Oh, wife, wife!

Aga. What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?

Gnoth. 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so.

Aga. What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

Gnoth. Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

Aga. Not that I know of, sure.

Gnoth. What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

Aga. Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;
I have years good yet of life in the remainder:
I want two yet at least of the full number;
Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,
And not the able women.

Gnoth. Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermillion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

Aga. Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

Gnoth. I shall but discomfort thee.

Aga. Not at all, man, when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

Gnoth. 539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

Aga. Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score - an 'twere but five years, I would not care? an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

Gnoth. Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

Aga. Marry, the heavens forbid!

Gnoth. There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

Aga. Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

Gnoth. Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

Aga. Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

Gnoth. Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

Aga. Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

Gnoth. No, I do not speak to that purpose; but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn, for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time, with all their hearts.

Aga. I have not the heart to be of that mind; but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

Gnoth. No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out; you have but a month to live by the law.

Aga. Out, alas!

Gnoth. Nay, scarce so much.

Aga. Oh, oh, oh, my heart! [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

Aga. Oh, my heart, but a month to live!

Gnoth. Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

Aga. Nay, then I am gone already. [*Swoons.*

Gnoth. I would make haste to the sexton now, but I am afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

Aga. Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

Gnoth. Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

Aga. I will not be thus frighted to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!
'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;
O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year. [*Exit.*

Gnoth. What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.
'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone,
My venture comes in with her two for one:
'Tis use enough o'conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CREON'S *House.*

Enter EUGENIA *at one door*, SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers *at the other.*

Eug. Gentlemen courtiers.

1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.

Eug. Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite laughter!
Will nobody take my part?

Sim. An't be a laughing business,
Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe;
My father died last too, I have the most cause.

Eug. You have pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,
To make your spleen a banquet.

Sim. Oh, the jest!
Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't,
I'll gape half way, and meet it.

Eug. My old husband,
That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy,
And madness at your coming first to woo me—

Sim. Well said.

1 *Court.* Go on.

2 *Court.* On, on.

Eug. Takes counsel with
The secrets of all art, to make himself
Youthful again.

Sim. How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!

Eug. A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,
Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.

Sim. Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.

Eug. Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,
Nor will you know him when you see him again;
There will be five to one laid upon that.

1 *Court.* How!

Eug. Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there;
I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now,
And deceive law and all.

Sim. Marry, gout forbid!

Eug. You little think he was at fencing-school
At four o'clock this morning.

Sim. How, at fencing-school!

Eug. Else give no trust to woman.

Sim. By this light,
I do not like him, then; he's like to live
Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.

Eug. His dancer now came in as I met you.

1 *Court.* His dancer, too!

Eug. They observe turns and hours with him;
The great French rider will be here at ten,
With his curveting horse.

2 *Court.* These notwithstanding,
His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.

Eug. I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,
Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty
Within these four days, for nine times an hour
He takes a black lead comb, and kembs it over:
Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;
There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,
All o'one side, which will be black by Monday

Enter LYSANDER.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes!
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him. [*They go aside.*

Sim. Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.

1 *Court.* He should die shortly, then.

Sim. Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.
1 *Court.* Oh! this same coney-white takes an
Too soon, a mischief on't! [excellent black.
2 *Court.* He will beguile
Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.
Eug. Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.
Sim. May be some fairy's child held forth at
Has piss'd upon that side. [midnight,
1 *Court.* Is this the beard?
Lys. Ah, sirrah? my young boys, I shall be for
This little mangy tuft takes up more time [you:
Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing,
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet,
(An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault,)
And can do offices of youth yet lightly;
At least, I will do, though it pain me a little.
Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,
Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live? ha!
I have blood that will not bear't; yet I confess,
I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer,
there!

Enter Dancing-master.

Mast. Here, sir.
Lys. Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I shall soon recover all again.
Eug. 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all
discover'd.
Sim. And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine
Will spoil all, I am afraid. [own,
Eug. Marry, take heed, sir.
Sim. Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave
it;
Pup!—there 'tis. [*Bursts into a laugh.*
Eug. Peace! oh peace!
Lys. Come, I am ready, sir.
I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one twenty years;
There is no little comfort left in that:
And—then my three court-codlings, that look par-
boil'd,
As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house——
Sim. He means me specially, I hold my life.
Mast. What trick will your old worship learn
this morning, sir?
Lys. Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man,
To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.
Mast. That's a hard trick, for an old man spe-
The horse-trick comes the nearest. [cially;
Lys. Thou say'st true, i'faith,
They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keep-
ing them,
And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.
Mast. Look you, here's your worship's horse-
trick, sir. [*Gives a spring.*
Lys. Nay, say not so,
'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.
Mast. My life for yours, sir.
Lys. Say'st thou me so? [*Springs aloft.*
Mast. Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.
Lys. A pox of this horse-trick! 't has play'd
the jade with me,
And given me a wrench i'the back.
Mast. Now here's your inturn and your trick
above ground.
Lys. Prithee, no more, unless thou hast a mind
To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.
Mast. For your galliard, sir,
You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
The proudest coxcomb of them all, I'll stand to't.
Lys. Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest
I have prepared for them, if e'er I take [too:
My Gregories here again.
Sim. Oh! I shall burst,
I can hold out no longer.
Eug. He spoils all. [*They come forward.*
Lys. The devil and his grinners! are you come?
Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play;
All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth,
And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:
Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipes: I am old,
you say,
Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well!
This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs,
Unless such weasels come from court to help us.
We will get our own brats, you letcherous dog-bolts!

Enter a Servant *with foils, and glasses.*

Well said, down with them; now we snall see your
What! dwindle you already? [spirits.
2 *Court.* I have no quality.
Sim. Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd
1 *Court.* Why, Sim, it shall. [for one.
Lys. Come, dare you choose your weapon now?
1 *Court.* I? dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.
Lys. We're for you, sir.
2 *Court.* Fencing, I.
Lys. We'll answer you too.
Sim. I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.
Lys. That wet one has cost many a princox life;
And I will send it through you with a powder!
Sim. Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't
be drink.
I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs.
Lys. Play the first weapon; come strike, strike,
I say.
Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I
hope. [1 Courtier *dances a galliard.*
So, sir! you've spit your poison; now come I.
Now, forty years go backward and assist me,
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,
Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [*Dances*
So, I have hit you.
1 *Court.* You've done well, i'faith, sir.
Lys. If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:
The second weapon instantly.
2 *Court.* What, so quick, sir?
Will you not allow yourself a breathing time?
Lys. I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's
musk-cod
To give your perfumed worship three venués:
A sound old man puts his thrust better home,
Than a spiced young man: there I. [*They fence.*
2 *Court.* Then have at you, fourscore.
Lys. You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall
find it.
Sim. I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an
eye
Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.
Lys. There's two, pentweezle. [*Hits him*

Mast. Excellently touch'd, sir.
2 *Court.* Had ever man such luck! speak your opinion, gentlemen.
Sim. Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still;
Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.
Lys. There wants a third—and there it is again! [*Hits him again.*
2 *Court.* The devil has steel'd him.
Eug. What a strong fiend is jealousy!
Lys. You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.
Sim. Now comes my weapon in.
Lys. Here, toadstool, here.
'Tis you and I must play these three wet venués.
Sim. Venués in Venice glasses! let them come,
They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.
2 *Court.* Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.
Sim. Ay, but that's nothing;
Then they go voluntarily: I do not
Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or no.
Lys. Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.
Sim. How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,
Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon,
And, of all things, hard to be taken down:
Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.
1 *Court.* The sooner off, Sim.
Lys. I'll pay you speedily,——with a trick
I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike. [*Drinks.*
Sim. Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call'em,
They'd never be asunder by their good will.
1 *Court.* Well pull'd of an old fellow!
Lys. Oh, but your fellows
Pull better at a rope.
1 *Court.* There's a hair, Sim,
In that glass.
Sim. An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;
No hair shall cross me. [*Drinks.*
Lys. I'll make you stink worse than your pole-cats do:
Here's long-sword, your last weapon. [*Offers him the glass.*
Sim. No more weapons.
1 *Court.* Why, how now, Sim? bear up, thou shamest us all, else.
Sim. 'Slight I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.
I have got the scotomy in my head already,
The whimsey: you all turn round—do not you dance, gallants?
2 *Court.* Pish! what's all this! why, Sim, look, the last venué.
Sim. No more venues go down here, for these two
Are coming up again. [two
2 *Court.* Out! the disgrace of drinkers!
Sim. Yes, 'twill out,
Do you smell nothing yet?
1 *Court.* Smell!
Sim. Farewell quickly, then;
You will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*
1 *Court.* A foil go with thee!
Lys. What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues?
Beat folly in her own ground! wondrous much!
Why may not we be held as full sufficient
To love our own wives then, get our own children,
And live in free peace till we be dissolv'd,
For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-wing'd,
But no more substance than those shamble flies
Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking?
Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots,
For all your beamy outsides!

Enter CLEANTHES.

Eug. Here's Cleanthes,
He comes to chide;—let him alone a little,
Our cause will be revenged; look, look, his face
Is set for stormy weather; do but mark
How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.
Clean. Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.
Could you not all be lost? that had been handsome;
But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful.
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander?
Lys. 'Tis so still, coz.
Clean. Judgment, defer thy coming! else this man's miserable.
Eug. I told you there would be a shower anon.
2 *Court.* We'll in, and hide our noddles.
[*Exeunt* EUGENIA *and* Courtiers.
Clean. What devil brought this colour to your mind,
Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear?
[Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,
And change the livery of saints and angels
For this mixt monstrousness: to force a ground
That has been so long hallowed like a temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented!
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
To pull time backward!
See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?
Lys. My wits!
Clean. I like it ten times worse, for't had been safer
Now to be mad, and more excusable:
I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.
Lys. I must confess I have been put to some, coz.
Clean. And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so;
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,
That I may think you are at worst; for if
You are not mad, I then must guess you have
The first of some disease was never heard of,
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful:
You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care
To pray, would quickly turn you white again.
I had a father, had he lived his month out,
But to have seen this most prodigious folly,
There needed not the law to have him cut off;
The sight of this had proved his executioner,
And broke his heart: he would have held it equal
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob
That of her ornament, it is accurst
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.
[*Exit* LYSANDER.

I see 't has done him good; blessing go with it,
Such as may make him pure again.

Re-enter EUGENIA.

Eug. 'Twas bravely touch'd, i' faith, sir.
Clean. Oh, you are welcome.
Eug. Exceedingly well handled.
Clean. 'Tis to you I come; he fell but in my [way.
Eug. You mark'd his beard, cousin?
Clean. Mark me.
Eug. Did you ever see a hair so changed?
Clean. I must be forced to wake her loudly too,
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep:—Strumpet!
Eug. Do you call, sir?
Clean. Whore!
Eug. How do you, sir?
Clean. Be I ne'er so well,
I must be sick of thee; thou art a disease
That stick'st to the heart,—as all such women are.
Eug. What ails our kindred?
Clean. Bless me, she sleeps still!
What a dead modesty is in this woman,
Will never blush again! Look on thy work
But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart
Into a shower of blood, to be the cause
Of that old man's destruction, think upon't,
Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies,
Heaven has found him a faint servant lately:
His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd
With his old sins again; he has lost his prayers
And all the tears that were companions with them:
And like a blind-fold man, (giddy and blinded,)
Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one foot,
And turns to the same place where he set out;
So he, that took his farewell of the world,
And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,
Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and men,
Is now in heart arrived at youth again,
All by thy wildness: thy too hasty lust
Has driven him to this strong apostacy.
Immodesty like thine was never equall'd:
I've heard of women, (shall I call them so?)
Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold;
But thou, thy husband living:—thou'rt too bold.
Eug. Well, have you done now, sir?
Clean. Look, look! she smiles yet.
Eug. All this is nothing to a mind resolved;
Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much:
You have only shewn a pretty saucy wit,
Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.
You shall hear from me shortly.
Clean. Shameless woman!
I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,
And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master:
Bless the sex o'thee from thee! that's my prayer.
Were all like thee, so impudently common,
No man would e'er be found to wed a woman. [*Exit.*
Eug. I'll fit you gloriously.
He that attempts to take away my pleasure,
I'll take away his joy; and I can sure.
His conceal'd father pays for't: I'll e'en tell
Him that I mean to make my husband next,
And he shall tell the duke—mass, here he comes.

Re-enter SIMONIDES.

Sim. He has had a bout with me too.
Eug. What! no? since, sir?
Sim. A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names,
But I ne'er minded him.
Eug. You shall quit him, sir,
When he as little minds you.
Sim. I like that well.
I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me;
There's little danger that way.
Eug. This is it then;
He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,
And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.
Sim. O' my troth I love to give such wounds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before a Tavern.*

Enter GNOTHO, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer, *and* Courtesan.

Draw. Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw near? will you drink at door, gentlemen?

But. Oh! the summer air is best.

Draw. What wine will't please you drink, gentlemen?

But. De Clare, sirrah. [*Exit* Drawer.

Gnoth. What, you're all sped already, bullies?

Cook. My widow's o' the spit, and half ready, lad; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.

Gnoth. Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.

Cook. And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards! she must needs be fly-blown.

Gnoth. Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her; the weather's hot.

Cook. Why, drawer!

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by:—here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk better grape.

Cook. Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them.—Fill, lick-spiggot.

Draw. *Ad imum*, sir.

Gnoth. My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one; this is she.

Cook. I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee: but shall they be both of a day?

Gnoth. Oh! best of all, sir; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding.

But. How long do you make account to be a widower, sir?

Gnoth. Some half an hour: long enough o'con-

science. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?

Draw. Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.

Cook. Oh! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

Tail. And both govern by the pegs too.

Gnoth. And you have pipes in your consort too.

Draw. And sack-buts too, sir.

But. But the heads of your instruments differ; yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gittern-heads.

Bail. All wooden heads; there they meet again.

Cook. Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho; come, thou shalt foot it too.

[*Exit* Drawer.

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

Cook. Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

Gnoth. Five drachmas of that. I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

Gnoth. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

Cook. 'Tis done.

Tail. Take heed what you do, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?

Cook. That Nell was Helen of Greece too.

Gnoth. As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.

Tail. Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

Gnoth. She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more, by four ounces, than Cressida.

Bail. They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

Gnoth. True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

Cook. Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

But. If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows, for a strain or two.

Enter old Women *and* AGATHA *in masks.*

Cook. We'll strain ourselves with them, say; let them come, Gnotho; now for the honour of Epire!

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A Dance by the old* Women *and* AGATHA; *they offer to take the men, all agree except* GNOTHO, *who sits with the* Courtezan.

Cook. Ay! so kind! then every one his wench to his several room; Gnotho, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exeunt all but* GNOTHO, Courtezan, *and* AGATHA.

Gnoth. I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

Aga. What, a mermaid? [*Takes off her mask.*

Gnoth. No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

Aga. Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

Gnoth. Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

Aga. Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

Gnoth. No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

Aga. O, unkind villain!

Gnoth. And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

Aga. O, rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

Gnoth. Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes; for thou shalt have thine of the new fashion.

Aga. Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

Gnoth. You may hear, she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

Aga. Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

Gnoth. Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice, my two-to-one!

Aga. No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet,
I have a reprieve for five years of life;
I am with child.

Court. Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

Gnoth. Alas, give the poor woman leave to talk: she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

Aga. The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

Gnoth. I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

Aga. No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

Gnoth. Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

Court. Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is *loth to depart;* she never sung other tune in her life.

Court. We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

Gnoth. Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at

the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon thy middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art an old woman as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half; prithee, die before thy day, if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

Aga No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

Gnoth. Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt* GNOTHO *and* Courtezan.

Aga. Nay, I'll follow thee, and shew myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Forest.*

Enter CLEANTHES.

Clean. What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much never to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost: and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,
That prove vexation often more than comfort;
How mighty ought our providence to be,
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
The place continually; where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the storehouse
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

Enter HIPPOLITA, *from the wood*.

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

Hip. Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to-day——
Much good may't do his health.

Clean. A blessing on thee.
Both for thy news and wish!

Hip. His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.

Clean. Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we are safe here;
I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.

Hip. Father!

Enter LEONIDES.

Leon. How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

Clean. I hope to see you often and return
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands, they are disperst
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.
I find them, as angels are found, by legions:
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings;
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal riches,
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage!

Leon. Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort, never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising:
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within*.

Clean. Ha!

Leon. What was't disturb'd my joy?

Clean. Did you not hear,
As afar off?

Leon. What, my excellent comfort?

Clean. Nor you?

Hip. I heard a—— [*A horn*

Clean. Hark, again!

Leon. Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?

Clean. Now? since lately?

Leon. 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care.

Clean. Alas? you do not hear well.

Leon. What was't, daughter?

Hip. I heard a sound, twice. [*A horn*.

Clean. Hark! louder and nearer:
In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!

[*Exit* LEONIDES.

A hunting here? 'tis strange! I never knew
Game followed in these woods before.

Enter EVANDER, SIMONIDES, Courtiers, *and* CRATILUS.

Hip. Now let them come, and spare not.

Clean. Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—look sparingly.

Hip. 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed, sir,
Your care will overthrow us.

Clean. Come, it shall not:
Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror.—Ha, ha, ha

Evan. Hark!

Clean. Prithee, proceed;
I am taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decease; ha!—so they parted? ha, ha, ha!

Evan. Why, how should I believe this? look, he's merry
As if he had no such charge: one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with·
He laugh'd thus then, you know.

1 *Court*. Ay, he may laugh,

That shews but how he glories in his cunning;
And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
That only he has over-reach'd the law,
Than to express affection to his father.

Sim. He tells you right, my lord, his own cousin-german
Reveal'd it first to me; a free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets.

Evan. If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.

Sim. Troth, my lord,
'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe:
I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.

Evan. Cleanthes.

Clean. My loved lord.

Evan. Not moved a whit,
Constant to lightness still! 'Tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:
This does not fit your passion; you're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.

Clean. But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For anything too much is vicious,
I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose,
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension, I confess,
Before that cheerful accident fell out—
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful,
Without wrong done to duty or my love.

Evan. It seems, then, you take pleasure in these walks. sir.

Clean. Contemplative content I do, my lord
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that, in the parting.
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.

Evan. So, sir!

Clean. Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.

Evan. And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you
The least delight that has a name.

Clean. My lord!

Sim. Now it begins to fadge.

1 Court. Peace! thou art so greedy, Sim.

Evan. In your excess of joy you have express'd
Your rancour and contempt against my law:
Your smiles deserve a fining; you have profess'd
Derision openly, e'en to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own:—
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,
If ever your presumption do but lead you
Into these walks again,—ay. or that woman;
I'll have them watched o' purpose.

[CLEANTHES *retires from the wood, followed by* HIPPOLITA.

1 Court. Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

Sim. Mark her's too.

Hip. Oh. who shall bring food to the poor old man, now!
Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.

Clean. Oh, you did wonderous ill to call me again.
There are not words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis found; that will betray us worse than silence:
Prithee let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

1 Court. You have struck them dumb, my lord.

Sim. Look how guilt looks!
I would not have that fear upon my flesh,
To save ten fathers.

Clean. He is safe still, is he not?

Hip. Oh, you do ill to doubt it.

Clean. Thou art all goodness.

Sim. Now does your grace believe?

Evan. 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.

Clean. Ha!

Sim. He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,
That cries most when she's furthest from the nest.

Clean. Oh, we are betray'd.

Hip. Betray'd, sir!

Sim. See, my lord,
It comes out more and more still.

[SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers *enter the wood.*

Clean. Bloody thief!
Come from that place; 'tis sacred, homicide!
'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.

Hip. Oh miserable virtue, what distress
Art thou in at this minute!

Clean. Help me, thunder,
For my power's lost! angels, shoot plagues, and help me!
Why are these men in health, and I so heart-sick?
Or why should nature have that power in me
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,
And not one comfort? only make me lie
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,
Panting with horror,
And have not so much force in all my vengeance
To shake a villain off me.

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers, *with* LEONIDES.

Hip. Use him gently,
And heaven will love you for it.

Clean. Father! oh father! now I see thee full
In thy affliction; thou'rt a man of sorrow,
But reverendly becom'st it, that's my comfort:
Extremity was never better graced,
Than with that look of thine; oh! let me look still,
For I shall lose it; all my joy and strength
Is e en eclipsed together: I transgress d [*Kneels.*
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't;
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die:
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.

Leon. Your grace knows, when affection only speaks,
Truth is not always there; his love would draw
An undeserved misery on his youth,
And wrong a peace resolv'd, on both parts sinful.
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,
And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven
With fear to go to't:—now I see my fault,
I am prepared with joy to suffer for it.

Evan. Go, give him quick dispatch, let him see death:
And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.

[*Exeunt* EVANDER, Courtiers, SIMONIDES; *and* CRATILUS *with* LEONIDES.

Hip. He's going! oh, he's gone, sir!

Clean. Let me rise.

Hip. Why do you not then, and follow?

Clean. I strive for it;
Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,
And take this villain from my heart awhile? [*Rises*

Hip. Alas! he's gone.

Clean. A worse supplies his place then,
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.
Hip. Oh misery of affliction!
Clean. They will stay
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,
Though they be ne'er so cruel:
My last leave must be taken, think of that,
And his last blessing given; I will not lose
That for a thousand consorts.
Hip. That hope's wretched.
Clean. The unutterable stings of fortune!
All griefs are to be born save this alone,
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns
The frame of nature:
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,
They are incorporate to us.
Hip. Noble sir!
Clean. Let me behold thee well.
Hip. Sir!
Clean. Thou should'st be good,
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged
So near the heart of man.
Hip. What means this, dear sir?
Clean. To thy trust only was this blessed secret
Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;
What follows to be thought on't?
Hip. Miserable!
Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still:
That, having forfeited in old times her trust,
Now makes their faith suspected that are just.
Clean. What shall I say to all my sorrows then,
That look for satisfaction?

Enter EUGENIA.

Eug. Ha, ha, ha! cousin.
Clean. How ill dost thou become this time!
Eug. Ha, ha, ha!
Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.
Now, coz, we are even: an you be remember'd,
You left a *strumpet* and a *whore* with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost you
Less than a father.
Clean. Is it come that way?
Eug. Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too.
Clean. Oh eternity,
What monster is this fiend in labour with?
Eug. An ass-colt with two heads, that's she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't; I betray'd him;
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so.
Clean. Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?
Hip. Oh, sir, forgive me; it was I betray'd [him.
Clean. How!
Hip. I.
Clean. The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me, then.
Hip. Her tears that never wept, and mine own pity
Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have purchased.
Clean. Nay, then we are at an end; all we are false ones,
And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,
In uttering of the secret; and thou false
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.
[*Offers to kill* EUGENIA.
Eug. Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your mistress,
I come not so ill friended:—rescue, servants!

Re-enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers.

Clean. Are you so whorishly provided?
Sim. Yes, sir,
She has more weapons at command than one.
Eug. Put forward, man, thou art most sure to have me.
Sim. I shall be surer, if I keep behind, though.
Eug. Now, servants, shew your loves.
Sim. I'll shew my love, too, afar off.
Eug. I love to be so courted, woo me there.
Sim. I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er fought with.
I'm sharper set within than I am without.
Hip. Oh gentlemen! Cleanthes!
Eug. Fight! upon him!
Clean. Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a strumpet.
Eug. 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting;
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

Enter Guard.

1 *Officer.* Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen.
He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this contempt against the law.
Clean. I obey fate in all things.
Hip. Happy rescue!
Sim. I would you'd seized upon him a minute sooner, it had saved me a cut finger: I wonder how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known; may be the wire in the handle: I have lived these five and twenty years and never knew what colour my blood was before I never durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves.
Eug. You've shewn your spirits, gentlemen; [but you
Have cut your finger.
Sim. Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!
Court. You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim, to have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.
Sim. I'll never draw sword again, to have such a jest put upon me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

Enter SIMONIDES *and* Courtiers, *sword and mace carried before them.*

Sim. Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,
And rise before eleven, or when we please;
Shall we not, fellow-judges?
1 *Court.* 'Tis committed
All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.
Sim. Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er we do,
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemn'd;
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,
Before we sit upon him.
2 *Court.* Make you question
If not?—Cleanthes! and an enemy!
Nay a concealer of his father too!
A vile example in these days of youth.
Sim. If they were given to follow such examples;
But sure I think they are not: howsoever,
'Twas wickedly attempted; that's my judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
Never by prince were such young judges made,
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,
He must make young or none; for all the old ones
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,
I humbly thank his highness.

Enter EUGENIA.

1 *Court.* Widow!
Eug. You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;
You come so wonderous near it, I admire you
For your judgment.
Sim. My wife that must be! She.
Eug. My husband goes upon his last hour now.
1 *Court.* On his last legs, I am sure.
Sim. September the seventeenth—
I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow
His latest hour's expired.
2 *Court.* Bring him to judgment;
The jury's panell'd, and the verdict given
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.
Sim. And officers to attach the gray young man,
The youth of fourscore: Be of comfort, lady,
You shall no longer bosom January;
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty April.
Eug. The month that ought, indeed,
To go before May.
1 *Court.* Do as we have said,
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.
Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed,
That, having his life forfeited by the law,
He may relieve his soul.
Eug. Willingly.
From shaven chins never came better justice
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor. [*Exit.*
Sim. What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short sessions.—A new business!

Enter HIPPOLITA.

1 *Court.* The fair Hippolita! now what's your suit?
Hip. Alas! I know not how to style you yet;
To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads and beards shew more antiquity;—
Yet sway yourselves with equity and truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads
Placed upon young men's shoulders.
2 *Court.* Hark! she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.
Hip. Prove not so;
For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men;
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves
To make you appear angels,) but if you crimson
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice,
Both against heaven and nature, draw your sword,
Make either will or humour turn the soul
Of your created greatness, and in that
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there
You are more than monstrous; in the very act,
You change yourselves to devils.
1 *Court.* She's a witch;
Hark! she begins to conjure.
Sim. Time, you see,
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I
Give her her answer?
2 *Court.* None upon the bench,
More learnedly can do it.
Sim. He, he, hem! then list:
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,
That thou darest plead for such a base offender.
Conceal a father past his time to die!
What son and heir would have done this but he?
1 *Court.* I vow, not I.
Hip. Because ye are parricides;
And how can comfort be derived from such
That pity not their fathers?
2 *Court.* You are fresh and fair; practise young women's ends;
When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.
Sim. I'll set him forward for thee without fee:
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.
Hip. Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell——
I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter EUGENIA, *and* Guard *with* LYSANDER.

Sim. Eugenia come! command a second guard
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner.
Eug. Now, servants, may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?
Sim. A mistress may,
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.
Eug. The time's now come
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.
2 *Court.* This the man!
He hath left off o' late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turn'd white again.
1 *Court.* Is't possible these gouty legs danced lately,
And shatter'd in a galliard?
Eug. Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.
2 *Court.* The nimble fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the chamber?
Sim. Ay, and gave me

Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out: the Dutch
what-you-call,
I swallow'd pretty well; but the half-pike
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out. [sword,

A Flourish. Enter EVANDER *and* CRATILUS.

1 *Court.* Peace, the duke!
Evan. Nay, back t' your seats: who's that?
2 *Court.* May't please your highness, it is old
Lysander.
Evan. And brought in by his wife! a worthy
precedent
Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark.
You have been look'd for long.
Lys. But never fit
To die till now, my lord. My sins and I
Have been but newly parted; much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson how to learn to die.
I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.
I now can look upon thee, erring woman,
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine
And mine must be theirs one day. [own,
Evan. You have tamed him.
Sim. And know how to dispose him; that, my
Hath been before determined. You confess [liege,
Yourself of full age?
Lys. Yes, and prepared to inherit——
Eug. Your place above.
Sim. Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession.
Lys. 'Tis still cared
To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of
Most fit for heaven. [them,
Sim. The court shall make his mittimus,
And send him thither presently: i' the mean
Evan. Away to death with him. [time——
[*Exeunt* CRATILUS *and* LYSANDER.

Enter Guard *with* CLEANTHES, HIPPOLITA *following, weeping.*

Sim. So! see another person brought to the bar.
1 *Court.* The arch-malefactor.
2 *Court.* The grand offender, the most refrac-
To all good order; 'tis Cleanthes, he—— [tory
Sim. That would have sons grave fathers, ere
Be sent unto their graves. [their fathers
Evan. There will be expectation
In your severe proceedings against him;
His act being so capital.
Sim. Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should swoon to hear it.
Eug. I, in expectation
Of a most happy freedom. [*Exit.*
Hip. I, with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [*Exit.*
1 *Court.* We bring him to the bar——
2 *Court.* Hold up your hand, sir.
Clean. More reverence to the place than to the
To the one I offer up a [spreading] palm [persons:
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,
Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatening vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent
blood.——
With pardon of your highness, too much passion
Made me forget your presence, and the place
I now am call'd to.
Evan. All our majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn,
Is now conferr'd on them.
Sim. And these we'll use,
Little to thine advantage.
Clean. I expect it:
And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,
And much less mean to entreat it, I thus now
Submit me to the emblems of your power,
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend
Ere you proceed to sentence, (for I know [judges,
You have given me lost,) will you resolve me one
1 *Court.* So it be briefly question'd. [thing?
2 *Court.* Shew your honour;
Day spends itself apace.
Clean. My lords, it shall.
Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,
That should attend your fathers' funerals?
Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:
Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,
To be the sooner seized of their estates.
Oh, time of age! where's that Æneas now,
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,
Which you so much forget, godlike Æneas,
Who took his bedrid father on his back,
And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire,
through [arms,]
Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?
Sim. We've no leisure now,
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past
And all this time thy judges. [school,
2 *Court.* It is fit
That we proceed to sentence.
1 *Court.* You are the mouth,
And now 'tis fit to open.
Sim. Justice, indeed,
Should ever be close-ear'd, and open mouth'd;
That is to hear a little and speak much.
Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be
A good son and bad subject; for, if princes
Be call'd the people's fathers, then the subjects,
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince,
Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.
1 *Court.* And not to be recover'd.
Sim. And again—
2 *Court.* If he be gone once, call him not again.
Sim. I say again, this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too;
And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty,
Doth commit treason in the height of degree:
And now thou art quite gone.

1 Court. Our brother in commission,
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little; howsoever,
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example,
Ought to be made example for the fault.
Clean. A fault! no longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault! judge, I desire, then, where it lies,
In those that are my judges, or in me:
Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.
Sim. Where are they, sir? who sees them but [yourself?
Clean. Not you; and I am sure,
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.
You think that you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.
2 Court. That would shew brave.
Clean. This were the judgment-seat we [stand at] now!
Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury
Made of your father's curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you; and I, now,
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you, *ipso facto;* you are parricides,
And if you marry, will beget the like,
Who, when they are grown to full maturity,
Will hurry you, their fathers, to their graves.
Like traitors, you take council from the living,
Of upright judgment you will rob the bench,
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away
From the earth's face,) turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice in the hands
Of boys and madmen.
Sim. Well, well, have you done, sir?
Clean. I have spoke my thoughts.
Sim. Then I'll begin and end.
Evan. 'Tis time I now begin—
Here your commission ends.
Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because
I know you are severally disposed, I here
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,
Work in you coutrary effects.—Music!

Loud Music. Enter LEONIDES, CREON, LYSANDER, *and other old* Men.

Clean. Pray, heaven, I dream not! sure he moves, talks comfortably,
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed,
(Far above me,) he's not ill entreated;
His face doth promise fulness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.
Leo. Oh my son!
Evan. You that can claim acquaintance with [these lads,
Talk freely.
Sim. I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.
Evan. These are thy judges, and by their grave law
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed:
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.
[*To* CLEANTHES.
1 Court. Here s fine dancing, gentlemen.
2 Court. Is thy father amongst them?
Sim. Oh, pox! I saw him the first thing I look'd on.
Alive again! 'slight, I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.
Clean. 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.
Oh! bring me back to the same law again,
I am fouler than all these; seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.
Sim. What's all this?
Clean. A fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.
Sim. I am glad of that; I hope the case may [alter,
And I turn judge again.
Evan. Name your offence.
Clean. That I should be so vile
As once to think you cruel.
Evan. Is that all?
'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd: you that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.
Creon. I should have one amongst them, had [he had grace
To have retained that name.
Sim. I pray you, father. [*Kneels.*
Creon. That name, I know,
Hath been long since forgot.
Sim. I find but small comfort in remembering it now.
Evan. Cleanthes, take your place with these grave fathers,
And read what in that table is inscribed.
[*Gives him a paper.*
Now set these at the bar,
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.

Clean. [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and learned council of Epire, that no son and heir shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age of one and twenty, unless he be at that time as mature in obedience, manners, and goodness.*

Sim. Sure I shall never be at full age, then, though I live to an hundred years; and that's nearer by twenty than the last statute allow'd.

1 Court. A terrible act!

Clean. *Moreover, it is enacted that all sons aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own grace, shall reduce into the true method of duty, virtue, and affection [shall appear before us] and relate their trial and approbation from Cleanthes, the son of Leonides*—from me, my lord!

Evan. From none but you, as fullest. Proceed, sir.

Clean. *Whom, for his manifest virtues, we make such judge and censor of youth, and the absolute reference of life and manners.*

Sim. This is a brave world! when a man should be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't not, my masters?

Re-enter EUGENIA.

Eug. What's here to do? my suitors at the bar!
The old band shines again: oh miserable!
[*She swoons.*
Evan. Read the law over to her, 'twill awake [her:
'Tis one deserves small pity.

Clean. *Lastly, it is ordained, that all such wives now whatsoever, that shall design their husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—*

Sim. You had best read that a little louder; for, if anything, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

Clean. *Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.*

Eug. That law's too long by nine years and a half,
I'll take my death upon't, so shall most women.

Clean. *And those incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.*

Eug. Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

Re-enter HIPPOLITA.

Clean. Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,
Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;
Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

Hip. Leonides! [*She faints.*

Clean. I fear'd it all this while;
I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!
What contrariety is in woman's blood?
One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

Evan. Of sons and wives we see the worst and best.
May future ages yield Hippolitas
Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!
Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,
But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name— [*Harsh music within.*
Ha! what strange kind of melody was that?
Yet give it entrance, whatsoe'er it be,
This day is all devote to liberty.

Enter Fiddlers, GNOTHO, Courtezan, Cook, Butler, *&c., with the old* Women, AGATHA, *and one bearing a bride-cake for the wedding.*

Gnoth. Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on; let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

Evan. Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

Clean. Sirrah, do you know where you are?

Gnoth. Yes, sir: I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

Lys. Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

Gnoth. The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on afore.

Leon. Good sir, a few words, if you will vouchsafe them;
Or will you be forced?

Gnoth. Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

Evan. I think he dares, sir, and does; if you stay not,
You shall be forced.

Gnoth. I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

Evan. Oh, by no means, sir; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

Gnoth. If your grace please to be cakated, say so.

Evan. And which might be your fair bride, sir?

Gnoth. This is my two-for-one that must be the *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

Evan. And hast thou any else?

Gnoth. I have an older, my lord, for other uses.

Clean. My lord,
I do observe a strange decorum here:
These that do lead this day of jollity,
Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks;
Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,
Nearer the haviour of a funeral,
Than of a wedding.

Evan. 'Tis true; pray expound that, sir.

Gnoth. As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging; and your grace, in the due consideration, shall find them much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. *I take thee, Beatrice*, says the bridegroom; *I take thee, Agatha*, says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us.*

Evan. This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

Gnoth. If further your grace examine it, you shall find I shew myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

Evan. Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger;
If the law finds you with two wives at once,
There's a shrewd premunire.

Gnoth. I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do; she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

Cook. And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

Gnoth. And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

Evan. Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry,
And your wife yet living?

Gnoth. Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

Evan. Come, my lords, we must sit again; here's a case
Craves a most serious censure.

Cook. Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

Gnoth. I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

Evan. Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom?

Aga. I am, an it please your grace.

Evan. Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied,
And well-blooded cheeks.

Gnoth. Oh, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

Evan. Sure I think she cannot be so old.

Aga. Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.

Gnoth. Two to one with your grace of that she's threescore by the book.

Leon. Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

Cook. Take heed, Gnotho: if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

Gnoth. Cut off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine: I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

Evan. My lords, I leave this censure to you.

Leon. Then first, this fellow does deserve punishment
For offering up a lusty able woman,
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

Creon. Therefore to be severely punished
For thus attempting a second marriage,
His wife yet living.

Lys. Nay, to have it trebled;
That even the day and instant when he should mourn,
As a kind husband, at her funeral,
He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd
With all severity.

But. The fiddles will be in a foul case too, by and by.

Leon. Nay, further; it seems he has a venture
Of two for one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

Gnoth. A mess of wise old men!

Lys. Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

Gnoth. Ye are good old men, and talk as age will give you leave. I would speak with the youthful duke himself; he and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead and rotten. Alas! you are here to-day, and gone to sea to-morrow.

Evan. In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you.
The law that should take away your old wife from you,
The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:
There has been since another parliament,
Has cut it off.

Gnoth. I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

Evan. Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

Gnoth. I'll talk further with your grace when I come back from church; in the mean time, you know what to do with the old women.

Evan. Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,
And hang you at your return.

Aga. O gracious prince!

Evan. Your old wives cannot die to-day by any law of mine; for aught I can say to them,
They may, by a new edict, bury you,
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

Gnoth. This is fine, indeed!

Aga. O gracious prince! may he live a hundred years more.

Cook. Your venture is not like to come in to-day, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Give me the principal back.

Cook. Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a pennyworth.

Evan. Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge your new charge, and take your old one to you.

Gnoth. Oh music! no music, but prove most doleful trumpet;
Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;
Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now none;
Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had been gone.
Case up your fruitless strings; no penny, no wedding;
Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding:
Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard:
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venture with woful music go.

Cook. What for the bridecake, Gnotho?

Gnoth. Let it be mouldy, now 'tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason:
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.
No more is got by that, than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes.
Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and wipes.
Fiddlers, farewell; and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

Lys. This passion has given some satisfaction yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest, so they live honestly with the wives they have.

Evan. Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

Cook. Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we can live honestly with such reverend wives, that have no motion in them but their tongues.

Aga. Heaven bless your grace! you are a just prince.

Gnoth. All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties lost,
My venture gone; my second wife divorced;
And which is worst, the old one come back again!
Such voyages are made now-a-days!
Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had been more kind to your young subjects—heaven bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave o your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave: I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened them to see this day! Come Ag, come Ag. [*Exeunt* GNOTHO *and* AGATHA.

Creon. Were not you all my servants?

Cook. During your life, as we thought, sir; but our young master turn'd us away.

Creon. How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin!

Sim. I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

Creon. Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep; yourselves shall again return to me.

All. We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains. [*Exeunt.*

Evan. Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

Cleon. My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,
Beating my words back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties, as the sea propagates.

The elephants have found their joints too——
[*They kneel.*
Why, here's humility able to bind up
The punishing hands of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle fathers.

Sim. I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

Creon. And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to beeves and muttons sure.

Sim. Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrowbones already.

Creon. Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you now; [*They rise.*
You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

Lys. Cleanthes,
I meet your justice with reconcilement:
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,
I have received a myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy renovation.

Clean. Here's virtue's throne,
Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection!
This is the altar of my sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine eye
Until my memory lose your beginning!
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,
Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

Leon. O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,
Than any rage or passion for our loss.
A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So sphered about with music, such delights,
Such viands and attendance, and once a-day
So cheered with a royal visitant,
That oft-times, waking, our unsteady fancies
Would question whether we yet lived or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard!

Evan. Enough, Leonides,
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

Sim. If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none so good again as long as my father lives.

Evan. Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,
[*Discovers* CRATILUS.
The man that you supposed had now been travell'd;
Which we gave leave to learn to speak,
And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joy, I see; let music be the crown:
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY

PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY HONOURABLE FRIEND SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNIGHT AND BARONET.

Sir, with my service I present this book,
  A trifle, I confess, but pray you look
Upon the sender, not his gift, with your
  Accustomed favour, and then 't will endure
Your search the better. Something there may be
  You'll find in the perusal fit for me
To give to one I honour, and may plead,
  In your defence, though you descend to read
A pamphlet of this nature. May it prove
  In your free judgment, though not worth your love,
Yet fit to find a pardon, and I'll say
  Upon your warrant that it is a play.
Ever at your commandment,
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND THE AUTHOR, [JAMES SHIRLEY,]

Upon his ingenious Poem, "The Grateful Servant," a Comedy, published in 1630.

Though I well know, that my obscurer name
Listed with theirs who here advance thy fame,
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
Among the rest a modest votary
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;
Or hope it can find credit in this age,
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,
And poesy itself shewn at the height:
Such common places, friend, will not agree
With thy own vote, and my integrity.
I'll steer a midway, have clear truth my guide,
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.
Here are no forced expressions, no rack'd phrase;
No Babel compositions to amaze
The tortured reader; no believed defence
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;
No obscene syllable, that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid; but all so well
Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say
It is a grateful poem, a good play:
And such as read ingeniously, shall find
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO HIS SON J. S. UPON HIS MINERVA.

Thou art my son; in that my choice is spoke:
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.
It shew'd more art in Virgil to relate,
And make it worth the hearing, his gnat's fate,
Than to conceive what those great minds must be
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.
And such as read and do not apprehend,
And with applause, the purpose and the end
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess
A dull stupidity and barrenness.
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,
A temple built up to facetious Mirth,
Pleased Phœbus smiling on it: doubt not, then,
But that the suffrage of judicious men
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those
That praise sir Bevis, or what's worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

SERO SED SERIO

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY MOST SINGULAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON, PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY,

Lord-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, &c.,

Upon the deplorable and untimely Death of his late truly noble Son, CHARLES LORD HERBERT, *&c.*

'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong;
Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song
Had been presented, when the knot was tied
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride

A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then
That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,
Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time
To pay a general debt; mine being more
Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise
To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,
Being silent then, aim at an elegy?
Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse
Deserving to wait on the sable hearse
Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies
Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes
That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would
Write what he was, to all posterity, should
Have ample credit in himself, to borrow,
Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow
Ever express'd, and a more moving quill,
Than Spenser used when he gave Astrophil
A living epicedium. For poor me,
By truth I vow it is no flattery,
I from my soul wish, (if it might remove
Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove,)
Though I have been ambitious of fame,
As poets are, and would preserve a name,
That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,
And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.
Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross,
With such pure gold be valued! or the loss
Of thousand lives like mine, merit to be
The same age thought on, when his destiny
Is only mentioned? no, my lord, his fate,
Is to be prized at a higher rate;
Nor are the groans of common men to be
Blended with those, which the nobility
Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn
His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn
Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed
With showers of tears, still bathes the widow'd bed
Of his dear spouse; that our great king and queen
(To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen
Your royal comforters; these well become
The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb
Deserve to live: but, since no more could be
Presented, to set off his tragedy,
And with a general sadness, why should you
(Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,
Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoic can,
As you were a loving father, and a man,
Forbid a moderate sorrow; but to take
Too much of it, for his or your own sake,
If we may trust divines, will rather be
Censured repining, than true piety.
I still presume too far, and more than fear
My duty may offend, pressing too near
Your private passions. I thus conclude,
If now you show your passive fortitude,
In bearing this affliction, and prove
You take it as a trial of heaven's love
And favour to you, you ere long shall see
Your second care return'd from Italy,
To bless his native England, each rare part,
That in his brother lived, and joy'd your heart,
Transferr'd to him; and to the world make known
He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's most humble
and faithful servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

GLOSSARY.

A

ABRAM MEN, impostors, who feigning madness, wandered about the country, and extorted charity, through fear, from the servants of small families

Absurd; Or she will cry, Absurd! ("The Emperor of the East," act ii. scene 1.), a logical phrase, when false conclusions are deduced from the promises of an opponent

Abuse; You abuse me, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), practise on my credulity

Actuate; Or actuate what you command to me, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 2.), act

Aerie, nest

Alba Regalis, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), the town where the kings of Hungary were anciently crowned; now a paltry village called Stalweissenburg

Altar; Friendship—that binds no further than to the altar, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the saying of Pericles that he would support the interests of his friend *as far as the altar*, (μεχρι βωμου), as far as he could with due respect for the gods

Amorous; Nor am I amorous, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), apt to be inflamed at first sight

Amsterdam; Preach at Amsterdam, ("The Renegado, act i. scene 1.), the resort of religionists of all denominations

Anaxarete; "Such an Iphis," &c., ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.); see the story of Iphis and Anaxarete in the 14th Book of Ovid's Metamorphosis

Angel; The Roman angel's wings, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), bird

Apostata, apostate

Apple: And I would sell my empire, could it purchase the dull art of forgetfulness, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 5.): the reader will not be surprised at the passion of Theodosius, when he recollects that, among the ancients, the presentation of an *apple* had a mystic meaning; it signified love accepted and returned

Argiers, the old form of Algiers

As; As I know not that, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 3.), as if

At all; A gamester at the height, and cry *At all!* ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.), means that the caster will play for any sums the company may think proper to risk against him

Atheism, To bind up Atheism, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.): our early writers appear to have employed this word with great laxity, applying it to any remarkable violation of moral or natural decorum

Atonement; A fair atonement, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 3.), reconcilement

Aventine; My strong Aventine, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), post of security, defence

B

Bake-house, Of the conduit and the bakehouse, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 5.), the common rendezvous of gossips of both sexes

Bandog, properly *band-dog*, a dog kept tied up on account of his fierceness. When bear-baiting was in vogue in England, bandogs were used for that sport

Banquet, the dessert, composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c. Our ancestors, as soon as they had dined, removed to another room, (commonly to a garden-house, or arbour,) where the *banquet* was spread

Banqueting-house, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.): see the preceding article: garden-house, summer-house; in the suburbs of London, gardens with buildings of this kind (which were often used as places of intrigue) were formerly much in fashion

Bar; I am no bar for you to try your strength on, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 3.): Clarindore means—I am not to be quoited down stairs, alluding to the game of pitching the bar

Barathrum; You barathrum of the shambles, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.); from Horace, "*barathrumque macelli;* abyss, gulf

Barley-break; He is at barley-break, and the last couple are now in hell, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 1.). This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia. "It was played by six people (three of each sex) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities: in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by pre-occupation from the other places; in this 'catching' however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended"

Bases; your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower worn by knights on horseback

Basket, the; Go to the basket, and re-

pent, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), the basket in which broken meat was sent from the sheriffs' table to the poor confined in the prisons; also the basket from which broken meat was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge of great houses, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act i. scene 3)

Battalia, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), the main body of the army

Beadsmen, prayer-men, those who pray for their benefactors, dependants on charity

Bearing-dishes, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v scene 1.), solid, substantial dishes

Becco, a tame cuckold

Bees; Mine own bees rebel against me, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 4.): the speaker considers herself as *queen* of the hive

Beglerbeg, chief governor of a province

Bells ring out of tune, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), ring backward, the common signal of alarm on the breaking out of fires

Bend the body, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 1.), and "The Bashful Lover," act iii. scene 3.), to ascertain if any life remains in it

Beneath the salt: see *Salt, above the*

Betake, consign

Bind with; And by turns bind with her, ("The Guardian," act i., scene 1.), tire, seize

Bird bolts, blunt, pointless arrows, used to kill birds without piercing them

Birthright; And spoil him of his birthright, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 1.), an allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau

Bisognion, beggar

Blacks; Tears, sighs, and blacks, "The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1., mourning weeds

Blue gown, the livery of Bridewell

Boman; Like a boman, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.), means, in cant language, a gallant fellow: perhaps, however, it is here a misprint for "Roman"

Box-keeper; Gettall, a box-peeper, (*Dram. Pers.* to "The City Madam,"), groom-porter to a gambling-house, who sits in a raised *box* or chair, and declares the state of the game, &c.

Brach, hound-bitch

Brave, richly apparelled

Braveries; The braveries of Syracusa, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.), fashionable gallants

Bravery, finery of apparel

Breda; Practised at Breda, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act i. scene 2.): an allusion to the celebrated siege of Breda by Spinola: it was begun on the 26th August, 1624, and continued till the 1st July in the following year, when the besieged, after enduring many hardships, surrendered

Brennus; The fatal gold which Brennus took from Delphos, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 2.): it was so destructive to all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb

Broadside; They shew'd a broadside to us, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 7.); as a proof that they thought themselves safe from the danger of pursuit

Brother; O for a brother! ("The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.), brother in arms

Buck, to beat a, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 2.), to wash clothes by beating them in the water on a smooth stone with a pole flattened at the end

Bug; No bug words, sir, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), frightful, terrifying

Bullion; At noon in the Bullion, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), appears to mean some piece of finery (trunk-hose, &c.), so called from the large globular gilt buttons on it

Burse, the, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), the New Exchange in the Strand

Bury money; I'll bury some money before I die, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.); according to the superstition, that those who had buried treasure, walked after death

Butler, Dr.; Oracle Butler, &c. ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.); the physician here alluded to, was of great celebrity; he died at an advanced age in 1618

C

Calver'd salmon; salmon prepared in a manner which differs but little from the modern method of pickling it

Cancelier; the hawk was said to cancelier, when, missing the aim in the stoop, he turned upon the wing to recover himself

Candour; Dispense a little with your candour, ("Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3, and "The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.), honour

Canters, rogues, vagrants, beggars

Caranza, (Jerome,) wrote a treatise, in which the laws of duelling were strictly laid down

Carcanet, necklace

Caroch, coach

Carpet-knights, a term of contempt for knights dubbed on public festivities, &c., not in the field

Caster, ware the, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.) Gifford cites the following explanation of this passage: "When a setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry, '*Ware caster!*' the caster then declares *at all* under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters, the corresponding sums, and cry, '*Ware* cover'd' only!"

Casting; O no more of stones - - We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting, ("The Picture," act v. scene 1.): "When the hawk will come to the lure, then give her every night *stones*, till you find her stomach good; after that, proffer her *casting*, to make her cleanse and purge her gorge." *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 135

Cater, caterer, purveyor

Cat-stick, the stick used in the game of tip-cat

Cautelous, wary, suspicious

Cavallery, cavalry

Censure, to judge

Ceruse, white paint

Chamber; A chamber shot off, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 8.—stage direction,) a small piece of ordnance

Chapines, large clogs, worn under the shoes, made of cork or light framework, covered with leather

Charms; Can charms be writ on such pure rubies? ("The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), an allusion, probably, to the notion, that certain gems from their inherent sanctity, could not be profaned or used for magical purposes

Cheese trenchers; Admonitions upon cheese-trenchers, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), cheese-plates were formerly inscribed with posies, proverbial verses, &c.

Chiaus, an officer in the Turkish court, who acts as usher; also, as ambassador to foreign states

Chreokopia; a Greek word, the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent

Chuffs, coarse clowns, at once sordid and wealthy

Church-book, the, ("The Old Law," act i. scene i.): the Lawyer means the register of births, Cleanthes takes it in the sense of the Holy Scriptures

Circular; Your wisdom is not circular, ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 2.), full and perfect (a Latinism)

Civil; Acquainted only with a civil life, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 3.), with the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court

Clap-dish; A leper with a clap-dish, "The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 2.), a wooden dish, with a movable lid, which the leper clapped, as a warning that alms might be given without touching him

Clemm'd; Entrails were clemm'd, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together

Clubs; In London among the clubs, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 3.): the shops in London were formerly furnished with bludgeons; and in any public fray, at the cry of Clubs, clubs! the apprentices, armed with those weapons, immediately rushed into the streets

Coats; Ranked with coats, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), court cards

Colbrand, a famous Danish giant

Colon; the largest of the intestines,—the cravings of hunger

Coming in; His coming in, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 1.), surrender

Commodities; Drawing gallants into mortgages for commodities, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), wares, of which the needy gallants were to make what they could, in lieu of the money for which they had signed

Come off; Will you come off, sir? ("The Unnatural Combat," act iv. scene 2.), pay

Commoner, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), a common lawyer

Comrogues; a jocular perversion of comrades,—fellow-rogues

Conceited, facetious, witty

Conclusions; Try conclusions, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.), experiments

Condition; Condition he did the like, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1), on condition

Conduit: see *Bake-house*

Consort, band of musicians

Constantly; Bear his restraint so constantly, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 2.), firmly, resolutely

Corinth; With any she in Corinth, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3.); spoken in allusion to the high reputation of the Corinthian ladies for gallantry

Corsive, corrosive

Counsel; It is not counsel, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 1.), secret; worthy of your counsel, ("The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 2.), secrecy

Courtesy; Stole courtesy from heaven, "The Great Duke of Florence," act ii. scene 3.), won, derived courtesy from heaven,—had a heavenly kind of affability and sweetness

Courtship; This may prove but courtship, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), paying court to her as duchess; The elements of courtship, (*Id.* act iv. scene 1.), court-policy: the word is also used more than once in the sense of court-breeding, good-breeding

Crack; Here's a crack, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), an arch, lively boy

Crincomes, the venereal disease

Crowd, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.), fiddle

Crowns of the sun, escus de soleil, coins with a little star (or sun) on one side

Cry Absurd! see *Absurd*

Cry aim, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 3., "The Renegado," act i. scene 1.): An expression taken from archery; it was an exclamation of encouragement from the bystanders to the person about to shoot; hence it came to signify encourage, sanction, &c.

Cupid and Death; Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 3.): an allusion to a poem among the Elegies of Secundus, Lib. ii. El. 6. the fable is very ancient

Cullions; a term of strong contempt, abject wretches

Curiosity; Nay, curiosity to appear lovely, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), scrupulous anxiety

Curious impertinent; Away, thou curious impertinent! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to a novel of Cervantes, so named

Curiousness, scrupulousness, punctilious nicety

Cypress; It does presage my funeral rites, ("The Bashful Lover," act iii. scene 3): cypress boughs were carried in funeral processions among the Romans and some other nations

D

Dag: *Draws a pocket-dag*, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv. scene 1—stage direction,) pocket-pistol

Dalliance; Thou shalt curse thy dalliance, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iv. scene 1.), hesitation, delay

Danger; To be in your danger, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 2.), debt

Dead pays, the continued pay of soldiers actually dead, which dishonest officers took to themselves

Deck; Ready in the deck, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.), heap, gross—properly, pack of cards

Decline; In foolish pity to decline his dangers, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.), divert from their course

Deduct: Deduct it to days, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), reduce, (a Latinism)

Deer of ten, a deer with ten branches to his horns; which it has at three years old

Defeature, defeat

Defended; Defended wantonness, ("The Guardian," act iv. scene 2.), forbidden

Defensible; In whom lust is grown defensible, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), an object of justification rather than of shame

Degrees: To the Degrees in public, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*: see *Gemonies*

Demeans; How narrow our demeans are, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), means

Depart; Not depart with one piece of ceremony, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 2.), part

Dependencies; your masters of dependencies, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.) In the language of the duello, *dependencies* meant the grounds of a quarrel; the *masters* were needy bravoes, who undertook to inquire into it, and sometimes to settle it, for those who were timorous or unskilful

Discourse and reason, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); Faculties of discourse, ("The Renegado, act iv. scene 3.); Discourse and judgment, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.). There is great difficulty in determining the precise meaning in which the word *discourse* was formerly employed, or how far it differed in signification from *reason*; Gifford is inclined to think that *discourse* indicated a more rapid deduction of consequences from premises than was supposed to be effected by *reason*

Discloses; Discloses the eagle and the wren, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), hatches

Dispartations, ("The Renegado," act ii. scene 6.), separate apartments; but the reading is doubtful, the old edition having "dispute action"

Distaste; A kiss . . , will not distaste you, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 4.), displease; Distaste our servants, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 2), dislike

Distempered; I dare not say distempered, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.), intoxicated

Divert; The motives that divert us, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 2.), turn us aside from following what you advise

Drawer-on, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 3.), incitement to appetite

Dresser, cook's drum, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1., "The Guardian," act iii. scene 3.): formerly, when dinner was ready, the cook used to summon the servants to carry it into the hall, by knocking on the dresser with his knife

Drum-wine, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), perhaps, such stuff as was sold at the drum-head; or it may mean, such as might be bought at auctions, which were announced by beat of drum

Dunkirk, a she, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), a female privateer: the privateers of Dunkirk were very formidable

Dutch-hangman, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 3.): in the Low Countries the office of hangman was regarded as so infamous, that no one would sit at meat with him, or even taste what he partook of

E

Elenchs, sophistical refutations of an opponent's positions

Entradas, rents, revenues

Equal; An equal hearing, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), just, impartial

Equal mart, ("The Bashful Lover," act ii. scene 7.), a translation of *æquo marte*, equal fight

Estridge, ostrich

Extended, This manor is extended to my use, ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), seized; a legal phrase

Extent: Serve an extent, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.). an execution

Eyasses, young hawks, just taken from the nest, and unable to prey for themselves

F

Far-brought: Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties, and brought far to them, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 4.), an allusion to the proverb,—Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies

Fault: 'Tis my fault, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 2.); There's the fault, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), misfortune

Fautors; The gods and fautors, "The Bondman," act v. scene 3.), favourers; equivalent to—the favouring gods

Festival-exceedings, in allusion to a term still employed at the Middle

Temple, where an additional dish to the regular dinner is called *exceedings*

Fetch in: To fetch in Asceltario, (" The Roman Actor," act iv. scene 1.), seize

Fewterer, the person who took charge of the dogs, immediately under the huntsman, conducted them to the place of action, and let them loose in the chase

Fineness; Religious fineness, (" The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), subtle device

For; occurs often in the sense of prevention: as, For enough for reaching, (" The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 1.)

Forms, used with a play on words, Sweet forms, your pardon, (" The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker meaning—benches

Frequent; 'Tis frequent in the city, (" The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), common, commonly reported: This frequent senate, (*Id.* act i. scene 3.), full: both Latinisms

Frippery; an old-clothes shop

Fur; Get your fur, (" The City Madam," act i. scene 1.), perhaps, a piece of undressed skin, used as a shoeing-horn

G

Gabel, excise, tax

Gallant of the last edition, (" The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), a gallant of the newest fashion

Galley-foist; In the morning in the Galley-foist, (" The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), perhaps, some dress adorned with scarfs and ribands; *Galley-foist* is properly the Lord Mayor's barge

Galliard, a swift, lively, leaping dance

Garded; The garded robe, (" The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), laced, bordered

Gazet, a Venetian coin, worth about three farthings

Gemonies, the (" The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, on the Aventine

Geneva print, (" The Duke of Milan," act i scene 1.), an allusion to the spirituous liquor so called

Glorious; This glorious relation, (" The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.), vain, boastful

Go by; I'll only say, *Go by*, (" The Maid of Honour," act v. scene 1.), an allusion to a speech of Ieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, which is often ridiculed by our early dramatists

Gods to friend, (" The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), with the protection of the gods

Gold and store, an expression occurring more than once in Massenger, and taken from an old ballad

Go less; I'll go no less, (" The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); I cannot go less, (" The Bashful Lover," act iv. scene 1.); I will not play for a smaller stake, &c.

Golls, a cant term for hands,—fists

Good; A good brother! (" The City Madam," act iii. scene 3.), in the mercantile sense.—rich

Good fellows; Meet with some of these good fellows, (" The Guardian," act v. scene 3.); Command over good fellows, (*Id.* act v. scene 4.); a cant term for highwaymen and thieves

Good lord; My Good Lord, (Dedication to " The Emperor of the East,"), patron

Good mistress: You shall find me your good mistress, (" The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2), patroness

Gorgon: see *Wolf*

Green apron; An English pirate's whore, with a green apron, (" The Renegado," act i. scene 1.): the reader must remember that green is the colour appropriated solely to the descendants of Mahomet

Guard; The surest guard, (" The Picture," act i. scene 2.), posture of defence

H

Hand; My power and means hand with my will, (" The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), go hand in hand

Hell; He was redeem'd from the hole, to live, in our house, in hell, (" The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); one of the wretched departments of a gaol was called the *hole*, and a still more wretched spot was termed *hell*

High forehead; The increase of your high forehead, (" The Unnat. Combat," act i scene 1.); an allusion to the Usher's baldness

Hole: see *Hell*

Horse-trick; Here's your worship's horse-trick, (" The Old Law," act iii. scene 2.), some rough kind of step in dancing

Hose, breeches: see *Paned hose*

Humanity; In all humanity, (" The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), polite literature

Hunt's-up; a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen to rouse them in the morning

I—J

Imp, to insert a new feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place of a broken one

Impotence; The impotence of his affection, (" The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.); With much more impotence to dote upon her, (" A Very Woman," act ii. scene 1.); uncontrollable violence

Impotent; An impotent lover of women, (" The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.), uncontrollable in his passions

Ingles, intimate friends, associates

Iphis: see *Anaxarete*

Jane-of-apes; No, here's a Jane-of-apes shall serve, (" The Bondman," act iii. scene 3.), a play on the word *Jack-an-apes*, (the speaker means Corisca)

K

Ka me, ka thee, (" The City Madam," act ii. scene 1.), A proverbial phrase, of Scottish origin, equivalent to—Do me a good turn, and I'll do you another

Katexoken, (" The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.); Κατ' ἐξοχην, chiefly, above all others

Keeper of the door; Keeper of the vaulting door, (" The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.), equivalent to bawd, pander

L

Lachrymæ, (" The Maid of Honour," act i scene 1. " The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the title of a musical work composed by John Douland; *Lachrymæ, or Seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavens*, &c.

Lady of the lake, the, (" A New Way to pay Old Debts," act ii. scene 1.), an enchantress, who figures in the *Morte Arthur* and in other old romances

Lamia, sorceress

Lanceprezado, the lowest officer of foot

Last edition: see *Gallant*

Lavender; In your lavender robes, (" A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), in your clothes which have just been taken out of pawn: to *lay in lavender* meant to pawn

Lavolta, a dance for two persons, consisting much in high bounds, and whirlings

Leaguer; Leaguer laundress, (" The Picture," act i. scene 1.), camp laundress

Lent; At the end of a long Lent, (" The Renegado," act v. scene 2.), an allusion to the custom, observed by Catholics, of confession at Easter

L'envoy; equivalent in our author to—conclusion

Lets; All lets thrown behind me, " The Virgin-Martyr," act i. scene 1.); There are so many lets, (" The Unnat. Combat," act v. scene 2.); impediments

Lightly; For lightly ever he that parts the fray, (" The Bondman," act iii. scene 3.), commonly, usually

Lime-hound, the common hound; so called because it was led by a *lyme* or string

Line; The line is, upon which love-errands run, (" The Virgin-Martyr," act ii. scene 2.), an allusion to fire-works running upon lines

Legs: Very weak legs, (" A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.): the speech of the Merchant, which precedes these words, alludes to a notion formerly prevalent, that small legs were one of the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman

Lively: A lively grave, (" The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 1.), living

Looking-glasses at their girdles, (" The City Madam," act i. scene 1.,—stage-direction), a fashionable ornament

Lost; I am lost, ("The Renegado," act v. scene 6.), I forget myself
Loth to depart; The old woman is *loth to depart*, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), an allusion to the tune of this name
Ludgate; The certain road to Ludgate, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), the prison so called

M

Magnificent, this word in Massenger is always equivalent to munificent
Manchets, rolls of the finest white bread
Mandrakes; Or eaten mandrakes, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1.). The mandrake has a soporific quality, and used to be employed as a powerful narcotic
Mankind; Are you turn'd mankind? "The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), masculine, mannish
Marginal fingers, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.), an allusion to the index (☞), common in the margin of old books, to direct the attention of the reader to striking passages
Marmoset, a monkey
Masters of dependencies: see *Dependencies*
Mephistophilus, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), the fiend-attendant in Marlowe's play of *Faustus*, as also in the "history," on which that play is founded. The speaker means, of course, Baptista
Mermaid; What, a mermaid? ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 1.), a cant term for a harlot
Micher, lurker
Miniver cap, a cap made of the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel
Mistress; I would call her mistress, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.); As if the mistresses could not accept their servants' guardship, ("The Parliament of Love," act i. scene 5.): at the time Massinger wrote, *mistress* was the term by which a lover addressed the object of his affection, who in return called him *servant*
Mistress, title of; You grac'd me with the title of your mistress, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 3.): in allusion to the request (see act i.) that he might be allowed *to wear her colours*—i. e. a scarf or riband from her person, and so become her champion
Moppes, ("The Bondman," act iii. scene 3, stage-direction.), grimaces, properly, the grinnings of an ape when irritated
More; More, with his looks, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 2.), yet more, further
Most an end; For she sleeps most an end, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 1.), a phrase implying continuation,—almost constantly, without intermission

N

Neat-house; The neat-house for musk-melons, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), a celebrated garden and place of entertainment near Chelsea
Niggle, trifle, play
Night-rail, night-shift
Nimming, stealing

O

Often and return; I hope to see you often and return loaded with blessings, ("The Old Law," act iv. scene 2.), equivalent to—often return
Oil of angels, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), an allusion to the gold coins (*angels*) worth about 10*s*. each
Oil of talc, a nostrum, famous as a cosmetic, was sold under this name in Massinger's days
Olympus; More shaken than Olympus is, &c., ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 1.), a mistake either of the author, or transcriber, for *Parnassus*
Once; Would you'd dispatch and die once! ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), once for all
Outcry; Sold at an outcry, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 3.), a public auction
Owe; this word frequently occurs in the sense of own, possess

P

Packing; Our packing being laid open, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iii. scene 1.), insidious contrivance
Padders, lurkers about the high way, foot-pads
Paned hose, breeches composed of stripes of various coloured cloth, stitched together
Pantofle, slipper: Ere I was sworn to the pantofle, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 2.); the speaker means —ere I became a page, whose office was to bring the slippers
Parallels; We are not parallels, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 2.), seems to be used in the sense of *radii*
Parted; But to be parted in their numerous shares, ("The Virgin Martyr," act ii. scene 3.) endowed with a part; To deliver her better parted than she is, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), endowed with better parts
Pash, to strike so as to crush to pieces
Passionate; So passionate, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 1.), full of sorrow
Passionately; You speak so passionately, ("The Old Law," act iii. scene 1.), sorrowfully
Passion; These very passions I speak to my father, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.); This passion has given some satisfaction yet, (*Id.* act v scene 1.), pathetic speech
Patch; Peace, Patch! ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.) fool: Cardinal Wolsey had a fool so named, from whom, it has been thought, the term was applied to others
Peat, pet
Peevish; That peevish lady, ("The Virgin Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), foolish
Personate; Or does she personate. "The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), play a fictitious character
Pig-sconce, pig-head, dull-pated fellow
Pip; Which is a pip out, you know, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.): pip means a spot on a card; and the allusion is to the game called *One-and-thirty*
Place; As he were sent a messenger to the moon, in such a place flies, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), a term of falconry, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains; Though she fly in an eminent place, ("The Bashful Lover," act v. scene 3.), height
Plurisy; Thy plurisy of goodness, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 1.), superabundance
Plymouth cloak, a cant term for a staff, or cudgel
Poor John, a cant term for hake dried and salted
Porter's lodge; That have perus'd the porter's lodge, ("The Duke of Milan," act iii. scene 2.), the speaker means,—that have been whipped at the porter's lodge, which was formerly the usual place of punishment for servants
Ports; Keep the ports close, ("The Virgin Martyr," act i. scene 1), To get out of the ports, ("The Renegado," act v scene 4), gates of the city
Possessed; The secretary hath possess'd the duke, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iii scene 1), informed
Power of things; Domitian, that now sways the power of things, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 1.), the world, (*rerum potestas*
Practice; Apprehended by her practice, ("The Parliament of Love," act v. scene 1.), Though we know all this by practice, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3), artifice
Precisian, puritan
Prest; Prest to fetch in, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.), ready, prepared
Prevent; Yet I'll prevent you, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iv. scene 3.); A cruel law seeks to prevent her, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.); And yet prevented the rising sun, ("The Renegado," act ii. scene 1.), anticipate
Prodigious; By his prodigious issue, ("The Unnat. Combat," act i. scene 1), unnatural, portentous
Progress; In a summer progress, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), the travelling of the sovereign and

court to visit different parts of the dominions

Provant sword, a plain sword, such as formed part of the *provision* for the army

Pull down the side; If now - - - - I may but hold your cards, I'll not pull down the side, ("The Unnat. Combat," act ii. scene 1.); If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.): an allusion to card playing; *to pull down a side*, meant to occasion the loss of the game by ignorance or treachery

Put on; Put on, we'll be familiar, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 1.); And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.); What do you mean to do? Put on, ("The City Madam," act v. scene 2.), be covered

Put on; Now, put on your spirits, ("The Fatal Dowry," act i. scene 1.), rouse

Q

Quality; I do accuse the quality of treason, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 3.), How do you like the quality? ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.); For so his quality speaks him, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iv scene 2). profession: in the two first passages it means the profession of a player, to which our old writers seem more peculiarly to have appropriated the word

Quellio ruffs, ruffs for the neck

Quirpo; In the evening, in Quirpo, ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), an undress, (Span. *cuerpo*)

R

Ram-alley, one of the avenues to the Temple from Fleet-street: it abounded in cooks shops

Resolved; 'Tis his hand, I'm resolv'd of it, ("The Duke of Milan," act ii. scene 1.); Till you are resolv'd, sir, forsake not hope, ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), convinced

Rest on it; I'll save my lips, I rest on it, ("The Bondman," act 1. scene 3.), am fixed, determined, on it; a metaphor drawn from play, (cards, dice, bowls, &c.), where the term *rest* was given to the highest stake which the parties were disposed to venture

Ride; I can but ride, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1.), ride in a cart, be carted for a strumpet

Rivo! an interjection,—generally used in Bacchanalian revelry

Roarer; A lady to turn roarer, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 3.), blusterer, bully

Roses; These roses will shew rare, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.); And roses worth a family, (*Id.* act iv. scene 4.), large knots of ribands for the shoes

Rouse; Stands bound to take his rouse, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 1.); Another rouse! we lose time, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), full glass, bumper

Rubies; see *Charms*

S

Sacred; Sacred, as 'tis accurs'd, is proper to me, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 5.), an allusion to the meaning of the Latin *sacer*

Sacred badge; Wear on your forehead the sacred badge he arms his servants with, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 3.), a periphrasis of baptism

St. Dennis; And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me! ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), the war-cry of France

St. Martin's; Thou shalt forget that e'er was a St. Martin's, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 2.): it is doubtful whether the speaker alludes to the sanctuary, bridewell, spittle, or alms-house of St. Martin's

Sansacke, governor of a city

Salt, above the; You ne'er presume to sit above the salt, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.); Marry, ever beneath the salt, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.): at the tables of our ancestors, the salt (or large salt-cellar) was usually placed about the middle, the seats above which were assigned to the guests of more distinction, those below to dependants, inferiors, and poor relations

Scarabs, beetles

Scarlet; Or they will ne'er wear scarlet, ("The City Madam," act i. scene 2.), become mayors or aldermen

Scotomy, dizziness in the head

Sea-rats; You shall no more be sea-rats, ("A Very Woman," act v. scene 1.), pirates

Seek to; To seek to me with more obsequiousness, ("The Picture," act i. scene 2.), supplicate, intreat

Servant; And now exchanging courtship with my son, her servant, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii scene 3.); Choosing rather she should style me servant, (*Id.* act iv. scene 1.); A servant to air you in the evening, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 2.): see *Mistress*

Shadows; I must not have my board pester'd with shadows, ("The Unnat Combat," act iii. scene 1.), a Latinism, (*umbræ*), uninvited strangers, introduced by one of the guests

Shape; This Persian shape laid by, ("The Bondman," act v. scene 3.); But in another shape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iii. scene 3.); Paris the tragedian's shape, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 1.); How do you like that shape? (*Id.* act iii. scene. 2.); I put thee in a shape, ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 4.); dress, a theatrical use of the word

She-Dunkirk: see *Dunkirk*

Sheriff's basket; When the sheriff's basket and his broken meat, &c. ("The City Madam," act i. scene 1.): see *Basket*

Shew water; If you've a suit, shew water, I am blind else, ("The Maid of Honour," act i. scene 1.), a cant phrase for—produce a fee

Siege; A hearn put from her siege, ("The Guardian," act i. scene 1.), seat, station: "*Hern at siege* is when you find a hern standing by the water-side, watching for prey, or the like." *Gentl. Recreation*, p. 165

Skills not, matters not, signifies not

Sleep on either ear; Sleep you secure on either ear, ("The Guardian," act ii. scene 2.), sleep soundly, free from care; from Terence, "*in aurem utramvis dormire*"

Sort; And to bear money to a sort of rogues, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act iii. scene 3.), set, parcel

Sovereign; As he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it, ("The Old Law," act v. scene 1.); a pun is intended here, but the exact meaning is uncertain: a *sovereign* was a gold coin worth ten shillings

Sought to; I requir'd not to be sought to this poor way, ("The Unnat Combat," act v. scene 2.): see *Seek to*

Spittle; He is a spittle of diseases, ("The Picture," act iv. scene 2); I will rather choose a spittle sinner, ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.); Your spittle rogueships, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 1): Gifford has attempted to establish a distinction between *spital* and *spittle*, which, after all, perhaps our old writers never intended; he says, "a hospital or *spital* signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an alms-house, in short, while *spittles* were mere lazar-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice"

Spot; I scorn to be a spot in her proud train, ("The Duke of Milan," act i. scene 2.), an allusion to the spots in the peacock's tail

Squire of dames; And how, my honest squire o' dames? ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.); And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), seems to have been used by our old dramatists as a cant term for a pander: the appellation is taken from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, where, however, the Squire of Dames is a personage of great respectability

Squire of Troy; Though it savour of the old squire of Troy, ("The Guardian," act iii. scene 1.), Pandarus

Stale the jest; I'll not stale the jest by my relation, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), render the jest flat

Startup, a coarse kind of half boot with thick soles

State; *Offering Timoleon the state*, "The Bondman," act i. scene 3, stage-direction); *The Ladies descend from the state*, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 3. stage direction,) a raised platform, on which

was placed a chair with a canopy over it

States; In the great states it covers, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act v. scene 2.), statesmen, persons of rank

Statute lace; Embroidered all o'er with statute lace, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 5.), the narrow worsted lace allowed by statute: the speaker seems to mean that his torn skin hung down in strips

Stones; O no more of stones, &c., ("The Picture," act v. scene 1.): see *Casting*

Stole courtesy from heaven: see *Courtesy*

Stools; Like unbidden guests, bring their own stools, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 3.); But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.): unbidden or unexpected guests used often to bring seats with them,—probably, because houses in those days were but scantily furnished

Story; Philosophy, story, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), history

Strange; A man of strange and reserv'd parts, ("The Bondman," act i. scene 1.), equivalent to—strangely (singularly) reserved

Strengths; Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 2.); In the midst of our strengths, (*Id.* act v. scene 6.); Employ the strengths you hold, ("The Emperor of the East," act iv. scene 1.), castles, strongholds, defences

Striker; Prove a notable striker, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2), wencher

Supplant; You practis'd to supplant me, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 2.), trip up, (a Latinism)

T

Table; He bought a table, indeed, only to learn to die by't, ("The Old Law," act ii. scene 1.), a large sheet of paper, where, in distinct lines, were set down precepts for the due regulation of life

Taint; I have a staff to taint, and bravely, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 3.); a passage of uncertain meaning: to *taint* a staff meant, to break it at tilt, but not in the most honourable and scientific manner

Take in; To take in Dunkirk, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act v. scene 1.), subdue, seize

Take us with you, sir, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act iv. scene 2.), understand our meaning fully; Take me with you, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 3.), understand my meaning fully; Pray you, take me with you, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 3.), let me understand you fully

Take up, ("The Great Duke of Florence," act i. scene 2.), ("The Picture," act v. scene 3.), check yourself

Tall; You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd, ("The Virgin-Martyr," act v. scene 2.), stout; As tall a trencherman, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iii. scene 1.), as hearty a feeder

Tamin; An old tamin gown, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act iii. scene 2.), a coarse linsey-woolsey stuff

Termagant; Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 1.), was not a Saracenic divinity, but our ancestors, in their zeal against the Turks, charged them with deities whom they never worshipped: Gifford thinks that "the word was originally used as an attribute of the Supreme Being of the Saxons, a people little less odious to our romance writers than the Saracens, and sometimes confounded with them"

Thing of Things; With which that Thing of Things bound in the world, ("The Bondman," act ii. scene 3.), a literal translation of *Ens Entium*

Timariots; Some party of his Timariots, ("The Picture," act i. scene 1.), Turkish cavalry

Time; The motions of the spheres are out of time, ("The Roman Actor," act ii. scene 1.), tune, harmony

Token; Your credit not worth a token, ("A New Way to pay Old Debts," act i. scene 1.); I will be satisfied to a token, ("The City Madam," act iv. scene 3): as very little brass and copper money was coined by authority, tradesmen were allowed, for the convenience of the public, to coin small money or *tokens*, which were used for change: their value was about a farthing

Tosses; For other tosses, take a hundred thousand crowns, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 3.) equivalent perhaps to—for trash to fling away

Train; This train of yours, dame Esbridge, ("The Unnat. Combat," act iv. scene 2.), tail

Tramontanes; strangers, barbarians, (all who live beyond the Alps, *ultra montes*)

Trill-bubs, a cant term for any thing trifling

Trimm'd; Or stay, till she be trimm'd, ("The Parliament of Love," act ii. scene 1.), means, perhaps, till she be in the humour

Tripe, But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe, ("The Maid of Honour," act iii. scene 1.), a tripe-shop

Try Conclusions: see *Conclusions*

Turn Turk; I will turn Turk, &c. ("The Renegado," act v. scene 3.); Am I turn'd Turk? ("The Maid of Honour," act ii scene 2.); to *turn Turk* was an expression generally used for a change of condition or opinion; in the second passage, Gifford thinks there is an allusion, perhaps, to the story of Tamburlaine, who is said to have mounted his horse from the back of Bajazet, the Turkish Emperor.

U

Uncivil; Farewell, uncivil man! ("The Fatal Dowry," act iii. scene 1.): see *Civil*

Unequal; Am unequal to myself, ("The Emperor of the East," act v. scene 2.), unjust

Untappice; Now I'll untappice, ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 5.), discover myself; a hunting term, meaning, to turn the game out of a bag, or drive it out of a cover

V

Vail; Vail their ensigns, ("The Maid of Honour," act iv. scene 1.); Vail to a country gentleman, ("The Emperor of the East," act i. scene 2.), lower, bow

Varlets; By a brace of varlets, ("The Fatal Dowry," act v. scene 1.), sheriff's officers

Virbius; And be a second Virbius, ("The Roman Actor," act iii. scene 2.), the name given to Hippolitus, after Æsculapius had restored him to life

Voley, on the; What we speak on the voley, ("The Picture," act iii. scene 6.), at random, (Fr. *à la volée*)

Votes; In my votes that way, ("The Guardian," act v. scene 1.), prayers

W

Waistcoateer, a cant term for a low strumpet: such persons generally wearing the *waistcoat* (a part of female attire) without the gown or upper dress

Walk the round; Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round, ("The Picture," act ii. scene 1.), watch; I'll appear as if I walk'd the round, "The Guardian," act iii. scene 5.), as as if I were one of the watch

Water, to shew: see *Shew*

Way of Youth; And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted, ("The Roman Actor," act i. scene 2.); In way of youth I did enjoy one friend, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 2.). *way of youth* is merely a periphrasis for *youth*

Ware the caster: see *Caster*

Wear scarlet: see scarlet

Well; How silken is this well! ("The Fatal Dowry," act ii. scene 2.), probably, goodness, virtue

Where, whereas,—a sense in which it frequently is used by Massinger

While; While we are unknown, ("The Roman Actor," act v. scene 1.), While your father's dead, ("The Old Law," act i. scene 1.), until

Whiting-mop, (properly a young whiting), a cant term for a tender young thing

Whole field wide; You are wide, the whole field wide, "The Maid of Honour," act ii. scene 2.); You are

wide, wide the whole region, ("The City Madam," act iii. scene 2.); Latinisms,—*Tota via aberras, tota regione aberras*

Why, When! an elliptical expression of impatience, very common in our old dramatists

Witness; And who the masculine witness? ("The Emperor of the East," act iii. scene 1.), the male sponsor

Wishes; My lord, as well as wishes, ("A Very Woman," act iv. scene 1.), as well as you could wish

Wolf: I have seen more than a wolf, Gorgon, ("The Bashful Lover," act i. scene 2.): the sight of a wolf was supposed to deprive a person of speech, the sight of a Gorgon to deprive him of motion and life

Work of grace; As he was doing of the work of grace, ("The Renegado," act iv. scene 1.), the elevation of the host

Worm: And let the worm escape, ("The Parliament of Love," act iv. scene 2.), snake; formerly the general term for all reptiles of the serpent kind

Wreak: To wreak wrong'd innocence, ("The Renegado," act i. scene 1.), revenge

Y

Yaws: O, the yaws that she will make! ("A Very Woman," act iii. scene 5.); *yaw* is the unsteady motion of a ship in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course

Yellow: I shall wear yellow breeches, ("The Duke of Milan," act iv. scene 2.), I shall be jealous: yellow was considered as the livery of jealousy

Yeoman fewterer: see *Fewterer*

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN FORD.

A LIST OF

FORD'S PLAYS.

1. The Lover's Melancholy. T.C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November, 1628. Printed 1629.

2. 'Tis Pity she's a Whore. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix.

3. The Witch of Edmonton. T. By Rowley, Decker, Ford, &c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.

4. The Sun's Darling. M. By Ford and Decker. Acted in March, 1623-24, at the Cockpit. Printed 1657.

5. The Broken Heart. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.

6. Love's Sacrifice. T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix.

7. Perkin Warbeck. H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phœnix.

8. The Fancies, Chaste and Noble. C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phœnix.

9. The Lady's Trial. T. C. Acted at the Cockpit in May, 1638. Printed 1639.

10. Beauty in a Trance. T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th, 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

11. The London Merchant. C.

12. The Royal Combat. C.

13. An Ill Beginning has a Good End. C. Played at the Cockpit, 1613.

    The above three comedies entered on the Stationers' books, June 29th, 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

14. The Fairy Knight. Ford and Decker.

15. A late Murther of the Sonne upon the Mother. Ford and Webster.

16. The Bristowe Merchant. Ford and Decker.

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON FORD.

To my Honoured Friend, Master JOHN FORD, *on his "Lover's Melancholy."*

IF that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,
Thou dost mistake : *my* liking is no praise ;
Nor can I think thy judgment is so ill
To seek for bays from such a barren quill.
Let your true critic, that can judge and mend,
Allow thy scenes and style : I, as a friend
That knows thy worth, do only stick my name
To show my love, not to advance thy fame.

GEORGE DONNE.

To his worthy Friend, the Author of "The Lover's Melancholy," Master JOHN FORD.

I write not to thy play : I 'll not begin
To throw a censure upon what hath been
By th' best approved : it can nor fear, nor want
The rage, or liking of the ignorant.
Nor seek I fame for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise long since, from knowing men.
I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage
A glory from thy studies ; that the age
May be indebted to thee, for reprieve
Of purer language, and that spite may grieve
To see itself outdone. When thou art read,
The theatre may hope arts are not dead,
Though long concealed ; that poet-apes may fear
To vent their weakness, mend, or quite forbear.
This I dare promise ; and keep this in store,—
As thou hast done enough, thou canst do more.

WILLIAM SINGLETON

To my Friend the Author of "'Tis Pity she's a Whore."

With admiration I beheld this Whore,
Adorned with beauty, such as might restore
(If ever being, as thy muse hath famed)
Her Giovanni, in his love unblamed :
The ready Graces lent their willing aid ;
Pallas herself now played the chambermaid
And helped to put her dressings on. Secure
Rest thou that thy name herein shall endure
To th' end of age : and Annabella be
Gloriously fair, even in her infamy.

THOMAS ELLICE.

To the Author of the "Lover's Melancholy," Master JOHN FORD.

Black choler, reason's overflowing spring,
Where thirsty lovers drink, or anything,
Passion, the restless current of ull plaints
Affords their thoughts, who deem lost beautie saints ;
Here their best lectures read, collect, and see
Various conditions of humanity,
Highly enlighten'd by thy muse's rage ;
Yet all so couch'd that they dorn'd the stage.
Shun Phocion's blushes thou ; for sure to please
It is no sin, then what is thy disease ?
Judgment's applause ? eff minated smiles ?
Study's delight ? thy wit mistrust beguiles :
Established fame will ay physician be,
(Write but again) to cure thy jealousy.

HUM. HOWORTH

Of the "Lover's Melancholy."

'Tis not the anguage, nor the fore-placed rhymes
Of friends, that shall commend to after-times
The Lover's Melancholy : its own worth
Without a borrow'd phrase shall set it forth.

Ὁ φιλός

To my Friend, Mr. JOHN FORD, *on his "Love's Sacrifice."*

Unto this altar, rich with thy own spice,
I bring one grain to thy LOVE'S SACRIFICE ;
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile.
Look here, thou, that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age ;
Voluminously ignorant ! be vext
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

To my Friend and Kinsman, Master JOHN FORD, *the Author of "Perkin Warbeck."*

Dramatic poets, as the times go now,
Can hardly write what others will allow;
The cynic snarls, the critic howls and barks,
And ravens croak, to drown the voice of larks :
Scorn those stage-harpies ! This I 'll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy play.

JOHN FORD, *Graiensis*

To my own Friend, Master JOHN FORD, *on his justifiable Poem of "Perkin Warbeck," this Ode.*

They who do know me, know that I,
Unskilled to flatter,
Dare speak this piece, in words, in matter,
A work, without the danger of a lie.
Believe me, friend, the name of this and thee,
Will live, your story:
Books may want faith, or merit glory;
This neither, without judgment's lethargy.
When the arts doat, then some sick poet may
Hope that his pen,
In new-stained paper, can find men
To roar, "He is the Wit;" his noise doth sway:
But such an age cannot be known; for all
Ere that time be,
Must prove such truth, mortality:
So, friend, thy honour stands too fix'd to fall.

GEORGE DONNE.

To Master JOHN FORD, *of the Middle Temple, on his "B wer of Fancies, or Fancies Chaste and Noble."*

I follow fair example, not report,
Like wits o' th' university or court,
To show how I can write,
At mine own charges, for the time's delight:
But to acquit a debt,
Due to right poets, not the counterfeit.

These Fancies Chaste and Noble are no strains
Dropt from the itch of over-heated brains:
They speak unblushing truth,
The guard of beauty and the care of youth;
Well relish'd might repair
An academy for the young and fair.

Such labours, friend, will live; for though some new
Pretenders to the stage, in haste pursue
Those laurels, which of old
Enrich'd the actors: yet I can be bold,
To say, their hopes are starv'd;
For they but beg what pens approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.

Upon "The Sun's Darling."

Is he then found? Phœbus, make holiday,
Tie up thy steeds, and let the Cyclops play:
Mulciber, leave thy anvil, and be trim;
Comb thy black muzzle, be no longer grim:
Mercury, be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens,
Jove, this day let all run at six and sevens;
And Ganimede, be nimble to the brim
Fill bowls of nectar, that the gods may swim,
To solemnise their health, that did discover
The obscure being of the sun's fond lover;
That from the example of their liberal mirth
We may enjoy like freedom [here] on earth.

JOHN TATHAM.

To his worthy Friend, Master JOHN FORD, *upon his "Perkin Warbeck."*

Let men, who are writ poets, lay a claim
To the Phœbean hill, I have no name,
Nor art in verse; true, I have heard some tell
Of Aganippe, but ne'er knew the well:
Therefore have no ambition with the times,
To be in print, for making of ill rhymes;
But love of thee, and justice to thy pen,
Hath drawn me to this bar, with other men
To justify, though against double laws,
(Waving the subtle business of his cause,)
The GLORIOUS PERKIN, and thy poet's art,
Equal with his, in playing the king's part.

RA. EURE, *Baronis primogenitus.*

To the Author, his Friend, upon his Chronicle History of "Perkin Warbeck."

These are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy judgment fit,
In full-filled phrase, those times to raise,
When Perkin ran his wily ways.
Still, let the method of thy brain
From Error's touch and Envy's stain
Preserve thee free; that ever thy quill
Fair Truth may wet, and Fancy fill.
Thus Graces are with Muses met,
And practic critics on may fret:
For here thou hast produced a story
Which shall eclipse their future glory.

JOHN BROGRAVE, *Ar.*

To my faithful, no less deserving Friend, the Author of "Perkin Warbeck," this indebted oblation.

Perkin is rediviv'd by thy strong hand,
And crown'd a king of new; the vengeful wand
Of greatness is forgot; his execution
May rest unmention'd, and his birth's collusion
Lie buried in the story; but his fame
Thou hast eternis'd; made a crown his game
His lofty spirit soars yet: had he been
Base in his enterprise, as was his sin
Conceiv'd, his title, doubtless, prov'd unjust,
Had, but for thee, been silenc'd in the dust.

GEORGE CRYMES, *Miles.*

Upon FORD'S *two Tragedies, "Love's Sacrifice" and "The Broken Heart."*

Thou cheat'st us, Ford; mak'st one seem two by
art:
What is Love's Sacrifice, but The Broken Heart?

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

TO MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS,

NATHANIEL FINCH, JOHN FORD, ESQRS.,

MR. HENRY BLUNT, MR. ROBERT ELLICE,

AND ALL THE REST OF

THE NOBLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

My honoured Friends,—The account of some leisurable hours is here summed up, and offered to examination. Importunity of others, or opinion of mine own, hath not urged on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many; but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music. This concord hath equally held between you the patrons, and me the presenter. I am cleared of all scruple of disrespect on your parts; as I am of too slack a merit in myself. My presumption of coming in print in this kind, hath hitherto been unreprovable: this piece being the first that ever courted reader; and it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion. A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your loves, the memory of his, who, without the protestation of a service, is readily your friend,

John Ford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Palador, *Prince of Cyprus.*
Amethus, *Cousin to the* Prince.
Meleander, *an old Lord.*
Sophronos, *Brother to* Meleander.
Menaphon, *Son of* Sophronos.
Aretus, *Tutor to the* Prince.
Corax, *a Physician.*
Pelias, } *Two foolish Courtiers.*
Cuculus, } *Two foolish Courtiers.*
Rhetias, (*a reduced Courtier,*) *Servant to* Eroclea.
Trollio, *Servant to* Meleander.
Grilla, *a Page of* Cuculus, *in Woman's dress.*

Thamasta, *Sister of* Amethus, *and Cousin to the* Prince.
Eroclea, (*as* Parthenophill,) } *Daughters of* Meleander.
Cleophila, } *Daughters of* Meleander.
Kala, *Waiting-Maid to* Thamasta.

Officers, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE,—Famagosta in Cyprus.

PROLOGUE.

To tell you, gentlemen, in what true sense,
The writer, actors, or the audience
Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw
Truth into rules; but we have no such law.
Our writer, for himself, would have you know,
That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe
To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait
For any stol'n invention, from whose height
He might commend his own, more than the right
A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.
It is art's scorn, that some of late have made
The noble use of poetry a trade.
For your parts, gentlemen, to quit his pains,
You yet will please, that as you meet with strains
Of lighter mixture, but to cast your eye
Rather upon the *main*, than on the *bye*,
His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,
The Lover's Melancholy cur'd by you.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MENAPHON *and* PELIAS.

Men. DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that so courtly
You gratulate my safe return from dangers?
Pel. From travels, noble sir.
Men. These are delights;
If my experience hath not, truant-like,
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.
Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange!
But is it possible?
Men. What?
Pel. To bestride
The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a thunder bounce!
Men. Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:
Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents
A feather-bed, to waft you to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.
Pel. Indeed? is't true, I pray?
Men. I will not stretch
Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithee, Pelias,
Where did'st thou learn this language?
Pel. I this language?
Alas, sir, we that study words and forms
Of compliment, must fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHRONOS *and* Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!
Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my love,
The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.
Men. O princely sir, your hand.
Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them first;
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures
Thy presence hath brought home.
Soph. Here thou still find'st
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when
Thou left'st at thy departure.
Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more service——
Amet. Pray give leave—
He shall attend your entertainments soon,
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two
I would engross him only.
Soph. Noble lord!
Amet. You are both dismiss'd.
Pel. Your creature and your servant.
[*Exeunt all but* AMETHUS *and* MENAPHON.
Amet. Give me thy hand. I will not say, Thou'rt welcome;
That is the common road of common friends.
I'm glad I have thee here—Oh! I want words
To let thee know my heart.
Men. 'Tis pieced to mine.
Amet. Yes, 'tis; as firmly as that holy thing
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
My Menaphon! now all the goodly blessings,
That can create a heaven on earth, dwell with thee!
Twelve months we have been sundered; but henceforth
We never more will part, till that sad hour,
In which death leaves the one of us behind,
To see the other's funerals performed.
Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents?
Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with ease, as their's do; but the grief
Is still the same.
Amet. Such is my case at home.
Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
Of sweetness and humility, more pities
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
Of my complaints.
Men. Thamasta, my great mistress,
Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.
Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet
Is intermured with ice; though by the truth
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,
Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.
Men. Does the court
Wear the old looks too?
Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
It does. He's the same melancholy man,
He was at's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,
But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none:
Gaze upon revels, antick fopperies,
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,
Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,
So sweet in his own nature, any story
Hath seldom mention'd.
Men. Why should such as I am,
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter as men's forms; but how none know.
Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.
Men. Than any
I have observed abroad! all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.
Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?
Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.
Amet. Prithee do.
Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me,
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,

Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.
Amet. I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.
Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
Amet. And so do I; good! on—
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.
Amet. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
Amet. Now for the bird.
Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.
Amet. I believe thee.
Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried:
"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.
Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.
Men. I repriev'd
The intended execution with intreaties,
And interruption.—But, my princely friend,
It was not strange the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage and discretion must, from men
Indued with reason, ravish admiration:
From me, they did.
Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen?
Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known;
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,
They were nor mean, nor riotous; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure;
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.
Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus?
Men. Willingly.
The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him; and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.
Amet. Now thou art doubly welcome:
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend
To visit my great-spirited sister?
Men. May I
Without offence?
Amet. Without offence!—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward?
Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.
Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter RHETIAS, *carelessly attired.*

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times,
Not fawn upon the riots that embalm
Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
Of their affected vanities in coffins
Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
Totter and reel from that nobility,
And ancient virtue which renowns the great,
Who steer the helm of government, while mushrooms
Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;
Why should not I, a May-game, scorn the weight
Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices
Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit,
Be mine own antick? 'Tis a sport to live
When life is irksome, if we will not hug
Prosperity in others, and contemn
Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain:
"He that pursues his safety from the school
"Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."
Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil
That damns you here on earth.—Or I will be
Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,
New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah,
That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner!

Pel. Prithee, hear me.
Instead of a fine guarded page, we have got him
A boy trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion;
Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench,
And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him,
Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher,
Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife,
Lackeys his letters, does what service else
He would employ his man in. Being ask'd
Why he is so irregular in courtship,
His answer is, that since great ladies use
Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them,
He knows no reason, but he may reduce
The courtiers to have women wait on them;
And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at
Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

Rhe. Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all days of his life as demurely as a judge that pronounceth sentence of death on a poor rogue, for stealing as much bacon as would serve at a meal with a calf's head. Yet he smiled once, and never but once;—thou art no scholar?

Pel. I have read pamphlets dedicated to me.—
Dost call him Agelastus? Why did he laugh?

Rhe. To see an ass eat thistles, puppy:—go, study to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an ordinary ape; but thou art an ape of an ape.

Pel. Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

Enter CUCULUS *followed by* GRILLA, *both fantastically dressed.*

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler.

Gril. They are here, forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx, how now! where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your curtsy. [GRILLA *curtsies.*] Good! remember that you are to practise courtship. Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. Do you think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court midwife at least; I will make thee big in time, wench.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

Pel. [*coming forward.*] Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent.

Cuc. 'Would 'twere in thy belly! there 'tis.

Pel. That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

Rhe. Cuculus, there is, within a mile or two, a sow-pig hath suck'd a brach, and now hunts the deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

Cuc. Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

Pel. I'll be at charge of a banquet on thee for a sight of her.

Rhe. Every thing takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

Cuc. I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shittlecocks.

Pel. My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

Rhe. And who gave thee pap, mouse?

Gril. I never suck'd, that I remember.

Rhe. La now! a shittlecock maker; all thy brains are stuck with cork and feather, Cuculus. This learned courtier takes after the nurse too; a she-surgeon; which is, in effect, a mere matcher of colours. Go, learn to paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run into a new suit. My lady Periwinkle here, never suck'd: suck thy master, and bring forth moon-calves, fop, do! This is good philosophy, sirs; make use on't.

Gril. Bless us, what a strange creature this is!

Cuc. A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

CORAX *passes over the Stage.*

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician!
What business speeds his haste?—Are all things [well, sir?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhe. Phew! you may wheel about, man; we know you are proud of your slovenry and practice; 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Aha! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity. [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

Rhe. Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries, old wives and barbers, are all suppositors to the right worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of you are the head of your art, and the horns too—but they come by nature. Thou livest single for no other end, but that thou fearest to be a cuckold.

Cor. Have at thee! Thou affectest railing only for thy health; thy miseries are so thick and lasting, that thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening a vein: wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

Rhe. Have at thee again!

Cor. Come!

Cuc. There, there, there! O brave doctor!

Pel. Let them alone.

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous empiric. Physicians are the coblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—Come on!

Cuc. To't, to't! hold him to't! hold him to't! to't, to't, to't!

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a louse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou bitest anywhere, and

any man who defends not himself with the clean linen of secure honesty,—him thou darest not come near. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us.

Rhe. Are thy bottles full?

Cor. Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

Rhe. Like so many swine in a trough.

Cor. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cuc. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously.

Pel. I will not slack my part.

Cuc. Wench, take my buckler.

Cor. Come all unto my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well and yield sport,
When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the House of* THAMASTA.

Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, *and* KALA.

Amet. Does this show well?

Tha. What would you have me do?

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim, new crept
Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour
Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness,
Embroideries, and all these antick fashions,
That shape a woman monstrous; to transform
Your education, and a noble birth
Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister!
She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud?

Amet. Young Menaphon,
My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly:
To witness his obedience to your scorn,
Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook
A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,
In this time of his absence, have you not
Dispos'd of your affections to some monarch?
Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king
With fawning protestations of your graces,
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?
This had been a new piece of modesty,
Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;
And brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.
My freedom is my birth; I am not bound
To fancy your approvements, but my own.
Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of
Your visits, and your loving commendation
To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin
Of a rare excellence: What though she want
A portion to maintain a portly greatness!
Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend
So low; the meekness of your pity leads you!
She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul!
An innocent!—

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given
Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;
For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill,
The handsome stranger, more familiarly
Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,
I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both;
Time may reclaim your cruelty.

Tha. I pity
The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sadness:
He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers
His tales so gracefully, that I could sit
And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,
To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon
Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend
For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee;
Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON *and* PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. I fear I shall. [*Aside.*

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden?

Men. 'Tis a curious,
A pleasantly contriv'd delight.

Tha. Your eye, sir,
Hath in your travels often met contents
Of more variety?

Par. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair presence
Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,
More lovely than all other helps of art
Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by "helps of art,"
You know yourself best; be they as they are;
You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners more than skill,
Not to praise *praise itself.*

Tha. For your reward,
Henceforth I'll call you servant.

Amet. Excellent, sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall
Lower than shame, when I neglect all service
That may confirm this favour!

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Par. Great princess, I am well. To see a league
Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,
And a commanding virtue, such as your's is,
Are sure restoratives.

Tha. You speak ingeniously.
Brother, be pleas'd to shew the gallery
To this young stranger. Use the time a while,
And we will all together to the court:
I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Par. You are all compos'd of fairness and true bounty.

Amet. Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This beginning
Doth relish happy process.

Men. You have bless'd me.
[*Exeunt* MEN. AMET. *and* PAR.

Tha. Kala! O, Kala!

Kala. Lady.

Tha. We are private;
Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then:
I am not to be forced.

Tha. Never till now,
Could I be sensible of being traitor
To honour and to shame.
Kala. You are in love.
Tha. I am grown base. Parthenophill—
Kala. He's handsome,
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
A winning tongue.
Tha. If ever I must fall,
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,
Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
But do it honourably. Prithee, Kala,
Do not betray me.
Kala. Madam, I will make it
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with him.
Tha. I hope thou art not, Kala.
Kala. 'Tis for your sake:
I'll tell him so: but, 'faith, I am not, lady.
Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon
Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Sophronos *and* Aretus.

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more than time
That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.
The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;
The court is now turn'd antick, and grows wild,
Whilst all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,
And watch fit opportunity to wreak
Their just conceived fury on such injuries
As the late prince, our living master's father,
Committed against laws of truth or honour.
Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;
Whilst the unsteady multitude presume
How that you, Aretus, and I engross,
Out of particular ambition,
The affairs of government; which I, for my part,
Groan under, and am weary of.
Are. Sophronos,
I am as zealous too of shaking off
My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought
Of speedy remedy; and to that end,
As I have told you, have concluded with
Corax, the prince's chief physician.—
Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;
You were his tutor, and could best discern
His dispositions, to inform them rightly.
Are. Passions of violent nature, by degrees
Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter Corax, Rhetias, Pelias, Cuculus, *and* Grilla.

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen!
Have you won Rhetias, Corax?
Cor. Most sincerely.
Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the newest edition, spick and span-new, without example. Do your honour, housewife!
Gril. There's a courtsy for you, and a courtsy for you.
Soph. 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion,
And entertain she-waiters.
Are. 'Twill be courtly.
Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a headpiece——
Rhe. Of woodcock, without brains in it! Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns, and hucksters set thee out in gingerbread.
Cuc. Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee now; canst let me be quiet?
Gril. You are too perstreperous, sauce-box.
Cuc. Good girl! if we begin to puff once—
Pel. Prithee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in the presence.
Rhe. Mum, butterfly!
Pel. The prince! stand and keep silence.
Cuc. O the prince! wench, thou shalt see the prince now. [*Soft music.*

Enter Palador, *with a Book.*

Soph. Are. Sir, gracious sir!
Pal. Why all this company?
Cor. A book! is this the early exercise
I did prescribe? instead of following health,
Which all men covet, you pursue disease.
Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at tennis,
Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing,
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how
To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet!
Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave
The court; it does infect me with the sloth
Of sleep and surfeit: in the university
I have employments, which to my profession
Add profit and report; here I am lost,
And, in your wilful dulness, held a man
Of neither art nor honesty. You may
Command my head:—pray, take it, do! 'twere better
For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,
And live in Bedlam; you will force me to't;
I am almost mad already.
Pal. I believe it.
Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do require
A speedy restitution of such ships,
As by your father were long since detain'd;
If not, defiance threaten'd.
Are. These near parts
Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;
And by intelligence we learn for certain,
The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest
Of tribute intermitted.
Soph. Through your land
Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine
More than they dare speak publicly.
Cor. And yet
They talk but oddly of you.
Cuc. Hang 'em, mongrels!
Pal. Of me? my subjects talk of me!

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
And think worse, prince.
Pal. I'll borrow patience
A little time to listen to these wrongs;
And from the few of you, which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.
Cor. So! now he's nettled. [*Aside.*
Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts, [fear
And how I am interpreted: Speak boldly.
Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain and brief.
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withall headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment:
I think you too indulgent to such motions
As spring out of your own affections;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.
Pal. So!—Tutor, your conceit? [it)
Arc. I think you doat (with pardon let me speak
Too much upon your pleasures; and these plea-
Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet [sures
No other change of fortune: would be still
What your birth makes you; but are loth to toil
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.
Cor. I think you would be by the world reputed
A man, in every point complete; but are
In manners and effect indeed a child,
A boy, a very boy.
Pel. May it please your grace,
I think you do contain within yourself
The great elixir, soul and quintessence
Of all divine perfections; are the glory
Of mankind, and the only strict example
For earthly monarchs to square out their lives by:
Time's miracle! Fame's pride! in knowledge, wit,
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—
Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like your highness. 'Tis I; I that am the credit of the court, noble prince; and if thou would'st, by proclamation or patent, create me overseer of all the tailors in thy dominions, then, then the golden days should appear again! bread should be cheaper; fools should have more wit; knaves more honesty, and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—
Cuc. Peace, you squall!
Pal. You have not spoken yet. [*To* RHETIAS.
Cuc. Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.
Gri. Most abominable;—out upon him!
Cor. Away, Cuculus; follow the lords.
Cuc. Close, page, close.
[*They all silently withdraw but* RHE. *and* PAL.
Pal. You are somewhat long a'thinking.
Rhe. I do not think at all.
Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhe. My pity, you are;—but not my reprehension.

Pal. Pity!

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince?

Rhe. Princes who forget their sovereignty, and yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, whilst he lived:—but what
Rhe. Nothing. [of him?
I only dared to name him,—that is all
Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st us,
Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak; there's something
That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears than stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stol'n hence?
We are alone—thou hast an honest look—
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd
With flattery: be open. Though 'tis true,
That in my younger days I oft have heard
Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,
Than I could then observe; yet I protest,
I never had a friend, a certain friend,
That would inform me throughly of such errors,
As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the word
Of a just prince; for any thing thou speakest
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that something concerns you. Meleander, the great but unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated with for a match between you and his eldest daughter, the lady Eroclea: you were both near of an age.—I presume you remember a contract,—and cannot forget *her*.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty—prithee forward!

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought; was courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed, but to be made a prey to some less noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

Pal. Good, call it back again into thy memory;
Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me. In brief, a rape by some bad agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander her father rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander accused of treason, his land seized, he himself distracted and confined to the castle, where he yet lives. What had ensued, was doubtful; but your father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea?
Rhe. She never since was heard of.
Pal. No hope lives then
Of ever, ever seeing her again?

Rhe. Sir, I feared I should anger you. This was, as I said, an old tale:—I have now a new one, which may perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepared to hear; say what you please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling, (on whose favour my fortunes relied,) I furnished myself for travel, and bent my course to Athens; where a pretty accident, after a while, came to my knowledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee.

Rhe. A young lady contracted to a noble gentleman, as the lady last mentioned and your highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy

in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.—

Pal. In habit of a man?

Rhe. A handsome young man—'till within these three months or less, (her sweet-heart's father dying some year before, or more,) she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

Pal. If I *did* love her, Rhetias! Yes I did.
Give me thy hand: As thou did'st serve Meleander,
And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father,
And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well;
For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd
A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital,—
Open my bosom, Rhetias.

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy—
Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly:
What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—
'Tis her's, the lady's.

Pal. Whose?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Her's that was once Eroclea. For her sake
Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm
Of government; for her sake, will restore
Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,
Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,
And let no politic lord work from thy bosom
My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me;
But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion,
Humour the lords, as they would humour me;
I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, KALA, *and* PARTHENOPHILL.

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the prince!
Sir, I am bold with favour to present
Unto your highness Menaphon my friend,
Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees
I kiss your gracious hand.

Pal. It is our duty
To love the virtuous.

Men. If my prayers or service
Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with a grace, like a true traveller?—
What new ouzle's this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own judgment,
In taking more than common notice of
This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophill;
One, who, if mine opinion do not soothe me
Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind
Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations,
Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Par. All the powers
That sentinel just thrones, double their guards
About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortune
Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the entrance
Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident,
That e'er delighted your attention:
I can discourse it, sir.

Pal. Some other time.
How is he call'd?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?
We shall sort time to take more notice of him. [*Exit.*

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Par. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear, gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not a word.

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, soon
Expect us; this day we will range the city.

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala! [*Aside.*

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art! [*Exeunt all but* PARTHENOPHILL *and* KALA.

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Par. Your pleasure?
Yet, pray, be brief.

Kal. Then, briefly; good, resolve me;
Have you a mistress or a wife?

Par. I have neither.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any
Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

Par. Not any truly.

Kal. What your friends or means are
I will not be inquisitive to know,
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit
A dowry were thrown down before your choice,
Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection,
How gladly would you entertain it? Young man,
I do not tempt you idly.

Par. I shall thank you,
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible
Of what 'tis to be happy; for the present
I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns me.
Another time—(*Going.*)

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley,
That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you;
Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

Par. Yes, madam,
Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won
On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,

Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,
Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment;
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession
Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!
But say, a nobler love should interpose.

Par. Where real worth and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant
In that construction, which must give clear light
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.
Madam, my duty waits on you. [*Exit.*

Tha. Come hither!—
"If ever henceforth I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to."—'Twas so!

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words
Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.
Thou woo'd'st him for thyself?

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mention'd?

Kal. Madam, no;
We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that!
Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,
The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment,
False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your carriage;
There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen
That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala:
I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

Kal. I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect
My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. [*Exit.*

Kal. Are you so quick? Well, I may chance to cross
Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant
The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;
And let her do her worst then! What! we're all
But flesh and blood: the same thing that will do
My lady good, will please her woman too. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at the Castle.*

Enter CLEOPHILA *and* TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare, with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;
But I am not; for I take more content
In my obedience here, than all delights
The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. Oh!

Cleo. Dost hear that groan?

Trol. Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast, young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs, and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd father! let me view his face.

[*Draws the Arras,* MELEANDER *discovered in a chair, sleeping*

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal away his rough beard whilst he sleeps? In his naps he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high time, o' my conscience, for him to be trimmed; he has not been under the shaver's hand almost these four years.

Cleo. Peace, fool!

Trol. I could clip the old ruffian; there's hair enough to stuff all the great cod-pieces in Switzerland. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how his eyes roll! A good year keep your lordship in your right wits, I beseech ye! [*Aside.*

Mel. Cleophila!

Cleo. Sir, I am here; how do you, sir?

Trol. Sir, is your stomach up yet? get some warm porridge in your belly; 'tis a very good settle-brain.

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of owls
Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd
The while, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl
Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning
Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.—
Good! what art thou? and thou?

Cleo. I am Cleophila,
Your woeful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio,
Your honest implement.

Mel. I know you both. 'Las, why d'ye use me thus?
Thy sister, my Erocles, was so gentle,
That turtles in their down, do feed more gall,
Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds and storm
Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullying foulness of that fury.
So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief
Against the girl—'twas a politic trick!
We were too old in honour.—I am lean,
And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly
I have not dined these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir?

Trol. I beseech you heartily, sir: I feel a horrible puking myself.

Mel. Am I stark mad?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring—there's difference between staring and stark mad. You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conundrumed, or so. [*Aside.*

Mel. Here's all my care; and I do often sigh
For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded
From all good people. But take heed; Amethus
Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;
There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon
Have not been very skilful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love;
That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, *and* RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now. [*Exit.*

Amet. My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your kinsman,
Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender
His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study
Tc do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!
Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin, [lives
In you, and your well-doing.
Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.
Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.
Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.
Par. You much honour me.
Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my passion will betray my weakness.—O my master, my noble master, do not forget me; I am still the humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those that serve you. [*Aside.*
Mel. Ha, ha, ha!
Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis the usher to a violent extremity. [*Aside.*
Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come,
To jeer my ripe calamities.
Men. Good uncle!
Mel. But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate fools!
You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud roofs
Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!
Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,
As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your riots,
You are fat in no felicity but folly:
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops
Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich [fare,
Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila;
All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:
You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her?
Amethus, how d'ye like her?
Amet. My intents
Are just and honourable.
Men. Sir, believe him.
Mel. Take her!—We two must part; go to him, [do.
Par. This sight is full of horror.
Rhe. There is sense yet,
In this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook:
No guns, no pompous whining; these are fooleries.
If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes
In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on;
It is not comely to be haled to the earth,
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,
In antick trappings. Scorn to useless tears!
Eroclea was not coffin'd so; she perish'd,
And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish
I talk like one that doats; laugh at me, Rhetias,
Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,
They have starv'd me; but I'll henceforth be mine own cook.
Good morrow! 'tis too early for my cares
To revel; I will break my heart a little,
And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [*Exit.*
Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use your time respectively; few words to purpose soonest prevail: study no long orations; be plain and short. I'll follow him. [*Exit*
Amet. Cleophila, although these blacker clouds
Of sadness, thicken and make dark the sky
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
The stream of my affections; they are pure,
Without all mixture of unnoble thoughts:
Can you be ever mine?
Cleo. I am so low
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
That I want words to tell you, you deserve
A worthier choice.
Amet. But give me leave to hope.
Men. My friend is serious.
Cleo. Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive
In any earthly happiness, the next
To my good father's wish'd recovery,
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise:—for the present time,
You cannot urge more from me.
Mel. [*within.*] Ho, Cleophila!
Cleo. This gentleman is mov'd.
Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophill,
Are guilty of some passion.
Men. Friend, what ails thee?
Par. All is not well within me, sir.
Mel. [*within.*] Cleophila!
Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not; we now must part.
Cleo. Still you shall have my prayer.
Amet. Still you my truth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cuculus *and* Grilla, *the former in a black Velvet Cap, and a white Feather, with a Paper in his hand.*

Cuc. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of the trim?
Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered.
Cuc. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white and black. [*Reads.*] "Kala, the waiting-woman." I will first begin at the foot. stand thou for Kala.
Gril. I stand for Kala; do your best and your worst.
Cuc I must look big, and care little or nothing for her, because she is a creature that stands at livery. Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose. "Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either fair or honest, so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

Gril. I must confess—
Cuc. Well said.
Gril. You are—
Cuc. That's true too.
Gril. To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.
Cuc. Away, away!—dost think so?
Gril. A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen cox-
Cuc. I'll never believe it, by this hand. [comb.
Gril. A maggot, most unworthy to creep in
To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's
(What d'ye call) good conceit, or so, or what
You will else—were you not refin'd by courtship,
And education, which, in my blear eyes,
Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,
Or savoury cod of musk, new fall'n from the cat.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the waiting-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the old madman's daughter. I must come to her in whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms, and blubber out my speech as thus: "Even as a kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare, when they are full paunched on the carrion of a dead horse; so, even so the gorge of my affections, being full crammed with the garboils of your condolements, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were) about me, and fellow-feeling of howling outright."—

Gril. This will do't, if we will hear.

Cuc. Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another tender-hearted fool.

Gril. "Even as the snuff of a candle that is burnt in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the heart in a morning, is a restorative for a sweet breath: so, even so the odoriferous savour of your love doth perfume my heart (heigh ho!) with the pure scent of an intolerable content, and not to be endured."

Cuc. By this hand 'tis excellent! Have at thee, last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she that is my mistress indeed. She is abominably proud, a lady of a damnable high, turbulent, and generous spirit; but I have a loud-mouth'd cannon of mine own to batter her, and a penned speech of purpose: observe it.

Gril. Thus I walk by, hear and mind you not.

Cuc. [reads.] "*Tho' haughty as the devil or his dam,*
Thou dost appear, great mistress; yet I am
Like to an ugly fire work, and can mount
Above the region of thy sweet ac—count.
Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee,
Behold the man ordain'd to move within thee."—
Look to yourself, housewife! answer me in strong lines, you were best.

Gril. Keep off, poor fool, my beams will strike thee blind;
Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.
In palaces, such as pass in before,
Must be great princes; for, at the back door,
Tatterdemallions wait, who know not how
To gain admittance; such a one—art thou.

Cuc. 'Sfoot, this is downright roaring.

Gril. I know how to present a big lady in her own cue.—But pray, in earnest, are you in love with all these?

Cuc. Pish! I have not a rag of love about me; 'tis only a foolish humour I am possessed with, to be surnamed the Conqueror. I will court any thing; be in love with nothing, nor no—thing.

Gril. A rare man you are, I protest.

Cuc. Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever held myself so.

Enter PELIAS *and* CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!
Cuc. 'Tis false.
Gril. A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir,
At any time, place, weapon.
Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow him; get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles, vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone, and make no bawling. [*Exeunt all but* CORAX.
To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,
And lose so many hours, as my studies
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man,
That creeps both on his hands and knees, to climb
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
One careless slip down-tumbles him again
Into the bottom, whence he first began.
I need no prince's favour; princes need
My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,
The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall not.

Enter SOPHRONOS *and* ARETUS.

Soph. We find him timely now; let's learn the cause.
Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you learn'd,
And, since your skill can best discern the humours
That are predominant, in bodies subject
To alteration; tell us, pray, what devil
This melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters.
Cor. You are yourself a scholar,
And quick of apprehension: Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Extasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frenzy, Rupture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From melancholy; which is briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow; first begot i' th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.
Are. There are sundry kinds
Of this disturbance?
Cor. Infinite; it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds,
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.
Soph. Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is
The cure must be impossible; and then [doubtful
Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,
As well unto himself, as to his subjects.
Cor. My lord, you are too quick; thus much I
Promise and do; ere many minutes pass, [dare
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.
Are. You are a noble scholar.
Soph. For reward
You shall make your own demand.
Cor. May I be sure?

Are. We both will pledge our truth.
Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd.
That I may be discharged from my attendance
At court, and never more be sent for after:
Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
If I get home once, and come here again!
Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.
Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.
Cor. I'll acquaint you
With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* THAMASTA'S *House.*

Enter KALA *and* PARTHENOPHILL.

Kala. My lady does expect you, thinks all time
Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young man,
If you intend to love me, and me only,
Before we part, without more circumstance,
Let us betroth ourselves.
Par. I dare not wrong you;—
You are too violent.
Kala. Wrong me no more
Than I wrong you; be mine, and I am yours;
I cannot stand on points.
Par. Then, to resolve
All further hopes, you never can be mine,
Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall not.
Kala. The thing is sure a gelding. [*Aside.*]—*Shall not!* Well,
You were best to prate unto my lady now,
What proffer I have made.
Par. Never, I vow.
Kala. Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused!
O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I'll overtake you.
[*Exit* PAR.
What a green-sickness liver'd boy is this!
My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale,
That 'twill be mouldy;—but I'll mar her market.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill passed this way; prithee, Kala,
Direct me to him.
Kala. Yes, I can direct you;
But you, sir, must forbear.
Men. Forbear?
Kala. I said so.
Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive
A secret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your reason; 'tis but mere respect
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
The stranger, whom your courtesy received
For friend, is made your rival.
Men. Rival, Kala?
Take heed; thou art too credulous.
Kala. My lady,
Doats on him: I will place you in a room,
Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see
Such passages as will confirm the truth
Of my intelligence.
Men. 'Twill make me mad.
Kala. Yes, yes.
It makes me mad too, that a gentleman
So excellently sweet, so liberal,
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd,
By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler; but, for love's sake,
Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word;
I am undone then.
Men. That were too much pity:
Honest, most honest Kala! 'tis thy care,
Thy serviceable care.
Kala. You have ev'n spoken
All can be said or thought.
Men. I will reward thee:
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip
His falsehood with a vengeance.—
Kala. O speak little.
Walk up these stairs; and take this key, it opens
A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,
You may see all their courtship.
Men. I am silent.
Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you;
There is a back stair to convey you forth
Unseen or unsuspected.— [*Exit* MENAPHON.
He that cheats
A waiting-woman of a free good turn
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
Sheep-spirited boy! altho' he had not married me,
He might have proffer'd kindness in a corner,
And ne'er have been the worse for't. They are come:
On goes my set of faces most demurely.

Enter THAMASTA *and* PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. Forbear the room.
Kala. Yes, madam.
Tha. Whosoever
Requires access to me, deny him entrance
Till I call thee; and wait without.
Kala. I shall.
Sweet Venus, turn his courage to a snow-ball,
I heartily beseech it! [*Aside, and exit.*
Tha. I expose
The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
To hazard of much hard construction,
In seeking an adventure of a parley,
So private, with a stranger: if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.
Par. Lady—to shorten long excuses—time
And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
My apprehension, with a real taste
Of your most noble nature, that to question
The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
Which Heav'n hath with a plenty made you rich in,
Would argue me uncivil; which is more,
Base-bred; and, which is most of all, unthankful.
Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are found
In several mines; yet is there such a league
Between these minerals, as if one vein
Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
Is not engraft upon an olive's stock;
Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
They will, both in their branches and their roots,
Embrace each other: twines of ivy round
The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the elm;
Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,
Consider this aright; then these slight creatures
Will fortify the reasons I should frame
For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,
Which is submitted to a stranger's pity
True love may blush, when shame repents too late;
But in all actions, nature yields to fate.
Par. Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed

The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents;
I clearly understand them. Yet so much
The difference between that height and lowness,
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
Dissuades me from ambition; that I am
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
Can any way raise up.
Tha. I am a princess,
And know no law of slavery; to sue,
Yet be denied!
Par. I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
And I the thief.
Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
To enrage a lioness.
Par. It were unjust
To falsify a faith; and ever after,
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,
A scorn to time and truth.
Tha. Remember well,
Who I am, and what thou art.
Par. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
If some few days have tempted your free heart,
To cast away affection on a stranger;
If that affection have so oversway'd
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit;
How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,
Wherein you may new trim, and settle right
A memorable name?
Tha. The youth is idle.
Par. Days, months, and years are past, since Menaphon
Hath loved and serv'd you truly; Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood
From your's; in qualities desertful, graced
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman: for him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.
Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Parthenophill!—
Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us: my great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.
Par. Menaphon,
By me, repeats the self-same words to you:
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth, or my report.
Tha. Go where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee; I will learn
To bear all change of fortunes.
Par. For my friend,
I plead with grounds of reason.
Tha. For thy love,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments —
Par. Stay, as you honour virtue.
Tha. When the proffers
Of other greatness,—
Par. Lady!
Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—
Par. I'll ease your grief.
Tha. Respect of kindred,—
Par. Pray, give me hearing.
Tha. Loss of fame,—
Par. I crave
But some few minutes.
Tha. Shall infringe my vows,
Let Heaven,—
Par. My love speaks t'ye: hear, then go on.
Tha. Thy love? why, 'tis a charm to stop a vow
In its most violent course.
Par. Cupid has broke
His arrows here; and, like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.
Tha. This is mere trifling.
Par. Lady, take a secret.
I am as you are;—in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, "if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd."
Tha. Are you not mankind then?
Par. When you shall read
The story of my sorrows, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
From my unforged relation, I believe
You will not think the shedding of one tear,
A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pity and my fortune.
Tha. Pray conceal
The errors of my passions.
Par. Would I had
Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not)
To venture on your secrecy!
Tha. It will be
A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
The affection, which was once devoted thine;
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
I loved so dearly.
Par. You shall find me ever,
Your ready faithful servant.
Tha. O, the powers
Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!
We must not part yet.
Par. Let not my unworthiness
Alter your good opinion.
Tha. I shall henceforth
Be jealous of thy company with any;
My fears are strong and many.

Re-enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
Call me?
Tha. For what?
Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come,—So private! is this well, Parthenophill?
Par. Sir, noble sir!
Men. You are unkind and treacherous;
This 'tis to trust a straggler!
Tha. Prithee, servant—

Men. I dare not question you, you are my mistress,
My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—
Tha. Come, you are angry.
Men. Henceforth, I will bury
Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:
I'll court mine own distraction, doat on folly.
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,
Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest
In change and scorn.
Tha. How dare you talk to me thus?
Men. Dare? Were you not own sister to my friend,
Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;
For I would never more look on you. Take
Your jewel t'ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,
Or—boy!—boy!
Tha. If commands be of no force,
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.
Men. 'Tis naught.
Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I deserv'd
To be thus used?
Par. I do protest—
Men. You shall not;
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS.

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is pleas'd
To see a Masque to-night; we must attend him:
'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?
Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it shortly.
Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from me. [*Exeunt.*

—◆—

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, *and* CORAX; *Servants with Torches.*

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will shew your highness
A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,
Imagine you were now in the university.
You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,
A quab; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.
Pal. We will observe it.
Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir,
For Corax else is humorous and testy.
Are. By any means; men singular in art,
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.
Pal. The name of this conceit.
Cor. Sir, it is called
The Masque of Melancholy.
Are. We must look for
Nothing but sadness here, then.
Cor. Madness rather
In several changes. Melancholy is
The root, as well of every apish frenzy,
Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,
Hold, and observe the plot; (*Gives* PAL. *a paper*) 'tis there express'd
In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, *and* PARTHENOPHILL.

No interruption;—take your places quickly;
Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance! [*Flourish.*

Enter RHETIAS, *his Face whited, black shag Hair, long Nails; with a piece of raw Meat.*

Rhe. *Bow, bow! wow, wow! the moon's eclipsed; I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turn'd wolf, I bark, and howl, and dig up graves; I will never have the sun shine again: 'tis midnight, deep dark midnight,—get a prey, and fall to—I have catch'd thee now.—Arre!—*
Cor. This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir; when men conceive themselves wolves.
Pal. Here I find it. [*Looking at the paper.*

Enter PELIAS, *with a Crown of Feathers, antickly rich.*

Pel. *I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was I not an emp'ror? my hand was kiss'd, and ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions: break all the looking-glasses, I will not see my horns; my wife cuckolds me; she is a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore!*
Pal. Hydrophobia term you this?
Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of water;
Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them
Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

Enter a Philosopher *in black Rags, with a Copper Chain, an old Gown half off, and a Book.*

Phi. *Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation and theory girdle the world about, like a wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.*
Cor. Delirium this is call'd, which is mere dotage.
Sprung from ambition first, and singularity,
Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.
Pal. I not dislike the course.

Enter GRILLA, *in a rich Gown, great Fardingale, great Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb on her Head.*

Gril. *Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here—did he give me a shough, and cut off's tail. Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.*
Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.
Pal. True.
Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in women.

Enter CUCULUS *like a Bedlam, singing.*

Cuc. They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.

Rhe. I'll swoop thee up.
Pel. Thou'st straight to execution.
Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.
Phi. Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

Cuc. [*sings.*] Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!
The goblins are now a tumbling:
I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,
I'll roar 'm, I'll gore 'em!
Now, now, now! my brains are a jumbling.—
Bounce! the gun's off.

Pal. You name this here, hypochondriacal?
Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

Enter a SEA-NYMPH, *big-bellied, singing and dancing*

Nymph. Good your honours,
Pray your worships,
Dear your beauties,—
Cuc. Hang thee!
To lash your sides,
To tame your hides,
To scourge your prides;
And bang thee.
Nymph. We're pretty and dainty, and I will begin;
See! how they do jeer me, deride me, and grin.
Come, sport me, come, court me, your topsail advance,
And let us conclude our delights in a dance.

All. A dance, a dance, a dance!
Cor. This is the wanton melancholy. Women
With child, possess'd with this strange fury, often
Have danced three days together without ceasing.
Pal. 'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of miracles.

THE DANCE.

[*Exeunt the* Masquers *in couples.*

We are thy debtor, Corax, for the gift
Of this invention; but the plot deceives us:
What means this empty space? [*Pointing to the paper*
Cor. One kind of Melancholy
Is only left untouch'd; 'twas not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy;
'Tis nam'd Love-Melancholy. As, for instance,
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand forth— [*To* PARTH
Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible
To limn his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.
Par. You are not modest, sir.
Tha. Am I your mirth?
Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
O were your highness but touch'd home, and thoroughly,
With this (what shall I call it?) devil—
Pal. Hold!
Let no man henceforth name the word again.—
Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'Tis late; to rest!— [*Exit.*
Cor. My lords—
Soph. Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.
Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin;
And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* THAMASTA'S *House.*

Enter AMETHUS *and* MENAPHON.

Amet. Doat on a stranger?
Men. Court him; plead, and sue to him.
Amet. Affectionately?
Men. Servilely; and, pardon me,
If I say, basely.
Amet. Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, flash, to fright our trembling senses,
Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.
My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn
All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—
You are my friend.
Men. What I confirm, is truth.
Amet. Truth, Menaphon?
Men. If I conceived you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir —
Amet. What then, sir?
Men. I would then resolve
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love
That sin is double, running in a blood,
Which justifies another being worse.
Amet. My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth
Of my dishonour: she shall know how much
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
By checking the contempt her poor desires
Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,
How did the youth receive her?
Men. With a coldness
As modest and as hopeless, as the trust
I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

Enter THAMASTA *and* KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.
Men. Sir, your sister.
Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.
Amet. Hark ye!
The mask of your ambition is fallen off;
Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject lowness,
That you have now discover'd to report
Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,—
Tha. You are turn'd Satire.
Amet. All the flatteries
Of greatness have exposed you to contempt.
Tha. This is mere railing.
Amet. You have sold your birth
For lust.
Tha. Lust?
Amet. Yes; and, at a dear expense,
Purchased the only glories of a wanton.
Tha. A wanton!
Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth;
Learn to redeem your fault.
Kala. I hope your tongue
Has not betray'd my honesty. [*Aside to* MEN.
Men. Fear nothing.
Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove
To keep a wary guard about my fame;
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
The constancy of your protested love;
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment.

Impute that to a coyness or neglect,
Which my discretion and your service aim'd
For noble purposes.

Men. Great mistress, no:
I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
Of any least desert, that might entitle
My duty to a pension from your favours.

Amet. And therefore, lady, (pray observe him well,)
He henceforth covets plain equality;
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,
Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife; a wife;
A wife, my most great lady!

Kala. All will out. [*Aside.*

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty;
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress!

Amet. 'Tis a trick;
There is no trust in female cunning, friend.
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy;
Or we will not believe these childish plots:
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply.—Think on't!

Men. Pray, love your fame.
[*Exeunt* MEN. *and* AMET.

Tha. Gone! I am sure awak'd. Kala, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You owed, required.

Kala. Not I? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be—no matter what!
I am pay'd in mine own coin; something I must,
And speedily.—So!—seek out Cuculus,
Bid him attend me instantly.

Kala. That antick!
The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds indeed;
But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter RHETIAS *and* CORAX.

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo! O these lousy close-stool empirics, that will undertake all cures, yet know not the causes of any disease! Dog-leeches! By the four elements I honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave, and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'dst not been a scholar;
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o'conscience!
But for thy lord now,—I have put him to't.

Rhe. He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot; is he not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

Cor. Rhetias, 'tis not a madness, but his sorrows
(Close griping grief, and anguish of the soul)
That torture him; he carries hell on earth
Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny
Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness
Must qualify that tempest of his mind.

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure
The misbelieving world, that the sun shines,
When 'tis i' th' full meridian of his beauty:
No cloud of black detraction can eclipse
The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth, casting
All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
Call me your servant; only, for the present,
I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—
Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe me,
Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.
[*Exit*

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd whoreson; there is pith
In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

Enter TROLLIO, *with a Morion on.*

Trol. Worshipful master doctor, I have a great deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord thunders, every word that comes out of his mouth roars like a cannon; the house shook once;—my young lady dares not be seen,

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and fences it up and down the house, as if he were to make room for the pageants. I have provided me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Cor. No matter for the morion; here's my cap:
Thus I will pull it down, and thus outstare him.
[*He produces a frightful Mask and Head-piece.*

Trol. The physician is got as mad as my lord.—O brave! a man of worship.

Cor. Let him come, Trollio. I will firk his trangdido, and bounce, and bounce in metal, honest Trollio.

Trol. He vapours like a tinker, and struts like a juggler. [*Aside.*

Mel. (*within.*) So ho. so ho!

Trol. There, there, there! look to your right worshipful, look to yourself.

Enter MELEANDER *with a Pole-axe.*

Mel. Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated noise
Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
To tear the cur in pieces.

Cor. [*Putting on his Mask, and turning to* MEL.] Stay thy paws,
Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which Sisyphus rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Hold, hold thy conquering breath; 'tis stronger far
Than gunpowder and garlic. If the fates
Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:
Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.
[*Exit, with the Pole-axe.*

Mel. This friend and I will walk, and gabble wisely.

Cor. I allow the motion; on!
[*Takes off his Mask.*

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,

Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;
Then the whole body follows.
Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and theirs
The world runs round; yet these are square men still.
Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross offices.
Cor. None wise, but unthrifts, bankrupts, beggars, rascals.
Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.
Cor. That's not so good: (*Aside*) it shall be granted.
Mel. All
The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash
To a strong well-wrought halter; there the gout,
The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,
Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:
Build me a gallows in this very plot,
And I'll dispatch your business.
Cor. Fix the knot
Right under the left ear.
Mel. Sirrah, make ready.
Cor. Yet do not be so sudden; grant me leave,
To give a farewell to a creature long
Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl;
She comes to ask a blessing.
Mel. Pray, where is she?
I cannot see her yet.
Cor. She makes more haste
In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,
Which many griefs have weaken'd.
Mel. Cruel man!
How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already
With injuries of time?—Whilst I am frantic,
Whilst throngs of new divisions huddle on,
And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,
So long—I am insensible of cares.
As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,
Not violently sundered, and thrown up;
So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,
Not hurried in the air of repetition,
Or memory of my misfortunes past:
Then are my griefs struck home, when they're reclaim'd
To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed;
What of your daughter now?
Cor. I cannot tell you,
'Tis now out of my head again; my brains
Are crazy; I have scarce slept one sound sleep
These twelve months.
Mel. 'Las, poor man! canst thou imagine
To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,
By practising a cure upon my weakness,
And yet be no physician for thyself?
Go, go! turn over all thy books once more,
And learn to thrive in modesty; for impudence
Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool,
A kind of learned fool.
Cor. I do confess it.
Mel. If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,
Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,
Done long ago, and ill done; and, when sighs
Are wearied, piece up what remains behind
With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death;
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,
And we will sit together, like true friends,
And never be divided. With what greediness
Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth
Which is not truly season'd with some madness:
As, for example— [*Exit hastily.*
Cor. What new crotchet next?
There is so much sense in this wild distraction,
That I am almost out of my wits too,
To see and hear him: some few hours more
Spent here, would turn me apish, if not frantic.

Re-enter MELEANDER *with* CLEOPHILA.

Mel. In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou man
Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,
The harmony and sweet consent of times,
Are not of such an excellence, in form
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwells within the compass of this face:
And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience
As will hereafter, in another age,
Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too;—but as for her,
If I were given to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass—
We must be wise sometimes. What would you with her?
Cor. I with her? nothing by your leave, sir, I;
It is not my profession.
Mel. You are saucy,
And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness,
To use no more respect—good soul! be patient;
We are a pair of things the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleophila; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chased off till I am dead;
And then some charitable soul will take thee
Into protection: I am hasting on;
The time cannot be long.
Cleo. I do beseech you,
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
My safety, let not passion overrule you.
Mel. It shall not; I am friends with all the world.
Get me some wine; to witness that I will be
An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.
Cor. Have you prepared his cup? [*Aside to* CLEO.
Cleo. It is in readiness.

Enter CUCULUS *and* GRILLA.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak with a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's daughter of the house.
Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter, toss-pot?
Gril. Toss-pot? O base! toss-pot?
Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?—I would do my own commendations to her; that's all.
Mel. Do. Come, my Genius, we will quaff in wine,
Till we grow wise.
Cor. True nectar is divine.
[*Exeunt* MEL. *and* COR.
Cuc. So! I am glad he is gone. Page, walk

aside.—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir! I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not, as they say, an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes, which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a——

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy. What, and from whom?

Cuc. Marry, *what* is more than I know, for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what*:—but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

Cleo. From whom, then, are you sent?

Cuc. There you come to me again. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time o' day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. [*Delivers a letter.*

Cleo. To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it. [*Reads.*

Cuc. Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven. thou art great and bountiful.
Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess,
Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

Cuc. They shall, mad-dam.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite bereaven,
Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ARETUS *and* SOPHRONOS.

Are. The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.

Are. What should this young man be?
Or whither can he be convey'd?

Soph. 'Tis to me
A mystery; I understand it not.

Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS, *and* PELIAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Though I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery you make of my dull patience,
Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

Pel. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir, 'tis not your active wit or language,
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate, and controul my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?

Men. Not to be heard of.

Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition; come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays,
Is not my friend.

Amet. 'Tis strange.

Are. Soph. We must obey.
[*Exeunt all but* PALADOR.

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,
My credulous sense; the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me:—the physician
Presented a strange masque, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding; but the boy——

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs,
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him. There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. [*Exit* RHE.
As there is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath model'd, in himself contains
Passions of several qualities.—

Enter behind, EROCLEA *(Parthenophill) in female attire.*

The music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:
My heart has been untuned these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted. Living here,
We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,
As by an hourglass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints?
Can I be nowhere private?

Ero. (*comes forward, and kneels.*) Let the sub-
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes, [stance
As the vain sound can pass [, sir, from] your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd your's,
Retain a constant memory.
Pal. Stand up!
'Tis not the figure stamped upon my cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.
Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quickening presence
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.
Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy!
Hast thou assumed a shape that would make
A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed [treason
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?
Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.
Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon unweave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee!
For my belief is arm'd else.—Yet, fair subtilty,
Before we part, (for part we must,) be true;
Tell me thy country.
Ero. Cyprus.
Pal. Ha! thy father?
Ero. Meleander.
Pal. Hast a name?
Ero. A name of misery;
The unfortunate Eroclea.
Pal There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness,
Hath honesty and virtue left the time!
Are we become so impious, that, to tread
The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name.
Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:
I am that woeful maid.
Pal. Join not too fast
Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins.
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue:—
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd
The contract of our hearts?
Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.
Pal. Buried? Right; as I
In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.
Ero. As I, Prince Palador in mine: this gift
[*Shows him a Tablet.*
His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took,
To keep me from despair.
Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd peace!
My extasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.
Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have liv'd,
By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd,
By what return'd, Rhetias, my trusty servant,
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good Sophronos, can inform at large.
Pal. Enough Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.
Ero. O, but my father!
Pal. Fear not: to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young again;
It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure!
There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter CORAX *and* CLEOPHILA.

Cor. 'Tis well, 'tis well; the hour is at hand,
Which must conclude the business, that no art
Could all this while make ripe for wish'd content.
O lady! in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till, labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.
Cleo. A happy end Heaven bless us with!
Cor. 'Tis well said.
The old man sleeps still soundly.

Cleo. May soft dreams
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,
With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest
The present blessings in a moderate joy!
Cor. I drench'd his cup to purpose; he ne'er stirr'd
At barber or at tailor. He will laugh
At his own metamorphosis, and wonder,—
We must be watchful. Does the couch stand ready?

Enter TROLLIO.

Cleo. All, [all] as you commanded. What's your haste for?
Trol. A brace of big women, usher'd by the young old ape with his she-clog at his bum, are enter'd the castle. Shall they come on?
Cor. By any means: the time is precious now; Lady, be quick and careful. Follow, Trollio! [*Exit.*
Trol. I owe all sir-reverence to your right worshipfulness. [*Exit.*
Cleo. So many fears, so many joys encounter
My doubtful expectations, that I waver
Between the resolution of my hopes
And my obedience: 'tis not, O my fate!
The apprehension of a timely blessing
In pleasures, shakes my weakness; but the danger
Of a mistaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reason. Let me live,
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

Enter THAMASTA, *speaking to some one, without.*

Tha. Attend me till I call.—My sweet Cleophila!
Cleo. Great princess—
Tha. I bring peace, to sue a pardon
For my neglect of all those noble virtues
Thy mind and duty are apparell'd with:
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,
Thou art too gentle, if thou can'st forget it.
Cleo. Alas! you have not wrong'd me; for, indeed,
Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,
Were grown to such familiarity,
That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,
To wish so great a lady as you are,
Should lose affection on my uncle's son:
But that your brother, equal in your blood,
Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love
A cast-away, a poor despised maid,
Only for me to hope was almost sin;—
Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.
Tha. Chide not
The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,
In such an humble language: I have smarted
Already in the wounds my pride hath made
Upon your sufferings: henceforth, 'tis in you
To work my happiness.
Cleo. Call any service
Of mine, a debt; for such it is. The letter,
You lately sent me, in the blest contents
It made me privy to, hath largely quitted
Every suspicion of your Grace, or goodness.
Tha. Let me embrace thee with a sister's love,
A sister's love, Cleophila! for should
My brother henceforth study to forget
The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever
Solicit thy deserts.
Amet. Men. [*Within.*] We must have entrance.
Tha. Must! Who are they say *must?* you are unmannerly.—

Enter AMETHUS *and* MENAPHON.

Brother, is't you? and you too, sir?
Amet. Your ladyship
Has had a time of scolding to your humour;
Does the storm hold still?
Cleo. Never fell a shower
More seasonably gentle on the barren
Parch'd thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy
Have from this princess been distill'd from me,
To make my growth in quiet of my mind
Secure and lasting.
Tha. You may both believe,
That I was not uncivil.
Amet. Pish! I know
Her spirit and her envy.
Cleo. Now, in troth, sir,—
(Pray credit me, I do not use to swear)
The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,
I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient
For her unequall'd bounty.—My good cousin,
I have a suit to you.
Men. It shall be granted.
Cleo. That no time, no persuasion, no respects
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter
By possibility to be conceiv'd,
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested
To this great worthy lady: she deserves
A duty more than what the ties of marriage
Can claim or warrant; be for ever her's,
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your comforts!
Amet. Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's part;
I'll not forbid the bans.
Men. Are you contented?
Tha. I have one task in charge first, which concerns me.
Brother, be not more cruel than this lady;
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,
Without additions of estate or birth,
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve, if now
You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice aught but a hell.
Amet. The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead handsomely
Their clients' cases: I am an easy judge,
And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee
My sister for a wife; a good one, friend.
Men. Lady, will you confirm the gift?
Tha. The errors
Of my mistaken judgment being lost
To your remembrance, I shall ever strive
In my obedience to deserve your pity.
Men. My love, my care, my all!
Amet. What rests for me?
I am still a bachelor: Sweet maid, resolve me,
May I yet call you mine?
Cleo. My lord Amethus,
Blame not my plainness; I am young and simple,
And have not any power to dispose
Mine own will, without warrant from my father;
That purchased, I am yours.
Amet. It shall suffice me.

Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, *and* TROLLIO, *plucking in* GRILLA.

Cuc. Revenge! I must have revenge; I will have revenge, bitter and abominable revenge; I

will have revenge. This unfashionable mongrel, this linsey-wolsey of mòrtality—by this hand, mistress, this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments. Why do you not speak, gentlemen?

Pel. Some certain blows have past, an't like your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship; some love toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a boy, [sure.

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

Trol. He has mumbled his nose, that 'tis as big as a great cod-piece.

Cuc. Oh, thou cock-vermin of iniquity!

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for't.
For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince
To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.
Whilst I'm in office, the old garb shall agen
Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.
Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exeunt* Cuc. Trol. Pel. *and* Gril.

Enter Rhetias *and* Corax.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand; give over
Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady,
Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready
To practise your instructions?

Cleo. I have studied
My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias,
With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

A Flourish.—Enter Palador, Sophronos, Aretus, *and* Eroclea.

Pal. Thus princes should be circled, with a guard
Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.
O Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st [me,
That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last
To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun shines,
Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,
Nor shall they here.—[Cleo. *and* Amet. *kneel.*]
Why do they kneel? Stand up;
The day and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,
Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such [circumstance
In duty to us? Rise!

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.
Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,
In hiding from your knowledge any secret,
That should have been in common 'twixt our souls;
But I was ruled by counsel.

Cleo. That I show
Myself a girl, sister, and bewray
Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,
I hope you cannot blame me.

[*Weeps, and falls into the arms of* Ero.

Pal. We must part
The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,
With th' island of our arms.—(*Embraces* Ero.)—
Cleophila,
The custom of thy piety hath built,
Even to thy younger years, a monument
Of memorable fame; some great reward
Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t'you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let us about our business.
The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw;
Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

Pal. Away then! [*Exeunt.*

Soft Music.—Re-enter Corax *and* Rhetias, *with* Meleander, *asleep, on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Gown changed.—While they are placing the Couch, a Boy sings, without.*

SONG.

Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charm'd in sleep.

Mel. (*awakes*) Where am I? ha! What sounds are these? 'Tis day, sure.
Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
But dream my dream out.

Cor. Morrow to your lordship!
You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone.

[*The Music ceases.*

Cor. O, by your leave, sir,
I must be bold to raise you; else your physic
Will turn to further sickness.

[*He assists* Mel. *to sit up.*

Mel. Physic, bear-leech?

Cor. Yes, physic; you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the room
Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

Rhe. Sir, true, you have; and this most learned scholar
Apply'd t'ye. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,
Before he took you [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk,
Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
Of age, so overspread with several sorts
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more your glory
In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the cordial
Prepared for him to take after his sleep,
'Twill do him good at heart.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir. [*Exit.*

Mel. What dost [thou] think I am, that thou should'st fiddle

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
That all the hands of art cannot remove
One grain, to ease my grief. If thou could'st poison
My memory, or wrap my senses up
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;
If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and laugh
Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,
Why then perhaps, at marts, thou might'st make benefit
Of such an antic motion, and get credit
From credulous gazers; but not profit me.
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
To be wrought on.
Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

Enter Aretus, *with a Patent.*

Arc. Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great [master,
Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
Not only confirmation of the honours
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition
Of the Marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [*Exit.*
Cor. There's one pill works.
Mel. Dost know that spirit? tis a grave familiar,
And talk'd I know not what.
Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor Aretus.
Mel. Yes, yes;
It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter Amethus, *with a Staff.*

Ame. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you Grand Commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [*Exit.*
Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?
Mel. A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul.—

Enter Sophronos, *with a Tablet.*

Another! I will stand thee;
Be what thou canst, I care not.
Soph. From the prince,
Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom:
Henceforth, he bad me say, he does beseech you
To call him son, for he will call you father;
It is an honour, brother, that a subject
Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.
Be moderate in your joys; he will in person
Confirm my errand, but commands my service.
[*Exit.*
Cor. What hope now of your cure?
Mel. Stay, stay!—What earthquakes
Roll in my flesh! Here's prince, and prince, and prince;
Prince upon prince! The dotage of my sorrows
Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:
Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,
I'll look upon them. Patent, staff, and relic!
To the last first. (*Taking up the Miniature*)
Round me, ye guarding ministers,
And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs
That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave
These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust!
Cor. 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial. Prithee,
Sit down; I'll instantly be here again. [*Exit.*
Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down: indeed,
Here's company enough for me to prate to.—
[*Looks at the Picture.*
Eroclea!—'tis the same; the cunning arts-man
Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd
A little hollow space here, and blown breath
To have made it move and whisper, 't had been excellent:—
But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;
Passing, most passing well.

Enter Cleophila *leading* Eroclea, *and followed by* Rhetias.

Cleo. The sovereign greatness,
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,
Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home
The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.
Ero. [*kneeling*] Dear sir, you know me?
Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter;
My eldest blessing. Know thee? why, Eroclea,
I never did forget thee in thy absence;
Poor soul, how dost?
Ero. The best of my well-being
Consists in yours.
Mel. Stand up; the gods, who hitherto
Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever!
Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince;
I thank thee too, Eroclea, that thou would'st,
In pity of my age, take so much pains
To live, till I might once more look upon thee
Before I broke my heart: O, 'twas a piece
Of piety and duty unexampled.
Rhe. The good man relisheth his comforts strangely;
The sight doth turn me child. [*Aside*
Ero. I have not words
That can express my joys.
Cleo. Nor I.
Mel. Nor I;
Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:
If I should speak as much as I should speak,
I should talk of a thousand things at once,
And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!
My tears, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,
Do bustle for a vent;—on th' other side,
To fly out into mirth were not so comely.
Come hither, let me kiss thee!—[*To* Ero.]—with a pride,
Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy presence
Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,
Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety:
Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she will tell thee
How I have been much mad.
Cleo. Much discontented,
Shunning all means that might procure him com- [fort
Ero. Heaven has at last been gracious.
Mel. So say I;

But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
With thy misfortunes? Understand me thoroughly;
I would not have thee to report at large,
From point to point, a journal of thy absence,
'Twill take up too much time; I would securely
Engross the little remnant of my life,
That thou might'st every day be telling somewhat,
Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.
Let me bethink me; how we parted first,
Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
We will not dig his father's grave anew,
Although the mention of him much concerns
The business we inquire of:—as I said,
We parted in a hurry at the court;
I to this castle, after made my jail;
But whither thou, dear heart?

Rhe. Now they fall to't;
I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,
That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither first,
Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
And all fit necessaries, we arrived;
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
To Athens, where, till our return of late,
Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred Providence above him!
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd.—
And still thou wert a boy?

Ero. So I obey'd
My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'Twas safely carried;
I humbly thank thy fate.

Ero. If earthly treasures
Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mortals,
They reign amongst those oracles that flow
In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens;
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:
The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,
And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,
Which else might ravish sense: for had not Rhetias
Been always comfortable to me, certainly
Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Erock a,
That "something of the prince" bears danger in it:
Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endowments,
As might create a prince a wife fit for him,
Had he the world to guide; but touch not there.
How cam'st thou home?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour,
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias!

Rhe. Your grave brother
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,
Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued
Thamasta, cousin to our present prince;
And, to remove the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months' space,
Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,
Enjoy'd each other's griefs; till by his father,
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough! the world shall henceforth witness
My thankfulness to heaven, and those people
Who have been pitiful to me and mine.
Lend me a looking-glass.—How now! how came I
So courtly, in fresh raiments?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care, and cunning— [*Loud Music.*
Whence comes this noise?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person. [*They kneel.*

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS, MENAPHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, *and* KALA.

Pal. You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge you.
Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms [*Embracing* MEL.
And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard
All passages of your united loves.
Be young again, Meleander, live to number
A happy generation, and die old
In comforts, as in years! The offices
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;
Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank you,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise,
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man! we both have shar'd enough of sadness,
Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme;
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent you? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;
And, in exchange of that, I seize on this, [*Takes* ERO. *by the hand.*
The real substance: with this other hand
I give away, before her father's face,
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her
More than a father, a deserving husband.
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are dull'd;
I am entranced and know not what you mean.
Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me?
I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep
Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

Pal. Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine:
Cleophila my cousin's, by consent
Of both their hearts; we both now claim our own.
It only rests in you to give a blessing,
For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 'tis truth and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent you to me, bless your vows!
Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven.

For they have shew'd much mercy. But Sophronos,
Thou art my brother—I can say no more—
A good, good brother!

Pal. Leave the rest to time.
Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too;
She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee,
And Corax, I have more than common thanks,
On to the temple! there all solemn rites
Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.
The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure;
Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they thrive,
Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

To be too confident, is as unjust
In any work, as too much to distrust;
Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,
Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd;
We must submit to censure: so doth he,
Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, th
In this kind he'll not trouble you again.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE

JOHN,

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, LORD MORDAUNT, BARON OF TURVEY.

MY LORD,—Where a truth of merit hath a general warrant, there love is but a debt, acknowledgment a justice. Greatness cannot often claim virtue by inheritance; yet, in this, Your's appears most eminent, for that you are not more rightly heir to your fortunes than glory shall be to your memory. Sweetness of disposition ennobles a freedom of birth; in both, your lawful interest adds honour to your own name, and mercy to my presumption. Your noble allowance of these first fruits of my leisure, in the action, emboldens my confidence of your as noble construction in this presentment; especially since my service must ever owe particular duty to your favours, by a particular engagement. The gravity of the subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title, otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed grace to trifles offered from a purity of devotion; your Lordship may likewise please to admit into your good opinion, with these weak endeavours, the constancy of affection from the sincere lover of your deserts in honour.

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BONAVENTURA, *a Friar.*
A Cardinal, *Nuncio to the Pope*
SORANZO, *a Nobleman.*
FLORIO, DONADO, } *Citizens of Parma.*
GRIMALDI, *a Roman Gentleman.*
GIOVANNI, *Son to* FLORIO.
BERGETTO, *Nephew to* DONADO.
RICHARDETTO, *a supposed Physician.*
VASQUES, *Servant to* SORANZO.
POGGIO, *Servant to* BERGETTO.
Banditti.

ANNABELLA, *Daughter to* FLORIO.
HIPPOLITA, *Wife to* RICHARDETTO.
PHILOTIS, *his Niece.*
PUTANA, *Tutoress to* ANNABELLA.

Officers, Attendants, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE,—PARMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Friar* BONAVENTURA'S *Cell.*

Enter Friar *and* GIOVANNI.

Friar. Dispute no more in this; for know, young man,
These are no school points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest: wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell;
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.—
No more! I may not hear it.
Gio. Gentle father,
To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst, or think, or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?
Must I not do what all men else may,—love?
Friar. Yes, you may love, fair son.
Gio. Must I not praise
That beauty, which, if fram'd anew, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there;
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?
Friar. Why, foolish madman!—
Gio. Shall a peevish sound,
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?
Say that we had one father, say one womb
(Curse to my joys!) gave both us life and birth;
Are we not, therefore, each to other bound
So much the more by nature? by the links
Of blood, of reason? nay, if you will have it,
Even of religion, to be ever one,
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all?

Friar. Have done, unhappy youth! for thou art lost.

Gio. Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banished from her bed?
No, father; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion; from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils
The life of counsel: tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes?

Friar. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a Majesty above,
With thy unranged (almost) blasphemy.

Gio. O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the University applaud
Thy government, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee;
I did so:—but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O Giovanni! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin;
Though in such games as those, they lose that win.

Gio. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar. Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.—
Yet hear my counsel.

Gio. As a voice of life.

Friar. Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground;
Cry to thy heart; wash every word thou utter'st
In tears (and if't be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul; acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing; weep, sigh, pray
Three times a-day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here.—Away!
My blessing with thee! we have need to pray.

Gio. All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street, before* FLORIO'S *House.*

Enter GRIMALDI *and* VASQUES, *with their Swords drawn.*

Vas. Come, sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove craven, I'll make you run quickly.

Grim. Thou art no equal match for me.

Vas. Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news; nor I cannot play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey hairs? they'll not flinch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this gear?

Grim. Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master, he shall know that I dare—

Vas. Scold like a cot-quean;—that's your profession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know my master keeps servants, thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou to fight or prate?

Grim. Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and a gentleman; one that have got mine honour with expense of blood.

Vas. You are a lying coward, and a fool. Fight, or by these hilts I'll kill thee:—brave my lord! You'll fight?

Grim. Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

Vas. Have at you.
[*They fight,* GRIMALDI *is worsted.*

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, *and* SORANZO, *from opposite Sides.*

Flo. What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?
Have you not other places, but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

Don. And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above ANNABELLA *and* PUTANA.

Flo. What's the ground?

Sor. That, with your patience, signiors, I'll resolve:
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signior Florio's daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.—
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays
A lowness in thy mind; which, wert thou noble,
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

Vas. And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the gills; I should have worm'd you, sir, for running mad.

Grim. I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vas. On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach—do, honest innocence, do! spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grim. Remember this! [*Exit.*

Sor. I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?
Losers may talk, by law of any game.

Vas. Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio, may be such, as would make any unspleened dove choleric. Blame not my lord in this.

Flo. Be you more silent;
I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
Vasques, put up: let's end this fray in wine.
[*Exeunt.*

Put. How like you this, child? here's threat-

ening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Ann. But, tutoress, such a life gives no content
To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends.
Would you would leave me!

Put. Leave you! no marvel else; leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Ann. Pray do not talk so much.

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timber'd fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese; but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier: not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Ann. Fie, how thou prat'st!

Put. As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman: such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome, and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty: liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would he were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Ann. Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter BERGETTO *and* POGGIO.

Put. But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number: Oh, brave old ape in a silken coat! Observe.

Berg. Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight?

Pog. No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Berg. I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb; didst, Poggio?

Pog. Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Berg. Is it possible, Poggio? Oh, monstrous! Why, I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time: but, sirrah, I have another purchase in hand; I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks; and then have at her, i'faith.—Mark my pace, Poggio! [*Passes over the stage.*

Pog. Sir,—I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Aside, and following him.*

Ann. This idiot haunts me too.

Put. Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado, his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble is a lady's play-fellow; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent!

GIOVANNI *passes over the Stage.*

Ann. But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape
Of some celestial creature now appears!—
What man is he, that with such sad aspéct
Walks careless of himself?

Put. Where?

Ann. Look below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet.

Ann. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Ann. Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeful thing
Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man.
Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes,
Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh;
Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause.
I know my brother, in the love he bears me,
Will not deny me partage in his sadness:
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.
[*Aside, and exit with* PUT.

SCENE III.—*A Hall in* FLORIO'S *House.*

Gio. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd my death:
The more I strive, I love; the more I love,
The less I hope: I see my ruin certain.
What judgment or endeavours could apply
To my incurable and restless wounds,
I thoroughly have examined, but in vain.
O, that it were not in religion sin
To make our love a god, and worship it!
I have even wearied heaven with pray'rs, dried up
The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd
My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art
Could counsel, I have practised; but, alas!
I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,
To fright unsteady youth; I am still the same:
Or I must speak, or burst. 'Tis not, I know,
My lust, but 'tis my fate, that leads me on.
Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves!
I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
Were rated at the price of that attempt.
Oh me! she comes.

Enter ANNABELLA *and* PUTANA.

Ann. Brother!

Giov. If such a thing
As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,
Now double all that virtue in my tongue!
[*Aside.*

Ann. Why, brother,
Will you not speak to me?

Giov. Yes; how do you, sister?

Ann. Howe'er I am, methinks you are not well.

Put. Bless us! why are you so sad, sir?

Giov. Let me entreat you, leave us a while,
Sister, I would be private with you. [Putana.

Ann. Withdraw, Putana.

Put. I will.—If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together. [*Aside, and exit.*

Giov. Come, sister, lend your hand; let's walk together;
I hope you need not blush to walk with me;
Here's none but you and I.

Ann. How's this?

Giov. I'faith, I mean no harm.

Ann. Harm?

Giov. No, good faith.
How is it with thee?

Ann. I trust he be not frantic— [*Aside.*
I am very well, brother.

Giov. Trust me, but I am sick; I fear so sick,
'Twill cost my life.

Ann. Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

Giov. I think you love me, sister.

Ann. Yes, you know I do.

Giov. I know it, indeed—you are very fair.

Ann. Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Giov. That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,
That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

Ann. 'Troth, this is pretty

Giov. Such a pair of stars
As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

Ann. Fie upon you!

Giov. The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change:
Such lips would tempt a saint: such hands as those
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

Ann. Do you mock me, or flatter me?

Giov. If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Ann. O, you are a trim youth!

Giov. Here! [*Offers his dagger to her.*

Ann. What to do?

Giov. And here's my breast; strike home!
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak—
Why stand you?

Ann. Are you earnest?

Giov. Yes, most earnest.
You cannot love?

Ann. Whom?

Giov. Me. My tortured soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.
O, Annabella, I am quite undone!
The love of thee, my sister, and the view
Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why do you not strike?

Ann. Forbid it, my just fears!
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Giov. True! Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,
That almost have consum'd me; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans;
Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

Ann. Comes this in sadness from you?

Giov. Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

Ann. You are my brother Giovanni.

Giov. You
My sister Annabella; I know this.
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this; to which intent
Wise nature first in your creation meant
To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade
A nearer nearness in affection.
I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,
Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just,
That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will:
Must I now live, or die?

Ann. Live; thou hast won
The field, and never fought: what thou hast urged,
My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee,—but I'll tell thee now—
For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,
I have sigh'd ten; for every tear, shed twenty:
And not so much for that I loved, as that
I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

Giov. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg you!

Ann. On my knees, [*She kneels.*
Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, brother.

Giov. On my knees, [*He kneels.*
Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
Love me, or kill me, sister.

Ann. You mean good sooth, then?

Giov. In good troth, I do;
And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

Ann. I'll swear it, I.

Giov. And I; and by this kiss, [*Kisses her.*
(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise) [*they rise*] by this,
I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do?

Ann. What you will.

Giov. Come then;
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter FLORIO *and* DONADO.

Flor. Signior Donado, you have said enough,
I understand you; but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough.
My care is, how to match her to her liking;
I would not have her marry wealth, but love,
And if she like your nephew, let him have her;
Here's all that I can say.

Don. Sir, you say well,

Like a true father; and, for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly, during life,
And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

Flo. 'Tis a fair proffer, sir; meantime your nephew
Shall have free passage to commence his suit:
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent;
So for this time I'll leave you, signior. [*Exit.*

Don. Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit;
But he is such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have don't, i'faith, and so shall he,
If he will learn of me; and, in good time,
He comes himself.

Enter BERGETTO *and* POGGIO.

How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?

Berg. O uncle! I have heard the strangest news that ever came out of the mint; have I not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, indeed, sir.

Don. What news, Bergetto?

Berg. Why, look ye, uncle, my barber told me just now, that there is a fellow come to town, who undertakes to make a mill go without the mortal help of any water or wind, only with sand-bags; and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber says; whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind where his tail is. Is't not true, Poggio?

Pog. So the barber swore, forsooth.

Don. And you are running thither?

Berg. Ay, forsooth, uncle.

Don. Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you shall not go; you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you: why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit? wilt make thyself a May-game to all the world?

Pog. Answer for yourself, master.

Berg. Why, uncle, should I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

Don. To see hobby-horses! what wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at Signior Florio's house?

Berg. Oh, the wench!—Uds sa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

Don. Nay, I think so; and what speech was't?

Berg. What did I say, Poggio?

Pog Forsooth, my master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent; and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a nose as his was, to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

Don. Oh gross!

Berg. Nay, uncle;—then she ask'd me, whether my father had more children than myself? and I said no; 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first.

Don. This is intolerable.

Berg. Then said she, will Signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth?

Don. Ha! that was good; did she harp upon that string?

Berg. Did she harp upon that string! ay, that she did. I answered, "Leave me all his wealth? why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion: I know, quoth I, I am his white boy, and will not be gull'd;" and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

Don. Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

Berg. I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Don. Come, come you home with me: since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

Berg. Ay marry, that will be excellent.

Don. Peace, innocent!
Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Berg. Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* FLORIO'S *House.*

Enter GIOVANNI *and* ANNABELLA.

Giov. Come, Annabella, no more Sister now,
But Love, a name more gracious; do not blush,
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflamed
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Ann. And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen contents
Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

Giov. I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead,
So strange a loss; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Ann. 'Tis well for you;
Now you can talk.

Giov. Music as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

Ann. Oh, you are wanton!—
Tell on't, you were best; do.

Giov. Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me—so! thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive;
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world:
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

Ann. But you shall not.

Giov. You must be married, mistress.

Ann. Yes! to whom?

Giov. Some one must have you.

Ann. You must.
Giov. Nay, some other.
Ann. Now prithee do not speak so; without jesting
You'll make me weep in earnest.
Giov. What, you will not!
But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?
Ann. By both our loves I dare; for didst thou know,
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.
Giov. Enough, I take thy word: sweet, we must part;
Remember what thou vow'st; keep well my heart.
Ann. Will you be gone?
Giov. I must.
Ann. When to return?
Giov. Soon.
Ann. Look you do.
Giov. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Ann. Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.
Guardian!

Enter PUTANA.

Put. Child, how is't, child? well, thank heav'n, ha?
Ann. O guardian, what a paradise of joy
Have I past over!
Put. Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under! why, now I commend thee, charge. Fear nothing, sweet-heart; what though he be your brother? your brother's a man, I hope; and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all is one.
Ann. I would not have it known for all the world.
Put. Nor I indeed; for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.
Flo. [*within*] Daughter Annabella!
Ann. O me! my father,——Here, sir:—reach my work.
Flo. [*within*] What are you doing?
Ann. So; let him come now.

Enter FLORIO, *followed by* RICHARDETTO *as a Doctor of Physic, and* PHILOTIS, *with a Lute.*

Flo. So hard at work! that's well; you lose no time.
Look, I have brought you company; here's one,
A learned doctor, lately come from Padua,
Much skill'd in physic; and, for that I see
You have of late been sickly, I entreated
This reverend man to visit you some time.
Ann. You are very welcome, sir.
Rich. I thank you, mistress:
Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for virtue as perfection;
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
And music, one perhaps will give content;
Please you to know her.
Ann. They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.
Phi. Thank you, lady.
Flo. Sir, now you know my house, pray make not strange;
And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your pay-master.
Rich. Sir, what I am
She shall command.
Flo. You shall bind me to you.
Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concern us both.
Good master doctor, please you but walk in,
We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning;
I think my girl hath not quite forgot
To touch an instrument; she could have don't;
We'll hear them both.
Rich. I'll wait upon you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* SORANZO'S *House.*

Enter SORANZO, *with a Book.*

Love's measure is extreme, the comfort pain;
The life unrest, and the reward disdain.

What's here? look't o'er again.—'Tis so; so writes
This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes:
But, Sannazar, thou ly'st; for, had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made the[e] smart.
To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ. [*Writes*

Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys;
His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar
Did, in his brief Encomium, celebrate
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,
And for one only look from Annabel,
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.
O, how my thoughts are——
Vas. [*within*] Pray forbear; in rules of civility, let me give notice on't: I shall be tax'd of my neglect of duty and service.
Sor. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?
Can I be no where private?
Vas. [*within*] Troth, you wrong your modesty.
Sor. What's the matter, Vasques? who is't?

Enter HIPPOLITA *and* VASQUES.

Hip. 'Tis I;
Do you know me now? Look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and angels; and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
Such, and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine;
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death, urg'd on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No; know, Soranzo,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loath the memory of what hath past.
Sor. Nay, dear Hippolita—
Hip. Call me not dear,
Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress.

Your goodly madam-merchant, shall triumph
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Sor. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double
In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care?
'Tis thou art cause of this; and hast divorced
My husband from his life, and me from him,
And made me widow in my widowhood.

Sor. Will you yet hear?

Hip. More of thy perjuries?
Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;
Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Sor. Then I'll leave you;
You are past all rules of sense.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits of reason; if my lord had a resolution as noble as virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her; griefs, alas, will have a vent: I dare undertake madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

Sor. Talk to a woman frantic!—Are these the fruits of your love?

Hip. They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man!
Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd,
That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife? did'st thou not vow,
When he should die, to marry me? for which
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Ligorne, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter
Young and unfriended, whom, with much ado,
I wish'd him to bring hither: he did so,
And went; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear.
With my advice! yet thou, for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Sor. Who could help this?

Hip. Who? perjur'd man! thou could'st,
If thou had'st faith or love.

Sor. You are deceived:
The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin
To keep them than to break them: as for me,
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death,
Who was thy husband; such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,
As Parma could not show a braver man.

Vas. You do not well; this was not your promise.

Sor. I care not; let her know her monstrous life.
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse.—Woman, come here no more;
Learn to repent, and die; for, by my honour,
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.
[*Exit.*

Vas. This part has been scurvily play'd. [*Aside.*

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd, his love! but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.
[*Going.*

Vas. Mistress, mistress, madam Hippolita! pray, a word or two.

Hip. With me, sir?

Vas. With you, if you please.

Hip. What is't?

Vas. I know you are infinitely moved now, and you think you have cause; some I confess you have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

Hip. Indeed!

Vas. O you were miserably bitter, which you followed even to the last syllable; 'faith, you were somewhat too shrewd: by my life, you could not have took my lord in a worse time since I first knew him; to-morrow, you shall find him a new man.

Hip. Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vas. Fie, this is not a hearty patience; it comes sourly from you; 'troth, let me persuade you for once.

Hip. I have it, and it shall be so; thanks opportunity—[*Aside.*]—Persuade me! to what?

Vas. Visit him in some milder temper. O, if you could but master a little your female spleen, how might you win him!

Hip. He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast been a too trusty servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

Vas. So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vas. O you are a noble gentlewoman!

Hip. Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant daily, what it is.

Vas. Beggary and neglect.

Hip. True; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and would'st be private to me and my designs, I here protest, myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you—[*Aside.*]—I were not worthy of it by any desert that could lie—within my compass; if I could—

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

Hip. Give me thy hand: now promise but thy silence,
And help to bring to pass a plot I have;
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vas. Come, you are merry; this is such a happiness that I can neither think or believe.

Hip. Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good genii for witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and, with that, thee for mine;
Come then, let's more confer of this anon.—
On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.
[*Aside, and exit with* VAS.

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter RICHARDETTO *and* PHILOTIS

Rich. Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps,
How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace;
Wherein I am but as a looker-on,
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.
Phi. But, uncle, wherein can this borrow'd shape
Give you content?
Rich. I'll tell thee, gentle niece:
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead,
In my late journey to Ligorne for you;
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,
And how the common voice allows hereof;
Thus far I have prevail'd.
Phi. Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.
Rich. O be not troubled,
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all—
But to our business.—What! you learn'd for certain,
How Signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?
Phi. Yes, for certain.
Rich. But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclined to him?
Phi. For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.
Rich. There's mystery in that, which time must shew.
She us'd you kindly?
Phi. Yes.
Rich. And crav'd your company?
Phi. Often.
Rich. 'Tis well; it goes as I could wish.
I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not, we shall thrive.
But who comes here?—I know him; 'tis Grimaldi,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of Montferrato, one
Attending on the nuncio of the pope
That now resides in Parma; by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Save you, sir.
Rich. And you, sir.
Grim. I have heard
Of your approved skill, which through the city
Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.
Rich. For what, sir?
Grim. Marry, sir, for this——
But I would speak in private.
Rich. Leave us, cousin. [PHI. *retires.*
Grim. I love fair Annabella, and would know
Whether in arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.
Rich. Sir, perhaps there may;
But these will nothing profit you.
Grim. Not me?
Rich. Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.
Grim. What of that?
Rich. In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.
Grim. Who's that?
Rich. Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.
Grim. Soranzo! what, mine enemy? is it he?
Rich. Is he your enemy?
Grim. The man I hate
Worse than confusion; I will tell him straight.—
Rich. Nay, then take my advice,
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal;
I'll find a time when he and she do meet,
Of which I'll give you notice; and, to be sure
He shall not scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.
Grim. But shall I trust thee, doctor?
Rich. As yourself;
Doubt not in aught.—[*Exit* GRIM.]—Thus shall the fates decree,
By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Street.*

Enter DONADO, *with a Letter*, BERGETTO, *and* POGGIO.

Don. Well, sir, I must be content to be both your secretary and your messenger myself. I cannot tell what this letter may work; but, as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

Ber. You make, uncle! why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray?

Don. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own! why, thou dunce, would'st thou write a letter, and carry it thyself?

Ber. Yes, that I would, and read it to her with mine own mouth; for you must think, if she will not believe me myself when she hears me speak, she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle.. No, sir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself; so I have.

Pog. Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Don. A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see it.

Ber. I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio; read it, Poggio.

Don. Begin.

Pog. [*reads*] Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you; but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the colour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can bourd where I see occasion; or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you, in spite of your teeth. So commending my best parts to you, I rest

Yours, upwards and downwards, or you may choose.
BERGETTO.

Ber. Ah, ha! here's stuff, uncle!

Don. Here's stuff indeed—to shame us all. Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter?

Pog. None, upon my word, but mine own.

Ber. And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody's else; 'twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for't.

Don. Get you home, sir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

Ber. How? that were a jest indeed! I scorn it, i'faith.

Don. What! you do not?

Ber. Judge me, but I do now.

Pog. Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Don. Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not: look to't. [*Exit.*

Ber. Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

Pog. Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Ber. Dost take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Friar* BONAVENTURA'S *Cell.*

Enter Friar *and* GIOVANNI.

Fiar. Peace! thou hast told a tale, whose every word
Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul;
I'm sorry I have heard it: would mine ears
Had been one minute deaf, before the hour
That thou cam'st to me! O young man, castaway,
By the religious number of mine order,
I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes
Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf:
But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,
Thou art a man remark'd to taste a mischief.
Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are uncharitable;
What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.
It is a principle which you have taught,
When I was yet your scholar, that the frame
And composition of the mind doth follow
The frame and composition of [the] body
So, where the body's furniture is *beauty,*
The mind's must needs be *virtue;* which allow'd,
Virtue itself is reason but refined,
And love the quintessence of that: this proves
My sister's beauty, being rarely fair,
Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,
And chiefly, in that love, her love to me:
If her's to me, then so is mine to her;
Since in like causes are effects alike.

Friar. O ignorance in knowledge! long ago,
How often have I warn'd thee this before?
Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity,
Nor heaven nor hell; then to be led alone
By nature's light (as were philosophers
Of elder times) might instance some defence.
But 'tis not so: then, madman, thou wilt find,
That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

Gio. Your age o'errules you; had you youth like mine,
You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Friar. Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to hell:
It lies not in the compass of my prayers
To call thee back, yet let me counsel thee;
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

Gio. Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Friar. O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave
To shrive her, lest she should die unabsolved.

Gio. At your best leisure, father: then she'll tell you,
How dearly she doth prize my matchless love;
Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms.
View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world's variety;
For colour, lips: for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks!
Wonder in every portion of that throne.—
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music to the citizens in heaven.—
But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar. The more I hear, I pity thee the more;
That one so excellent should give those parts
All to a second death. What I can do,
Is but to pray; and yet—I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be ruled.

Gio. In what?

Friar. Why leave her yet:
The throne of mercy is above your trespass;
Yet time is left you both—

Gio. To embrace each other,
Else let all time be struck quite out of number;
She is like me, and I like her, resolv'd.

Friar. No more! I'll visit her;—this grieves me most,
Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* FLORIO'S *House.*

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, ANNABELLA, *and* PUTANA.

Flo. Where is Giovanni?

Ann. Newly walk'd abroad,
And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Flo. That's a blessed man,
A man made up of holiness; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world

Don. Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter, sent
To you from my young cousin; I dare swear
He loves you in his soul: would you could hear
Sometimes, what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Flo. Receive it, Annabella.

Ann. Alas, good man! [*Takes the Letter.*

Don. What's that she said?

Put. An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man!" Truly I do commend him to her every night before her first sleep, because I would have her dream of him; and she hearkens to that most religiously.

Don. Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana! there is something for thee—[*Gives her money*]—and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; it shall not be lost labour, take my word for it.

Put. Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

Ann. Guardian.

Put. Did you call?

Ann. Keep this letter.

Don. Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Flo. Keep it! for what? pray read it me here-right.

Ann. I shall, sir. [*She reads the Letter.*

Don. How do you find her inclined, signior?

Flo. Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well
As I could wish.

Ann. Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor.
The jewel I'll return; for if he love,
I'll count that love a jewel.

Don. Mark you that?
Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Ann. You must excuse me,
Indeed I will not keep it.

Flo. Where's the ring,
That which your mother, in her will, bequeath'd,

And charged you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.

Ann. I have it not.

Flo. Ha! have it not; where is it?

Ann. My brother in the morning took it from [me,
Said he would wear it to-day.

Flo. Well, what do you say
To young Bergetto's love! are you content to
Match with him? speak.

Don. There is the point, indeed.

Ann. What shall I do? I must say something now. [*Aside.*

Flo. What say? why do you not speak?

Ann. Sir, with your leave—
Please you to give me freedom?

Flo. Yes, you have [it.]

Ann. Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope:
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Don. Why here's plain dealing; I commend thee for't;
And all the worst I wish thee, is, heaven bless [thee!
Your father yet and I will still be friends;
Shall we not, Signior Florio?

Flo. Yes; why not?
Look, here your cousin comes.

Enter BERGETTO *and* POGGIO.

Don. Oh coxcomb! what doth he make here?

Ber. Where is my uncle, sirs?

Don. What is the news now?

Ber. Save you, uncle, save you! You must not think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and how is it? what, you have read my letter? ah, there I—tickled you, i'faith.

Pog. But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

Ber. Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest; and riddle what it is.

Ann. You say you'll tell me.

Ber. As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me; and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue; he hereupon bade me draw, I told him I had more wit than so: but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier, that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Don. Was ever the like ass seen!

Ann. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I saw the blood run about mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor) call'd me into his house, and gave me a plaster, look you, here 'tis;—and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently; i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it—did she not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, and kiss'd him too.

Ber. Why la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle, I warrant.

Don. Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it! for I fear thou never wilt have any.

Ber. Oh uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's heart good to have look'd on her. By this light, she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

Don. Was ever such a fool born?

Ann. I am glad she liked you, sir.

Ber. Are you so? by my troth I thank you, forsooth.

Flo. Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Ber. 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Don. How do you know that, Simplicity?

Ber. Why does he not say so? if I should have said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll none of that.

Flo. A very modest well-behav'd young maid, as I have seen.

Don. Is she indeed?

Flo. Indeed she is, if I have any judgment.

Don. Well, sir, now you are free: you need not care for sending letters now; you are dismiss'd, your mistress here will none of you.

Ber. No! why what care I for that? I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

Pog. I'll warrant you, sir.

Don. Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid, that jewel I will give you against your marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

Ber. Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress; I'll come again to-morrow—farewell, mistress.

[*Exeunt* DONADO, BERGETTO, *and* POGGIO.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Flo. Son, where have you been? what alone, alone still?
I would not have it so; you must forsake
This over-bookish humour. Well; your sister
Hath shook the fool off.

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

Flo. 'Twas not indeed; I meant it nothing less;
Soranzo is the man I only like;
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. [*Exit.*

Gio. Whose jewel's that?

Ann. Some sweetheart's.

Gio. So I think.

Ann. A lusty youth,
Signior Donado, gave it me to wear
Against my marriage.

Gio. But you shall not wear it;
Send it him back again.

Ann. What, you are jealous?

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better leisure.
Welcome sweet night! the evening crowns the day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* DONADO's *House.*

Enter BERGETTO *and* POGGIO.

Ber. Does my uncle think to make me a baby still? No, Poggio; he shall know I have a sconce now.

Pog. Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

Ber. 'Sfoot, I will have the wench, if he were ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Pog. Hold him to the grindstone, and give not a jot of ground; she hath in a manner promised you already.

Ber. True, Poggio; and her uncle, the doctor, swore I should marry her.

Pog. He swore; I remember.

Ber. And I will have her, that's more: did'st see the codpiece-point she gave me, and the box of marmalade?

Pog. Very well; and kiss'd you, that my chops water'd at the sight on't: there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger.

Ber. I will do it; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog. Should you be afraid of your uncle?

Ber. Hang him, old doating rascal! no; I say I will have her.

Pog. Lose no time then.

Ber. I will beget a race of wise men and constables that shall cart whores at their own charges; and break the duke's peace ere I have done, myself.—Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* FLORIO's *House.*

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, SORANZO, ANNABELLA, PUTANA, *and* VASQUES.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, though I must confess
The proffers that are made me have been great,
In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope
Of your still rising honours has prevail'd
Above all other jointures: here she is;
She knows my mind; speak for yourself to her,
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly:
For any private speech, I'll give you time.
Come, son, and you the rest; let them alone;
Agree [they] as they may.

Sor. I thank you, sir.

Gio. Sister, be not all woman, think on me. [*Aside to* ANN.

Sor. Vasques.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Attend me without—— [*Exeunt all but* SORANZO *and* ANNABELLA.

Ann. Sir, what's your will with me?

Sor. Do you not know
What I should tell you?

Ann. Yes; you'll say you love me.

Sor. And I will swear it too; will you believe it?

Ann. 'Tis no point of faith.

Enter GIOVANNI, *in the Gallery above.*

Sor. Have you not will to love?

Ann. Not you.

Sor. Whom then?

Ann. That's as the fates infer.

Gio. Of those I'm regent now.

Sor. What mean you, sweet?

Ann. To live and die a maid.

Sor. Oh, that's unfit.

Gio. Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.

Sor. Did you but see my heart, then would you swear——

Ann. That you were dead.

Gio. That's true, or somewhat near it.

Sor. See you these true love's tears?

Ann. No.

Gio. Now she winks.

Sor. They plead to you for grace.

Ann. Yet nothing speak.

Sor. Oh, grant my suit.

Ann. What is't?

Sor. To let me live—

Ann. Take it.

Sor. Still yours.

Ann. That is not mine to give.

Gio. One such another word would kill his hopes.

Sor. Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,
Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly:
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Hath drawn me on; then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain:
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

Ann. Help, aqua vitæ!

Sor. What mean you!

Ann. Why, I thought you had been sick.

Sor. Do you mock my love!

Gio. There, sir, she was too nimble.

Sor. 'Tis plain; she laughs at me.—(*Aside.*) These scornful taunts
Neither become your modesty or years.

Ann. You are no looking-glass; or if you were,
I would dress my language by you.

Gio. I am confirm'd.

Ann. To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks
Your common sense should make you understand,
That if I lov'd you, or desired your love,
Some way I should have given you better taste:
But since you are a nobleman, and one
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,
Let me advise you to forbear your suit,
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

Sor. Is't you speak this?

Ann. Yes, I myself; yet know,
(Thus far I give you comfort,) if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That sued to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man; let this suffice,
Be noble in your secrecy, and wise.

Gio. Why, now I see she loves me.

Ann. One word more.
As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you:
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

Sor. I take that promise.

Ann. Oh, oh my head!

Sor. What's the matter, not well?
Ann. Oh, I begin to sicken.
Gio. Heaven forbid! [*Exit from above.*
Sor. Help, help, within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, *and* PUTANA.

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.
Flo. Hold her up, she swoons.
Gio. Sister, how do you?
Ann. Sick,—brother, are you there?
Flo. Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.
Put. Alas, poor child! [*Exeunt all but* SOR.

Re-enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord.
Sor. Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone,
Both in my present and my future hopes:
She plainly told me that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sicken'd; and I fear
Her life's in danger.
Vas. By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [*Aside.*]—'Las, sir, I am sorry for that; may be, 'tis but the maids-sickness, an over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?
Sor. She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of [grief;
But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter GIOVANNI *and* PUTANA.

Put. Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh your sister!
Gio. What of her? for heaven's sake, speak; how does she?
Put. Oh that ever I was born to see this day!
Gio. She is not dead, ha? is she?
Put. Dead! no, she is quick;—'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; heaven forgive you! 'tis too late to repent now, heaven help us!
Gio. With child? how dost thou know't?
Put. How do I know't? am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word; if you let a physician see her water, you are undone.
Gio. But in what case is she?
Put. Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.
Gio. Commend me to her, bid her take no care;
Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you;
Make some excuse, till I return.—Oh me!
I have a world of business in my head.
Do not discomfort her—
How do these news perplex me! If my father
Come to her, tell him she's recover'd well;
Say 'twas but some ill diet—d'ye hear, woman?
Look you to't.
Put. I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FLORIO *and* RICHARDETTO.

Flo. And how do you find her, sir?
Rich. Indifferent well;
I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,
But that she told me, she had lately eaten
Melons, and, as she thought, those disagree'd
With her young stomach.
Flo. Did you give her aught?
Rich. An easy surfeit-water, nothing else;
Yo need not doubt her health; I rather think
Her sickness is a fulness of her blood—
You understand me?
Flo. I do; you counsel well;
And once, within these few days, will so order it,
She shall be married ere she know the time.
Rich. Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy [choice;
That were dishonour.
Flo. Master doctor, no;
I will not do so neither: in plain words,
My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.
Rich. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.
Flo. As any is in Parma: not far hence,
Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell
I'll have them married.
Rich. You have plotted wisely.
Flo. I'll send one straight to speak with him to-night.
Rich. Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.
Flo. It shall be so.

Enter Friar *and* GIOVANNI.

Friar. Good peace be here, and love!
Flo. Welcome, religious friar; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.
Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best
To draw this holy man from forth his cell,
To visit my sick sister; that with words
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.
Flo. 'Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein
Hast shew'd a Christian's care, a brother's love:
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would entreat you.
Friar. Say on, sir.
Flo. I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more
Than all our best persuasions.
Friar. Gentle sir,
All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* RICHARDETTO'S *House.*

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valour; but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must:
I am resolv'd, if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter RICHARDETTO.

Rich. You are come as I could wish; this very [night
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd must be affied

To Annabella, and, for aught I know,
Married.
Grim. How!
Rich. Yet your patience;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventure's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:—
If you miss now, to-morrow I'll know all.
Grim. Have you the poison?
Rich. Here 'tis, in this box;
Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case,
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.
Grim. I'll speed him.
Rich. Do.—Away; for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here,—ever my love!
Grim. And mine to you. [*Exit*.
Rich So! if this hit, I'll laugh and hug revenge;
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin:
But to my other business—niece Philotis!

Enter PHILOTIS.

Phi. Uncle.
Rich. My lovely niece,
You have bethought you?
Phi. Yes,—and, as you counsell'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will to-night be married; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.
Rich. To-night? why best of all; but let me see,
I—ha!—yes,—so it shall be; in disguise
We'll early to the friar's—I have thought on't.
Phi. Uncle, he comes.

Enter BERGETTO *and* POGGIO.

Rich. Welcome, my worthy coz.
Ber. Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass! A-ha, Poggio! [*Kisses her*.
Rich. There's hope of this yet. [*Aside*.
You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.
Ber. Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty devices for me?
Phi. You shall [have] enough, sweetheart.
Ber. Sweetheart! mark that, Poggio. By my troth I cannot choose but kiss thee once more for that word, *sweetheart*. Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the matter be.
Pog. You shall have physic for't, sir.
Rich. Time runs apace.
Ber. Time's a blockhead.
Rich. Be ruled; when we have done what's fit to do,
Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.
[*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI.—FLORIO'S *House*.

ANNABELLA'S *Chamber*. *A Table with Wax Lights*: ANNABELLA *at Confession before the* Friar; *she weeps and wrings her hands*.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.
Ann. Wretched creature!
Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness: in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.—
Ann. Mercy! oh mercy!
Friar. There stand these wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another:
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave,
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"—
But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?
Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?
Friar. There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful,
And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:
First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
My lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.
Ann. Ah me!
Friar. Sigh not; I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave; oh, 'tis a death to do't.
Remember what must come: are you content?
Ann I am.
Friar. I like it well; we'll take the time.
Who's near us there?

Enter FLORIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Flo. Did you call, father?
Friar. Is lord Soranzo come?
Flo. He stays below.
Friar. Have you acquainted him at full?
Flo. I have,
And he is overjoy'd.
Friar. And so are we:
Bid him come near.
Gio. My sister weeping?—Ha!
I fear this friar's falsehood.—[*Aside*.]—I will call him. [*Exit*.
Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd?
Ann. Father, I am.

Re-enter GIOVANNI, *with* SORANZO *and* VASQUES.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, here
Give me your hand; for that, I give you this.
[*Joins their hands*.
Sor. Lady, say you so too?
Ann. I do, and vow
To live with you and your's.
Friar. Timely resolv'd;
My blessing rest on both! more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning-sun.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—*The Street before the Monastery.*

Enter GRIMALDI *with his Rapier drawn, and a dark Lantern.*

Grim. 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work; here I will lie
To listen who comes next. [*He lies down.*

Enter BERGETTO *and* PHILOTIS *disguised: and followed, at a distance, by* RICHARDETTO *and* POGGIO.

Ber. We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

Grim. I hear them near, and heard one say "sweetheart."
'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice,
Home to his bosom.—Now have at you, sir!
[*Stabs* BERGETTO, *and exit.*

Ber. Oh help, help! here's a stitch fallen in my guts; oh for a flesh-tailor quickly—Poggio!

Phi. What ails my love?

Ber. I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward, and yet I am wet before and behind; lights! lights! ho, lights!

Phi. Alas, some villain here has slain my love.

Rich. Oh Heaven forbid it; raise up the next neighbours
Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. [*Exit* POG.
How is't, Bergetto? slain! It cannot be;
Are you sure you are hurt?

Ber. O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot; some cold water, I shall boil over else: my whole body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here—why, Poggio!

Re-enter POGGIO, *with* Officers, *and Lights.*

Pog. Here; alas! how do you?

Rich. Give me a light. What's here? all blood! O sirs,
Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.
Follow the murderer with all the haste
Up to the city, he cannot be far hence;
Follow, I beseech you.

Officers. Follow, follow, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Rich. Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his wounds;
Be of good comfort, man.

Ber. Is all this mine own blood? nay, then, good night with me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle, dost hear? bid him, for my sake, make much of this wench: oh—I am going the wrong way sure, my belly aches so—oh farewell, Poggio!—oh!—oh!— [*Dies.*

Phi. O, he is dead.

Pog. How! dead!

Rich. He's dead indeed;
'Tis now too late to weep: let's have him home,
And, with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

Pog. Oh my master! my master! my master!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Room in* HIPPOLITA'S *House.*

Enter VASQUES *and* HIPPOLITA.

Hip. Betroth'd?

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day?

Vas. Some two days hence.

Hip. Two days! why, man, I would but wish two hours,
To send him to his last, and lasting sleep;
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

Vas. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

Hip. I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.
So soon? O wicked man! I durst be sworn,
He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vas. And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh; I am arm'd in my resolves:
Be thou still true.

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment, as I am like to climb to—

Hip. Even to—my bosom, Vasques. Let my youth
Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*The Street before the* Cardinal's *Gates.*

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, POGGIO, *and* Officers.

Flo. 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child.
Signior Donado, what is done, is done;
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Past 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Don. Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,
That I am sure of.

Flo. I believe that too.
But stay, my masters; are you sure you saw
The murderer pass here?

Officer. An it please you, sir, we are sure we saw a ruffian, with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my lord Cardinal's Grace's gate; that we are sure of; but for fear of his grace (bless us!) we durst go no farther.

Don. Know you what manner of man he was?

Officer. Yes sure, I know the man; they say he is a soldier: he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't please ye; 'twas he for certain.

Flo. Grimaldi, on my life.

Officer. Ay, ay, the same.

Rich. The Cardinal is noble; he no doubt
Will give true justice.

Don. Knock some one at the gate.

Pog. I'll knock, sir. [*Knocks*

Serv. [*Within.*] What would ye?

Flo. We require speech with the lord Cardinal
About some present business; pray inform
His grace that we are here.

Enter Cardinal, *followed by* GRIMALDI.

Car. Why how now, friends! what saucy mates are you,
That know nor duty nor civility?
Are we a person fit to be your host;
Or is our house become your common inn,
To beat our doors at pleasure? What such haste
Is yours, as that it cannot wait fit times?
Are you the masters of this commonwealth,
And know no more discretion? Oh, your news
Is here before you; you have lost a nephew,
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:
Is that your business? well, sir, we have knowledge on't,
Let that suffice.

Grim. In presence of your grace,
In thought, I never meant Bergetto harm:
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn

Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought, by way of ambush, to have kill'd him,
But was, unluckily, therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace, [*Kneeling.*
To do with me as you please.

Car. Rise up, Grimaldi. [*He rises.*
You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as Nuncio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his Holiness' protection:
He is no common man, but nobly born,
Of princes' blood, though you, sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.—
Bury your dead:—away, Grimaldi—leave 'em!
[*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* Grimaldi.

Don. Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

Flo. Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.
Soranzo?—was't for him? O impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss:
Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But Heaven will judge them for't, another day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Florio's *House. A Banquet set out. Hautboys.*

Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana, *and* Vasques.

Friar. These holy rites perform'd, now take your times
To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes
To be beheld.—Long prosper in this day,
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

Sor. Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness
Hath been a shield for me against my death;
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.
Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth: this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Gio. Oh torture! were the marriage yet undone,
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love
Clipt by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.
[*Aside.*

Vas. Are you not well, sir?

Gio. Prithee, fellow, wait;
I need not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Sor. Vasques!

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you,
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor;
Here's to your sister's happiness, and mine!
[*Drinks, and offers him the bowl.*

Gio. I cannot drink.

Sor. What!

Gio. 'Twill indeed offend me.

Ann. Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.
[*Hautboys.*

Flo. How now! what noise is this?

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you; certain young maidens of Parma, in honour to madam Annabella's marriage, have sent their loves to her in a Masque, for which they humbly crave your patience and silence.

Sor. We are much bound to them; so much the more,
As it comes unexpected: guide them in.

Enter Hippolita, *followed by* Ladies *in white Robes, with Garlands of Willows, all masked.*

MUSIC AND A DANCE.

Sor. Thanks, lovely virgins! now might we but know
To whom we have been beholding for [this] love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hip. Yes, you shall know:
What think you now? [*Unmasks.*

Omnes. Hippolita!

Hip. 'Tis she;
Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man:
'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk
What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both;
Let rash report run on! the breath that vents it
Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.
But now to you, sweet creature:—lend your hand—
Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim
Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;
What I have right to do, his soul knows best:
But in my duty to your noble worth,
Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,
Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me,
I'll once more join, what by the holy church
Is finished and allow'd.—Have I done well?

Sor. You have too much engaged us.

Hip. One thing more.
That you may know my single charity,
Freely I here remit all interest
I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;
And to confirm't,—reach me a cup of wine—
[Vas. *gives her a poisoned cup.*
My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink
Long rest t'ye!—(*she drinks*)—look to it, Vasques.
[*Aside.*

Vas. Fear nothing—

Sor. Hippolita, I thank you; and will pledge
This happy union as another life.
Wine, there!

Vas. You shall have none; neither shall you pledge her.

Hip. How!

Vas. Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous treachery hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

Hip. Villain!

Omnes. What's the matter?

Vas. Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-brand, that hath kindled others and burnt thyself:—*troppo sperar, inganna*,—thy vain hope hath deceived thee; thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

Hip. Monster!

Vas. Die in charity, for shame.—This thing of malice, this woman, hath privately corrupted me with promise of [marriage,] under this politic reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day. I promised her fair; but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spared her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet——and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnes. Wonderful justice!

Rich. Heaven, thou art righteous.

Hip. O 'tis true,
I feel my minute coming. Had that slave
Kept promise,—O my torment!—thou, this hour.
Hadst dy'd, Soranzo—heat above hell-fire!—
Yet, ere I pass away—cruel, cruel flames!—
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,
Burn blood, and boil in vengeance—O my heart,
My flame's intolerable—may'st thou live
To father bastards; may her womb bring forth
Monsters—and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd, and unpitied!—oh—oh— [*Dies.*

Flo. Was e'er so vile a creature!

Rich. Here's the end
Of lust and pride.

Ann. It is a fearful sight.

Sor. Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee.——Come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth;
It is too sad a feast.

Don. Bear hence the body.

Friar. [*Aside to* Gio.] Here's an ominous change!
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!—
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Richardetto's *House.*

Enter Richardetto *and* Philotis.

Rich. My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life.
And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not now (my heart persuades me so,)
To further his confusion; there is One
Above begins to work; for, as I hear,
Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
Slightens his love, and he abandons her's:
Much talk I hear. Since things go thus, my niece,
In tender love and pity of your youth,
My counsel is, that you should free your years
From hazard of these woes, by flying hence
To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul
In holiness, a holy votaress;
Leave me to see the end of these extremes.
All human worldly courses are uneven,
No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

Phi. Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

Rich. Ay, gentle niece; and in your hourly prayers
Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.
Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads,
Your home your cloister, your best friends your beads;
Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth,
Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts, adieu!
Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in* Soranzo's *House.*

Enter Soranzo *unbraced, and dragging in* Annabella.

Sor. Come, strumpet, famous whore! were every drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow
Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot,
That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin,
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury, be fed
Up to a surfeit, and could none but I
Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports!—Now I must be the dad
To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!—
Why, must I?

Ann. Beastly man! Why?—'tis thy fate.
I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial, had you lent me time,
I would have told you in what case I was:
But you would needs be doing.

Sor. Whore of whores!
Darest thou tell me this!

Ann. O yes; why not?
You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

Sor. Excellent quean!
Why, art thou not with child!

Ann. What needs all this,
When 'tis superfluous! I confess I am.

Sor. Tell me by whom.

Ann. Soft, 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach
I am content t' acquaint you with; THE man,
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,—
(For 'tis a boy, [and] therefore glory, sir,
Your heir shall be a son)—

Sor. Damnable monster!

Ann. Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

Sor. Yes speak, and speak thy last.

Ann. A match, a match!
This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human, as was I,
Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for love.—
You! why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Sor. What was he call'd?

Ann. We are not come to that;
Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature;—but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Sor. Tell me his name.

Ann. Alas, alas, there's all! will you believe?

Sor. What?

Ann. You shall never know.

Sor. How!

Ann. Never; if
You do, let me be curs'd.

Sor. Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy heart,
And find it there.

Ann. Do, do.

Sor. And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious letcher joint by joint.

Ann. Ha, ha, ha! the man's merry.

Sor. Dost thou laugh?
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

Ann. *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore?* [Sings.

Sor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leper'd body through the dust—
[*Hales her up and down.*
Yet tell his name.

Ann. *Morendo in grazia dee morire senza dolore?* [Sings.

Sor. Dost thou triumph? the treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage: dost thou not tremble yet?

Ann. At what? to die! no, be a gallant hangman;
I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home;
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel it.

Sor. Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this?

Ann. No, by my life.

Sor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

Ann. My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

Sor. I will not slack my vengeance.
[*Draws his sword.*

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. What do you mean, sir?

Sor. Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore
Deserves no pity.

Vas. Now the gods forefend!
And would you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too? O 'twere most unmanlike; she is your wife, what faults have been done by her before she married you, were not against you: alas! poor lady, what hath she committed, which any lady in Italy in the like case would not? sir, you must be ruled by your reason, and not by your fury; that were inhuman and beastly.

Sor. She shall not live.

Vas. Come, she must: you would have her confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you; 'tis an uncon cionable demand, and she should lose the estimation that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it: why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good sir, be reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman!

Ann. Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life
As nothing; if the man will needs be mad,
Why let him take it.

Sor. Vasques, hear'st thou this?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it; in this she shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.—[*Aside to* SOR.]—Sir, in any case smother your revenge; leave the scenting out your wrongs to me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you marr all.—[*Aloud.*]—Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Sor. O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up
The treasure of my heart. Hadst thou been virtuous,
Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys
Of life itself, had made me wish to live
With any saint but thee: deceitful creature,
How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!
I did too dearly love thee.

Vas. This is well; follow this temper with some passion; be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.
[*Aside to* SOR.

Sor. Be witness to my words thy soul and thoughts;
And tell me, didst not think that in my heart
I did too superstitiously adore thee?

Ann. I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

Sor. And would'st thou use me thus! O Annabella,
Be thou assured, whoe'er the villain was
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
Well he might lust, but never loved like me.
He doted on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;
For on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

Ann. O, my lord!
These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

Vas. Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to weep myself, so much I pity him; why, madam, I knew, when his rage was over-past, what it would come to.

Sor. Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,
Yet will I not forget what I should be,
And what I am, a husband; in that name
Is hid divinity: if I do find
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vas. By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

Ann. Sir, on my knees——

Sor. Rise up, you shall not kneel.
Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew
Of alteration; I'll be with you straight:
My reason tells me now, that "'tis as common
To err in frailty as to be a woman."
Go to your chamber. [*Exit* ANN.

Vas. So! this was somewhat to the matter: what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

Sor. I carry hell about me, all my blood
Is fired in swift revenge.

Vas. That may be; but know you how, or on whom? Alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was that hunted your coney-burrow,—there is the cunning.

Sor. I'll make her tell herself, or——

Vas. Or what! you must not do so; let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while: go to her, use her mildly; win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Sor. Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow. [*Exit*.

Vas. Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb, that "where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses." 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again. Up, and up so quick? and so quickly too? 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom: this must be known; and I have thought on't—

Enter PUTANA, *in tears*.

Here's the way, or none.—What, crying, old mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame you; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Put. O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

Vas. Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness: say she be with child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blamed for?

Put. Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

Vas. I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait: well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

Put. Do you think so?

Vas. Foh, I know it; provided that he did not win her to it by force. He was once in a mind that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you: but I somewhat pacified him from that; yet sure you know a great deal.

Put. Heaven forgive us all! I know a little, Vasques.

Vas. Why should you not? who else should? Upon my conscience she loves you dearly; and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vas. 'Twere pity of your life if you should; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Put. Dost think so, Vasques?

Vas. Nay, I know it; sure it was some near and entire friend.

Put. 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

Vas. But what? fear not to name him; my life between you and danger: 'faith, I think it was no base fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

Vas. 'Uds pity, what else? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Put. 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vas. Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

Put. Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady. O they love most perpetually.

Vas. A brave gentleman indeed! why therein I commend her choice—better and better—[*Aside*.] You are sure 'twas he?

Put. Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vas. He were to blame if he would; but may I believe thee?

Put. Believe me! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long, to belie them now.

Vas. Where are you? there, within, sirs!

Enter Banditti.

Put. How now, what are these?

Vas. You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly!

Put. Vasques! Vasques!

Vas. Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate? what do you fumble about? let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! (*they gag her*.) Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose; do you hear, be speedy and sure. [*Exeunt* Ban. *with* PUT.
Why this is excellent, and above expectation - her own brother! O horrible! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our age! her brother, well! there's yet but a beginning; I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance: now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail; but soft—what thing comes next? Giovanni! as I could wish; my belief is strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Where's my sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sickness, my lord; she's somewhat ill.

Gio. Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vas. Troth, sir, and you I think have even hit it; but my virtuous lady——

Gio. Where is she?

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. [GIO. *gives him money*.] Your liberality

hath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall, ever—— [*Exit* Gio.

Re-enter Soranzo.

Sir, I am made a man; I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let us be private.

Sor. My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

Vas. Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

Sor. Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul
Runs circular in sorrow for revenge;
But, Vasques, thou shalt know——

Vas. Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you—let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him.—Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Sor. No conquest can gain glory of my fear. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* Soranzo's *House.*

Annabella *appears at a Window, above.*

Ann. Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life!
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy!
My conscience now stands up against my lust,
With depositions character'd in guilt,

Enter Friar, *below.*

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.
Here like a turtle, (mew'd up in a cage,)
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame;
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity!
O would the scourge, due to my black offence,
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontrouled flame!

Friar. What's this I hear?

Ann. That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust;
And so did I.

Friar. Here's music to the soul!

Ann. Forgive me, my good Genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends; let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper, double lined with tears and blood;
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

Friar. Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

Ann. Ha, what are you?

Friar. Your brother's friend, the Friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you:
What would you, or to whom? fear not to speak.

Ann. Is Heaven so bountiful?—then I have found
More favour than I hoped; here, holy man——
[*Throws down a letter.*
Commend me to my brother, give him that,
That letter; bid him read it, and repent.
Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
(Which gives me cause of much suspect) have time
To blush at what hath past; bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord;
I fear much more than I can speak: good father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy.
I must break off.—you'll do't?

Friar. Be sure I will,
And fly with speed:——my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest!
[*Exit.*

Ann. Thanks to the heavens, who have prolong'd my breath
To this good use! now I can welcome death.
[*Withdraws from the window.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Soranzo *and* Vasques.

Vas. Am I to be believed now? first, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at your horns! to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds!—

Sor. No more, I say, no more.

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord!

Sor. I am resolv'd; urge not another word;
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time, I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes;
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.
Begone—yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

Vas. Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recalled.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast:
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail;
Be speedy, and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you, till my coming back; think upon incest and cuckoldry.

Sor. Revenge is all the ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* FLORIO'S *House.*

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienced temper of the mind:
So did it me; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds;
My world, and all of happiness, is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come:
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

Enter Friar.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retired delights; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear;
And I could prove it too——

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee:
Look there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives him the letter*

Gio. From whom?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.—
Why d'ye change colour, son?

Gio. 'Fore heaven, you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love
And your religion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this?

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,
I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. *Death!* I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice!—discover'd?
The devil we are! which way is't possible?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?
Confusion take such dotage! 'tis but forged;
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man!—
Now, sir, what news bring you?

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom, keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-day, by me invites you thither. Your worthy father, with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magnificoes of Parma, have promised their presence; will't please you to be of the number?

Gio. Yes, tell [him] I *dare* come.

Vas. Dare come?

Gio. So I said; and tell him more, I *will* come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say, I will come.

Vas. You will not miss?

Gio. Yet more! I'll come, sir. Are you answered?

Vas. So I'll say——my service to you. [*Exit.*

Friar. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go! for what?

Friar. O, do not go; this feast, I'll gage my [life,
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin;
Be ruled, you shall not go.

Gio. Not go! stood death
Threatening his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there; not go! yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all;
For I will go.

Friar. Go where thou wilt;—I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end:—I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow
Parma, farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine! Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. [*Exit.*

Gio. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots;
Be all a man, my soul; let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death:
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits; with me they all shall perish!
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* SORANZO'S *House.*

Enter SORANZO, VASQUES *with Masks, and* Banditti.

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

Vas. I will undertake for their parts; be sure, my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria: for your pardons, trust to my lord; but for reward, you shall trust none but your own pockets.

Banditti. We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold,—[*Gives them money*]—here's more; want nothing; what you do
Is noble, and an act of brave revenge:
I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty! liberty!

Vas. Hold, take every man a vizard; when you are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can possibly. You know the watch-word, till which be spoken, move not; but when you hear that, rush in like a stormy flood: I need not instruct you in your own profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In, then; your ends are profit and preferment.—Away! [*Exeunt Ban.*

Sor. The guests will all come, Vasques?

Vas. Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution: you see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you; call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

Sor. 'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside; when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit: give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at

liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

Sor. It shall be so; and see, as we would wish,
He comes himself first—

Enter GIOVANNI.

Welcome, my much-lov'd brother;
Now I perceive you honour me; you are welcome—
But where's my father?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet;
You were best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends;
Good brother, get her forth.

Gio. You are busy, sir. [*Exit.*

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would have it! let him go and glut himself in his own destruction—[*Flourish.*]—Hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

Enter Cardinal, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, *and* Attendants.

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute:
Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace, walk near?

Car. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there. Signiors, keep your way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANNABELLA'S *Bed Chamber in the same.*

ANNABELLA, *richly dressed, and* GIOVANNI.

Gio. What, chang'd so soon! hath your new sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know, in our simplicity?—Ha! is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?

Ann. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

Gio. What dangers half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion; let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas! these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;
I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepared to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream! else in this other world
We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But do you think,
That I shall see you there? You look on me.—
May we kiss one another, prate, or laugh,
Or do as we do here?

Ann. I know not that;
But—brother, for the present, what d'ye mean
To free yourself from danger? some way think
How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled conscience.

Gio. Death, and a swift repining wrath:—yet
What see you in mine eyes? [look;

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave; these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now!
Never till now did nature do her best,
To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
The jealous destinies required again.
Pray, Annabella, pray! since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister!

Ann. Then I see your drift—
Ye blessed angels guard me!

Gio. So say I;
Kiss me. If ever aftertimes should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.
Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! but I could chide

With nature for this cunning flattery—
Kiss me again—forgive me.
Ann. With my heart.
Gio. Farewell!
Ann. Will you be gone?
Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
One other kiss, my sister.
Ann. What means this?
Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss. [*Stabs her.*
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.
Ann. Oh brother, by your hand!
Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.
Ann. Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins! farewell,
Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven oh—oh! [*Dies.*
Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless [fruit
That in her womb received its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally—this sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this!
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triúmphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part! [*The scene closes.*

SCENE VI.—*A Banquetting Room in the same.*

A Banquet.—Enter the Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Richardetto, Vasques, *and* Attendants.

Vas. (*apart to* Sor.) Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.
Sor. Enough—my heart is fix'd.—Pleaseth your grace
To taste these coarse confections: though the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause, yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.
Car. And we your friend.
Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

Enter Giovanni, *with a Heart upon his Dagger.*

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo! trimm'd in reeking blood,
That triumphs over death! proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance! fate, or all the powers
That guide the motions of immortal souls,
Could not prevent me.
Car. What means this?
Flo. Son Giovanni!
Sor. Shall I be forestall'd? [*Aside.*
Gio. Be not amazed: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted?—my sister, oh my sister!
Flo. Ha! what of her?
Gio. The glory of my deed
Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare,
I came to feast too; but I digg'd for food
In a much richer mine, than gold or stone
Of any value balanced; 'tis a heart,
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:
Look well upon't; do you know it?
Vas. What strange riddle's this? [*Aside.*
Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why do you startle?
I vow 'tis hers;—this dagger's point plough'd up
Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
Of a most glorious executioner.
Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?
Gio. Yes, father; and, that times to come may [know,
How, as my fate, I honour'd my revenge,
List, father; to your ears I will yield up
How much I have deserv'd to be your son.
Flo. What is't thou say'st?
Gio. Nine moons have had their changes,
Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
Your daughter and my sister.
Flo. How? Alas, my lords,
He is a frantic madman!
Gio. Father, no.
For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived
A happy monarch of her heart and her;
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd
The happy passage of our stolen delights,
And made her mother to a child unborn.
Car. Incestuous villain!
Flo. Oh, his rage belies him.
Gio. It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;
I vow it is so.
Sor. I shall burst with fury—
Bring the strumpet forth!
Vas. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
Gio. Do, sir; have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my Annabella whilst she lived,
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this heart.

Re-enter Vasques.

Is't true or no, sir?
Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.
Flo. Cursed man—have I lived to—— [*Dies.*
Car. Hold up, Florio.
Monster of children! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart! is none of you
Dares venture on him?
Gio. Let them! O my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why this was done with courage; now survives
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.
Sor. Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders? [*Draws.*
Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.
Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine. [*They fight*
And thus and thus! now brave revenge is mine. [Soranzo *falls*

Vas. I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are you grown insolent in your butcheries? have at you.

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee. [*They fight.*

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not, another shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon—— VENGEANCE!

The Banditti rush in.

Gio. Welcome! come more of you; whate'er you be,
I dare your worst——
[*They surround and wound him.*
Oh I can stand no longer; feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength? [*Falls.*

Vas. Now, you are *welcome*, sir!—Away, my masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own; shift for yourselves.
[*Aside to* Band.

Band. Away, away! [*Exeunt.*

Vas. How do you, my lord? See you this? [*pointing to* GIO.] how is't?

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleas'd, that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.—
O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath; let not that lecher live—
Oh!— [*Dies.*

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with [you], my ever dearest lord and master!

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, sir; I was your first man; have you enough?

Gio. I thank thee, thou hast done for me
But what I would have else done on myself.
Art sure thy lord is dead?

Vas. Oh impudent slave!
As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

Car. Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Gio. Mercy? why, I have found it in this justice.

Car. Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Gio. Oh I bleed fast.
Death, thou'rt a guest long look'd for, I embrace
Thee and thy wounds; oh, my last minute comes!
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face. [*Dies.*

Don. Strange miracle of justice!

Car. Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd all!

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate [fiend
Hath led thee on to this?

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs: for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's father; whom, whilst he lived, I served faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man, as I was to him. What I have done, was duty, and I repent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not ransomed his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet un- [nam'd,
Of council in this incest?

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to this murder'd lady.

Car. And what's become of her?

Vas. Within this room she is; whose eyes, after her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of; and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace! first this woman, chief in these [effects,
My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en
Out of the city, for example's sake,
There to be burnt to ashes.

Don. 'Tis most just.

Car. Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Don. I shall.

Vas. What for me? if death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Car. Fellow, for thee, since what thou didst [was done
Not for thyself, being no Italian,
We banish thee for ever; to depart
Within three days: in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. [*Exit.*

Car. Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see them buried;
And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. (*Discovers himself.*) Your grace's pardon; thus long I liv'd disguised,
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What! Richardetto, whom we thought for [dead?

Don. Sir, was it you——

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time
To talk at large of all; but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE?
[*Exeunt*

THE BROKEN HEART.

TO THE MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR,

WILLIAM,

LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF HAMSTEED-MARSHALL.

My Lord,—The glory of a great name, acquired by a greater glory of action, hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument, your growth to perfection, even in youth, hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering a penman, that posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts, and loved them; be pleased, then, with the freedom of your own name, to admit *one* amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable, when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse, coveting rather encouragement than applause; yet herein censure commonly is too severe an auditor, without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to opinion: but the justice of your inclination to industry, emboldens my weakness of confidence to relish an experience of your mercy, as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship strove to be known to the world, when the world knew you least, by voluntary, but excellent attempts: Like allowance I plead of being known to your Lordship (in this low presumption,) by tendering, to a favourable entertainment, a devotion offered from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest services, a lover of your natural love to virtue,

John Ford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Amyclas, *King of Laconia.*
Ithocles, *a Favourite.*
Orgilus, *Son to* Crotolon.
Bassanes, *a Jealous Nobleman.*
Armostes, *a Counsellor of State.*
Crotolon, *another Counsellor.*
Prophilus, *Friend to* Ithocles.
Nearchus, *Prince of Argos.*
Tecnicus, *a Philosopher.*
Hemophil, Groneas, } *Courtiers.*
Amelus, *Friend to* Nearchus.
Phulas, *Servant to* Bassanes.

Calantha, *the* King's *Daughter.*
Penthea, *Sister to* Ithocles.
Euphranea, *a Maid of Honour.*
Christalla, Philema, } *Maids of Honour.*
Grausis, *Overseer of* Penthea.

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—Sparta.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS FITTED TO THEIR QUALITIES.

Ithocles, *Honour of Loveliness.*
Orgilus, *Angry.*
Bassanes, *Vexation.*
Armostes, *an Appeaser.*
Crotolon, *Noise.*
Prophilus, *Dear.*
Nearchus, *Young Prince.*
Tecnicus, *Artist.*
Hemophil, *Glutton.*
Groneas, *Tavern-haunter.*
Amelus, *Trusty.*
Phulas, *Watchful.*
Calantha, *Flower of Beauty.*
Penthea, *Complaint.*
Euphranea, *Joy.*
Christalla, *Crystal.*
Philema, *a Kiss.*
Grausis, *Old Beldam.*

PERSONS INCLUDED.

Thrasus, *Fierceness.*
Aplotes, *Simplicity.*

PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration: such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commérce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow;
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known A TRUTH:
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity, with delight.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* CROTOLON'S *House.*

Enter CROTOLON *and* ORGILUS.

Crot. Dally not further; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.
Org. "Reason?" good sir,
I can yield many.
Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have:
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.
Org. All this I acknowledge.
Crot. You do! then, son, if books and love of knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.
Org. 'Tis not that, sir.
Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth.
Org. Thus, I obey you.
After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and sometimes
With death to such confederates, as sided
With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord;
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace:
Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to confirm
A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families, was entertained,
By joining, in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.
Crot. What of this?
Org. Much, much, dear sir.
A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
In a firm growth of union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge:—we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.
Crot. Most certain.
Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk
Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life:
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—
Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.
Org. Now it follows.
Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him, who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine; is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thraldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.
Crot. As how, pray?
Org. Bassanes,
The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle:
Some one, he is assured, may now or then
(If opportunity but sort) prevail:
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.
Crot. You spin out your discourse.
Org. My griefs are violent—
For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courted by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from hence,
I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.
Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,
I give a full consent;—alas, good lady!—
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.
Crot. See,
Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother!
Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.
Euph. You may stile it,
My brother, a command.
Org. That you will promise
Never to pass to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.
Crot. An easy motion!
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.
Org. Your pardon;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.
Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.
Crot. And I,
By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.
Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not; far, far 'tis from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
Or fitting fortune; thou art young and handsome;
And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit: trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents.
I have your oath.
Euph. You have; but mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say?
Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea.
He has just grounds direct him; I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.
Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts:
Gods! you have mercy with you, else——
Crot. Doubt nothing,
Thy brother will return in safety to us.
Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without them;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS, Courtiers *and* Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious; our humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.
Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir!
Amyc. It will, it must, Armostes; thy bold nephew,
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword
Laconia is a monarchy at length;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserve
More than a chronicle; a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles.
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?
Pro. At Pephon,
Most gracious sovereign; twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In settling peace, and liberty of life.
Amyc. When comes your friend the general?
Pro. He promised
To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA *with a garland.*

Amyc. Our daughter! dear Calantha, the happy news,
The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enrich'd thy knowledge.
Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?
Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven:
But Ithocles—
Cal. Your friend—
Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists—
He, in this firmament of honour, stands
Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.
Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.
Amyc. Such, Crotolon, [*Flourish.*
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, *ushered in by the* Lords, *and followed by* HEMOPHIL *and* GRONEAS.

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!
Ith. Your humblest subject.
Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.
Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.
Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy valour,
Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.
Ith. You exceed in bounty.
Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. [*Takes the chaplet from them.*] Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular

And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
To crown thy temples, this Provincial garland;
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchased.
Ith. You are a royal maid.
Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.
Ith. Let me blush,
Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
What nothings I have done, compared with the honours
Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind;
In that lay mine ability, that only:
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country,
That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever,
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?
Cal. He speaks truth.
Ith. Whom heaven
Is pleased to style victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,
As in contempt of such as can direct;
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-en'd
By many hands:—for instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.
Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers!—We vouchsafe our hand; [*Hem. and Gron. kiss his hand.*
Observe your great example.
Hem. With all diligence.
Gron. Obsequiously and hourly,
Amyc. Some repose
After these toils is needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect them.
On!—Come, my Ithocles.
Euph. Sir, with your favour,
I need not a supporter.
Pro. Fate instructs me.
[*Exit Amyc. attended; Ith., Cal., &c.—As Chris. and Phil. are following Cal., they are detained by Hem. and Gron.*
Chris. With me?
Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.
Hem. Sweet lady,
Soldiers are blunt,—your lip. [*Kisses her.*
Chris. Fye, this is rudeness;
You went not hence such creatures.
Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature.
Phil. It appears so.—
Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece
Have you two been the death of?
Gron. 'Faith, not many;
We were composed of mercy.
Hem. For our daring,

You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.
Chris. You "*wish'd* your country's peace;"
That show'd your charity: where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for?
Phil. They are coming.
Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?
Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—
Phil. And all together.
Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, "Dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!"—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?
Phil. Now, as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use; the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.
Gron. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!
Phil. By Vulcan, you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.
Gron. One word.
Chris. You lie beyond all modesty;—forbear me
Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.
Chris. By petition;—sue for't
In *forma pauperis*.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!
Hem. Christalla!
Gron. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have practis'd
More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groneas!
Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your services. [*Exeunt Chris. and Phil.*
Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.
Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them; and be revenged.
Gron. Shall we?
Hem. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature.
Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.*

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus, disguised, like one of his Scholars.

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou canst not play
With the severity of fate; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all times
Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.
Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures: if my fortune

Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life,
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others, who contemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver; nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living
Some little time, to any other cause
Than what I justly render; the information
Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change,
And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
I'll to my study. [*Exit.*

Org. I to contemplations,
In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,
I may without suspicion hearken after
Penthea's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities
Themselves are not secure, in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
A breast, made tributary to the laws
Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA *pass by, arm in arm, and whispering.*

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
With Prophilus; supported too! I would
It were an apparition! Prophilus
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

Re-enter PROPHILUS *and* EUPHRANEA.

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.
[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*

Pro. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

Org. Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity.—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine
To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish
Of happiness, than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person; it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant sufferance,
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.
Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heart-strings
Are on the tenters.

Euph. We are overheard.
Cupid protect us! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his Oratory; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks
I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible,
[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea?
Answer to that.—Your art!—what art? to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?
No, no; they'll out, they'll out; you may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,
As—fiddle-faddle so! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are so tetchy,
You keep no rule in argument; philosophy
Works not upon impossibilities,
But natural conclusions.—Mew!—*absurd!*
The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,
Appear to us unnatural; that's all.
Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,

I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*

Org. Ha, ha, ha!
These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates,
And principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth,
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures!
Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness: their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty;
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me: so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor ought besides,
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt* PRO. *and* EUPH.

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;
They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* BASSANES' *House.*

Enter BASSANES *and* PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street damm'd up;
It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-whelp,
Adultery, be lick'd into the act,
The very act:—that light shall be damm'd up;
D'ye hear, sir?

Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue,
Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets!) to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t'other youngster;
That gawdy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat out,
Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady; it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every thread
About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life! [*Aside.*

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandize, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and simper,
Coll, kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke the head
Which they have branch'd; and all is well again!
Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Stuck on the forehead.

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world;
One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.

Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to death
By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city;
What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever——

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block!

Phu. Yes truly; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo!

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis reported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorced;—but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Antick, no more! ideots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him! [*Aside, and exit.*

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper.—Beauty! oh, it is
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.
She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.—
The way to poverty is to be rich;
As I in her am wealthy; but for her,
In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter PENTHEA *and* GRAUSIS.

Lov'd Penthea!
How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth not well,
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and honour'd
With a triumphant victory; thou shalt visit him;
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
Fret in their tears; whilst every wond'ring eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
Choose thine own recreations; be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,
What place, what times; do anything, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady!
Be merry; time is precious. [laugh.

Bass. Furies whip thee! [*Aside.*

Pen. Alas, my lord! this language to your handmaid
Sounds as would music to the deaf; I need
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence:
Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much inward,
It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress:
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau "Island!" prison;
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands;
Marry, out upon 'em! whom shall we see there?
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish; goodly gear
For a young lady's dealing,—or an old one's!
On no terms, islands; I'll be stew'd first.

Bass. (*aside to* GRAU.) Grausis,
You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood;—I'll have you pounded—
For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.
Damnable bitch-fox! [*To* GRAU.

Grau. I am thick of hearing,
Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think you,
If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord!
Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart?
But, as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops! [*Aside to* GRAU.

Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches
In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without, sir;
And now I vanish. [*Exit.*

Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS, CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA.

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus: ladies, gentlemen,
To all, my heart is open; you all honour me.—

(A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*
Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together! [*Aside.*
Pro. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.
Pen. He is well, sir?
Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear beauty,
I find some alteration in him lately,
Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.
Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,
Slack not a minute; lead the way, good Prophilus,
I'll follow step by step.
Pro. Your arm, fair madam.
[*Exeunt all but* BASS. *and* GRAU.
Bass. One word with your old bawdship: thou hadst better
Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have thwarted
My will; I'll use thee cursedly.
Grau. You doat,
You are beside yourself. A politician
In jealousy? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.
Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue:
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all; my trade's a sure one.
Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 'twas consideration
I relish'd not; but have a care now.
Grau. Fear not,
I am no new-come-to't.
Bass. Thy life's upon it.
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace.* ITHOCLES' *Apartment.*

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance:
But this is form['d] of books, and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES *and* CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.
Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.
Ith. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.
Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a dispatch.
Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.
Ith. By this marriage
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.
Crot. My lord, my lord!
Ith. What, good sir? speak your thought.
Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.
Arm. You are bold and bitter.
Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts.— [*Aside.*
No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to:—'twas a fault,
A capital fault; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.
Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction:
What would you more?
Crot. I am conquer'd: if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking.
Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.
Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, *and* GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.
Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume. [*To* BASS.
T' immure her in a chamber.
Bass. 'Tis her will;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare:
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.
Ith. How does Penthea now?
Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.
Bass. [*aside*] I like the answer well; 'tis sad and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks——Have an eye, Grausis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must
Fall by too long demur. [not
Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.
Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.
Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!
Pro. Most sweetly gracious!
Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman!—(but where is she?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster) (*aside*)—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.
Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak
In your affections to this gentleman? [freely,
Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love assures me;
Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.
Crot. So, so! I know your answer. [*To* Pro.
Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter Hemophil.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your
And, fairest princess, yours. [presence;
Cal. We will attend him.

Enter Groneas.

Gron. Where are the lords? all must unto the
Without delay; the prince of Argos— [king
Cal. Well, sir?
Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.
Cal. How!
The prince of Argos?
Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.
Ith. Penthea!
Pen. Brother.
Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.
Pro. I shall.
Bass. How's that?
Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—
I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.
[*Exeunt all but* Bass.
Bass. Alone? alone? what means that word *alone*?
Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother.
Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation
To a rebellion in the veins;—besides,
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian:
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come?—or—pand'ring, pand'ring
For one another—(be't to sister, mother,
Wife, cousin, anything,) 'mongst youths of metal
Is in request; it is so—stubborn fate!
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Re-enter Groneas.

Gron. My lord, you are called for.
Bass. Most heartily I thank you; where's my wife, pray?
Gron. Retired amongst the ladies.
Bass. Still I thank you:
There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?
Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,
Bass. Asleep? asleep, sir! [sir.
Gron. Is your lordship troubled?
You will not to the king?
Bass. Your humblest vassal.
Gron. Your servant, my good lord.
Bass. I wait your footsteps. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.*

Enter Prophilus *and* Penthea.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you;
And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]
And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.
Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive
Of secrecies, without an invitation.
Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter Orgilus, *as before.*

Do thy best [*To* Org.
To make this lady merry for an hour.
Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [*Exit* Pro.
Pen. Prithee, leave me,
I have some private thoughts I would account with;
Use thou thine own.
Org. Speak on, fair nymph, our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,
As any's who have feasted with the gods.
Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.
Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection!
Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.
Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars, * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * the holiest odours, virgin's tears,
* * * * * * sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour.
Pen. Be not frantic.
Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;

No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue:
The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.
[*Throws off his scholar's dress.*
What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. O, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [PEN. *kneels.*

Org. You instruct my duty. [ORG. *kneels.*

Pen. We may stand up. (*They rise.*) Have you ought else to urge
Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would you?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me; at this pace
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.

Org. You are obey'd; 'tis done.
[*He resumes his disguise.*

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it;
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this, and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
My lip, or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes.
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—
Action, not words, shall shew me.—Oh Penthea!
[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted from me;
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee!
[*Walks aside.*

Enter BASSANES *and* GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot, damn thee!
Sleep, sleep at court? and now? Aches, convulsions,
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she's sad too;
She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd:
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!——Lady, come; your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off;
Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life

To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

Pen. Then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Study of* Tecnicus.

Enter Tecnicus, *and* Orgilus *in his usual Dress.*

Tec. Be well advised; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous;
For if the borrow'd shape so late put on,
Inferr'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit,— the present state commands me.
The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to Prophilus:
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted: yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation; no fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain—

Org. My aspect! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sift
An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is:
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valour which, for bases,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
Commits thefts, murther, treasons, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth,)
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend oracle,
And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty! [*Exit.*

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts:—
But let the gods be moderators still;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter Armostes, *with a Casket.*

From whence come you?

Arm. From king Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
Dear to him as his crown; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo [*He takes the casket.*
Inspire my intellect!—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Ithocles' *House.*

Soft Music.—A Song within, during which Prophilus, Bassanes, Penthea, *and* Grausis *pass over the Stage.* Bassanes *and* Grausis *re-enter softly, and listen in different places.*

SONG.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastly?

No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—Grausis, no creaking,
No noise; dost [thou] hear nothing?
Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.
Bass. The floor is matted;
The bed-posts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.
Grau. What do you mean, my lord?—speak low; that gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.
Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard.
Pro. [*within*] He wakes.
Bass. What's that?
Ith. [*within*] Who's there?
Sister?—All quit the room else.
Bass. 'Tis consented!

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private,
We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please you, withdraw!
Bass. By any means; 'tis fit.
Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.
Grau. Yes, I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens; ITHOCLES *is discovered in a Chair, and* PENTHEA *beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.
Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life,
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.
Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.
Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!
Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.
Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!
Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.
Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.
Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep;
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny;
And I will call thee merciful.
Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will you?
Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?
Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore;—forgive me, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.
Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.
Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachful match.
Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous: thou shalt stand
A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it.
Pen. Oh, no more!
Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.
Pen. Who is the saint you serve?
Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd this question; 'tis a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.
Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.
Ith. Her name?—tis,—'tis—I dare not.
Pen. All your respects are forged.
Ith. They are not.—Peace!
Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable!
Do I now love thee? for my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.
Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos?
Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;
I sweat in blood for't.
Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.
Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.
Ith. Mad man!—Why have I wrong'd a maid so excellent?

BASSANES *rushes in with a Poniard, followed by* PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRAUSIS.

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will not:
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—
Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and property.
Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?
Pro. He's distracted.
Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord.
Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him;
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick he cares not whom, nor where,—see, see, see!
Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular blast
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of the sun;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The baudy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.
Gron. Fine humours! they become him.
Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!
Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.
Pen. Dear brother!
Bass. Unmannerly!—mew, kitling!—smooth formality
Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springal blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuckold."
Ith. His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits;
He talks he knows not what.
Bass. Yes, and he knows
To whom he talks; to one that franks his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest.
Ith. Ha, devil!
Bass. I will haloo't; though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.
Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword.*
Pro. Sir, by our friendship—
Pen. By our bloods!
Will you quite both undo us, brother?
Grau. Out on him!
These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.
Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.
Gron. Kick him out at doors.
Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what slackness
In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Hath drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.
Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm:
Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
As in devotion!
Pen. Sir, may every evil,
Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,
On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought, against your honour.
Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.
Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance
To peace, and praise of virtue, [*to* ITH.]—Oh, my senses
Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:
I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
Indeed I did not.
Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.
Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.
Grau. Alas, kind animal!
Ith. No; but for penance.
Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.
Ith. When you shall shew good proof, that manly wisdom,
Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.
Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is insufferable.
Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.
Bass. But
Penthea says not so.
Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.
[*Exit with* ITH. *and* PRO.
Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind. [*To* GRAU. *who is followed by* PEN
Gron. The court wants not your diligence.
[*Exeunt* HEM. *and* GRON.
Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's gone;
I am denied to follow.
Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?
Grau. And feel her too, man;
Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.
Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;
She swore she has been true.
Grau. True, on my modesty.
Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her vows!
Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus; some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy decry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS *leading* CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, *and* AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleas'd,
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to:

Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth, our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.
I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thraldom, but to free mine own:
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty:
Use thine own opportunities.—Armostes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's return'd
From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it, would give life
To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman;
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us!

Cal. A prince, a subject?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, *and* PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close!—so soon—my heart! [*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives* ORG. *his hand to kiss.*

Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles! [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties
Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions,
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit: think on't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,
Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for.

Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with gladness:
No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady! [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of* CROTOLON.

Enter CROTOLON *and* ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath;
But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it;
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced
The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace;
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,
No courtesy can win it; 'tis too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction;
I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so! friend, I will have it so,
Without our ruin by your politic plots,

Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short my journey;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me!

Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir!

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRONEAS, *and* HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honour'd!—ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend;
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple; your consent
Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
Thou pawnd'st to me an oath, of which engagement
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand;—here, take her, Prophilus,
Live long a happy man and wife; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than their's by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride!

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—Euphranea,
Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
Of mine shall fail to shew itself.

Ith. We will
All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow towards
A too unworthy worm;—but, as you please,
I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, *and* PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his [entrance;
Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admit- [tance;
Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.
[*Exeunt* CHRIS. *and* PHIL.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak; I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman. [*Weeps.*
Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion. [*Aside.*]—Then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that?
Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young!
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?
Pen. 'Tis my Fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour!
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! speak the last;
I strangely like thy Will.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long agone since first I lost my heart:
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.
Cal. What said'st thou?
Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
He moves before you!
Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
Cal What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh, most unkind!
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.
Cal. I think you sleep, you drones: wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles? wrong'd lady! [*Aside.*
Pen. My reckonings are made even; death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.* ITHOCLES' *Apartment.*

Enter ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature:
In fears of love too quick; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.
Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish;—all is not right.—Good Heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!
Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more; I now repent it,
Now, uncle, now; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
A man of single meaning.
Arm. I believe it:
Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward:—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.
Ith. The princess? ha!
Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA; AMELUS, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery, from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark—
[*Attempts to take a ring from her finger.*
Cal. A toy!
Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.
Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for't,
And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress:
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.
[*Casts the ring before* ITHOCLES, *who takes it up.*
Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.
Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed owner,
Upon my knees——
[*Kneels and offers it to* CALANTHA.
Near. You are saucy.
Cal. This is pretty!
I am, belike, "a mistress"—wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin!
[*Exeunt* NEAR. CAL. CHRIS. *and* PHIL.
Ith. (*to* AME.) Follow, spaniel;
I'll force you to a fawning else.
Ame. You dare not. [*Exit.*
Arm. My lord, you were too forward.
Ith. Look ye, uncle,
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.
Arm. The princess threw it to you.
Ith. True; and she said——well I remember what——
Her cousin prince would beg it.
Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on't.
Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;
But I will do——
Arm. What is't you say?
Ith. "In anger?"
In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine; it should not;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.
Arm. Contain yourself, my lord; Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs; 'tis an useful moral:
Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.
Ith. I thank you;
Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.
Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, *and* AMELUS.

Near. Brave me?
Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper,
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection!
Ame. Was't your modesty
Term'd any of the prince's servants "spaniel?"
Your nurse sure taught you other language.
Ith. Language!
Near. A gallant man at arms is here; a doctor
In feats of chivalry; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners.
Ith. Manners?
Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless Ithocles.
Near. You might have understood who I am.
Ith. Yes,
I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are cousin to the princess.
Near. To the king too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.
Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.
Arm. O fye, fye!
Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in loyalty.
Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.
[*Exeunt* NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS.
Ith. Come back;—what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at! come back.—
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of *mushroom!* painted colts
(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres)
May bait a muzzled lion.
Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.
Org. In point of honour,
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.
Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up—
Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wrong'd.
Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted
Ith. Slighted!
Arm. Quiet
These vain unruly passions, which will render you
Into a madness.
Org. Griefs will have their vent

Enter TECNICUS, *with a scroll.*

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend man,
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here? [*Aside.*

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,
Armostes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the Gods.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! double named, but one
In fate!—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my saw)
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king,
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so:
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master?

Tec. Never more to see him;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,

When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

Ith. What's this, if understood?

Tec. List, Orgilus;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las, good man!

Tec. [*Aside to* ORG.] Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests;
I am not Œdipus.

Tec. My hour is come;
Cheer up the king; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon [*Exit.*

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might construe
His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me: servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha!

Arm. The gods be still propitious.
[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping;

Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Con it again;—for what? It shall not puzzle me;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* BASSANES' *House.*

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, *and* PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. Here's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit, hath cast his horns. [*Aside.*

Bass. Betake you to your several occasions;
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,
I have not for employment.

Grau. O, sweet man!
Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.—Old lady, hold up
Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.
[*Exeunt* GRAUSIS *and* PHULAS.

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness:
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;
But men, endow'd with reason, and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,
Endeavoured, what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level't in the dust of causeless scandal:—
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour before the deities
I have incens'd, a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require.
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Curs'd by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure: some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but—what's the miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment;
'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her,
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life! thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, *with her hair loose*, ITHOCLES, PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you; why d'you weep? dear, turn not from me.—
Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see it?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merriment
Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage; mercy ever

Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent:
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully,
And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell; the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say
He must be dead first: 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave: I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave!—art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for certain,
I should have cried when they cried:—truly, brother,
My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores:—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatch'd this thraldom first
With thine own poniard: every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To bawdy passion! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once. [*To* ORG.

Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature: in despite of malice,
For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard: I'll kiss it;
Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—
[*Pointing to* ITHOCLES.
And yet he paid for't home; alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gather'd roses in the garden,
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he. [*Again pointing to* ITH.

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside*

Org. She has tutor'd me;
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness:
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wonderous cold:
Dear soul, he has lost his colour: have you seen
A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!
If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries!

Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well, and die a good old man:
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had join'd our hands once in the temple,
('Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done't,) I must have called you father.—
Oh, my wreck'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.
There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife
Widow'd by lawless marriage; to all memory,
Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never heighten'd
With taste of sustenance! starve; let that fullness
Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—
Forgive me; Oh! I faint.
[*Falls into the arms of her attendants*

Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature
Will call her daughter, monster!—what! not eat?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordain'd for life? be not, my sister,
A murtheress to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bassanes?

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think: all shall be well anon.
'Tis tumbling in my head; there is a mastery
In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone; I'll search out
The trick on't. [*Aside.*

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends; they leave, without controul,
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.
[*Exit, supported by* CHRIS. *and* PHIL.

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly
What you shall still admire: 'tis wonderful,
'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd;
Yet, when I've done't, I've done't:—ye shall all thank me. [*Exit.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.
Ith. On my soul
Lies such an infinite clog of massy dullness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

Enter NEARCHUS *and* AMELUS.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.
Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder;
Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war, in hours of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.
Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour you.
Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for; 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.
Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.
[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES *and* ARMOSTES.
Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.
Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivall'd,
Considering th' inequality of the persons?
Near. I can, Amelus; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.
Ame. How does your grace determine?
Near. To be jealous
In public, of what privately I'll further;
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, *led by* HEMOPHIL *and* GRONEAS, *followed by* ARMOSTES, *with a Box,* CROTOLON, *and* PROPHILUS. *The* KING *is placed in a Chair.*

Amyc. Our daughter is not near?
Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.
Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin?
Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.
Amyc. All leave us
Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;
We would be private.
Pro. Health unto your majesty.
[*Exeunt* PRO., HEM., *and* GRON.
Amyc. What! Tecnicus is gone?
Arm. He is, to Delphos;
And to your royal hands presents this box. F 2
Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle; out with it;
[ARM. *takes out the scroll.*
Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes.

Arm. **The plot in which the Vine takes root**
Begins to dry from head to foot;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape:
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amyc. That is the oracle; what exposition
Makes the philosopher?
Arm. This brief one, only.

The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king;
The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm: the rest conceal'd.
TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest:
But must Calantha quail too? that young grape
Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be crost by fate.
Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.
Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd; Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.
Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Ithocles?—
Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.
Arm. All attend here!

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS, EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, *and* GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!
Ith. Oh, my royal master!
Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's solace,
With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness:
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?
Crot. This morning, gracious lord.
Org. This very morning;
Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe too.
Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.

Pish! prithee, blush not; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting: mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me.
To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!— [*Aside.*
May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand; [*To* ITH.
Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wish'd for, cause the same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a princess,
Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.
Ho! here's a swing in destiny—apparent!
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bed-chamber; none on his forehead
Wear a distemper'd look.

All. The gods preserve you!

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity!

[AMYCLAS *is carried out.—Exeunt all but* ITHOCLES, *detained by* ORGILUS.

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.
Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,
My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal! A subject royal?

Org. Why not, pray sir?
The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation; you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest: if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can it be possible?

Org. I was myself a piece of a suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye!)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's,
Now, at this very instant—but—

Ith. 'Tis granted:
And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret;
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not?
I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus!
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on!

Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting
For office; but for service—

Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title; partners
In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed?
Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy!—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together.
And there our beds are equal; save some monument
To shew this was the king, and this the subject—
[*Soft sad Music.*
List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark! a voice too.

A SONG (*within*).

Oh, no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now Love dies.
Now Love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart

Org. A horrid stillness
Succeeds this deathful air; let's know the reason:
Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Apartment of* PENTHEA *in the Same.*

PENTHEA *discovered in a Chair, veiled;* CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA *at her feet, mourning. Enter two* Servants, *with two other Chairs, one with an Engine.*

Enter ITHOCLES *and* ORGILUS.

1 *Serv.* (*Aside to* ORG.) 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

Org. Good! begone. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead!
Phil. Starv'd.
Chris. Starv'd!
Ith. Me miserable!
Org. Tell us
How parted she from life?
Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs; Christalla touch'd the lute,
I wept the funeral song.
Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds:
"Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus!"
So down she drew her veil, so died.
Ith. So died!
Org. Up! you are messengers of death, go from us; [CHRIS *and* PHIL. *rise.*
Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away; and,—hark ye!—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt* CHRIS. *and* PHIL.
Ith. Mine only sister! [My lord.—
Another is not left me.
Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this: between us sits
The object of our sorrows; some few tears
We'll part among us: I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there! sit there, my lord.
Ith. Yes, as you please.
[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*
What means this treachery?
Org. Caught! you are caught,
Young master! 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.
Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?
Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, did you! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess!
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touch'd upon your thought! as for my injuries,
Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound thee.
Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*
Ith. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compassion,
As loath to leave the vainness of my glories;
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel; 'twere a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.
Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly;
And take this peace along: some few short minutes
Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.
[*Stabs him.*
Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.
Org. Keep up thy spirit:
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.
[*Stabs him again.*
Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success; oh, may it prosper!—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds;
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long look'd for peace—now—moves—to heaven. [*Dies.*
Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood! henceforth welcome
Best expectation of a noble sufferance.
I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for ever!—
In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name.
[*Locks the door, and exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* BASSANES' *House.*

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of knowledge;
For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we are all turn'd madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:
To Delphos I have sent too; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever.
Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.
The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,—
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
My private meditations: shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.
Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make me thankful,
And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee!
Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation; I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards you.
Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.
Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,
I will acquaint you with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.
Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation; could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.
Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.
Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner prate.
Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.
Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.
Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.
Bass. Where'er, I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

A Flourish. Enter EUPHRANEA, *led by* GRONEAS *and* HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, *led by* CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA; NEARCHUS *supporting* CALANTHA; CROTOLON *and* AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?
Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.
Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome; Armostes
Is with the king?
Crot. He is.
Cal. On to the dance!
Cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom must be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS *dances with* EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS *with* CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA *with* HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA *with* GRONEAS.

THEY DANCE THE FIRST CHANGE; *during which* ARMOSTES *enters.*

Arm. [*whispers* CAL.] The king your father's dead.
Cal. To the other change.
Arm. Is't possible?

THEY DANCE THE SECOND CHANGE.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. [*whispers* CAL.] Oh madam!
Penthea, poor Penthea 's starv'd.
Cal. Beshrew thee!—
Lead to the next.
Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

THEY DANCE THE THIRD CHANGE.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. [*whispers* CAL.] Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.
Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.
Org. I am thunderstruck!

THE LAST CHANGE.

Cal. So! let us breathe a while.—[*Music ceases.*]
—Hath not this motion
Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?
Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.
Cal. We all look cheerfully:
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.
Near. None dares, lady.
Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me
How that the king was dead.
Arm. The king is dead:
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd you
Your mother's wedding ring; which here I tender.
Crot. Most strange!
Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen then.
Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign queen!
All. Long live the queen!
Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?
Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.
Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.
Org. That Ithocles
Was murther'd;—rather butcher'd, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.
Arm. How! murther'd!
Cal. By whose hand?
Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus!
Euph. Fye, brother!
Cal. You have done it?
Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. Armostes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities; thou hast lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
Excellent misery!
Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.
Crot. [*to* ORG.] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution!
Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.
Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus; my vengeance
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.
Cal. Now withdraw.
[*Exeunt* CROT. PRO. *and* EUPH.
Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our bounty,
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.
Near. Your will commands us.
Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.
Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.
[*Exeunt* CAL. PHIL. *and* CHRIS.
Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.
Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.
Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?
Org. To bleed to death.
Arm. The executioner?
Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:
[*Shews his dagger.*
Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.
Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;
Quick, fillet both his arms.
Org. Gramercy, friendship!
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a staff.*]—If a proneness,
Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words:—thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.
[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*
Arm. Desperate courage!
Near. Honourable infamy!
Hem. I tremble at the sight.
Gron. 'Would I were loose!
Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye! stretch out
Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.
[*Opens the vein.*
Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities: this pastime
Appears majestical; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
How is't, man?—droop not yet.
Org. I feel no palsies.
On a pair-royal do I wait in death:
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I durst not
Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my vengeance.
Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire!
I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect;
Revenge proves its own executioner.
When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—
Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.
Org. So falls the standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature!
A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splendour
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow:
Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,
No heat can ever thaw thee. [*Dies.*
Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral urn
Shall be my charge; remove the bloodless body.
The Coronation must require attendance;
That past, my few days can be but one mourning.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Temple.*

An Altar, covered with white: two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, *during which enter* Attendants, *bearing* Ithocles *on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter* Calantha *in white, crowned, attended by* Euphranea, Philema, *and* Christalla, *also in white:* Nearchus, Armostes, Crotolon, Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanes, Hemophil, *and* Groneas.

Calantha *kneels before the Altar, the* Ladies *kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The* Recorders *cease during her devotions. Soft Music.* Calantha *and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.*

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merciful.
Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition?
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and enured to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority; we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.
Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will
Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.
Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.
Cal. Hold you the same mind?
Bass. Alas, great mistress! reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd carcasses;
Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
As musical as their's. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age?
Cal. Cousin of Argos.
Near. Madam.
Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.
Near. Name them, virtuous lady.
Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes—
Bass. I, queen? alas! what I?
Cal. Be Sparta's marshal;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person, in your chamber:
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.
Bass. This is a testament!
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.
Near. All this should be perform'd.
Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus;
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
Too short a time enjoy'd.
Pro. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.
Euph. Excellent lady!
Near. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband?"
Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
[*Places a ring on the finger of* Ithocles.
Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive them:
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.
Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.
Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—
[*Kisses* Ith.]—crack, crack—
Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.
Near. Sirs, the song!

DIRGE.

Cho.	Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and care, Can but please [The] outward senses, when the mind Is [or] untroubled, or by peace refined.
First voice.	Crowns may flourish and decay, Beauties shine, but fade away.
Second.	Youth may revel, yet it must Lie down in a bed of dust.
Third.	Earthly honours flow and waste, Time alone doth change and last.
Cho.	Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare Rest for care; Love only reigns in death; though art Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

Arm. Look to the queen!
Bass. Her "heart is broke" indeed.
Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part!
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.
Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he:

When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.

'Tis here fulfill'd.
Near. I am your king.
All. Long live
Nearchus, king of Sparta!
Near. Her last will
Shall never be digress'd from; wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
The counsels of the gods are never known,
Till men can call the effects of them their own.
[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

Where noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd
To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd
With ignorance; those censures may command
Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
Let some say, *This was flat*; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observed, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion.
Some few may cry, *'Twas pretty well*, or so,
But—— and there shrug in silence: yet we know
Our writer's aim was, in the whole, addrest
Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST;
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
The BROKEN HEART may be pieced up again.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

TO MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD,

OF GRAYE'S INNE, ESQUIRE.

The title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication; which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgement for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and amongst them some friends, as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you, my cousin, the delight, than enjoy the benefit of them. This Inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censurers, how willingly I neglect their practise, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

John Ford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philippo Caraffa, *Duke of Pavy*
Paulo Baglione, *Uncle to the* Duchess.
Fernando, *Favourite to the* Duke.
Ferentes, *a Wanton Courtier.*
Roseilli, *a young Nobleman.*
Petruchio, } *two Counsellors of State.*
Nibrassa, }
Roderico D'Avolos, *Secretary to the* Duke.
Mauruccio, *an old Antick.*

Giacopo, *Servant to* Mauruccio.

Bianca, *the Duchess.*
Fiormonda, *the* Duke's *Sister.*
Colona, *Daughter to* Petruchio.
Julia, *Daughter to* Nibrassa.
Morona, *an old Lady.*

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

SCENE,—Pavy (Pavia).

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Roseilli *and* Roderico D'Avolos.

Ros. Depart the court?
D'Av. Such was the duke's command.
Ros. You are secretary to the state and him,
Great in his counsels, wise, and, I think, honest;
Have you, in turning over old Records,
Read but one name descended of the house
Of Lesui, in his loyalty remiss?
D'Av. Never, my lord.
Ros. Why then should I now, now, when glorious [peace
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wiped off,
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease?—
And whither must I go?
D'Av. You have the open world before you.
Ros. Why, then 'tis like I'm banish'd?
D'Av. Not so; my warrant is only to command you from the court; within five hours to depart after notice taken, and not to live within thirty miles of it, until it be thought meet by his Excellence to call you back. Now I have warn'd you, my lord, at your peril be it, if you disobey; I shall inform the duke of your discontent.— [*Exit.*
Ros. Do, politician, do! I scent the plot
Of this disgrace; 'tis Fiormonda, she,
That glorious widow, whose commanding check
Ruins my love: like foolish beasts, thus they
Find danger, that prey too near the lion's den.

Enter Fernando *and* Petruchio.

Fern. My noble lord, Roseilli!
Ros. Sir, the joy
I should have welcomed you with, is wrapt up
In clouds of my disgrace; yet, honour'd sir,
Howsoe'er frowns of great ones cast me down,
My service shall pay tribute, in my lowness,
To your uprising virtues.

Fern. Sir, I know
You are so well acquainted with your own,
You need not flatter mine; trust me, my lord,
I'll be a suitor for you.
Pet. And I'll second
My nephew's suit, with importunity.
Ros. You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd
From travels; pray instruct me:—since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad;
Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,
Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?
Fern. Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have found.
In Spain you lose experience; 'tis a climate
Too hot to nourish arts; the nation proud,
And in their pride unsociable; the court
More pliable to glorify itself
Than do a stranger grace: if you intend
To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place
Might better much your trade; but as for me,
I soon took surfeit on it.
Ros. What for France?
Fern. France I more praise and love. You are my lord,
Yourself for horsemanship much famed; and there,
You shall have many proofs to shew your skill.
The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
To give the country due, it is on earth
A paradise; and if you can neglect
Your own appropriaments, but praising that
In others, wherein you excel yourself,
You shall be much beloved there.
Ros. Yet, methought,
I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,
Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Call'd—let me think—'twas—
Fern. England?
Ros. That: pray sir—
You have been there, methought I heard you praise it.
Fern. I'll tell you what I found there; men as neat,
As courtly as the French, but in condition
Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
If there (as there are many) one excell'd
You in your art as much as you do others,
Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,
No nation can disparage but itself.
Ros. My lord, you have much eased me; I resolve.
Fern. And whither are you bent?
Ros. My lord, for travel;
To speed for England.
Fern. No, my lord, you must not;
I have yet some private conference
To impart unto you for your good; at night
I'll meet you at my lord Petruchio's house,
Till then, be secret.
Ros. Dares my cousin trust me?
Pet. Dare I, my lord! yes, 'less your fact were greater
Than a bold woman's spleen.
Ros. The duke's at hand,
And I must hence; my service to your lordships.
[*Exit.*
Pet. Now, nephew, as I told you, since the duke
Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,
Much altered from the man he was before,
* * * * * * *
(As if he were transformed in his mind,)
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes; one whose pride takes pride
In nothing more than to delight his lust;
And he (with grief I speak it) hath, I fear,
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona; whom, for kindred's sake,
As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself: a word from you
May win her more than my intreats or frowns.
Fern. Uncle, I'll do my best; mean time, pray tell me,
Whose mediation wrought the marriage
Betwixt the duke and duchess, who was agent?
Pet. His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
T' advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter
Unto a gentleman of Milàn—no better—
Preferr'd to serve i' th' Duke of Milan's court;
Where for her beauty she was greatly famed:
And passing late from thence to Monaco,
To visit there her uncle, Paul Baglione,
The abbot, Fortune (queen to such blind matches)
Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way,
As he pursues the deer: in short, my lord,
He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd her;
No counsel could divert him.
Fern. She is fair.
Pet. She is; and, to speak truth, I think right noble
In her conditions.
Fern. If, when I should choose,
Beauty and virtue were the fee proposed,
I should not pass for parentage.
Pet. The duke
Doth come.
Fern. Let's break off talk; if ever, now,
Good angel of my soul, protect my truth! [*Aside*

Enter the Duke, Bianca, Fiormonda, Nibrassa, Ferentes, Julia, *and* D'Avolos.

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;
Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view
Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.
Fernando! oh, thou half myself! no joy
Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:
I am a monarch of felicity,
Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful;
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.
Fern. Sir,—if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondency in friendship
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
To those deserts may give the stile of servant.
Duke. Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,
As freely as the privilege of blood
Hath made them mine;—Philippo and Fernando
Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,
On this good man; in all respects to him
Be as to me: only the name of husband,
And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
We are all one.

Bian. I shall in best of love.
Regard the bosom-partner of my bed.
Fior. Fernando. [*Aside to Fern.*
Fer. Madam?
Fior. You are one loves courtship:
He hath some change of words, 'twere no lost labour
To stuff your table-books: the man speaks wisely!
Fer. I am glad your highness is so pleasant.
Duke. Sister!
Fior. My lord and brother.
Duke. You are too silent.
Quicken your sad remembrance: though the loss
Of your dear husband be of more account
Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against
The state of princes, to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.
Fior. Should form, my lord,
Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble duchess,
Virtuous at least, and should your grace now pay,
Which heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,
I dare presume, she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could you?
D'Av. Bitter and shrewd. [*Aside.*
Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my weakness,
To give a resolution on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.
Nib. A modest answer.
Fern. If credit may be given to a face,
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.
Fior. [*Aside to* D'Av.] Exceeding good; the man will "undertake!"
Observe it, D'Avolos.
D'Av. Lady, I do;
'Tis a smooth praise.
Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy love,
And love thee better for thy judging mine.
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws
Of strict opinion and severe dispute,
Would tie the limits of our free affects,
(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none
But in a tribe of princes like ourselves,)
Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched souls
To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—
But why should princes do so, that command
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—
No, my Biancha, thou art to me as dear
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
Set on; they shall be strangers to my heart,
That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,
My but divided self; what we have done
We are only debtor to heaven for.—On!
Fior. [*Aside to* D'Av.] Now take thy time, or never, D'Avolos;
Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.
D'Av. Madam, I will omit no art.
[*Exeunt all but* D'Av., *who recalls* Fern.
My honour'd lord Fernando!
Fern. To me, sir?
D'Av. Let me beseech your lordship to excuse me, in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed good manners: I am one, my lord, who, in the admiration of your perfect virtues, do so truly honour and reverence your deserts, that there is not a creature bears life, shall more faithfully study to do you service in all offices of duty, and vows of due respect.
Fern. Good sir, you bind me to you; is this all?
D'Av. I beseech your ear a little; good my lord, what I have to speak, concerns your reputation and best fortune.
Fern. How's that! my reputation? lay aside
Superfluous ceremony; speak, what is it?
D'Av. I do repute myself the blessedest man alive, that I shall be the first gives your lordship news of your perpetual comfort.
Fern. As how?
D'Av. If singular beauty, unimitable virtues, honour, youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune, all those are at once offered to your particular choice.
Fern. Without delays, which way?
D'Av. The great and gracious lady Fiormonda loves you, infinitely loves you.—But, my lord, as ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let me not be revealed, that I gave you notice on't.
Fern. Sure you are strangely out of tune, sir.
D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but courtly ceremonious with her, use once but the language of affection, if I misreport ought besides my knowledge, let me never have place in your good opinion. Oh, these women, my lord, are as brittle metal as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery,—their very first substance was quicksands: let them look never so demurely, one fillip chokes them. My lord, she loves you; I know it.—But I beseech your lordship not to discover me; I would not for the world she should know that you know it by me.
Fern. I understand you, and to thank your care,
Will study to requite it; and I vow
She never shall have notice of your news
By me, or by my means. And, worthy sir,
Let me alike enjoin you not to speak
A word of that I understand her love;
And as for me, my word shall be your surety,
I'll not as much as give her cause to think
I ever heard it.
D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you may break with her in it, if you please; for, rather than silence should hinder you one step to such a fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for your sake, my good lord.
Fern. You shall not, indeed, sir; I am still your friend, and will prove so; for the present I am forced to attend the duke. Good hours befal you! I must leave you. [*Exit.*
D'Av. Gone already? 'sfoot, I have marr'd all! this is worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock. If her highness knows how I have gone to work, she'll thank me scurvily. A pox of all dull brains! I took the clean contrary course: there is a mystery in this slight carelessness of his; I must sift it, and I will find it. Uds me, fool myself out of my wit! well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity to inveigle him, and, till then, smooth her up that he is a man overjoyed with the report. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FERENTES *and* COLONA.

Fer. Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant; only yours, inespecially yours. Time, like a turn-coat, may order and disorder the outward fashions of our bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona, young and sprightful lady, do not let me, in the best of my youth, languish in my earnest affections.

Col. Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory,
By the disgrace[s] of a silly maid?

Fer. That I confess too. I am every way so unworthy of the first fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy servants; yet prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy pleasures, to thy command; and, as time shall serve, be ever thine. Now, prithee, dear Colona—

Col. Well, well, my lord, I have no heart of flint;
Or if I had, you know by cunning words
How to outwear it:—but—

Fer. But what? do not pity thy own gentleness, lovely Colona. Shall I? Speak, shall I?—say but aye, and our wishes are made up.

Col. How shall I say aye, when my fears say no?

Fer. You will not fail to meet [me] two hours hence, sweet?

Col. No,
Yes, yes, I would have said; how my tongue trips!

Fer. I take that promise, and that double *yes* as an assurance of thy faith. In the grove; good, sweet, remember; in any case alone,—do you mark, love?—not as much as your duchess' little dog;—you'll not forget?—two hours hence—think on't, and miss not: till then—

Col. Oh, if you should prove false, and love another!

Fer. Defy me then! I'll be all thine, and a servant only to thee; only to thee. [*Exit* COLONA.]—Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy, are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother that never stept awry, are wonders, wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and am every day more active in my trade; 'tis a sweet sin this slip of mortality, and I have tasted enough for one passion of my senses. Here comes more work for me.

Enter JULIA.

And how does mine own Julia? Mew upon this sadness! what's the matter, you are melancholy?—Whither away, wench?

Jul. 'Tis well; the time has been when your smooth tongue
Would not have mock'd my griefs; and had I been
More chary of mine own honour, you had still
Been lowly as you were.

Fer. Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much more lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'st me on my bare knees, wench, twice in every four-and-twenty hours, besides half turns instead of bevers. What must we next do, sweetheart?

Jul. Break vows on your side. I expect no other;
But every day look when some newer choice
May violate your honour and my trust.

Fer. Indeed, forsooth! how say you by that, la? I hope I neglect no opportunity to your *nunquam satis*, to be call'd in question for. Go, thou art as fretting as an old grogram; by this hand I love you for't; it becomes thee so prettily to be angry: well, if thou should'st die, farewell all love with me for ever! go, I'll meet thee soon in thy lady's back-lobby, I will, wench; look for me.

Jul. But shall I be resolved you will be mine?

Fer. All thine; I will reserve my best ability, my heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. Pity of my blood, away! I hear company coming on; remember, soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee; away!—[*Exit* JULIA.] 'Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance; I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do, as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men; for I never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. Who comes now?

Enter FERNANDO.

My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.—My lord Fernando!

Fern. My lord Ferentes, I should change some words
Of consequence with you; but since I am,
For this time, busied in more serious thoughts,
I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

Fer. I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good day to your lordship! [*Exit.*

Fern. Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,
That lost to reason, cannot sway the float
Of the unruly faction in my blood!
The duchess, oh the duchess! in her smiles
Are all my joys abstracted:—death to my thoughts!
My other plague comes to me.

Enter FIORMONDA *and* JULIA.

Fior. My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study!
You are a kind companion to yourself,
That love to be alone so.

Fern. Madam, no;
I rather chose this leisure to admire
The glories of this little world, the court,
Where, like so many stars, on several thrones,
Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs;
Sweet matter for my meditation.

Fior. So, so, sir! (leave us, Julia) [*Exit* JUL.] your own proof,
By travel and prompt observation,
Instructs you how to place the use of speech.—
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit;
We'll pass the time a little in discourse:
What have you seen abroad?

Fern. No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.

Fior. At home! as how?

Fern. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of truth,
Report but what is warranted by sight.

Fior. What sight?

Fern. Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.
Fior. What miracle?
Fern. Your beauty,
So far above all beauties else abroad,
As you are, in your own, superlative.
Fior. Fy, fy! your wit hath too much edge.
Fern. Would that,
Or anything, that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
I serve, in love, the sister of my prince!
Fior. 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for mine?
Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you.
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,
In your affects, a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the more.
Fior. Pray tell it.
Fern. Gladly, lady:
I see how opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tablature
Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss
Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord.
Fior. Now, good my lord, no more of him.
Fern. Of him!
I know it is a needless task in me,
To set him forth in his deserved praise,
You better can record it; for you find,
How much more he exceeded other men
In most heroic virtues of account,
So much more was your loss in losing him.
Of him! his praise should be a field too large,
Too spacious, for so mean an orator
As I to range in.
Fior. Sir, enough: 'tis true
He well deserv'd your labour; on his death-bed
This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly
As I loved him; yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
To your deserts, wear this for him and me.
[*Offers him the ring.*
Fern. Madam?
Fior. 'Tis yours.
Fern. Methought you said, he charged you
Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.
Fior. True, I said so.
Fern. Oh, then far be it my unhallow'd hand,
With any rude intrusion, should unveil
A testament enacted by the dead.
Fior. Why man, that testament is disannull'd,
And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freez'd; for better instance,
Be judge yourself; experience is no danger—
Cold are my sighs; but feel, my lips are warm.
[*Kisses him.*
Fern. What means the virtuous marquess?
Fior. To new-kiss
The oath to thee, which whilst he lived was his:
Hast thou yet power to love?
Fern. To love!
Fior. To meet
Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?
Fern. Madam, 'twere dulness, past the ignorance
Of common blockheads, not to understand
Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish
No greater happiness on earth; but know,
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.
Fior. What was't you said?
Fern. I said, I made a vow——

Enter BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, COLONA, *and* D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!
Fior. Prevented? mischief on this interruption!
[*Aside.*
Bian. My lord Fernando, you encounter fitly,
I have a suit t'ye.
Fern. 'Tis my duty, madam,
To be commanded.
Bian. Since my lord, the duke,
Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serves well
For mediation, that he would be pleased
To take the lord Roseilli to his grace.
He is a noble gentleman; I dare
Engage my credit, loyal to the state;
And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,
By special service, and obsequious care,
To win respect from you: it were a part
Of gracious favour, if you pleas'd to join
With us, in being suitors to the duke
For his return to court.
Fior. To court! indeed,
You have some cause to speak; he undertook,
Most champion-like, to win the prize at tilt,
In honour of your picture;—marry did he.
There's not a groom o' th' querry could have match'd
The jolly riding man; pray get him back;
I do not need his service, madam, I.
Bian. Not need it, sister? why, I hope you think
'Tis no necessity in me to move it,
More than respect of honour.
Fior. Honour? puh!
Honour is talk'd of more than known by some.
Bian. Sister, these words I understand not.
Fern. (*aside.*) Swell not, unruly thoughts!—
Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds
From the true touch of goodness; 'tis a plea
Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive
To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
Your judgment rightly speaks him; there is not,
In any court of Christendom, a man
For quality or trust more absolute.
Fior. How! is't even so? [*Aside.*
Pet. I shall for ever bless
Your highness, for your gracious kind esteem
Of my dishearten'd kinsman; and to add
Encouragement to what you undertake,
I dare affirm, 'tis no important fault
Hath caus'd the duke's distaste.
Bian. I hope so too.
D'Av. Let your highness, and you all, my lords, take advice how you motion his excellency on Roseilli's behalf; there is more danger in that man than is fit to be publicly reported. I could wish things were otherwise for his own sake; but I'll assure you, you will exceedingly alter his excellency's disposition he now is in, if you but mention the name of Roseilli to his ear; I am so much acquainted in the process of his actions.
Bian. If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir.
I am loth to move my lord unto offence;
Yet I'll adventure chiding.
Fern. Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all
T' exchange one private word, one minute's breath,
With this heart-wounding beauty! [*Aside.*

Enter the DUKE, FERENTES, *and* NIBRASSA.

Duke. Prithee, no more, Ferentes; by the faith
I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh
Beside my spleen. Fernando, hadst thou heard
The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage
Discours'd, how, in the winter of his age,
He is become a lover, thou would'st swear
A morris-dance were but a tragedy
Compared to that: well, we will see the youth.—
What Council hold you now, sirs?

Bian. We, my lord,
Were talking of the horsemanship in France
Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds
All other nations.

Duke. How! why, have not we
As gallant riders here?

Fern. None that I know.

Duke. Pish, your affection leads you; I dare [wage
A thousand ducats, not a man in France
Outrides Roseilli.

Fior. I shall quit this wrong. [*Aside.*

Bian. I said as much, my lord.

Fern. I have not seen
His practice since my coming back.

Duke. Where is he?
How is't we see him not?

Pet. What's this? what's this?

Fern. I hear he was commanded from the court.

D'Av. Oh, confusion on this villainous occasion! [*Aside.*

Duke. True; but we meant a day or two at most,
Should be his farthest term. Not yet return'd?
Where's D'Avolos?

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. You know our mind,
How comes it thus to pass we miss Roseilli?

D'Av. My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear he departed towards Benevento, determining, as I am given to understand, to pass to Seville, minding to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo, in the Spanish court.

Duke. The Spanish court! now, by the blessed bones
Of good St. Francis, let there posts be sent
To call him back, or I will post thy head
Beneath my foot: ha, you! you know my mind;
Look that you get him back: the Spanish court!
And without our commission!—

Pet. Here's fine juggling!

Bian. Good sir, be not so moved.

Duke. Fie, fie, Bianca,
'Tis such a gross indignity; I'd rather
Have lost seven years' revenue:—the Spanish [court!—
How now, what ails our sister?

Fior. On the sudden
I fall a bleeding; 'tis an ominous sign,
Pray heaven, it turn to good!—your highness' leave. [*Exit.*

Duke. Look to her. Come, Fernando, come, Bianca,
Let's strive to overpass this choleric heat:—
Sirrah, see that you trifle not. [*To* D'AV.] How [we,
Who sway the manage of authority,
May be abused by smooth officious agents!—
But look well to our sister.

[*Exeunt all but* PET. *and* FERN.

Pet. Nephew, please you
To see your friend to-night?

Fern. Yes, uncle, yes.— [*Exit* PET.
Thus bodies walk unsoul'd! mine eyes but follow
My heart entomb'd in yonder goodly shrine;
Life without her is but death's subtle snares,
And I am but a coffin to my cares. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* MAURUCCIO'S *House.*

MAURUCCIO, *looking in a glass, trimming his beard;* GIACOPO *brushing him.*

Maur Beard, be confined to neatness, that no [hair
May stover up to prick my mistress' lip,
More rude than bristles of a porcupine.—
Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Am I all sweet behind?

Gia. I have no poulterer's nose; but your apparel sits about you most debonairly.

Maur. But, Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth? Have I a moving countenance? is there harmony in my voice? canst thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath, as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo?

Enter above, DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, *Courtiers, and Attendants.*

Gia. Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as—a glister-pipe,—calamus, or civet.

Duke. Observe him, and be silent.

Maur. Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquesse, if it come to the push.

Duke. Sister, you are his aim.

Fior. A subject fit
To be the stale of laughter!

Bian. That's your music.

Maur. Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly in courtly gait, I advance, one, two, and three.—Good! I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin.—Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo!

Gia. Thus high, sir?

Maur. 'Tis well; now mark me.

> Most excellent Marquèsse, most fair la-dy,
> Let not old age, or hairs that are sil-vèr,
> Disparage my desire; for it may be
> I am than other green youth nimblè-er:
> Since I am your gra-cè's servànt so true,
> Great lady, then, love me for my ver-tue.

Oh, Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker, Sanazzar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist, to me. I tell thee, Giacopo, I am rapt with fury; and have been for these six nights together drunk with the pure liquor of Helicon.

Gia. I think no less, sir; for you look as wild, and talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

Duke. What think you of this language, sister?

Fior. Sir,
I think, in prince's courts, no age nor greatness

But must admit the fool: in me 'twere folly,
To scorn what greater states than I have been.

Bian. O, but you are too general—

Fer. A fool!
I thank your highness: many a woman's wit
Have thought themselves much better, was much
worse.

Bian. You still mistake me.

Duke. Silence! note the rest.

Maur. God-a'-mercy, brains! Giacopo, I have it.

Gia. What, my lord?

Maur. A conceit, Giacopo, and a fine one—down on thy knees, Giacopo, and worship my wit. Give me both thy ears. Thus it is: I will have my picture drawn most compositiously, in a square table of some two foot long, from the crown of the head to the waste downward; no further.

Gia. Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being cut off by the middle.

Maur. Speak not thou, but wonder at the conceit that follows. In my bosom, on my left side, I will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet (as it were part of my doublet) open; which being opened, Giacopo,—now mark!—I will have a clear and most transparent crystal in the form of a heart.—Singular admirable!—When I have framed this, I will, as some rare outlandish piece of workmanship, bestow it on the most fair and illustrious Fiormonda.

Gia. But now, sir, for the conceit.

Maur. Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more! blockhead, dost not understand yet? Why, this being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall no oftener powder her hair, surfell her cheeks, cleanse her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eyebrows, but having occasion to use this glass, (which for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly do,) but she shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold the excellence of her excellency's beauty, in the prospective and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

Gia. Aye, marry, sir, this is something.

All above. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Fior.

Bian. My sister's gone in anger.

Maur. Who's that laughs? search with thine eyes, Giacopo.

Gia. Oh, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an everlasting fame; the duke's grace, and the duchess' grace, and my lord Fernando's grace, with all the rabble of courtiers, have heard every word; look where they stand! Now, you shall be made a count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

Duke. Beshrew the chance! we are discovered.

Maur. Pity—oh my wisdom! I must speak to
them.—
O! duke most great, and most renowned duchess!
Excuse my apprehension, which not much-is;
'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see;
Angelica herself [doth] plead for me.

Duke. We pardon you, most wise and learned [lord,
And that we may all glorify your wit,
Entreat your wisdom's company to-day,
To grace our table with your grave discourse:
What says your mighty eloquence?

Maur. Giacopo, help me; his grace has put me out [of] my own bias, and I know not what to answer in form.

Gia. Ud's me; tell him you'll come.

Maur. Yes, I will come, my lord the duke. I
will.

Duke. We take your word, and wish your
honour health.
Away then; come, Bianca, we have found
A salve for melancholy;—mirth and ease.
[*Exit the* Duke, *followed by all but* Bianca *and*
Fernando.

Bian. I'll see the jolly lover and his glass
Take leave of one another.

Maur. Are they gone?

Gia. Oh, my lord, I do now smell news.

Maur. What news, Giacopo?

Gia. The duke has a smackering towards you, and you shall clap up with his sister, the widow, suddenly.

Maur. She is mine, Giacopo, she is mine! Advance the glass, Giacopo, that I may practise, as I pass, to walk a portly grace like a marquis, to which degree I am now a-climbing.
Thus do we march to honour's haven of bliss,
To ride in triumph through Persepolis.
[*Exit* Giacopo, *going backward with the glass, followed*
by Mauruccio *complimenting*.

Bian. Now, as I live, here's laughter
Worthy our presence! I'll not lose him so.
[*Going*.

Fern. Madam.

Bian. To me, my lord!

Fern. Please but to hear
The story of a cast-away in love;
And, oh! let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

Bian. My lord, the time——

Fern. The time! yet hear me speak,
For I must speak, or burst: I have a soul
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of woe,
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.
Sweet princess of my life—

Bian. Forbear, or I shall—

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind,
As pity: hear me out.

Bian. No more! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess,
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame;
Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies: if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust;
'Tis all no better:—learn, and love yourself.
[*Exit*.

Fern. Gone! oh, my sorrows! how am I undone!
Not speak again? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness: I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begg'd; but tears, and vows, and
words,
Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
And will; she is all icy to my fires,
Yet even that ice inflames in me desires. [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* PETRUCHIO'S *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* ROSSEILLI.

Rose. Is't possible the duke should be so mov'd?
Pet. 'Tis true; you have no enemy at court
But her, for whom you pine so much in love;
Then master your affections: I am sorry
You hug your ruin so.—
What say you to the project I proposed?
Rose. I entertain it, with a greater joy
Than shame can check.

Enter FERNANDO

Pet. You're come as I could wish;
My cousin is resolv'd.
Fern. Without delay
Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,
Some half hour hence; and Cupid bless your joy!
Rose. If ever man was bounden to a friend——
Fern. No more; away. [*Exeunt* PET. *and* ROSE.
Love's rage is yet unknown;
In his—ah me! too well I feel my own.—
So, now I am alone; now let me think.
She is the duchess;—say she be: a creature,
Sew'd up in a painted cloth, might so be stiled;
That's but a name: she's married too; she is,
And therefore better might distinguish love:—
She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait
Invites me more to hope:—she's the duke's wife;
Who knows not this?—she's bosom'd to my friend;
There, there, I am quite lost:—will not be won;
Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;
Eternal mischief. I must urge no more;
For, were I not beleper'd in my soul,
Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.
What then? pish,—[if] I must not speak, I'll write.
Come then, sad secretary to my plaints,
Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs.
What says this paper?
[*Takes out a letter, and reads to himself.*

Enter D'AVOLOS *behind with two pictures.*

D'Av. Now is the time. Alone? reading a letter? good; how now? striking his breast! what, in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing his hair! passion; by all the hopes of my life, plain passion! now I perceive it. If this be not a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in understanding; why, 'tis plain,—plainer and plainer; love in the extremest. Oh, for the party who, now! The greatness of his spirits is too high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary stuff, and if it be my lady Fiormonda, I am strangely mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to understand. I have here two pictures, newly drawn, to be sent for a present to the abbot of Monaco, the duchess's uncle, her own and my lady's; I'll observe which of these may, perhaps, bewray him—he turns about. My noble lord.

Fern. You are welcome, sir; I thank you.
D'Av. Me, my lord! for what, my lord?
Fern. Who's there? I cry you mercy, D'Avolos,
I took you for another; pray excuse me:
What is't you bear there?

D'Av. No secret, my lord, but may be imparted to you. A couple of pictures, my good lord,—please you see them?

Fern. I care not much for pictures; but whose are they?

D'Av. The one is for my lord's sister, the other is the duchess.

Fern. Ha, D'Avolos! the duchess's?

D'Av. Yes, my lord. Sure the word startled him——observe that. [*Aside.*

Fern. You told me, master secretary, once,
You owed me love.

D'Av. Service, my honour'd lord; howsoever you please to term it.

Fern. 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a sight;
Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

D'Av. I beseech your lordship;—they are, as I am, constant to your pleasure. [*Shews* FIORMONDA's *picture.*] This, my lord, is the widow marquess's, as it now newly came from the picture-drawer's; the oil yet green: a sweet picture; and, in my judgment, art hath not been a niggard in striving to equal the life. Michael Angelo himself needed not blush to own the workmanship.

Fern. A very pretty picture; but, kind signior,
To whose use is it?

D'Av. For the duke's, my lord, who determines to send it with all speed as a present to Paulo Baglione, uncle to the duchess, that he may see the riches of two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Fern. Pray, sir, the other?

D'Av. [*Shews the picture of the Duchess.*]—This, my lord, is for the duchess Bianca; a wondrous sweet picture, if you well observe with what singularity the artsman hath strove to set forth each limb in exquisitest proportion, not missing a hair.

Fern. A hair!

D'Av. She cannot more formally, or (if it may be lawful to use the word) more really, behold her own symmetry in her glass, than in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit. When I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

Fern. Lip!

D'Av. How constantly he dwells upon this portraiture! [*Aside.*]—Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning.—His eye is fix'd as if it were incorporated there. [*Aside.*]—Were not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature composed of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admirable beauty, as is here artificially counterfeited, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

Fern. Love! heart!
D'Av. My honour'd lord.
Fern. Oh heavens!
D'Av. I am confirmed. [*Aside.*]—What ails your lordship?
Fern. You need not praise it, sir; itself is praise.
How near had I forgot myself! [*Aside.*—I thank you.
'Tis such a picture as might well become
The shrine of some famed Venus; I am dazzled
With looking on't:—pray, sir, convey it hence.
D'Av. I am all your servant:—blessed, blessed discovery! [*Aside.*]—Please you to command me?
Fern. No, gentle sir.—I am am lost beyond my senses.—
Dy'e hear, sir? good, where dwells the picture-maker?
D'Av. By the castle's farther drawbridge, near

Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Trinultio.
—Happy above all fate! [*Aside.*

Fern. You say enough; my thanks t'ye! [*Exit* D'Av.]—Were that picture
But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
I fear I spoke or did I know not what;
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

Enter Ferentes, Mauruccio, *and* Giacopo.

Fer. Youth in three-score years and ten! [*Aside.* Trust me, my lord Mauruccio, you are now younger in the judgment of those that compare your former age with your latter, by seven-and-twenty years, than you were three years ago; by all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle! the ladies wonder at you.

Maur. Let them wonder; I am wise as I am courtly.

Gia. The ladies, my lord, call him the Green Broom of the court, he sweeps all before him; and swear he has a stabbing wit: it is a very clyster to laughter.

Maur. Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure; I am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

Gia. A radish root is a spear of steel in comparison of I know what. [*Aside.*

Fer. The marquess doth love you.

Maur. She doth love me.

Fer. And begins to do you infinite grace, Mauruccio, infinite grace.

Fern. I'll take this time. [*Comes forward.*
Good hour, my lords, to both!

Maur. Right princely Fernando, the best of the Fernandos; by the pith of generation, the man I look for. His highness hath sent to find you out; he is determined to weather his own proper individual person, for two days space, in my lord Nibrassa's forest, to hunt the deer, the buck, the roe, and eke the barren doe.

Fern. Is his highness preparing to hunt?

Maur. Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth for the breviating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

Fern. Oh, sir, let me beseech you to speak in your own mother tongue—two days absence, well—[*Aside.*]—my lord Mauruccio, I have a suit to you.

Maur. My lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

Fern. That you will accept from me a very choice token of my love; will you grant it?

Maur. Will you grant mine?

Fern. What is't.

Maur. Only to know what the suit is you please to prefer to me.

Fern. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

Maur. A fool?

Fern. As very a fool as your lordship is—hopeful to see in any time of your life.

Gia. Now, good my lord, part not with the fool on any terms.

Maur. I beseech you, my lord, has the fool qualities?

Fern. Very rare ones: you shall not hear him speak one wise word in a month's converse; passing temperate of diet; for, keep him from meat four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole day and a night together: unless you urge him to swear, there seldom comes an oath from his mouth; and of a fool, my lord, to tell you the plain truth, had he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he would be in short time three quarters as arrant wise as your lordship.

Maur. Giacopo, these are very rare elements in a creature of little understanding. Oh, that I long to see him?

Enter Petruchio *and* Roseilli, *dressed like a Fool.*

Fern. A very harmless idiot; and, as you could wish, look where he comes.

Pet. Nephew, here is the thing you sent for. Come hither, fool; come, 'tis a good fool.

Fern. Here, my lord; I freely give you the fool, pray use him well for my sake.

Maur. I take the fool most thankfully at your hands, my lord.—Hast any qualities, my pretty fool? wilt dwell with me?

Ros. A, a, a, a, aye.

Pet. I never beheld a more natural creature in my life.

Fern. Uncle, the duke, I hear, prepares to hunt;
Let's in and wait. Farewell, Mauruccio.
[*Exeunt* Fern. *and* Pet.

Maur. Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's name! 'tis no matter; fool is a sufficient title to call the greatest lord in the court by, if he be no wiser than he.

Gia. Oh my lord, what an arrant excellent pretty creature 'tis! come, honey, honey, honey, come.

Fer. You are beholding to my lord Fernando for this gift.

Maur. True; oh, that he could but speak methodically! Canst speak, fool?

Ros. Can speak; de e e e e—

Fer. 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit, or a monopoly from the duke's ear!

Maur. I have it, I am wise and fortunate. Giacopo, I will leave all conceits, and instead of my picture, offer the lady marquess this mortal man of weak brain.

Gia. My lord, you have most rarely bethought you; for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but she shall remember you better than by a thousand looking-glasses.

Fer. She will most graciously entertain it.

Maur. I may tell you Ferentes, there's not a great woman amongst forty, but knows how to make sport with a fool.—Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

Ros. Dud—a clap cheek for nowne sake, gaffer; hee e e e e.

Fer. Alas, you must ask him no questions, but clap him on the cheek; I understand his language: your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is.

Enter Fiormonda *and* D'Avolos, *in close conversation.*

Fior. No more, thou hast, in this discovery,
Exceeded all my favours, D'Avolos.
Is't mistress madam duchess? brave revenge.

D'Av. But had your grace seen the infinite appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you would—

Fior. Or change him, or confound him:—prompt dissembler!
Is here the bond of his religious vow?
And that, "now when the duke is rid abroad,
My gentleman will stay behind, is sick—or so?"

D'Av. "Not altogether in health;"—it was the excuse he made.

Maur. [*Seeing them.*] Most fit opportunity! her grace comes just i'th' nick; let me study.

Fer. Lose no time, my lord.

Gia. To her, sir.

Maur. Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthian hue,
And from a creature, ever vow'd thy servant,
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,
The earnest-penny of a love so fervent.

Fior. What means the jolly youth?

Maur. Nothing, sweet princess, but only to present your grace with this sweet-faced fool; please you to accept him to make you merry: I'll assure your grace he is a very wholesome fool.

Fior. A fool! you might as well have given [yourself.
Whence is he?

Maur. Now, just very now, given me out of special favour, by the lord Fernando, madam.

Fior. By him? well, I accept him; thank you for't;
And, in requital, take that tooth-picker;
'Tis yours.

Maur. A tooth-picker! I kiss your bounty: no quibble now?—And, madam,

If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,
I will revive them with this sweet tooth-picker.

Fior. Make use on't as you list; here, D'Avolos,
Take in the fool.

D'Av. Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

Ros. U u umh,—u u umh,—wonnot, wonnot—u u umh.

Fior. Wilt go with me, chick?

Ros. Will go, te e e—go will go—

Fior. Come, D'Avolos, observe to-night; 'tis late:
Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

[*Exeunt* FIOR. ROS. *and* D'AV.

Fer. This was wisely done now. S'foot, you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

Maur. Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Come behind me, Giacopo; I am big with conceit, and must be delivered of poetry, in the eternal commendation of this gracious tooth-picker:—but, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper—

For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives—

On thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c. Away, Giacopo. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace.—The Duchess's Apartment.*

Enter COLONA *with lights*, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, JULIA, FERNANDO, *and* D'AVOLOS; COLONA *places the lights on a table, and sets down a chess-board.*

Bian. 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep;
Sister, shall's have a mate at chess?

Fior. A mate!
No, madam, you are grown too hard for me;
My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

Bian. He's a well-practis'd gamester—well, I care not
How cunning soe'er he be.—To pass an hour
I'll try your skill, my lord: reach here the chess-board.

D'Av. Are you so apt to try his skill, madam duchess? Very good! [*Aside.*

Fern. I shall bewray too much my ignorance
In striving with your highness; 'tis a game
I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,
I fear you not; let's to't.

[FERNANDO *and the* Duchess *play.*

Fior. You need not, madam!

D'Av. [*Aside to* FIOR.] Marry needs she not; how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen she heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a duke's place; and that's beside the play, I can tell ye.

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
To judge the strife.

Bian. Lights for our sister, sirs!
Good rest t'ye; I'll but end my game, and follow.

Fior. [*Aside to* D'AV.] Let 'em have time enough; and, as thou canst,
Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Madam, I shall observe them with all cunning secrecy.

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam—

[*Exit* FIOR. *followed by* COL. JUL. *and* D'AV.

Bian. Play.

Fern. I must not lose the advantage of the game;
Madam, your queen is lost.

Bian. My clergy help me;
My queen! and nothing for it but a pawn?
Why then the game's lost too: but play.

Fern. What, madam? [FERNANDO *often looks about*

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so studious.—
Fie upon't! you study past patience:—
What do you dream on? here's demurring
Would weary out a statue!—Good now, play.

Fern. Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick [*Kneels*
Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so curst
In my unbounded anguish, as the rage
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

Bian. What means the man?

Fern. To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have cull'd this time
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp
The book of lust: If purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

Re-enter D'AVOLOS *behind.*

D'Av. At it already! admirable haste.

Bian. Am I again betray'd? bad man.—

Fern. Keep in,
Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty, which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not, with many nights' expense
Examined; but, oh, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Av. Not kissing yet? still on your knees? O for a plump bed and clean sheets, to comfort the aching of his shins! we shall have them clip anon, and lisp kisses; here's ceremony, with a vengeance!

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise: [*he rises*] look on our face.
What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
We had much rather prostitute our blood
To some envenom'd serpent, than admit
Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

D'Av. Now, now, now the game's a-foot! your gray jennet with the white face is curried, forsooth;—please your lordship leap up into the saddle, forsooth?—Poor duke, how must thy head ach now!

Fern. Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed woman!
You have school'd me; lend me hearing: though the float
Of infinite desires swell to a tide
Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand, [*Kisses her hand.*
This glorious, gracious hand of your's—

D'Av. Aye, marry, the match is made; clap hands and to't, ho!

Fern. I swear,
Henceforth I never will as much in word,
In letter, or in syllable, presume
To make a repetition of my griefs.
Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip
This coffin of my heart, there shall you read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Bianca's name carv'd out in bloody lines.
For ever, lady, now good night!

Bian. Good night!
Rest in your goodness; lights there.

Enter Attendants *with lights.*

Sir, good night. [*Exeunt sundry ways.*

D'Av. So, via!——To be cuckol'd (mercy and providence) is as natural to a married man as to eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends!—I will rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my purse with a courtezan, my neck with the chance on a dye, or my religion in a synagogue of Jews, than my wife with a friend. Wherein do princes exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yoked to a sixpenny strumpet, but that the horns of the one are mounted some two inches higher by a choppine than the other? Oh Acteon! the goodliest headed beast of the forest amongst wild cattle is a stag; and the goodliest beast amongst tame fools in a corporation is a cuckold.

Re-enter Fiormonda.

Fior. Speak, D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

D'Av. Above the prevention of fate, madam. I saw him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands and forefingers, rise,—and by this time he is up, up, madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be duke, for he is gotten into the duke's seat an hour ago.

Fior. Is't true?

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! siege was laid, parley admitted, composition offered, and the fort entered; there's no interruption. The duke will be at home to-morrow, gentle animal!—what do you resolve?

Fior. To stir up tragedies as black as brave,
And send the letcher panting to his grave.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-chamber in the same.*

Enter Bianca, *her hair loose, in her night-mantle. She draws a curtain,* Fernando *is discovered in bed, sleeping. She sets down the candle, and goes to the bed-side.*

Bian. Resolve, and do; 'tis done.—What! are those eyes,
Which lately were so overdrown'd in tears,
So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!
How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here!
But I will call him.—What, my lord, my lord,
My lord Fernando!

Fern. Who calls me?

Bian. My lord,
Sleeping or waking?

Fern. Ha! who is't?

Bian. 'Tis I:
Have you forgot my voice? or is your ear
But useful to your eye?

Fern. Madam, the duchess!

Bian. She, 'tis she; sit up,
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell:
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

Fern. Is't possible 'tis you?

Bian. 'Tis possible:
Why do you think I come?

Fern. Why? to crown joys,
And make me master of my best desires.

Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright; sit up, and listen.
With shame and passion now I must confess,
Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul,
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived, that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam!

Bian. To witness that I speak is truth,—look here!
Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness; if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fern. Perpetual happiness!

Bian. Now hear me out.
When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife;
I have done so: nor was there in the world
A man created, could have broke that truth

For all the glories of the earth, but thou;
But thou, Fernando!—Do I love thee now?

Fern. Beyond imagination.

Bian. True, I do,
Beyond imagination: if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys; here, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fern. What do you mean?

Bian. To give my body up to thy embraces,
A pleasure that I never wish'd to thrive in,
Before this fatal minute: mark me now;
If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

Fern. How, madam, how!

Bian. I will:
Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice; what say you?

Fern. Pish! do you come to try me? tell me, first,
Will you but grant a kiss?

Bian. Yes, take it; that,
Or what thy heart can wish: I am all thine.
[*Fern. kisses her.*

Fern. Oh, me!—Come, come; how many women pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?

Bian. Fernando,
Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [*Kneels.*
By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak, my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied;
Think me a common and most cunning whore,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof!—[*Rises*] Do as you list.

Fern. I must believe you,—yet I hope, anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity; say, will you?

Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.
[*Kisses him.*

Fern. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid that I
Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.

Bian. Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

Fern. Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

Bian. The latter I new-vow—but day comes on:
What now we leave unfinish'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: Sweet, let us part.

Fern. This kiss,—best life, good rest!
[*Kisses her.*

Bian. All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
"When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines."
Once more good rest, sweet!

Fern. Your most faithful servant.
[*The scene closes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter NIBRASSA, *followed by* JULIA, *weeping.*

Nib. Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore, leprosy of my blood! make thy moan to ballad-singers and rhymers; they'll jig out thy wretchedness and abominations to new tunes: as for me, I renounce thee; thou'rt no daughter of mine, I disclaim the legitimation of thy birth, and curse the hour of thy nativity.

Jul. Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Nib. With child! shame to my grave! Oh whore, wretched beyond utterance or reformation, what would'st say?

Jul. Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse,
He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith;
If vows have any force, I am his wife.

Nib. His faith? Why, thou fool, thou wickedly credulous fool, canst thou imagine luxury is observant of religion? no, no; it is with a frequent letcher as usual to forswear as to swear; their piety is in making idolatry a worship: their hearts and their tongues are as different as thou, thou whore! and a virgin.

Jul. You are too violent; his truth will prove
His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

Nib. Shameless woman! this belief will damn thee. How will thy lady marquess justly reprove me, for preferring to her service a monster of so lewd and impudent a life! look to't; if thy smooth devil leave thee to thine infamy, I will never pity thy mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof, never own thee for my child; mercy be my witness!——

Enter PETRUCHIO *leading* COLONA.

Pet. Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,
Thou art undone, Colona; no entreaties,
No warning, no persuasion, could put off
The habit of thy dotage on that man
Of much deceit, Ferentes. Would thine eyes
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known
The stain of this thine honour!

Col. Good, my lord,
Reclaim your incredulity; my fault
Proceeds from lawful composition
Of wedlock, he hath seal'd his oath to mine,
To be my husband.

Nib. Husband? hey-day! is't even so? nay, then, we have partners in affliction; if my jolly gallant's long clapper have struck on both sides, all is well. Petruchio, thou art not wise enough to be a parator; come hither, man, come hither; speak softly, is thy daughter with child?

Pet. With child, Nibrassa?

Nib. Foh! do not trick me off; I overheard

your gabbling. Hark in thine ear, so is mine too.

Pet. Alas, my lord, by whom?

Nib. Innocent! by whom? what an idle question is that? One cock hath trod both our hens. Ferentes, Ferentes, who else! how dost take it? methinks thou art wondrous patient; why, I am mad, stark mad.

Pet. How like you this, Colona? 'tis too true:
Did not this man protest to be your husband?

Col. Ah me! to me he did.

Nib. What else, what else, Petruchio! and, madam, my quondam daughter, I hope he has past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

Jul. Alas! to me he did.

Nib. And how many more, the great Incubus of hell knows best. Petruchio, give me your hand; mine own daughter in this arm, and yours, Colona, in this:—there, there, sit ye down together. Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you have plotted some brave revenge; think upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it; be secret one to another. Come, Petruchio, let 'em alone; the wenches will demur on't, and, for the process, we'll give 'em courage.

Pet. You counsel wisely, I approve your plot;
Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

Nib. Aye, aye, aye, leave them alone: to work, wenches, to work! [*Exeunt* NIB. *and* PET.

Col. We are quite ruin'd.

Jul. True, Colona,
Betray'd to infamy, deceived, and mock'd,
By an unconstant villain: what shall's do?
I am with child.

Col. Hey-ho! and so am I;
But what shall's do now?

Jul. This: with cunning words
First prove his love; he knows I am with child.

Col. And so he knows I am; I told him on't
Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth,
The false deceiver laugh'd.

Jul. Now, by the stars,
He did the like to me, and said, 'twas well
I was so happily sped.

Col. Those very words
He used to me, it fretted me to th' heart;
I'll be revenged.

Jul. Peace! here's a noise, methinks.
Let's rise; we'll take a time to talk of this.
[*They walk aside.*

Enter FERENTES *and* MORONA.

Fer. Will you hold? death of my delights, have you lost all sense of shame? You were best roar about the court, that I have been your woman's-barber, and trimm'd you, kind Morona.

Mor. Defiance to thy kindness! thou hast robb'd me of my good name; did'st promise to love none but me, me, only me: swor'st, like an unconscionable villain, to marry me the twelfth day of the month, two months since; did'st make my bed thine own, mine house thine own, mine all and every thing, thine own: I will exclaim to the world on thee, and beg justice of the duke himself, villain! I will.

Fer. You again! nay, an if you be in that mood, shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise madam Dry-fist, could your mouldy brain be so addle, to imagine I would marry a stale widow at six-and-forty? Marry gip! are there not varieties enough of thirteen! come, stop your clap-dish, or I'll purchase a carting for you. By this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen, than with ten quails scarce grown into their first feathers.

Mor. O treason to all honesty or religion!—Speak, thou perjured, damnable, ungracious defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten?

Fer. Why, thee, country-woman; thou'st a larger purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs have the world know how you, reputed a grave, matron-like, motherly-madam, kick'd up your heels like a jennet whose mark is new come into her mouth, e'en do, do! the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill-advised to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answer'd?

Mor. Answer'd?

Jul. Let's fall amongst 'em.—[*Comes forward with* COL.]—Love—how is't, chick? ha?

Col. My dear Ferentes, my betrothed lord.

Fer. Excellent! oh, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares!—[*Aside.*]—Why, how now, wenches! what means this?

Mor. Out upon me! here's more of his trulls.

Jul. Love, you must go with me.

Col. Good love, let's walk.

Fer. I must rid my hands of them, or they'll ride on my shoulders.—By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another; in short there are three of ye with child, you tell me, by me; all of you I cannot satisfy, nor, indeed, handsomely any of you. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of you: for your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye; but for marriage,—heaven bless you, and me from you! this is my resolution.

Col. How, not me!

Jul. Not me!

Mor. Not me!

Fer. Nor you, nor you, nor you; and to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance, but your fault was, you were too suddenly won; you, madam Morona, could have pleased well enough some three or four-and-thirty years ago, but you are too old: you, Julia, were young enough; but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. Now, every one knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise, is to rip up an old shirt or two; so, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience. [*Exit.*

Mor. Excellent!

Jul. Notable!

Col. Unmatch'd villain! [stand

Jul. Madam, though strangers, yet we under-
Your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge,
Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem
Our loss of honour by a brave exploit.

Mor. I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness, and will strive by any action to rank with you in any danger.

Col. Come, gentlewomen, let's together then.
Thrice happy maids that never trusted men!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The State-room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BIANCA, *supported by* FERNANDO, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FERENTES, *and* D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Roseilli will not come then! will not? well;
His pride shall ruin him.—Our letters speak
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow;
To-morrow, D'Avolos.

D'Av. To-morrow night, my lord, but not to make more than one day's abode here; for his holiness has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth of this month, the conclave of cardinals not being resolved to sit till his coming.

Duke. Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next return,
Must be saluted cardinal. Ferentes,
Be it your charge to think on some device
To entertain the present with delight.

Fern. My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy,
I'll join with you. Ferentes, not long since,
I saw in Brussels, at my being there,
The duke of Brabant welcome the archbishop
Of Mentz with rare conceit, even on a sudden
Perform'd by knights and ladies of his court,
In nature of an antick; which methought,
(For that I ne'er before saw women-anticks)
Was for the newness strange, and much commended.

Bian. Now good, my lord Fernando, further this
In any wise; it cannot but content.

Fior. If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man
Is won beforehand. [*Aside.*

Duke. Friend, thou honour'st me;
But can it be so speedily perform'd?

Fern. I'll undertake it, if the ladies please,
To exercise in person only that:
And we must have a fool, or such a one
As can with art well act him.

Fior. I shall fit ye;
I have a natural.

Fern. Best of all, madam;
Then, nothing wants: you must make one, Ferentes.

Fer. With my best service and dexterity,
My lord.

Pet. [*Aside to* NIB.] This falls out happily, Nibrassa.

Nib. We could not wish it better:
Heaven is an unbribed justice.

Duke. We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace
Of zealous presence, as becomes the church:
See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

D'Av. I have already made your highness' pleasure known to them.

Bian. Your lip, my lord!

Fern. Madam.

Bian. Perhaps your teeth have bled; wipe it with my handkerchief: give me, I'll do't myself—speak, shall I steal a kiss? believe me, my lord, I long. [*Apart to* FERN.

Fern. Not for the world.

Fior. Apparent impudence!

D'Av. Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

Duke. Ha, what's that thou mislikest, D'Avolos?

D'Av. Nothing, my lord;—but I was hammering a conceit of mine own, which cannot, I find, in so short a time thrive, as a day's practice.

Fior. Well put off, secretary. [*Aside.*

Duke. We are too sad; methinks, the life of mirth
Should still be fed where we are; where's Mauruccio?

Fer. An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

Duke. 'Would he were here! I have a kind of dulness
Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel,
As 'twere, a disposition to be sick;
My head is ever aching.

D'Av. A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

Duke. Again! what is't you like not?

D'Av. I beseech your highness excuse me; I am so busy with this frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

Bian. My lord, you were best to try to set a maw;
I and your friend, to pass away the time,
Will undertake your highness and your sister.

Duke. The game's too tedious.

Fior. 'Tis a peevish play,
Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king;
Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

Enter MAURUCCIO *with* ROSEILLI, *and* GIACOPO.

Maur. Bless thee, most excellent Duke; I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman, as ever I (and yet I have lived threescore years) convers'd with. Take it from me, I have tried him, and [he] is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness in your own proper elements.

Ros. Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

Gia. A very senseless gentleman, and, please your highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as they say.

Maur. Oh, sir, had you heard him as I did, deliver whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would swear there were not such a linguist breath'd again; and did I but perfectly understand his language, I would be confident, in less than two hours, to distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish, naturally, as I myself speak Italian, my lord.—Well, he has rare qualities.

Duke. Now, prithee, question him, Mauruccio.

Maur. I will, my lord.
Tell me, rare scholar, which, in thy opinion,
Doth cause the strongest breath—garlic or onion?

Gia. Answer him, brother fool; do, do, speak thy mind, chuck, do.

Ros. Have bid seen all da fine knack, and de, e, naghtye tat-tle of da kna-ve dad la have so.

Duke. We understand him not.

Maur. Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, oh duke, mark! What did I ask him, Giacopo?

Gia. What caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

Maur. Right, right by Helicon! and his answer is, that a knave has a stronger breath than any of

them: wisdom (or I am an ass) in the highest; a direct figure; put it down, Giacopo.

Duke. How happy is that idiot, whose ambition
Is but to eat, and sleep, and shun the rod!
Men that have more of wit, and use it ill,
Are fools in proof.

Bian. True, my lord, there's many
Who think themselves most wise, that are most fools.

D'Av. Bitter girds, if all were known;—but—

Duke. But what? speak out; plague on your muttering, grumbling!
I hear you, sir, what is't?

D'Av. Nothing, I protest, to your highness, pertinent to any moment.

Duke. Well, sir, remember.—Friend, you promised study.
I am not well in temper; come, Bianca:
Attend our friend, Ferentes.

[*Exeunt all but* FERN. ROS. FER. *and* MAUR.

Fern. Ferentes, take Mauruccio in with you,
He must be one in action.

Fer. Come, my lord,
I shall entreat your help.

Fern. I'll stay the fool,
And follow instantly.

Maur. Yes, pray, my lord.

[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MAUR.

Fern. How thrives your hopes now, cousin?

Ros. Are we safe?
Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot,
True, virtuous lord. Know then, sir, her proud heart
Is only fix'd on you in such extremes
Of violence and passion, that I fear,
Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

Fern. Me, coz? by all the joys I wish to taste,
She is as far beneath my thought, as I
In soul above her malice.

Ros. I observ'd
Even now, a kind of dangerous pretence,
In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos.
I know not her intent; but this I know,
He has a working brain, is minister
To all my lady's counsels; and, my lord,
Pray heaven there have not anything befallen
Within the knowledge of his subtle art,
To do you mischief!

Fern. Pish! should he or hell
Affront me in the passage of my fate,
I'd crush them into atomies.

Ros. I do admit you could; meantime, my lord,
Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn,
You shall be soon inform'd of: here is all
We fools can catch the wise in; to unknot,
By privilege of coxcombs, what they plot.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter DUKE *and* D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests,
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.
Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half spoke? your "wells, if all were known?"
Your short, "I like not that?" your girds and "buts?"
Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide;
Tell me, what is't? by honour's self, I'll know.

D'Av. What would you know, my lord? I confess I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince; the one you have, the other you may take from me at your pleasure. Should I devise matter to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without appearance?—what would you have me say? I know nothing.

Duke. Thou liest, dissembler; on thy brow I read
Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.
On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold
What by the party-halting of thy speech
Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith
We bear to sacred justice, we protest,
Be it or good or evil, thy reward
Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd:
Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

D'Av. Oh my disaster! my lord, I am so charmed by those powerful repetitions of love and duty, that I cannot conceal what I know of your dishonour.

Duke. "Dishonour!" then my soul is cleft with fear;
I half presage my misery; say on,
Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

D'Av. I trust your highness will pardon me; yet I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less innocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility! my service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass: in short, my lord, and plain discovery, you are a cuckold.

Duke. Keep in the word,—a *cuckold*?

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your duchess's heart, murther'd friendship; horns your head, and laughs at your horns.

Duke. My heart is split.

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was loth to have given the first report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all patience or moderation; but, oh my lord, what would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to his sovereign? Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as you can; I must needs say 'tis a foul fault, but what man is he under the sun, that is free from the career of his destiny? May be she will in time reclaim the errors of her youth; or 'twere a great happiness in you, if you could not believe it; that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

Duke. The icy current of my blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!
A cuckold? had my dukedom's whole inheritance
Been rent, mine honours levell'd in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
That he should be the man! death above utterance!—
Take heed you prove this true.

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. If not,
I'll tear thee joint by joint.—Phew! methinks
It should not be:—Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage;—hell of hells!
See that you make it good.

D'Av. As for that, 'would it were as good as I

would make it! I can, if you will temper your distractions, but bring you where you shall see it; no more.

Duke. See it?

D'Av. Aye, see it, if that be proof sufficient. I, for my part, will slack no service that may testify my simplicity.

Enter FERNANDO.

Duke. Enough.—What news, Fernando?

Fern. Sir, the abbot
Is now upon arrival: all your servants
Attend your presence.

Duke. We will give him welcome
As shall befit our love and his respect;
Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.
[*Exit with* FERN.

D'Av. Excellent! now for a horned moon.
[*Music within.*

But I hear the preparation for the entertainment of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that matters nothing to this; whilst he rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall as earnestly heat the pericranium of his noddle with a yellow hood at home. I hear them coming.

LOUD MUSIC.

Enter Servants *with Torches: then the* DUKE, *followed by* FERNANDO, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, *and* NIBRASSA, *at one door; two* Friars, *the* Abbot, *and* Attendants, *at the other. The* DUKE *and* Abbot *meet and salute;* BIANCA *and the rest salute, and are saluted; they rank themselves, and pass over the Stage; the Choir singing.*

D'Av. On to your victuals; some of you, I know,
Feed upon wormwood. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* NIBRASSA *with Napkins.*

Pet. The duke's on rising; are you ready? ho!

(*Within.*) All ready.

Nib. Then, Petruchio, arm thyself with courage and resolution; and do not shrink from being stayed on thy own virtue.

Pet. I am resolved:—fresh lights! I hear 'em coming.

Enter Attendants *with Lights, before the* DUKE, Abbot, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, *and* D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Right reverend uncle, though our minds be scanted
In giving welcome as our hearts would wish,
Yet we will strive to show how much we joy
Your presence, with a courtly shew of mirth.
Please you to sit?

Abbot. Great duke, your worthy honours
To me, shall still have place in my best thanks:
Since you in me so much respect the church,
Thus much I'll promise; at my next return,
His Holiness shall grant [you] an indulgence
Both large and general.

Duke. Our humble duty.
Seat you, my lords; now let the masquers enter.

Enter, in an antick fashion, FERENTES, ROSEILLI, *and* MAURUCCIO, *at several doors; they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them* COLONA, JULIA, *and* MORONA, *in odd shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes; at last they close* FERENTES *in,—*MAURUCCIO *and* ROSEILLI *being shook off, and standing at several ends of the Stage gazing. The women hold hands and dance about* FERENTES *in divers complimental offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and stab him; he falls, and they run out at several doors. The Music ceases.*

Fer. Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine anticks! pull off my visor; I shall bleed to death ere I have time to feel where I am hurt. Duke, I am slain: off with my visor, for heaven's sake, off with my visor!

Duke. Slain? take his visor off:—(*they unmask him*)—we are betray'd;
Seize on them! two are yonder: hold Ferentes;
Follow the rest: apparent treachery!

Abbot. Holy St. Bennet, what a sight is this!

Re-enter JULIA, COLONA, *and* MORONA, *unmasked, each with a Child in her arms.*

Jul. Be not amaz'd, great princes, but vouchsafe
Your audience; we are they have done this deed.
Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust,
Betray'd in our simplicities: he swore,
And pawn'd his truth, to marry each of us;
Abused us all; unable to revenge
Our public shames, but by his public fall,
Which thus we have contrived: nor do we blush
To call the glory of this murther ours;
We did it, and we'll justify the deed,
For when in sad complaints we claim'd his vows,
His answer was reproach; villain, is't true?

Col. I was too *quickly won*, you slave.

Mor. I was *too old*, you dog.

Jul. I (and I never shall forget the wrong)
I was not *fair enough*; not *fair enough*
For thee, thou monster! let me cut his gall.
Not *fair enough!* oh scorn! not *fair enough!*
[*Stabs him.*

Fer. O, O, oh!—

Duke. Forbear, you monstrous women! do not add
Murther to lust; your lives shall pay this forfeit.

Fer. Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy! I am pepper'd—oh, oh, oh!—Duke, forgive me! Had I rid any tame beasts but Barbary wild colts, I had not thus been jerk'd out of the saddle. My forfeit was in my blood; and my life hath answer'd it. Vengeance on all wild whores, I say!—oh 'tis true—farewell, generation of hacknies,—oh! [*Dies.*

Duke. He is dead.
To prison with those monstrous strumpets.

Pet. Stay,
I'll answer for my daughter.

Nib. And I for mine.
Oh well done, girls!

Fern. I for yon gentlewoman, sir.

Maur. Good my lord, I am an innocent in the business.

Duke. To prison with him! Bear the body hence.

Abbot. Here's fatal sad presages; but 'tis just,
He dies by murther that hath lived in lust.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Fiormonda, *and* D'Avolos.

Fior. Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
One drop of blood that issued from the loins
Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
And canst not blush to be so far beneath
The sp rit of heroic ancestors?
Canst thou ingross a slavish shame, which men,
Far, far below the region of thy state,
Not more abhor, than study to revenge?
Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,
To think I have a brother so befool'd,
In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

D'Av. One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles the poting-stick to her unsatiate and more than goatish abomination jeers at, and flouts your sleepish, and more than sleepish security.

Fior. What is she, but the sallow-colour'd brat
Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch
The easy fancy of young prodigal bloods,
In springes of her stew-instructed art?—
Here's your most virtuous duchess! your rare piece!

D'Av. More base in the infiniteness of her sensuality than corruption can infect:—to clip and inveigle your friend too! oh unsufferable!—a friend! how of all men are you most unfortunate:—to pour out your soul into the bosom of such a creature, as holds it religion to make your own trust a key to open the passage to your own wife's womb, to be drunk in the privacies of your bed!—think upon that, sir.

Duke. Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for pity;
For pity's cause, I beg it.

Fior. Be a prince!
Thou hadst better, duke, thou hadst, been born a peasant.
Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money
By making pageants of thee, and invent
Some strangely-shaped man-beast, that may for horns
Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's duke.

Duke. Endless immortal plague!

D'Av. There's the mischief, sir: in the meantime you shall be sure to have a bastard (of whom you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left ear, or half the farther side of an upper lip) inherit both your throne and name; this would kill the soul of very patience itself.

Duke. Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
Is scarleted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
That overcloud compassion in our breast.
You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.
And sister thou, thou Roderico, thou,
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,
To whet my dulness; you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

Fior. Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

D'Av. And it becomes my lord most princely.

Duke. Does it? come hither, sister; thou art near
In nature, and as near to me in love.
I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,
I love thee dearly; but observe me well:
If any private grudge, or female spleen,
Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,
Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,
Without apparent certainty; I vow,
And vow again, by all [our] princely blood,
Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts
Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.
But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more; to work
A yet more strong impression in my brain,
You must produce an instance to mine eye,
Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—or—

Fior. Or what? you will be mad? be rathe wise;
Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom
The harmless youth was slaughter'd; had he liv'd
He would have told you tales: Fernando fear'd it,
And to prevent him, under shew, forsooth,
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.
Have you yet eyes, duke?

Duke. Shrewdly urged.—'tis piercing.

Fior. For looking on a sight shall split your soul.
You shall not care; I'll undertake myself
To do't some two days hence; for need, to-night—
But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see them exchange kisses, sucking one another's lips, nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or practising more than the very act of adultery itself? Give but a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall find 'em—I blush to speak doing what; I am mad to think on't, you are most shamefully, most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince,
There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I,
Both to be thought or made so vile a thing?
Stay—madam marquess:—ho, Roderico, you, sir,
Bear witness that if ever I neglect
One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out
With toil of plot, or practice of conceit,
My busy skull, till I have found a death
More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,
Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips;
If ever I take rest, or force a smile
Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,
Before I know which way to satisfy
Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*] let me die
More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,
Laughter, and poverty itself can make me!
Let's rise on all sides, friends;—[*They rise.*]—now all's agreed:
If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Enter Fernando, Bianca, *and* Morona.

Bian. My lord the duke.

Duke. Bianca! ha, how is't?
How is't, Bianca? what, Fernando! come,

Shall's shake hands, sirs?—'faith, this is kindly done.
Here's three as one; welcome, dear wife, sweet friend!

D'Av. I do not like this now; it shews scurvily to me. [*Aside to* FIOR.

Bian. My lord, we have a suit, Your friend and I—

Duke. She puts my friend before, most kindly still. [*Aside.*

Bian. Must join—

Duke. What, *must*?

Bian. My lord!

Duke. Must join, you say—

Bian. That you will please to set Mauruccio
At liberty; this gentlewoman here,
Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two,
Obtain'd him for her husband: good, my lord,
Let me entreat; I dare engage mine honour,
He's innocent in any wilful fault.

Duke. Your honour, madam! now beshrew you for't,
T' engage your honour on so slight a ground:
Honour's a precious jewel, I can tell you:
Nay 'tis, Bianca; go to.—D'Avolos,
Bring us Mauruccio hither.

D'Av. I shall, my lord.— [*Exit.*

Mor. I humbly thank your grace.

Fern. And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona,
Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end,
Were, through their ladies' mediation,
Freed by your gracious pardon: I, in pity,
Tender'd this widow's friendless misery;
For whose reprieve I shall, in humblest duty,
Be ever thankful.

Re-enter D'AVOLOS *with* MAURUCCIO *in rags, and* GIACOPO *weeping.*

Maur. Come you my learned counsel, do not roar;
If I must hang, why then lament therefore;
You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great
To serve your prince, when I am turn'd worms' meat,
I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd.
Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd?

D'Av. Come on, sir, the duke stays for you.

Maur. O how my stomach doth begin to puke,
When I do hear that only word, the duke!

Duke. You, sir, look on that woman; are you pleased
If we remit your body from the jail,
To take her for your wife?

Maur. On that condition, prince, with all my heart.

Mor. Yes, I warrant your grace, he is content.

Duke. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon forgot
The public shame of her abused womb,
Her being mother to a bastard's birth?
Or cans't thou but imagine she will be
True to thy bed, who to herself was false?

Gia. [*To* MAUR.] Phew, sir, do not stand upon that; that's a matter of nothing, you know.

Maur. Nay, an't shall please your good grace, and it come to that, I care not; as good men as I have lain in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has not been much the worse for the wearing a little: I will have her with all my heart.

Duke. And shalt. Fernando, thou shalt have the grace
To join their hands; put them together, friend.

Bian. Yes, do, my lord; bring you the bridegroom hither,
I'll give the bride myself.

D'Av. Here's argument to jealousy, as good as drink to the dropsy; she will share any disgrace with him: I could not wish it better. [*Aside.*

Duke. Even so; well, do it.

Fern. Here, Mauruccio;
Long live a happy couple!

[*He and* BIAN. *join their hands.*

Duke. 'Tis enough;
Now know our pleasure henceforth: 'tis our will,
If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife,
Be seen within a dozen miles o' th' court,
We will recall our mercy; no entreat
Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life:
We'll have no servile slavery of lust
Shall breathe near us; dispatch, and get ye hence.
Bianca, come with me.—Oh my cleft soul!

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and* BIAN.

Maur. How's that? must I come no more near the court?

Gia. O pitiful! not near the court, sir?

D'Av. Not by a dozen miles, indeed, sir. Your only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set up a house of carnality; there are very fair and frequent suburbs, and you need not fear the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is very proper to the place.

Fern. 'Tis a strange sentence.

Fior. 'Tis, and sudden too,
And not without some mystery.

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Not near the court!

Mor. What matter is it, sweet-heart; fear nothing, love, you shall have new change of apparel, good diet, wholesome attendance; and we will live like pigeons, my lord.

Maur. Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

Gia. I forsake you! no, not as long as I have a whole ear on my head, come what will come.

Fior. Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love
To me, but since you are more thriftier sped,
For old affection's sake here take this gold;
Spend it for my sake.

Fern. Madam, you do nobly;
And that's for me, Mauruccio.

[*They give him money.*

D'Av. Will you go, sir?

Maur. Yes, I will go, and humbly thank your lordship and ladyship. Pavy, sweet Pavy, farewell!
Come, wife, come, Giacopo;
Now is the time that we away must lag,
And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.
O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone,
To end thy life when life was new begun?
Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see
My woeful plight, and squires of low degree!

D'Av. Away, away, sirs—

[*Exeunt all but* FIOR. *and* FERN.

Fior. My lord Fernando.

Fern. Madam.

Fior. Do you note
My brother's odd distractions? You were wont
To bosom in his counsels; I am sure
You know the ground of it.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible! What would you say, my lord,
If he, out of some melancholy spleen,
Edged on by some thank-picking parasite,
Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

Fern. What, madam! jealous?

Fior. Yes; for but observe;
A prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,

Is seldom steady in the lists of love,
Unless the party he affects do match
His rank in equal portion, or in friends:
I never yet, out of report, or else
By warranted description, have observ'd
The nature of fantastic jealousy,
If not in him; yet on my conscience now,
He has no cause.

Fern. Cause, madam! by this light,
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

Fior. I never thought her less; yet trust me, Sir,
No merit can be greater than your praise:
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,
Should so much deify the saints, from whom
You have disclaim'd devotion.

Fern. Madam, 'tis true;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

Fior. You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,
You are in love: nay, shrink not, man, you are;
Bianca is your aim: why do you blush?
She is, I know she is.

Fern. My aim?

Fior. Yes, yours;
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if, in time,
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.
Unkindest man! I have too long conceal'd
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state; and yet thou art unkind;
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

Fern. [*Walks aside.*] Injurious woman, I defy thy lust.
'Tis not your subtle sifting [that] shall creep
Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd.—
You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had rail'd itself to death; but as for me,
Be record, all my fate! I do detest
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [*Exit.*

Fior. What, gone! well, go thy ways; I see the more
I humble my firm love, the more he shuns
Both it and me. So plain! then 'tis too late
To hope; change, peevish passion, to contempt:
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
Fool, he shall know, I was not born to kneel. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter D'Avolos *and* Julia.

D'Av. Julia, mine own—speak softly. What, hast thou learn'd out anything of this pale widgeon? speak soft; what does she say?

Jul. Foh, more than all; there's not an hour shall pass,
But I shall have intelligence, she swears.
Whole nights—you know my mind; I hope you'll give
The gown you promised me.

D'Av. Honest Julia, peace; thou art a woman worth a kingdom. Let me never be believed now, but I think it will be my destiny to be thy husband at last: what though thou have a child,—or perhaps two!

Jul. Never but one, I swear.

D'Av. Well, one; is that such a matter? I like thee the better for't; it shows thou hast a good tenantable and fertile womb, worth twenty of your barren, dry, bloodless devourers of youth:—but come, I will talk with thee more privately; the duke has a journey in hand, and will not be long absent: see, he is come already—let's pass away easily. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke *and* Bianca.

Duke. Troubled? yes, I have cause.—O Bianca!
Here was my fate engraven in thy brow,
This smooth, fair, polish'd table! in thy cheeks
Nature summ'd up thy dower: 'twas not wealth.
The miser's god, or royalty of blood,
Advanced thee to my bed; but love, and hope
Of virtue, that might equal those sweet looks:
If then thou should'st betray my trust, thy faith,
To the pollution of a base desire,
Thou wert a wretched woman.

Bian. Speaks your love,
Or fear, my lord?

Duke. Both, both; Bianca, know,
The nightly languish of my dull unrest,
Hath stamp'd a strong opinion; for, methought—
Mark what I say—as I in glorious pomp
Was sitting on my throne, while I had hemm'd
My best belov'd Bianca in mine arms,
She reach'd my cap of state, and cast it down
Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust;
While I—oh, 'twas a dream too full of fate!—
Was stooping down to reach it, on my head,
Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns.
But by the honour of anointed kings,
Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
I have a sword—('tis here)—should make my way
Through fire, through darkness, death, [and hell] and all,
To hew your lust-engender'd flesh to shreds,
Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince
Your flesh to mites; I will,—start not—I will.

Bian. Mercy protect me, will you murder me?

Duke. Yes.—Oh! I cry thee mercy.—How the rage
Of my own dream'd of wrongs, made me forget
All sense of sufferance!—Blame me not, Bianca;
One such another dream would quite distract
Reason and self-humanity: yet tell me,
Was't not an ominous vision?

Bian. 'Twas, my lord,
Yet but a vision; for did such a guilt
Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you,
If you did stab me to the heart.

Duke. The heart?
Nay, strumpet, to the soul; and tear it off
From life, to damn it in immortal death.

Bian. Alas! what do you mean, sir?

Duke. I am mad.—
Forgive me, good Bianca; still methinks
I dream, and dream anew: now, prithee chide me.
Sickness, and these divisions, so distract
My senses, that I take things possible
As if they were; which to remove, I mean
To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,
Absence and bathing in those healthful springs
May soon recover me; meantime, dear sweet,
Pity my troubled heart; griefs are extreme:
Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream.—
Who waits without, ho! is provision ready,
To pass to Lucca?

Enter PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FIORMONDA, D'AVOLOS, ROSEILLI, *and* FERNANDO.

Pet. It attends your highness.

Duke. Friend, hold; take here from me this jewel, this: [*Gives him* BIANCA.
Be she your care till my return from Lucca,
Honest Fernando.—Wife, respect my friend.
Let's go; but hear you, wife, think on my dream.
[*Exeunt all but* ROS. *and* PET.

Pet. Cousin, one word with you; doth not this cloud
Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke
Is lately much distemper'd; what he means
By journeying now to Lucca, is to me
A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

Ros. Oh, sir,
My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note
No less than you infer; all is not well,
Would 'twere! whoever thrive, I shall be sure
Never to rise to my unhoped desires:
But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon;
Meantime, pray send my lord Fernando to me,
I covet much to speak with him.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. And see,
He comes himself; I'll leave you both together.
[*Exit.*

Fern. The duke is hors'd for Lucca: how now, coz,
How prosper you in love?

Ros. As still I hoped.—
My lord, you are undone.

Fern. Undone! in what?

Ros. Lost; and I fear your life is bought and sold;
I'll tell you how: late in my lady's chamber,
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,
In comes the lady marquess, and with her,
Julia and D'Avolos; where sitting down,
Not doubting me, "Madam," quoth D'Avolos,
"We have discover'd now the nest of shame."—
In short, my lord, (for you already know
As much as they reported,) there was told
The circumstance of all your private love.
And meetings with the duchess; when, at last,
False D'Avolos concluded with an oath,
"We'll make," quoth he, "his heart-strings crack for this."

Fern. Speaking of me?

Ros. Of you; "aye," quoth the marquess,
"Were not the duke a baby, he would seek
Swift vengeance; for he knew it long ago."

Fern. Let him know it; yet I vow
She is as loyal in her plighted faith,
As is the sun in heaven: but put case
She were not, and the duke did know she were not;
This sword lift up, and guided by this arm,
Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends,
And all the earth beside.

Ros. You are too safe
In your destruction.

Fern. Damn him!—he shall feel——
But peace, who comes?

Enter COLONA.

Col. My lord, the duchess craves a word with you.

Fern. Where is she?

Col. In her chamber.

Ros. Here, have a plum for e'ee—

Col. Come, fool, I'll give thee plums enow; come, fool.

Fern. Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears,
Our heart is high instarr'd in brighter spheres.
[*Exeunt* FERN. *and* COL.

Ros. I see him lost already.
If all prevail not, we shall know too late,
No toil can shun the violence of fate. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.—The Duchess's Bed-chamber.*

BIANCA *in her Night Attire, leaning on a Cushion at a Table, holding* FERNANDO *by the hand.—Enter above* FIORMONDA.

Fior. Now fly, revenge, and wound the lower earth,
That I insphered above, may cross the race
Of love despised, and triumph o'er their graves,
Who scorn the low-bent thraldom of my heart!

Bian. Why should'st thou not be mine? why should the laws,
The iron laws of ceremony, bar
Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?
Can there be sin in unity? could I
As well dispense with conscience, as renounce
The outside of my titles, the poor style
Of duchess, I had rather change my life
With any waiting-woman in the land,
To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando,
Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

Fior. Treason to wedlock! this would make you sweat.

Fern. Lady, of all * * * as before,
* * * what I am, * * *
* * * * * * * *
To survive you, or I will see you first
Or widowed or buried: if the last,
By all the comfort I can wish to taste,
By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds
Your coffin, shall incoffin me alive;
I sign it with this seal. [*Kisses her.*

Fior. Ignoble strumpet!

Bian. You shall not swear; take off that oath again,
Or thus I will enforce it. [*Kisses him.*

Fern. Use that force,
And make me perjured; for whilst your lips
Are made the book, it is a sport to swear.
And glory to forswear.

Fior. Here's fast and loose!
Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

[*Whilst they are kissing, the* DUKE *and* D'AVOLOS, *with their swords drawn, appear at the door.*

Col. [*Within.*] Help, help! madam, you are betrayed, madam; help, help!

D'Av. Is there confidence in credit, now, sir? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

Col. [*Within.*] Help, madam, help!

Fern. What noise is that? I heard one cry.

Duke. [*Comes forward.*] Ha! did you?
Know you who I am?
Fern. Yes; thou art Pavy's duke,
Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd,
Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt
Of what I could have done hath made thee steal
The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare
Thy worst. for murder sits upon thy cheeks:
To't, man.
Duke. I am too angry in my rage,
To scourge thee unprovided; [*Enter* PETRUCHIO *and* NIBRASSA *with a guard*] take him hence:
Away with him. [*They seize* FERN.
Fern. Unhand me!
D'Av. You must go, sir.
Fern. Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay [hands
On that most innocent lady.
Duke. Yet again!
Confine him to his chamber.
[*Exeunt* D'AV. *and the guard with* FERN.
Leave us all;
None stay, not one; shut up the doors.
[*Exeunt* PET. *and* NIB.
Fior. Now show thyself my brother, brave Caraffa.
Duke. Woman, stand forth before me;—wretch-[ed whore,
What canst thou hope for?
Bian. Death; I wish no less.
You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke,
Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.
Duke. Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up
The edge that must uncut thy twist of life:
Dost thou not shake?
Bian. For what? to see a weak,
Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade?
Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes
Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike;
What would you do now, pray?
Duke. What? shameless harlot!
Rip up the cradle of thy cursed womb,
In which the mixture of that traitor's lust
Imposthumes for a birth of bastardy.
Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve
One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen
Of just-consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,
Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move
Thy heart to crave variety of youth.
Bian. I['ll] tell you, if you needs would be re-[solv'd;
I held Fernando much the properer man.
Duke. Shameless, intolerable whore!
Bian. What ails you?
Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
Could make a crooked leg, a scambling foot,
A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard
As your's, fit for a lady's pleasure? no;
I wonder you could think 'twere possible,
When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,
I ever could love you again; fie, fie!
Now, by my life, I thought that long ago
You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend
Your wife did think so well of.
Duke. O my stars!
Here's impudence above all history.
Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,
Speak such immodest language?
Bian. Dare? yes, 'faith,
You see I dare: I know what you would say now;
You would fain tell me how exceeding much
I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
The honour of your bed: 'tis true, you did;
But why? 'twas but because you thought I had
A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
To answer this, my reason is the like;
The self-same appetite which led you on
To marry me, led me to love your friend:
O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
Handsome enough you are, [and—] and no more;
But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?
Hark, in your ear; thank heaven he was so slow,
As not to wrong your sheets; for as I live,
The fault was his, not mine.
Fior. Take this, take all.
Duke. Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
Are music to this.—
Forgive me, my good Genius, I had thought
I match'd a woman, but I find she is
A devil, worser than the worst in hell.
Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
I mark you to a syllable: you say,
The fault was his, not your's; why, virtuous mis-[tress,
Can you imagine you have so much art
Which may persuade me, you and your clo[illegible] [mart man
Did not a little traffic in my right!
Bian. Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it now:
I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,
To win him to my bosom; but so much,
So holily, with such religion,
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
Was held but, in comparison, a jest;
Nor did I ofter urge the violence
Of my affection, but as oft he urged
The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:
Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language
Of cunning servile flatteries, entreaties,
Or what in me is, could procure his love,
I would not blush to speak it.
Duke. Such another
As thou art, miserable creature, would
Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess
What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the heart
Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?
For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.
Bian. Phew!—an you be in these tunes, sir, I'll leave [you];
You know the best, and worst, and all.
Duke. Nay, then
Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
The sum in gross of all thy veined follies;
There, amongst other, weep in tears of blood,
For one above the rest, adultery!
Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt,
As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,
Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide
Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,
But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,
Thy husband's bed; his, in whose breast thou sleep'st.
His, that did prize thee more than all the trash
Which hoardi[illegible]s make an idol of.

When thou shalt find the catalogue enroll'd
Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text,
Thy bastarding the issues of a prince.
Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
And do not hope for life; would angels sing
A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense
With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:
Prepare to die!

Bian. (opens her bosom.) I do: and to the point
Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run
Half way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,
This daunts not me: but in the latter act
Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask—
At my last gasp,—to spare thy noble friend;
For life to me, without him, were a death.

Duke. Not this, I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit.—
Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or—— [*Throws down his sword.*

Fior. (above.) Dost thou halt? faint coward, dost thou wish
To blemish all thy glorious ancestors!
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too?
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

Bian. Here.

Duke. Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell!
[*Draws his dagger and stabs her.*
Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

Bian. 'Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home at once:
Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes it;
My tragedy to thee; my heart to—to—Fernando,
O—oh! [*Dies.*

Duke. Sister, she's dead.

Fior. Then, while thy rage is warm,
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

Duke. Good:
I'll slack no time whilst I am hot in blood.
[*Takes up his sword, and exit.*

Fior. Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the state
Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FERNANDO, NIBRASSA, *and* PETRUCHIO.

Pet. May we give credit to your words, my lord?
Speak, on your honour.

Fern. Let me die accurst,
If ever, through the progress of my life,
I did as much as reap the benefit
Of any favour from her save a kiss:
A better woman never blest the earth.

Nib. Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen of points, but the jealous madman will in his fury offer her some violence.

Pet. If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept
A guard about you for your own defence,
Than to be guarded for security
Of his revenge; he is extremely moved.

Nib. Passion of my body, my lord, if he come in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, he might cut your throat ere you could provide a weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so, hold, take my sword in your hand: 'tis none of the sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox will not fail his master, come what will come. Take it; I'll answer't, I: in the mean time, Petruchio and I will back to the duchess' lodging.
[*Gives* FERN. *his sword.*

Pet. Well thought on;—and in despite of all his rage,
Rescue the virtuous lady.

Nib. Look to yourself, my lord! the duke comes.

Enter the DUKE, *a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger in the other.*

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner,
Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:
Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod
Of heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up
The verdict of thy crying villanies.
I see thou art arm'd; prepare, I crave no odds,
Greater than is the justice of my cause;
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

Fern. Duke, I fear thee not:
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
Tell me, how hast thou used thy duchess?

Duke. How?
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

Fern. Not dead?

Duke. Not dead? yes, by my honour's truth: why, fool,
Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!
I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
As you did both your bodies in her life.—
Have at thee!

Fern. Stay; I yield my weapon up.
[*He drops his sword.*
Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murther'd, murther me.

Duke. Faint-hearted coward,
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight;
Or by the glories of my house and name,
I'll kill thee basely.

Fern. Do but hear me first:
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd
An innocent, a wife as free from lust
As any terms of art can deify.

Duke. Pish, this is stale dissimulation;
I'll hear no more.

Fern. If ever I unshrined
The altar of her purity, or tasted
More of her love, than what, without controul
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,
Rack me to atomies. I must confess
I have too much abused thee; did exceed
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,
For any actual folly, I am free.

Duke. 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee she spake.

Fern. By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
Another like to that, and more, or more,
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss
Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,
Earth was unworthy of thee!

Nib. Pet. Now, on our lives, we both believe him.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my sword,
To justify thy words?

Fern. I dare; look here. [*Kisses the sword.*
'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
I'll hold all life a hell.

Duke. Bianca chaste!

Fern. As virtue's self is good.

Duke. Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her
I offer up this remnant of my——
[*Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by* FERN.

Fern. Hold!
Be gentler to thyself.

Pet. Alas, my lord,
Is this a wise man's carriage?

Duke. Whither now
Shall I run from the day, where never man,
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!
Had not the fury of some hellish rage
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen
Her clearness in her confidence to die.
Your leave—
[*Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking to himself a little, rises.*
'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,
Her love that prais'd thee in the pangs of death,
I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. The lord Abbot of Monaco, sir, is in his return from Rome, lodged last night late in the city very privately; and hearing the report of your journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-morrow.

Duke. Slave, torture me no more! Note him, my lords,
If you would choose a devil in the shape
Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one.—
We'll meet our uncle.—Order straight, Petruchio,
Our duchess may be coffin'd; 'tis our will
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed
And privacy you may, i' th' college church,
Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments.
Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral.—
Damn'd villain! bloody villain!—Oh, Bianca!
No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.
[*Exeunt all but* D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Good b'ye! *Arch-arch-devil!* why, I am paid. Here's bounty for good service! beshrew my heart, it is a right princely reward. Now must I say my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an age to have my head stricken off. I cannot tell; it may be my lady Fiormonda will stand on my behalf to the duke: that's but a single hope; a disgraced courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him when he's falling, than friends to relieve him. I must resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts now. Come what may, I will not die like a cow, and the world shall know it. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter FIORMONDA, *and* ROSEILLI *discovering himself.*

Ros. Wonder not, madam; here behold the man
Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed.
Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,
Led on by love; and in that love, despair:
If not the sight of our distracted court,
Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know
My latest doom from you.

Fior. Strange miracle!
Roseilli, I must honour thee; thy truth,
Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,
That better dost deserve a better fate,
Forgive me; if my heart can entertain
Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

Ros. Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!
In death you have revived me.

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Whom have we here? Roseilli, the supposed fool? 'tis he; nay, then help me a brazen face!—My honourable lord.

Ros. Bear off, blood-thirsty man! come not near me.

D'Av. Madam, I trust the service——

Fior. Fellow, learn to new live: the way to thrift,
For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

Ros. Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end;
Men flesh'd in blood know seldom to amend.

Enter Servant

Ser. His highness commends his love to you, and expects your presence; he is ready to pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to associate him. Withal, his pleasure is, that you, D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the place of secretary; else to be there as a private man. Pleaseth you to go? [*Exeunt all but* D'AV.

D'Av. As a private man! what remedy? This way they must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the rear.

A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and discovers the Church, with a Tomb in the back ground.

Enter Attendants *with Torches, after them Two* Friars; *then the* DUKE *in mourning manner; after him the* Abbot, FIORMONDA, COLONA, JULIA, ROSEILLI, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, *and a Guard.*—D'AVOLOS *following. When the Procession approaches the Tomb they all kneel. The* DUKE *goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it. The Music ceases.*

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not the touch
Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet
About these blessed bones inhears'd within.
If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,
Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
Pouring oblations of a mourning heart
To thee, offended spirit! I confess
I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,
Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.
Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs
My fury wrought; and my contrition mourns.
So chaste, so dear a wife was never man,
But I, enjoyed; yet in the bloom and pride
Of all her years, untimely took her life.—

Enough: set ope the tomb, that I may take
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

[*The Tomb is opened, out of which rises* FERNANDO *in his winding-sheet, and, as* CARAFFA *is going in, puts him back.*

Fern. Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely press
Into the confines of forsaken graves?
Hath death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
To practise yet a rape upon the dead?
Inhuman tyrant!——
Whats'ever thou intendest, know this place
Is pointed out for my inheritance;
Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
Had eager lust intrunk'd my conquer'd soul,
I had not buried living joys in death:
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
To boast thy famous murthers; let thy smooth,
Low-fawning parasites renown thy act;
Thou com'st not here.

Duke. Fernando, man of darkness,
Never till now, before these dreadful sights,
Did I abhor thy friendship; thou hast robb'd
My resolution of a glorious name.
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge
Of death can whip thee with.

Fern. Of death? poor duke!
Why that's the aim I shoot at; 'tis not threats
(Maugre thy power, or the spight of hell)
Shall rend that honour: let life-hugging slaves,
Whose hands imbrued in butcheries like thine,
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die!
See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the grave:
I pity thy defiance.

Duke. Guard—lay hands,
And drag him out.

Fern. Yes, let 'em, here's my shield;
Here's health to victory!——

[*He drinks off a phial of poison.*

Now do thy worst.
Farewell, duke, once I have outstripp'd thy plots;
Not all the cunning antidotes of art
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life:
It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!—
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.
O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane!—
Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,
Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein.—
I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,
Feast on, do!—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot flames!—
Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom!—oh!

[*Dies.*

Abbot. Most desperate end!

Duke. None stir;
Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.
And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?
Thou wert a friend unmatch'd; rest in thy fame.
Sister, when I have finished my last days,
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequall'd friend,
All in one monument. Now to my vows.
Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
But let each letter in that tragic sound
Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear:
Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks
Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights,
Repeating but the story of our fates;
Whilst in the period, closing up their tale,
They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,
Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
Thus on her altar sacrificed his life.

[*Stabs himself.*

Abbot. Oh, hold the duke's hand!

Fior. Save my brother, save him!

Duke. Do, do; I was too willing to strike home
To be prevented. Fools, why, could you dream
I would outlive my outrage? sprightful flood,
Run out in rivers! Oh, that these thick streams
Could gather head, and make a standing pool,
That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood!
So, I grow sweetly empty; all the pipes
Of life unvessel life;—now, heavens, wipe out
The writing of my sin! Bianca, thus
I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca.

[*Dies.*

Ros. He's dead already, madam.

D'Av. Above hope? here's labour saved; I could bless the destinies.

[*Aside.*

Abbot. 'Would I had never seen it!

Fior. Since 'tis thus,
My lord Roseilli, in the true requital
Of your continued love, I here possess
You of the dukedom; and with it, of me,
In presence of this holy abbot.

Abbot. Lady, then
From my hand take your husband; long enjoy

[*Joins their hands.*

Each to each other's comfort and content!

All. Long live Roseilli!

Ros. First, thanks to heaven, next, lady, to your love;
Lastly, my lords, to all: and that the entrance
Into this principality may give
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,
Our first work shall be justice.—D'Avolos,
Stand forth.

D'Av. My gracious lord.

Ros. No, graceless villain!
I am no lord of thine. Guard, take him hence,
Convey him to the prison's top; in chains
Hang him alive; whoever lends a bit
Of bread to feed him, dies: speak not against it,
I will be deaf to mercy.—Bear him hence!

D'Av. Mercy, new duke! here's my comfort, I make but one in the number of the tragedy of princes.

[*He is led off.*

Ros. Madam, a second charge is to perform
Your brother's testament; we'll rear a tomb
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity.—
Thus, then, for you; henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage-bed:
Learn to new-live, my vows unmov'd shall stand;
And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink, in time, to make your peace with heaven.

Fior. Oh me! is this your love?

Ros. 'Tis your desert;
Which no persuasion shall remove.

Abbot. 'Tis fit;
Purge frailty with repentance.

Fior. I embrace it.
Happy too late, since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Ros. Please you to walk, lord Abbot?

Abbot. Yes, set on:
No age hath heard, no chronicle can say,
That ever here befel a sadder day.

[*Exeunt.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

MY LORD,—Out of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen,) I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other *labours* you may read actions of antiquity discoursed; in *this abridgment*, find the actors themselves discoursing; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time. Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery; the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing, mine own; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion: in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.
LORD DAWBENEY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain.*
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF SURREY.
FOX, *Bishop of Durham.*
URSWICK, *Chaplain to the* King.
SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD.
LAMBERT SIMNEL.
HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent.*

JAMES IV., *King of Scotland.*
EARL OF HUNTLEY.
EARL OF CRAWFORD.
LORD DALYELL.

MARCHMONT, *a Herald.*

PERKIN WARBECK.
STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary.*
JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork.*
HERON, *a Mercer.*
SKETON, *a Tailor.*
ASTLEY, *a Scrivener.*

LADY KATHERINE GORDON.
COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD.
JANE DOUGLAS, Lady KATHERINE'S *Attendant.*

Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-Men, Masquers, *and* Soldiers.

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ENGLAND, PARTLY IN SCOTLAND.

PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late,
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that
It is become more justice, to revive
The antic follies of the times, than strive
To countenance wise industry: no want
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
But want of truth in them, who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to out-do
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.
But such the author's silence best befits,
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say
He shows a History, couch'd in a play:
A history of noble mention, known,
Famous, and true; most noble, 'cause our own
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage,
In action, could beget to grace the stage.
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land
Itself appear'd too narrow to withstand
Competitors for kingdoms: nor is here
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear
A multitude: on these two rests the fate
Of worthy expectation, Truth and State.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster. *The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

Enter King Henry *supported to the Throne by the* Bishop *of* Durham *and* Sir William Stanley. Earl *of* Oxford, Earl *of* Surrey, *and* Lord Dawbeney.—*A Guard.*

K. Hen. Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits; yet, my lords,
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birth-right: the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd people,
Have been by us, as by the best physician,
At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourself is scarce secure.
Dur. The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst
Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,
In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.
Daw. Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his Boar's sty,
And struck the black usurper to a carcase.
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen:
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.
Oxf. Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh coals of division.
Sur. Painted fires,
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.
Daw. York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,
Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
Of troubles and sedition.
Oxf. In her age,—
Great sir, observe the wonder,—she grows fruitful,
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,
At nine or ten months' end; she has been with child
Eight, or seven years at least; whose twins being born,
(A prodigy in nature,) even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
As soon as known i' th' world, tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto kings;
Idols of Yorkish malice.
[*Daw.*] And but idols;
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.
K. Hen. Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our service,
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty
From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!
Which shews the difference between noble natures
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,
And vows to be your king.
Stan. The throne is fill'd, sir.
K. Hen. True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits on it:
A guard of angels, and the holy prayers
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our Great Ones, should give countenance and courage
To trim duke Perkin; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftily been scatter'd
Amongst unthankful men.
Daw. Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors!
K. Hen. Dawbeney, let the guilty
Keep silence; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.
Stan. Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party, must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
The earl of Kildare, ([the] lord Geraldine,)
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,
Bold Martin Swart, with Broughton and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy)
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
A finger up in all defence but your's,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.
K. Hen. Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and thy heart
Is figured on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle; first Ireland,
The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us; there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France
Thence call'd him into his protection,
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
Aiming at peace with us; which, being granted
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,

T' infect some grosser air: and now we learn
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)
They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Burgundy.
But we will hunt him there too! we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
Though the archduke were his buckler!

Sur. She has styled him,
"The fair white rose of England."

Daw. Jolly gentleman!
More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,
After a drunken surfeit.

Enter URSWICK.

Urs. Gracious sovereign,
Please you peruse this paper. [*The King reads.*

Dur. The king's countenance
Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw. Good news; believe it.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear.—Thou hast lodged him?

Urs. Strongly safe, sir.

K. Hen. Enough,—is Barley come too?

Urs. No, my lord.

K. Hen. No matter—phew; he's but a running weed,
At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our court
From Westminster to the Tower: we will lodge
This very night there; give, lord chamberlain,
A present order for it.

Stan. The Tower!—[*Aside.*]—I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Come, my true, best, fast friends, these clouds will vanish,
The sun will shine at full; the heavens are clearing.
[*Flourish.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in* Lord HUNTLEY'S *House.*

Enter HUNTLEY *and* DALYELL.

Hunt. You trifle time, sir.

Dal. Oh, my noble lord,
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-placed mirth.

Hunt. "Much mirth," lord Dalyell!
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,
For a brave mention to posterity:
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,
This whoreson tale of honour,—honour, Dalyell!—
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up
In my Kate's blood, that 'tis as dangerous
For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,
As foolish for my gravity to admit it:
have spoke all at once.

Dal. Sir, with this truth,
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish
A wholesome taste again: alas! I know, sir,
What an unequal distance lies between
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes;
She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt. Right; but a noble subject; put in that too.

Dal. I could add more; and in the rightest line,
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the mother
To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
That sway the sceptre to this very day.
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory
Of their originals; so pasture-fields,
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up
And known no more: for stood I in my first
And native greatness, if my princely mistress
Vouchsafed me not her servant, 'twere as good
I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt. Now, by Saint Andrew,
A spark of metal! he has a brave fire in him.
I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.
But 't must not be so, must not—[*Aside*].—Well, young lord,
This will not do yet; if the girl be headstrong,
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
And run away with her; dance galliards, do,
And frisk about the world to learn the languages:
'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by't.

Dal. With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

Hunt. You're angry—would he would beat me, I deserve it. [*Aside.*
Dalyell, thy hand, we are friends: follow thy courtship,
Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,
She's thine; nay, she is thine: 'tis a fair match,
Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,
Without a father's power; use thou thine:
Self do, self have—no more words; win and wear her.

Dal. You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt. Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

Enter KATHERINE *and* JANE.

Kath. The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt. The gallant—
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours,
Desires to be your master.

Kath. I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal. Your humblest creature.

Hunt. So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold hunting,
The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*

Dal. Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
My services, in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;
Are only matters of despair, unless
Your goodness gives large warrants to my boldness,
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

Hunt. This is scurvy. [*Aside.*
Kath. My lord, I interrupt you not.
Hunt. Indeed!
Now on my life she'll court him—[*Aside*].—Nay, nay, on, sir.
Dal. Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows
To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,
But all in vain: here had my comforts sunk
And never ris'n again, to tell a story
Of the despairing lover, had not now,
Even now, the earl your father——
Hunt. He means me sure. [*Aside.*
Dal. After some fit disputes of your condition,
Your highness and my lowness, given a licence
Which did not more embolden, than encourage
My faulting tongue.
Hunt. How, how? how's that? embolden?
Encourage? I encourage ye! d'ye hear, sir?
A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear, man?
What did I say to you? come, come, to th' point.
Kath. It shall not need, my lord.
Hunt. Then hear me, Kate!—
Keep you on that hand of her; I on this.—
Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
Both striving for an interest in thy heart:
He courts thee for affection, I for duty;
He as a servant pleads; but by the privilege
Of nature, though I might command, my care
Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
Thou canst but make one choice; the ties of marriage
Are tenures, not at will, but during life.
Consider whose thou art, and who; a princess,
A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
The king that sits upon the throne is young,
And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
On any least occasion, to endanger
His person; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
By yielding to a common servile rage
Of female wantonness, so I am confident
Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side
Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
My lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old
In honours, but nor eminent in titles
[N]or in estate, that may support or add to
The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,
For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.
If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch
Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion:
Thou art thine own; I have done.
Dal. Oh! You are all oracle,
The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.
Kath. My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence
Of your sweet composition, thus commands
The lowest of obedience; you have granted
A liberty so large, that I want skill
To choose without direction of example:
From which I daily learn, by how much more
You take off from the roughness of a father,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a daughter. For respects
Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
To live and die so, that you may not blush
In any course of mine to own me yours.
Hunt. Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart, like peace,
Creating every other hour a jubilee.
Kath. To you, my lord of Dalyell, I address
Some few remaining words: the general fame
That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.
Hunt. Good wench, good girl, i' faith!
Kath. For my part, trust me,
I value mine own worth at higher rate,
'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream
Of your protested service (as you term it)
Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,
It shall be my delight, that worthy love
Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you
Richly to wed an honourable name:
So every virtuous praise, in after ages,
Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,
Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
That glorious issue.
Hunt. Oh, that I were young again!
She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.
Kath. To the present motion,
Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths, I shall desire
No surer credit of a match with virtue
Than such as lives in you; mean time, my hopes are
Preser[v]'d secure, in having you a friend.
Dal. You are a blessed lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.
Hunt. Enough: we are still friends, and will continue
A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—
No more;—my lord of Crawford.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. From the king
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.
Hunt. Some weighty business?
Craw. A secretary from a duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master; and 'tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.
Hunt. Duke upon duke! 'tis well, 'tis well; here's bustling
For majesty;—my lord, I will along with you.
Craw. My service, noble lady.
Kath. Please you walk, sir?
Dal. "Times have their changes; sorrow makes men wise;
The sun itself must set as well as rise;"
Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—LONDON. *An Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter the Bishop *of* DURHAM, Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD, *and* URSWICK.—*Lights.*

Dur. You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely
King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd
To admit you to his favour: do not falter
In your discovery; but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserve it, by laying open
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

Urs. Remember not the witchcrafts, or the magic,
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely; all of such as love you,
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
Take heed you do not dally with the king,
He is wise as he is gentle.

Clif. I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.

Urs. The king comes.

Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. Clifford!

Clif. (*Kneels.*) Let my weak knees rot on the earth,
If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,
Before your royal eyes, as to my own
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

K. Hen. Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy safety,
I offer thee my hand.

Clif. A sovereign balm
For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.
[*Kisses the* King's *hand, and rises.*
Sir, you are a just master, but I—

K. Hen. Tell me,
Is every circumstance thou hast set down
With thine own hand, within this paper, true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all
The progress of our enemies' intents,
Without corruption?

Clif. True, as I wish heaven;
Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen. We know all, Clifford, fully, since this meteor,
This airy apparition first discradled
From Tournay into Portugal; and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration
To th' superstitious Irish; since the beard
Of this wild comet, conjured into France,
Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court;
But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness,
Stole into Flanders * * * * *
* * * * * flourishing the rags
Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws:
But tell me, what new course now shapes duke Perkin?

Clif. For Ireland, mighty Henry: so instructed
By Stephen Frion, sometimes secretary
In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence.
But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen. A subtle villain
That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,
Knew well the man.

Dur. French, both in heart and actions.

K. Hen. Some Irish heads work in this mine of treason;
Speak them.

Clif. Not any of the best; your fortune
Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit
Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts
For counsellors: first Heron, a broken mercer,
Then John a-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork,
Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener
Call'd Astley: and whate'er these list to treat of,
Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth;
And sue for aid to him: this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.

K. Hen. Still more Frion!
Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison,
As dangerous as infectious—we must match 'em.
Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life
But, Clifford, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford?
Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest;
'Tis thy last task.

Clif. Oh, sir, here I must break
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif. The first in rank
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,
And Robert Ratcliffe.

K. Hen. Churchmen are turn'd devils.
These are the principal?

Clif. One more remains
Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen. Ha, Clifford! one more?

Clif. Great sir, do not hear him;
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chamberlain,
Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
I shall lose credit with you; yet this lord,
Last named, is first against you.

K. Hen. Urswick, the light!
View well my face, sirs, is there blood left in it?

Dur. You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop!
Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd me.
Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
To think they set their own stains off, by laying
Aspersions on some nobler than themselves:
Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
Thy life again is forfeit; I recal
My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
Repeat the name no more.

Clif. I dare, and once more,
Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,
Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief
Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

Dur. Most strange!

Urs. Most wicked!

K. Hen. Yet again, once more.

Clif. Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley! Who? Sir William Stanley!

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
The charge, and the controulment of my person;
The keys and secrets of my treasury;
The all of all I am! I am unhappy.
Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
To my own person, yield my sceptre up
To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke!

Dur. You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley!
O do not blame me; he, 'twas only he
Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field
From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his head
The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.
He never fail'd me; what have I deserv'd
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own?

Urs. The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes you;
Provide against your danger.

K. Hen. Let it be so.
Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.
'Tis well we are i' th' Tower; set a guard on him.
Clifford, to bed; you must lodge here to-night;
We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul
Divines strange troubles.

Daw. (within.) Ho! the king, the king!
I must have entrance.

K. Hen. Dawbeney's voice; admit him.
What new combustions huddle next, to keep
Our eyes from rest?—the news?

Enter DAWBENEY.

Daw. Ten thousand Cornish,
Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd
A head; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,
They make for London, and to them is join'd
Lord Audley: as they march, their number daily
Increases; they are—

K. Hen. Rascals!—talk no more;
Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.
To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I'll wake.—
When counsels fail, and there's in man no trust,
Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—EDINBURGH. *The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter above, the Countess *of* CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE, JANE, *and other Ladies.*

Countess. Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation
For entertainment of this English prince;
The king intends grace more than ordinary;
'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath. Bless the young man, our nation would be laugh'd at
For honest souls through Christendom! my father
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
But that the king must not be cross'd.

Countess. He brings
A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him;
But very modest people, for they strive not
To fame their names too much; their godfathers
May be beholding to them, but their fathers
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised princes,
Brought up it seems to honest trades; no matter,
They will break forth in season.

Jane. Or break out;
For most of them are broken by report.— [*Music.*
The king!

Kath. Let us observe them and be silent.

A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, *and other* Noblemen.

K. Ja. The right of kings, my lords, extends not only
To the safe conservation of their own,
But also to the aid of such allies,
As change of time and state hath oftentimes
Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo
An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes:
So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,
So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,
Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,
Both sought, and found supplies from foreign kings,
To repossess their own; then grudge not, lords,
A much distressed prince: king Charles of France,
And Maximilian of Bohemia both,
Have ratified his credit by their letters;
Shall we then be distrustful? No; compassion
Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,
And we will have it shine there.

Hunt. Do your will, sir.

K. Ja. The young duke is at hand; Dalyell from us
First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford
Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,
Present him to our arms.—(*Exit* DAL.)—Sound sprightly music,
Whilst majesty encounters majesty. [*Flourish.*

Re-enter DALYELL, *with* PERKIN WARBECK, *followed at a distance by* FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, *and* JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD *advances and salutes* PERKIN *at the door, and afterwards* HUNTLEY, *who presents him to the* King: *they embrace; the* Noblemen *slightly salute his followers.*

War. Most high, most mighty king! that now there stands
Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
A subject of the rarest kind of pity
That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,
Hath made it too apparent: Europe knows,
And all the western world, what persecution
Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.
How, from our nursery, we have been hurried
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,
Is register'd already in the volume
Of all men's tongues; whose true relation draws
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,
And bleeding souls: but our misfortunes since,
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands.
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murther

Paid them their wages of despair and horror;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great king, *they* spared my life, the butchers spared it!
Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
A truth of my dispatch; I was convey'd
With secrecy and speed to Tournay; foster'd
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself:
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear and of disdain; fear of the tyrant
Whose power sway'd the throne then: when disdain
Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman;
Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry
From Richard's head; a thing scarce known i'th' world.

K. Ja. My lord, it stands not with your counsel now
To fly upon invectives; if you can
Make this apparent what you have discours'd,
In every circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War. You are a wise and just king, by the powers
Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,
To plant me in mine own inheritance:
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced, while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means, and persons who were instruments,
Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence;
Reserving the relation to the secrecy
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,
As if we were your own and natural brother;
Omitting no occasion in our person,
To express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja. He must be more than subject who can utter
The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer; be whate'er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;
Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy safety,
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on!
Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard you.
Lead on— [*Exeunt all but the ladies.*

Countess. I have not seen a gentleman
Of a more brave aspéct, or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him—Madam, you are passionate.

Kath. Beshrew me, but his words have touch'd me home,
As if his cause concern'd me; I should pity him,
If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. Ladies, the king commands your presence instantly,
For entertainment of the duke.

Kath. "The duke"
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd;
It is our duty.

Countess. We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The Tower.*

A Flourish.—Enter KING HENRY, OXFORD, DURHAM, SURREY.

K. Hen. Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain?

Dur. His treasons
Condemn'd him, sir; which were as clear and manifest,
As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly,
That it drew from him free confession,
Without an importunity.

K. Hen. Oh, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature;
The rigour and extremity of law
Is sometimes too too bitter; but we carry
A Chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence
Of death; I hope we may.

Dur. You may, you may:
And so persuade your subjects that the title
Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
Than yours of Lancaster! so Stanley holds:
Which if it be not treason in the highest,
Then we are traitors all, perjured, and false,
Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
Of Henry's title; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
With all your other peers of state and church,
Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,
And England's lawful heir!

Oxf. By Vere's old honours,
I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
To engage a soul in.

K. Hen. What a coil is here
To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect!
Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
To save my life: yet, to say truth, my lords,
The man staid long enough t' endanger it:—
But I could see no more into his heart,
Than what his outward actions did present;
And for them have rewarded him so fully,
As that there wanted nothing in our gift
To gratify his merit, as I thought,
Unless I should divide my crown with him,
And give him half: though now I well perceive
'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the whole.
But I am charitable, lords: let justice
Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen. If he speak to me,
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it.
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my favours
To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for
That done, it doth concern us to consult
Of other following troubles. [*Exit.*

Oxf. I am glad
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd
The traitor, had he seen him.
Sur. 'Tis a king
Composed of gentleness.
Dur. Rare and unheard of:
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

Enter STANLEY, Executioner, Confessor, URSWICK *and* DAWBENEY.

Stan. May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?
Daw. You shall; he's sent for.
Stan. I must not see the king?
Dur. From him, sir William,
These lords, and I am sent; he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.
Oxf. Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.
Sur. And I; good angels guard you!
Stan. Oh, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.
I was, as you are, once great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years; but fate and time
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Daw. Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir William,
You so desire to speak with.
Dur. Mark their meeting.
Clif. Sir William Stanley, I am glad your conscience
Before your end, hath emptied every burden
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's safety.
Stan. Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!
Come hither—by this token think on me!
[*Makes a cross on* CLIFFORD'S *face with his finger.*
Clif. This token? What! am I abus'd?
Stan. You are not.
I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy;
Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,
A state informer's character; more ugly,
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.
The heavens forgive thee!—pray, my lords, no change
Of word; this man and I have used too many.
Clif. Shall I be disgraced
Without reply?
Dur. Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.
Stan. Once more,
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,
To be remember'd to my noble brother,
Derby, my much griev'd brother: Oh, persuade him,
That I shall stand no blemish to his house,
In chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs:
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
Secure his peace above the state of man.
I take my leave to travel to my dust;
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.
Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.
[*He is led off to execution.*
Clif. Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath
To be upbraided! Lords, the king shall know it.

Re-enter KING HENRY *with a white staff.*

K. Hen. The king doth know it, sir; the king hath heard
What he or you could say. We have given credit
To every point of Clifford's information,
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
He dies for it; are you pleased?
Clif. I pleased, my lord?
K. Hen. No echos: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward; away!
Clif. I go, sir. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take this staff
Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our chamberlain.
Daw. I am your humblest servant.
K. Hen. We are follow'd
By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on
As far as Winchester;—but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them
In their own toils.
Daw. Your army, being muster'd,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number, six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.
K. Hen. We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;
Be that your charge.
Oxf. I humbly thank your majesty.
K. Hen. The next division we assign to Dawbeney:
These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main, ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.
Daw. The king is still oraculous.
K. Hen. But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare favours.
The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle, and secure

The frontiers against an invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,
On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.
You know your charges all; 'tis now a time
To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDINBURGH.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter CRAWFORD *and* DALYELL.

Craw. 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot answer
Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself; this dukeling mushroom
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.
Dal. He courts the ladies,
As if his strength of language chain'd attention
By power of prerogative.
Craw. It madded
My very soul to hear our master's motion;
What surety both of amity and honour
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,
And this brave prince, forsooth!
Dal. 'Twill prove too fatal;
Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady
From such a ruin!
Craw. How the counsel privy
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of! the meanest of them
Dreams of at least an office in the state.
Dal. Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke already
For service to their rogueships,—silence!

Enter King JAMES *and* HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!
Hunt. Break my heart,
Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
My last, my long one! Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixt with mine,
By marriage of this girl to a straggler!—
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can wag,
It cannot name him other.
K. Ja. Kings are counterfeits
In your repute grave oracle, not presently,
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists!
But use your own detraction; 'tis our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The lady Katherine: Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.
Hunt. Oh, 'tis well,
Exceeding well! I never was ambitious
Of using congées to my daughter queen—
A queen! perhaps a quean! Forgive me, Dalyell,
Thou honourable gentleman;—none here
Dare speak one word of comfort?
Dal. Cruel misery!
Craw. The lady, gracious prince, may be hath settled
Affection on some former choice.
Dal. Enforcement
Would prove but tyranny.
Hunt. I thank thee heartily.
Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down
What old desert hath builded.
K. Ja. Cease persuasions.
I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision: the Welsh Harry, henceforth,
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—
We are resolv'd.
Hunt. Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will b'eed for this!
K. Ja. Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent: no more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.
Hunt. Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't!
I and my griefs will dance now.—

Enter WARBECK, *complimenting with* Lady KATHERINE; Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, *and* SKELTON.

Look, lords, look;
Here's hand in hand already!
K. Ja. Peace, old frenzy.
How like a king he looks! Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspéct; dross cannot
Cleave to so pure a metal—royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!
Hunt. [*Aside.*] Ho, brave! *Youth;*
But no *Plantagenet*, by'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.
War. An union this way,
Settles possession in a monarchy
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of providence
Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes
Kath. Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.
War. Shall I?
K. Ja. Cousin, yes,
Enjoy her; from my hand accept your bride;
[*He joins their hands.*
And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths!
You are the prince's wife now.
Kath. By your gift, sir.
War. Thus, I take seizure of mine own.
Kath. I miss yet
A father's blessing. Let me find it;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it.
Hunt. I am Huntley,
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
Nor more nor less; and, lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven;

For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas!
What would you have me say? may all the happiness
My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,
Preserve you in your virtues! Prithee, Dalyell,
Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
As mine; let's steal away and cry together.

Dal. My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt* HUNT. *and* DAL.

K. Ja. Good, kind Huntley
Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity
Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend
Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but* FRION, HER. SKET. J. A-WAT. *and* AST.

Fri. Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd
My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
Into a certainty above a hope.

Her. Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confident, when I traded but in remnants, that my stars had reserv'd me to the title of a Viscount at least: honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

Sket. My brother Heron hath right wisely deliver'd his opinion: for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go thorough-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Ast. Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpane; no *noverint* but his condition or defeisance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fri. You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

J. a-Wat. If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

Fri. Pith of experience! those that have borne office,
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires, in point of honour, (pray mistake not,)
Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Sket. The Scots? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach; or let my skin be punch'd full of oylet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

Ast. I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillory of forgery.

Her. Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in the lousy hole, of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat. If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this feast, then,
In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our prince,
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have, for their recreations, undertook
Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in: 'twill be grateful.

Her. The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a dancing-school when I was a prentice.

Ast. There have been Irish hubbubs, when I have made one too.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

Fri. Still you come home to me; upon occasion,
I find you relish courtship with discretion;
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him
With this design; I'll follow and direct you.
Oh the toil [*Exeunt all but* FRION.
Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!
Muddy-brain'd peasants! princes feel a misery
Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
Must yield to such abettors:—yet our tide
Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on!
Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—WESTMINSTER. *The Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *with his Gorget on, his Sword, Plume of Feathers, and leading-staff, (truncheon) followed by* URSWICK.

K. Hen. How runs the time of day?

Urs. Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen. A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs. They are all silent.

K. Hen. From their own battlements, they may behold
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

Urs. The powers, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen. Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and children,
To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
We may continue sovereign! Yet, Urswick,
We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament
Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,
Without the food of fit supplies:—but, Urswick,
I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is bound,
And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs. Your majesty's a wise king, sent from heaven,
Protector of the just.

K. Hen. Let dinner cheerfully
Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,
Our day of providence; for Saturday
Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,
To yield me rest at night.—[*A Flourish.*]—What means this warning?
Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, *and* Attendants.

Daw. Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf. The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hew'd in pieces.

K. Hen. Dawbeney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes?

Daw. Briefly thus:
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I found
Such a resistance, as might shew what strength
Could make: here arrows hail'd in showers upon us,
A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.
My lord of Oxford with his fellow-peers,
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,
(Pardon the oversight,) eager of doing
Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger: now the fight
Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of
Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd
A victory with safety.

K. Hen. Have we lost
An equal number with them?

Oxf. In the total
Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
The ringleaders of this commotion,
Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors
Wait your determinations.

K. Hen. We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh lords!
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! let such as are escaped
Steal to the country back without pursuit:
There's not a drop of blood spilt, but hath drawn
As much of mine; their swords could have wrought wonders
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd
Against their prince, but wounded their own breasts.
Lords, we are debtors to your care; our payment
Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

Daw. Sir, will you please to see those rebels, heads
Of this wild monster multitude?

K. Hen. Dear friend,
My faithful Dawbeney, no; on them our justice
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
An eye of pity to them: let false Audley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms
Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,
Defaced, and torn; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf. I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Urswick.

Urs. My lord?

K. Hen. To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted,
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.

Daw. Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.

K. Hen. For it, we will throw
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—EDINBURGH. *The Palace.*

Enter HUNTLEY *and* DALYELL.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad gentleman;
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,
Like to so many choristers of Bedlam
Trowling a catch! The feasts, the manly stomachs,

The healths in usquebaugh and bonny-clabber,
The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China.
The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab,
Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,
How youthful I am grown! but by your leave,
This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
My daughter; no, by'r Lady, 'tis unfit!
And yet you see how I do bear this change;
Methinks courageously: then shake off care
In such a time of jollity.
Dal. Alas, sir,
How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present
To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance
Of which mine are but counterfeits.
Hunt. Foh, Dalyell!
Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
To this rare bridal feast; let us be merry,
Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
In darkness of despair; yet we are safe.
Dal. I wish you could as easily forget
The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
Can yield to destiny.
Hunt. Pish! then I see
Thou dost not know the flexible condition
Of my [tough] nature! I can laugh, laugh heartily,
When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone
Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;
The quartan fever shrinking every limb,
Sets me a-capering straight; do [but] betray me,
And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust
The losing of a daughter, though I doated
On every hair that grew to trim her head,
Admits not any pain like one of these.—
Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me; give me a blow,
A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;
I love my wrongs: still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.
Dal. Deceiv'd? oh, noble Huntley, my few years
Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,
To forfeit fit credulity; forgive
My rudeness, I am bold.
Hunt. Forgive me first
A madness of ambition; by example
Teach me humility, for patience scorns
Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
Incapable of injuries: though old,
I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds
With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand
Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour:
But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
With their anointed bodies; for their actions
They only are accountable to heaven.
Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,
One antidote's reserv'd against the poison
Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.
Dal. Name it; oh, name it quickly, sir!
Hunt. A pardon
For my most foolish slighting thy deserts;
I have cull'd out this time to beg it: prithee,
Be gentle; had I been so, thou hadst own'd
A happy bride, but now a cast-away,
And never child of mine more.
Dal. Say not so, sir;
It is not fault in her.
Hunt. The world would prate
How she was handsome; young I know she was,
Tender, and sweet in her obedience,
But, lost now; what a bankrupt am I made
Of a full stock of blessings!—must I hope
A mercy from thy heart?
Dal. A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.
Hunt. Good angels
Reward thy charity! I have no more
But prayers left me now.
Dal. I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.
Hunt. Thank you truly:
I must, yes, yes, I must;—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction: look not angry.
Dal. Good, noble sir! [*Music.*
Hunt. Oh, hark! we may be quiet,
The king, and all the others come; a meeting
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of revels;
To-morrow sounds of war; then new exchange;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage!

A Flourish.—Enter KING JAMES, WARBECK *leading* KATHERINE, CRAWFORD *and his* Countess; JANE DOUGLAS, *and other* Ladies. HUNTLEY *and* DALYELL *fall among them.*

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely bride
Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,
As a new-married couple could forethink;
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation:
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.
War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,
(Whose minister, Necessity, will perfit)
Sit on our own throne; then our arms, laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.
Then James and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.
K. Ja. Seat you.
Are the presenters ready?
Craw. All are entering.
Hunt. Dainty sport toward, Dalyell! sit, come sit,
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bug-words!

Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly habited; at another, WARBECK'S *followers, disguised as four Wild Irish in trowses, long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—A Dance by the Masquers.*

K. Ja. To all a general thanks!
War. In the next room
Take your own shapes again; you shall receive
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the Masquers.*
K. Ja. Enough
Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army
Upon the march?
Craw. At Hedon-hall, great king;
Twelve thousand, well prepared.
K. Ja. Crawford, to-night
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,
Will be wi' you; speed away!

Craw. I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now; where's your secretary,
That he attends you not to serve?

War. With Marchmont,
Your herald.

K. Ja. Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how the English stand
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who, for your honours,
Must toil in fight abroad.

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons
Which men, so near their graves as I, do use;
I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties!
We must be early stirring; quickly part:
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*

War. Rest to our cousin king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness! sure you need them.

[*Exeunt all but* WAR. KATH. *and* JANE.

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room, this little purse;
Say, we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those eyes,
Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
A parting ceremony; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace: swift as the morning,
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath. My lord, I'd fain go with you; there's small fortune
In staying here behind.

War. The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment: if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withall
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king; and in the close.
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou fairest,
Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals; my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For love and majesty are reconciled,
And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir; your right
In me is without question, and however
Events of time may shorten my deserts
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
You must be king of me; and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the *counterfeit*
Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray do not use
That word, it carries fate in't: the first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,
If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. You are lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will,
Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,
But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
Were to be desperately miserable;
Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
And much more scorns to stoop to: some few minutes
Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, *and* URSWICK.

K. Hen. Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?

Hial. Sir, a Castillian born.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand,
With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,
Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.
Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects
Sincere in their employments; such I find
Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
How joyful I repute the amity,
With your most fortunate master, who almost
Comes near a miracle in his success
Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,
Entire now to his sceptre We, for our part,
Will imitate his providence, in hope
Of partage in the use on't; we repute
The privacy of his advisement to us
By you, intended an ambassador
To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
A policy of love, which well becomes
His wisdom and our care.

Hial. Your majesty
Doth understand him rightly.

K. Hen. Else
Your knowledge can instruct me; wherein, sir,
To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,
Which shall not need; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our conference,
As any council shall advise.

Hial. Then, sir,
My chief request is, that on notice given
At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join entreaty with me.

K. Hen. I shall do it,
Being that way well provided by a servant,
Which may attend you ever.

Hial. If king James,
By any indirection, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen. Be not your own herald:
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial. Good days
Guard all your princely thoughts!

K. Hen. Urswick, no further
Than the next open gallery attend him—
A hearty love go with you!

Hial. Your vow'd beadsman.

[*Exeunt* URS. *and* HIAL.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Re-enter URSWICK.

What, the Castillian's past away?
Urs. He is,
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purs'd
With a right modest gravity.
K. Hen. What was't
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?
He spoke not to be heard; 'twas about——
Urs. Warbeck;
"How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runnagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding."
K. Hen Nay, nay; something
About my son prince Arthur's match.
Urs. Right, right sir·
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katherine,
His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any earl of Warwick lived in England,
Except by new creation.
K. Hen. I remember,
'Twas so indeed: the king his master swore it?
Urs. Directly, as he said.
K. Hen. An *earl of Warwick!*
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps;
It comes too slow; we must have airy spirits,
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of Warwick.
Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother
To Edward! Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our prince Arthur—[*Aside.*]—Get a messenger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKETON, *and* Soldiers.

K. Ja. We trifle time against these castle-walls,
The English prelate will not yield: once more
Give him a summons! [*A parley is sounded.*

Enter on the walls the Bishop *of* DURHAM, *armed, a truncheon in his hand, with* Soldiers.

War. See the jolly clerk
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.
K. Ja. Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones,
From their foundation.
Dur. Warlike king of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity;
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at strife.
What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment: such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance;
But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails!
I, and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.
War. O sir, lend
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced,
And eloquent in mischief; sacred king,
Be deaf to his known malice.
Dur. Rather yield
Unto those holy motions which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body!
It is the surest policy in princes,
To govern well their own, than seek encroachment
Upon another's right.
Craw. The king is serious,
Deep in his meditation[s].
Dal. Lift them up
To heaven, his better genius!
War. Can you study,
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.
K. Ja. Well,—bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy?
Dur. Construe me
In like case by a subject of your own:
My resolution's fix'd; king James, be consell'd,
A greater fate waits on thee.
[*Exeunt* DURHAM *and* Soldiers *from the walls.*
K. Ja. Forage through
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.
War. Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature:
I am most miserable; had I been
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins
Deflower'd; old men butcher'd; dwellings fired;
My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation:
Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havock with dry eyes;
Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!
K. Ja. You fool your piety,
Ridiculously careful of an interest
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,
When not a petty burgess of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,
In your assistance: *that* should make you whine,
And not your country's sufferance as you term it.
Dal. The king is angry.

Craw. And the passionate duke,
Effeminately dolent.
War. The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,
Hath so acquainted me, how misery
Is destitute of friends, or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

Enter FRION

K. Ja. An humble-minded man!—Now, what intelligence
Speaks master secretary Frion.
Fri. Henry
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him, in the right
Of this young prince.
K. Ja. His subsidies you mean—
More, if you have it?
Fri. Howard earl of Surrey,
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.
War. 'Tis false! they come to side with us.
K. Ja. Retreat;
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.
Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat. Once a king will venture
His person to an earl, with condition
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,
And James resolv'd.
War. Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory; since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
I am his equal.
K. Ja. I will be the man.
March softly off; where victory can reap
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near* AYTON, *on the Borders.*

Enter SURREY, DURHAM, *Soldiers, with Drums and Colours.*

Sur. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
The glory of Heydon-hall devasted? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden
O'erthrown, and this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton-Castle, yielded and demolish'd,
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause
They undertake, considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on't.
Dur. Noble Surrey,
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws
His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.
[*A trumpet without.*
Sur. Rank all in order: 'tis a herald's sound;
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd station.

Enter MARCHMONT *and another, in Heralds' coats.*

March. From Scotland's awful majesty we come
Unto the English general.
Sur. To me?
Say on.
March. Thus, then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
As in two potent armies, of necessity,
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet compassion
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,
He offers his own royal person; fairly
Proposing these conditions only, that
If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further arms: so speaks king James.
Sur. So speaks king James! so like a king he speaks.
Heralds, the English general returns
A sensible devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace:
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
How his descent from his great throne, to honour
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more
Than any sword could do; for which (my loyalty
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
Is none of mine to part with. In affairs
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some unbribed vain-glory) if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this dear favour,
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
Hostility, unless provoked.
March. This answer
We shall repeat unpartially.
Dur. With favour,
Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to* SURREY.]
Sir, you find
By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,
However confidently utter'd, meant
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion,
Presents itself for honourable treaty,

Which we may make good use of; I will back
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
Unto king James, with these his heralds; you
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
Of breathing or proceeding; and king Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur. To your wisdom,
Lord bishop, I refer it.

Dur. Be it so then.

Sur. Heralds, accept this chain, and these few [crowns.

March. Our duty, noble general.

Dur. In part
Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to shew
The king your master his sincerest zeal,
By further treaty, by no common man;
I will myself return with you.

Sur. You oblige
My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

March. All happiness attend your lordship!

Sur. Come, friends,
And fellow-soldiers; we, I doubt, shall meet
No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with;
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home:
We may be free from danger, not secure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

Enter WARBECK *and* FRION.

War. Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand! the Scottish king grows dull,
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
Hath mix'd discourses with him; they are private,
I am not call'd to council now;—confusion
On all his crafty shrugs! I feel the fabric
Of my designs are tottering.

Fri. Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines.

War. Let his mines,
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's!
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion,
When I bring into count with my disasters,
My wife's compartnership, my Kate's, my life's,
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mischief
Damn Henry's plots! I will be England's king,
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors!

Fri. You grow too wild in passion; if you will
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation.

War. What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust? If? If I *will appear?*
Appear a prince? death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance! cursed cozenage
Of trust! You make me mad; 'twere best, it seems,
That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murther'd, and a living baffled!

Fri. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain.

War. Sir, sir, take heed!
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fail in temptation.

Fri. Why to me this?

War. Nothing.
Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken: you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort;
Have you none left now. I'll not interrupt you.
Good, bear with my distractions! If king James
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I?
I prithee, be not angry.

Fri. Sir, I told you
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces, as you could partake,
You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War. Let me embrace thee, hug thee! thou'st reviv'd
My comforts; if my cousin king will fail,
Our cause will never—

Enter JOHN A WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKETON.

Welcome, my tried friends,
You keep your brains awake in our defence.
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary. [*Exit.*

Ast. Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary, my fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all in one opinion directly, and if these Scotch garboils do not fadge to our minds, we will pellmell run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in a trice.

Sket. 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities, get into the market-place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wat. I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as men may do, no more than men may do; for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me—"little said is soon amended."

Fri. Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Her. We do so; and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

Sket. Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Ast. This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

Sket. A man may batten there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wat. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy; I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

Fri. Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time, is but to lose it; cheer the prince,
And haste him on to this; on this depends,
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the same.*

Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, *and* HIALAS.

Hial. France, Spain, and Germany combine a [league
Of amity with England; nothing wants
For settling peace through Christendom, but love
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.
Dur. The English merchants, sir, have been [received
With general procession into Antwerp;
The emperor confirms the combination.
Hial. The king of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine his daughter, with prince Arthur.
Dur. France courts this holy contract.
Hial. What can hinder
A quietness in England?—
Dur. But your suffrage
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle?
Hial. To this union
The good of both the church and commonwealth
Invite you.
Dur. To this unity, a mystery
Of providence points out a greater blessing
For both these nations, than our human reason
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
The princess Margaret; I need not urge,
What honour, what felicity can follow
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,
Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,
If you, sir, ratify the peace proposed,
I dare both motion and effect this marriage
For weal of both the kingdoms.
K. Ja. Dar'st thou, lord bishop?
Dur. Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
Some noble personage to the English court
By way of embassy.
Hial. Part of the business
Shall suit my meditation.
K. Ja. Well; what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted,
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
Commended by the states of Christendom,
A prince, tho' in distress: his fair demeanour,
Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly [to,
And men the altars of the church; to us
He came for refuge: "Kings come near in nature
Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity."
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my dominions,
In safety; but not ever to return.
Hial. You are a just king.
Dur. Wise, and herein happy.
K. Ja. Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
Ambassador from us: we will throw down
Our weapons; peace on all sides! now, repair
Unto our council; we will soon be with you.
Hial. Delays shall question no dispatch: Heaven crown it! [*Exeunt* DURHAM *and* HIALAS.
K. Ja. A league with Ferdinand! a marriage
With English Margaret! a free release
From restitution for the late affronts!
Cessation from hostility, and all
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd!
We could not wish it better.—Dalyell!—

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. Here, sir.
K. Ja. Are Huntley and his daughter sent for?
Dal. Sent for,
And come, my lord.
K. Ja. Say to the English prince,
We want his company.
Dal. He is at hand, sir.

Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION, HERON, SKETON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY.

K. Ja. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
How much we have engag'd on your behalf:
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
Of party, shews, we might in vain repeat:
But now, obedience to the mother church,
A father's care upon his country's weal,
The dignity of state directs our wisdom,
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
To which we are sworn already: it is you
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd
On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here;
But yet I must live master of mine own:
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with; provided
Delay prove not my enemy.
War. It shall not,
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundless and singular; am only wretched
In words as well as means, to thank the grace
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly
You are lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's heart
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am
More loath to part with such a great example
Of virtue, than all other mere respects.
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,
Resolved on all extremes.
Kath. I am your wife,
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.
War. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.
K. Ja. I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withall
A furniture becoming her high birth,
And unsuspected constancy; provide

For your attendance: we will part good friends.
[*Exit with* DALYELL.

War. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. You are all resolved
For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri. The inhabitants expect you daily.

War. Cheerfully
Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

All. A prince, a prince, a prince!
[*Exeunt* HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, *and* JOHN A-WATER.

War. Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their softness
With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noble courage now, here were the trial:
But I am perfect, sweet, I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath. My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to encounter
What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

Jane. Never till death will I forsake my mistress,
Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

Kath. Alas, good soul!

Fri. Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings
From her expect, on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

War. Go, Frion, go! wise men know how to sooth
Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited
Too long on expectation; never yet
Was any nation read of, so besotted
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,
Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire. If they fail,
Yet the report will never: farewell, Frion!
[*Exit* FRION.

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.

Re-enter DALYELL *with* HUNTLEY.

Hunt. I come to take my leave: you need not doubt
My interest in this some-time child of mine;
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost creature!
Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou canst
Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.
Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are tokens
Of charity, as true as of affection.

Kath. This is the cruell'st farewell!

Hunt. Love, young gentleman,
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband:
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss,
It is a father's, not a lover's offering;
Take it, my last.—[*Kisses her*]—I am too much a child.
Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide thee!
[*Exit.*

Kath. Most miserable daughter!—Have you aught
To add, sir, to our sorrows?

Dal. I resolve,
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War. We will be bosom friends, most noble Dalyell;
For I accept this tender of your love
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—
Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and industry
Will shew us better days, or end the worst.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

Enter OXFORD *and* DAWBENEY.

Oxf. No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

Daw. Not any
But what king Henry knows himself; I thought
Our armies should have march'd that way; his mind,
It seems, is alter'd.

Oxf. Victory attends
His standard everywhere.

Daw. Wise princes, Oxford,
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,
And barbed horses, might as well prevail,
As the most subtile stratagems of war.

Oxf. The Scottish king shew'd more than common bravery,
In proffer of a combat hand to hand
With Surrey.

Daw. And but shew'd it: northern bloods
Are gallant being fired; but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames.

Oxf. Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.

Daw. May he forfeit
The honour of an English name, and nature,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,
As violent as hunger runs to food!
'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit
Would covet, next to immortality,
Above all joys of life; we all miss'd shares
In that great opportunity.

Enter KING HENRY, *in close Conversation with* URSWICK.

Oxf. The king!
See he comes smiling.

Daw. Oh, the game runs smooth
On his side then, believe it; cards well shuffled,
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift;
But others must rise losers.

K. Hen. The train takes?

Urs. Most prosperously.

K. Hen. I knew it could not miss.
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water, 'cause the fish at first
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.—
Lords, we may reign your king yet: Dawbeney Oxford,
Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

Daw. A slave!

Oxf. A vagabond!

Urs. A glow-worm!

K. Hen. Now, if Frion,
His practised politician, wear a brain

Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage: ha, sirs! liegemen ought
To pay their fealty.
Daw. Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of London!
K. Hen. Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home: I'll wager odds,
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,
To keep them busy.
Daw. 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.
K. Hen. Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd
On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out
In riot, or needless hospitality:
No undeserving favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
Of every contribution, which provides
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
Is it not rare then, in this toil of state
Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
Of which they are but owners by our gift;
It must not be.
Oxf. It must not, should not.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. So then—
To whom?
Mess. This packet to your sacred majesty.
K. Hen. Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit* Mess.
Oxf. News from the North, upon my life.
Daw. Wise Henry
Divines aforehand of events; with him
Attempts and execution are one act.
K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught! the man
Of cunning is out-reach'd; we must be safe:
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
My Durham owns a brain deserves that See.
He's nimble in his industry, and mounting—
Thou hear'st me?
Urs. And conceive your highness fitly.
K. Hen. Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army stands
Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise,
Ourself will take a muster of them there;
And, or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us.
Daw. Salisbury!
Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.
K. Hen. Dear friend—
The charge must be our own; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease:
Shall I entreat your loves?
Oxf. Command our lives.
K. Hen. You are men know how to do, not to forethink.
My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect;
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters,
Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter;
Urswick, dismiss him not.
Urs. He waits your pleasure.
K. Hen. Perkin a king? a king!
Urs. My gracious lord.
K. Hen. Thoughts, busied in the sphere of royalty,
Fix not on creeping worms without their stings,
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time
Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
Of ills expected: we are resolv'd for Salisbury.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Coast of Cornwall.*

A general shout within.—Enter Warbeck, Dalyell, Katherine, *and* Jane.

War. After so many storms as wind and seas
Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only
To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations are an omen
Of happy process to their welcome lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.
Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet?
Kath. Confirm'd in health;
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,
(Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!)
And, my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes.
Dal. Lady, I return
But barren crops of early protestations,
Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.
Jane. I wait but as the shadow to the body,
For, madam, without you let me be nothing.
War. None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to victory; keep cowards' thoughts
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force
Which bars his prey, (and we are lion-hearted,)
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout within.*]—Hark, how they shout;
Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

Enter Skelton.

Skel. Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee, King of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and the whole county, my sweet prince monarch of England: four thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword, already vow to live and die at the foot of King Richard.

Enter Astley.

Ast. The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo Septembris, anno Regni Regis primo, et cætera, confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure!
War. To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:

Commend us to our people: we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

Skel. and *Ast.* King Richard, king Richard!

[*Exeunt* SKET. *and* AST.

War. A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms!
A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! such advantage
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; whilst the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed
By trains to greatness! Princes are but men,
Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty;
Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,
Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*St. Michael's Mount*, CORNWALL.

Enter KATHERINE *and* JANE, *in Riding-suits, with one* Servant.

Kath. It is decreed; and we must yield to fate,
Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,
Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,
Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,
But such as wait on misery, I range
To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.
Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

Jane. To your ships,
Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath. Home! I have none.
Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep
For joy to bid thee welcome; but, oh Jane,
My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,
As I must be of them: the common charity,
Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,
Is the revenue must support my state.
As for my native country, since it once
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
Never to Scotland more will I return.
Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,
I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,
Hath sent me with my husband from his presence;
Deliver'd us suspected to his nation;
Render'd us spectacles to time and pity:
And is it fit I should return to such
As only listen after our descent
From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,
Expected, though uncertain? Never, never!
Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature
Wipe his wet cheeks too? let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbour;
Nor thou nor he has cause: you may live safely.

Jane. There is no safety whilst your dangers, madam,
Are every way apparent.

Serv. Pardon, lady;
I cannot choose but shew my honest heart;
You were ever my good lady.

Kath. Oh, dear souls,
Your shares in grief are too too much.

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. I bring,
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

Kath. Not more, my lord, than I can welcome; speak it,
The worst, the worst I look for.

Dal. All the Cornish,
At Exeter were by the citizens
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain;
The king himself in person, with his army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
On all occasions: but the night before
The battles were to join, your husband privately,
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

Kath. Fled without battle given?

Dal. Fled, but follow'd
By Dawbeney; all his parties left to taste
King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;
Victorious without bloodshed.

Kath. Oh, my sorrows!
If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

Dal. Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight;
For by some secret friend he had intelligence
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
Worse yet remains untold.

Kath. No, no, it cannot.

Dal. I fear you are betray'd: the Earl of Oxford
Runs hot in your pursuit.

Kath. He shall not need;
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,
To make the earl our jailor.

Jane. Madam, madam,
They come, they come!

Enter OXFORD, *with his followers.*

Dal. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour,
Runs on my sword.

Kath. Most noble sir, forbear!
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
Whom seek ye?
Oxf. All stand off. With favour, lady,
From Henry, England's king, I would present,
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.
Kath. We are that princess, whom your master king
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his subjects.
Oxf. My commission
Extends no further, excellentest lady,
Than to a service; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,
That you, and all that have relation to you,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness:
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
Or any welcome, other than what suits
Your high condition.
Kath. By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?
Oxf. Your servant, lady,
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.
Kath. Your king is herein royal,
That by a peer so ancient in desert,
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.
Oxf. Invites you, princess, not commands.
Kath. Pray use
Your own phrase as you list; to your protection,
Both I and mine submit.
Oxf. There's in your number
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.
Dal. My name is Dalyell.
Oxf. 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord;
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.
Dal. I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.
Oxf. Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?
Kath. Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Salisbury.

Enter King Henry, Surrey, Urswick, *and a Guard of* Soldiers.

K. Hen. The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped:—
Escaped! so let him; he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale,
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard our land; the seas are rough, and wider
Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, henceforth
Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.—
But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
Of losses which our subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads, question'd?
Sur. Both demanded
And urged, my lord; to which the king replied,
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our master Henry was much abler
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.
K. Hen. The young man, I believe, spake honest truth;
He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,
From us, for their tried loyalties?
Urs. They have;
Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst them,
With open hearts they joyfully received.
K. Hen. Young Buckingham is a fair-natured prince,
Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;
Attended by an hundred knights and squires
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,
Which we must ne'er forget; and Devonshire's wounds,
Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

Enter Dawbeney, *with a* Guard, *leading in* Warbeck, Heron, John a-Water, Astley, *and* Skelton, *chained.*

Daw. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy:
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.
K. Hen. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder; I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands?
Daw. From sanctuary
At Bewley, near Southampton; register'd
With these few followers, for persons privileged.
K. Hen. I must not thank you, sir! you were to blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred:
Dare we be irreligious?
Daw. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.
K. Hen. So? 'twas very well;
'Twas very, very well!—turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck!
War. But not my heart; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter: if the sun
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal! Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort to the duke of Bretaine's court.
Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd

To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

Daw. Whither speeds this boldness?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen. O, let him range:
The player's on the stage still, 'tis his part;
He does but act. What follow'd?

War. Bosworth Field;
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
Appear'd at once: the tale is soon applied;
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least assured,
Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

K. Hen A pretty gallant! thus, your aunt of Burgundy,
Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew; so
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on: scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty: in such a court
Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies to his greatness.

K. Hen. Sirrah, shift
Your antick pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect
No less, than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements,
To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen. So brave?
What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork?

Daw. This wise formality:
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [*They kneel.*

K. Hen. Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a-Wat. Under your good favours, as men are men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the other side must go down: herein the point is clear, if the proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is to little purpose to say, this thing, or that, shall be thus, or thus; for, as the fates will have it, so it must be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king Henry!"

J. a-Wat. Every man knows what is best, as it happens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects subjects: but which is which, you shall pardon me for that;—whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

K. Hen. We trifle time with follies.

All. Mercy, mercy!

K. Hen. Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows [*They rise.*
To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be convey'd to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower?
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. Hen. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink you.

[*Exit* URS. *with* PERKIN *and his followers, guarded.*

K. Hen. Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom sure of being stiled a king,
Hath fasten'd in his thought that he is such;
But we shall teach the lad another language:
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen. Very likely:
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE *in her richest Attire,* DALYELL, JANE, *and* Attendants.

Oxf. Great sir, be pleased,
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain
The princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen. Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight! oh fie! you may not kneel;
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath. My fortunes and mine honours are weak champions,
As both are now befriended, sir; however,
Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen. Our arms
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath. Oh, sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen. We'll prove your father, husband, friend, and servant,
Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful
A patent presently be drawn, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court your home,
Our subjects all your servants.

Kath. But my husband?

K. Hen. By all descriptions, you are noble Dalyell,
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare observance.
We thank you; 'tis a goodness gives addition
To every title boasted from your ancestry,
In all most worthy.

Dal. Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.
K. Hen. Embrace him, lords. Whoever calls you mistress,
Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.
Kath. Cruel misery
Of fate! what rests to hope for?
K. Hen. Forward, lords,
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. *The Tower-hill.*

Enter Constable *and* Officers, Warbeck, Urswick, *and* Lambert Simnel *as a Falconer, followed by the rabble.*

Const. Make room there! keep off, I require you; and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 'tis as it should be:—[Warbeck *is put in the stocks.*] put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say, keep off.

Urs. Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience; thou hast tasted
King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most wickedly,
Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;
Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate,—
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.
Simn. You would be Dick the Fourth, very likely!
Your pedigree is publish'd; you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:
Where's now your kingship?
War. Baited to my death?
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.
Simn. You will not know who I am?
Urs. Lambert Simnel,
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:
But, on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.
Simn. I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and ruffled
Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;
An earl forsooth! whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere rascal: yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect him!—
Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service,
And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:
And is not this, now, better than to buffet
The hangman's clutches? or to brave the cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?
So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee, Perkin,
Let my example lead thee; be no longer
A counterfeit; confess and hope for pardon.
War. For pardon? hold my heart-strings whilst contempt
Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou poor vermin,
How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes:
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou would'st not change condition, to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all, to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
And, by tradition, fix posterity,
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffer'd
A martyrdom of majesty!
Simn. He's past
Recovery; a Bedlam cannot cure him.
Urs. Away, inform the king of his behaviour.
Simn. Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's coming. [*Exit.*
Urs. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!

Enter Katherine, Jane, Dalyell, *and* Oxford.

Jane. Dear lady!
Oxf. Whither will you,
Without respect of shame?
Kath. Forbear me, sir,
And trouble not the current of my duty!—
Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours
In which I have no interest? some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,
Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.
War. Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
Were never bankrupt of their confidence
In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them.
Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
Might to eternity have stood a pattern
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.
Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin
In after marriages, be never pitied,
To whom thy story shall appear a fable!
Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to greatness,
To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart
Is liberal of passion: Harry Richmond,
A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph!

Oxf. Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
The devil that ranges in your tongue.
Urs. Thus witches,
Possess'd even [to] their deaths deluded, say,
They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in egg-shells
Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons;
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night:—the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood's confident.
Oxf. Remember, lady, who you are; come from
That impudent impostor!
Kath. You abuse us:
For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,
Our vows were real then; the ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.
Be what these people term thee, I am certain
Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven
Has been sued out between us; 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us.
Or we will live, or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.
War. Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, blessed woman!
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour;
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,
Some miserable happiness: since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration;
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
And saint it in the calendar of virtue,
When I am turn'd into the self-same dust
Of which I was first form'd.
Oxf. The lord ambassador,
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.
Kath. Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
Impute it not unto immodesty,
That I presume to press you to a legacy,
Before we part for ever!
War. Let it be then
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.
Kath. Confirm it with a kiss, pray!
War. Oh! with that
I wish to breathe my last; upon thy lips,
Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
The testament of honourable vows: [*Kisses her.*
Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause, not more desertful!
Kath. By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed;
Not to be forced or won: oh, never, never!

Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, *and* CRAWFORD.

Daw. Free the condemned person; quickly free him!
What has he yet confess'd?
[WARBECK *is taken out of the stocks.*
Urs. Nothing to purpose;
But still he will be king.
Sur. Prepare your journey
To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,
Wilfully foolish!—See, my lord ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.
Hunt. I never pointed
Thy marriage, girl; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely:
The griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy;
And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd
Some partage in these trials of a patience.
Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir.
Hunt. Yes, yes;
In every duty of a wife and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,
(For such you are, sir,) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity; what your life has past through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent;
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.
War. We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley! Worthy Crawford!
We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.
Craw. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought; I take my leave, sir.
War. To you, lord Dalyell,—what? accept a sigh,
'Tis hearty and in earnest.
Dal. I want utterance;
My silence is my farewell.
Kath. Oh!—oh!
Jane. Sweet madam,
What do you mean?—my lord, your hand. [*To* DAL.
Dal. Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.
[*Exeunt* DALYELL *and* JANE, *supporting* KATHERINE.

Enter Sheriff *and* Officers *with* SKETON, ASTLEY, HERON, *and* JOHN A-WATER, *with Halters about their necks.*

Oxf. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death!
War. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously; I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and stile us Kings o'er death.
[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Officers *with the Prisoners.*
Daw. Away—impostor beyond precedent!
No chronicle records his fellow.
Hunt. I have

Not thoughts left: 'tis sufficient in such cases
Just laws ought to proceed.

Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, *and* HIALAS.

K. Hen. We are resolv'd.
Your business, noble lords, shall find success,
Such as your king importunes.

Hunt. You are gracious.

K. Hen. Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to die;
In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow
To see the execution; and from hence
We gather this fit use;—that public states,
As our particular bodies, taste most good
In health, when purged of corrupted blood.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

HERE has appear'd, though in a several fashion,
The threats of majesty; the strength of passion;
Hopes of an empire; change of fortunes; all
What can to theatres of greatness fall,
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,
Amongst such several sights, to censure these
No births abortive, not a bastard-brood,
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood,)
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,
And often find a welcome to the Muses.

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD

RANDAL MACDONNELL,

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD VISCOUNT DUNLUCE.

My Lord,—Princes, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service. A practice of courtship to greatness hath not hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ungracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such as faithfully honour those merits, to admit, into your noble construction,

John Ford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Octavio, *Marquis of Sienna.*
Troylo-Savelli, *his Nephew.*
Livio, *Brother to* Castamela.
Romanello, (Pragniolo,) *Brother to* Flavia.
Julio de Varana, *Lord of Camerino.*
Camillo, Vespucci, } *Attendants on* Julio.
Fabricio, *a Merchant,* Flavia's *first Husband.*
Nitido, *a Page,* Secco, *a Barber,* Spadone, } *Attendants on the* Marquis.
Castamela, *Sister to* Livio.
Clarella, Silvia, Floria, } *The* Fancies.
Flavia, *Wife to* Julio.
Morosa, *Guardianess to the* Fancies.

SCENE,—Sienna.

PROLOGUE.

The Fancies! that's our play; in it is shown
Nothing, but what our author knows his own
Without a learned theft; no servant here
To some fair mistress, borrows for his ear,
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace
Of any pretty ribbon; nor, in place
Of charitable friendship, is brought in
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win
A lusty sum; while the good hand doth ply him,
And Fancies this or that, to him sits by him.
His free invention runs but in conceit
Of mere imaginations; there's the height
Of what he writes; which if traduced by some,
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,
Fancy your own opinions, for our pains.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Troylo-Savelli, *and* Livio.

Troy. Do, do; be wilful, desperate; 'tis manly.
Build on your reputation! such a fortune
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot;
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely
Grow to a pretty volume—here's eternity!
All this can reputation, marry, can it;
Indeed, what not?

Liv. Such language from a gentleman
So noble in his quality as you are,
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity
Than a contempt.

Troy. Could'st thou consider, Livio,
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distinguish

Betwixt the abject lowness of a poverty,
And the applauded triumphs of abundance,
Though compass'd by the meanest service. Wherein
Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,
Waving the private charge of your opinion,
By rising up to greatness, or at least
To plenty, which now buys it?

Liv. Troylo-Savelli
Plays merrily on my wants.

Troy. Troylo-Savelli
Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.
Look, prithee, through the great duke's court in Florence;
Number his favourites, and then examine
By what steps some chief officers in state
Have reach'd the height they stand in.

Liv. By their merits.

Troy. Right, by their merits: well he merited
The intendments o'er the gallies at Leghorn,
(Made grand collector of the customs there,)
Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,
And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing
The jest might be discover'd! was 't not handsome?
The lady knows not yet on't.

Liv. Most impossible.

Troy. He merited well to wear a robe of chamlet,
Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,
Into the arms of Mont-Argentorato;
Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,
Was packeted to France, to study courtship,
Under, forsooth, a colour of employment,
Employment! yea, of honour.

Liv. You are well read
In mysteries of state.

Troy. Here, in Sienna,
Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Camerine,
Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,
From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,
To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;—
Procured it by a dispensation
From Rome, allow'd and warranted: 'twas thought
By his physicians, that she was a creature
Agreed best with the cure of the disease
His present new infirmity then labour'd in.
Yet these are things in prospect of the world,
Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

Liv. At best,
'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

Troy. Shrewd business!
Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,
Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,
For friends of lower rank, to do the offices
Of necessary kindness, without fee,
For one another, courtesies of course,
Mirths of society; when petty mushrooms,
Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on mountains,
And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries
On great men's vices? Pandar! thou'rt deceived,
The word includes preferment; 'tis a title
Of dignity; I could add somewhat more else.

Liv. Add anything of reason.

Troy. Castamela,
Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,
Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing,
Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning
To set the richness of the piece at view,
Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell thee:
A way there may be—(know, I love thee, Livio—)
To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,
Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,
White, pure, unspotted ivory: put case,
Livio himself shall keep the key on't?

Liv. Oh, sir,
Create me what you please of yours; do this,
You are another nature.

Troy. Be then pliable
To my first rules of your advancement.—[*Enter* OCTAVIO.]—See!
Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis
Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,
In private.—Noble sir!

Oct. My bosom's secretary,
My dearest, best loved nephew.

Troy. We have been thirsty
In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman
Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous
Of entertainment from it: you shall honour
Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours;
His merits will commend it.

Oct. Gladly welcome;
Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.
For taste of your preferment, we admit you
The chief provisor of our horse.

Liv. Your bounty
Stiles me your ever servant.

Troy. He's our own;
Surely, nay most persuadedly. My thanks, sir,
[*Aside to* OCT.
Owes to this just engagement.

Oct. Slack no time
To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.
His name is?—

Troy. Livio.

Liv. Livio, my good lord.

Oct. Again, you're welcome to us:—be as speedy, [*Apart to* TROYLO.
Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of parts,
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with;
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd
With love and with supportance. While I stand,
Livio can no way fall;—yet, once more, welcome!
[*Exit*

Troy. An honourable liberality,
Timely disposed, without delay or question,
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better
Than waiting three or four months at livery,
With cup and knee unto this chair of state,
And to that painted arras, for a nod
From goodman-usher, or the formal secretary;
Especially the juggler with the purse,
That pays some shares, in all? A younger brother,
Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-piece,
May spend what his friend left, in expectation
Of being turn'd out of service—for attendance!
Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't
To open laughter, and, what's worse, old beggary!—
What thinks my Livio of this rise at first?
Is't not miraculous?

Liv. It seems the bargain
Was driv'n before between you.

Troy. 'Twas, and nothing
Could void it, but the peevish resolution
Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;
A thin, a threadbare honesty, a virtue
Without a living to't.

Liv. I must resolve
To turn my sister whore? speak a home-word

For my old bachelor lord ?—so ! is't not so ?
A trifle in respect to present means ;
Here's all.—

Troy. Be yet more confident ; the slavery
Of such an abject office shall not tempt
The freedom of thy spirit : stand ingenious
To thine own fate, and we will practise wisely
Without the charge of scandal.

Liv. May it prove so ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter SECCO, *with a casting-bottle, sprinkling his hat and face, and a little looking-glass at his girdle ; setting his countenance.*

Sec. Admirable ! incomparably admirable ! to be the minion, the darling, the delight of love ; 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i' th' blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah !—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

Enter SPADONE.

Spa. Oyes ! if any man, woman, or beast, have found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine male barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

Sec. Spadone, hold ; what's the noise ?

Spa. Umph ! pay the crier. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you ; here's a letter from—

Sec. Whom, whom, my dear Spadone ? whom ?

Spa. Soft and fair ! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—Oyes !

Sec. Low, low ! what dost mean ? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair ? be gentle to me ; here's a ducat : speak low, prithee.

Spa. Give me one, and take t'other : 'tis from the party.—(*Gives him the letter.*)—Golden news, believe it.

Sec. Honest Spadone ! divine Morosa ! [*Reads.*

Spa. *Fairest fair*, quoth'a ! so is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife ; all the marks are quite out of her mouth ; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a posset.—[*Aside.*] Signor, 'tis as I told you ; all's right.

Sec. Right, just as thou told'st me ; all's right.

Spa. To a very hair, *signor mio*.

Sec. For which, sirrah Spadone, I will make thee a man ; a man, dost hear ? I say, a man.

Spa. Thou art a prick-ear'd foist, a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper. Twit me with the decrements of my pendants ! though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian of ye all. Make me a *man !* I defy thee.

Sec. How now, fellow, how now ! roaring ripe indeed !

Spa. Indeed ? thou'rt worse : a dry shaver, a copper-bason'd suds-monger.

Sec. Nay, nay ; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

Spa. Eyes in thy belly ! the reverend madam shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezes, and urine in thy bason :—make me a man !

Sec. Hold ! take another ducat. As I love new clothes—

Spa. Or cast old ones.

Sec. Yes, or cast old ones—I intended no injury.

Spa. Good, we are pieced again : reputation, signor, is precious.

Sec. I know it is.

Spa. Old sores would not be rubbed.

Sec. For me, never.

Spa. The lady guardianess, the mother of the FANCIES, is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

Sec. She writes as much : and, Spadone, when we are married—

Spa. You will to bed no doubt.

Sec. We will revel in such variety of delights,—

Spa. Do miracles, and get babies.

Sec. Live so sumptuously,—

Spa. In feather and old furs.

Sec. Feed so deliciously,—

Spa. On pap and bull-beef.

Sec. Enjoy the sweetness of our years,—

Spa. Eighteen and threescore with advantage !

Sec. Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

Spa. The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

Sec. That all the world shall wonder.

Spa. A pox on them that envy you !

Sec. How do the beauties, my dainty knave ? live, wish, think, and dream, sirrah, ha !

Spa. Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs ; eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do ; there's all.

Sec. Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on ; say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

Enter NITIDO.

Spa. Why, there's another quarrel,—*man*, once more, in spite of my nose,—

Nit. Away, Secco, away ! my lord calls, he has a loose hair started from his fellows ; a clip of your art is commanded.

Sec. I fly, Nitido ; Spadone, remember me. [*Exit.*

Nit. Trudging between an old mule, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer ? What ! thou fatten'st apace on capon still ?

Spa. Yes, crimp ; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp-whiskin : but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.

Nit. What a terrible sight to a libb'd breech is a sow-gelder !

Spa. Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter page.

Nit. Good ! witty rascal, thou'rt a Satire, I protest, but that the nymphs need not fear the evidence of thy mortality :—go, put on a clean bib, and spin amongst the nuns, sing 'em a bawdy song : all the children thou gett'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls, and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night-mare !

Spa. Very, very well ; if I die in thy debt for this, crack-rope, let me be buried in a coal-sack I'll fit ye, ape's-face ! look for't.

Nit. [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but could not do.*
Spa. Mark the end on't, and laugh at last.
[*Exeunt.*

—◆—

SCENE III.—*A Room in the House of* Livio.

Enter Romanello *and* Castamela.

Rom. Tell me you cannot love me.
Cast. You impórtune
Too strict a resolution: as a gentleman
Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopeful expectation, I do honour
Th' example of your youth; but, sir, our fortunes,
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,
In argument of fit consideration.
Rom. Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,
Even from our childish years, into a dowry
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,
Doubled an hundred times, can equal: now
I clearly find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pomp and plenty: 'tis the idol,
I must confess, that creatures of the time
Bend their devotions to; but I have fashion !
Thoughts much more excellent of you.
Cast. Enjoy
Your own prosperity; I am resolv'd
Never, by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon you, want of love.
'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.
I'll not be your undoing.
Rom. Sure some dotage
Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Changed to ambition! oh, you are most miserable
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.
Cast. Fie! fie! how ill this suits!
Rom. A devil of pride
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,
Whilst you grasp mole-hills.
Cast. Worse and worse, I vow.
Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.
Cast. Romanello, know
You have forgot the nobleness of truth,
And fix'd on scandal now.
Rom. A dog, a parrot,
A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton!
So is a fiddle too; 'twill make it dance,
Or else be sick and whine.
Cast. This is uncivil;
I am not, sir, your charge.
Rom. My grief you are;
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.
Cast. So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,
When such distractions tempt you; you would prove
A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
As you profess, to bait my best respects
Of duty to your welfare; 'tis a madness
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,
You have no right in me; let this suffice;
I wish your joys much comfort.

Enter Livio, *richly habited.*

Liv. Sister! look ye,
How by a new creation of my tailor's,
I've shook off old mortality; the rags
Of home-spun gentry—prithee, sister, mark it—
Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion
Unto men, and received.—Observe me, sister,
The consequence concerns you.
Cast. True, good brother,
For my well-doing must consist in yours.
Liv. Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant,
Of decent carriage, of indifferent means,
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,
From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the titles
Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants;—
Not sunk in his acquaintance, for a scholar
Able enough, and one who may subsist
Without the help of friends, provided always,
He fly not upon wedlock without certainty
Of an advancement; else a bachelor
May thrive by observation, on a little.
A single life's no burden; but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenance: why, I can live
Without a wife, and purchase.
Rom. Is't a mystery,
You've lately found out, Livio, or a cunning
Conceal'd till now, for wonder?
Liv. Pish! believe it,
Endeavours and an active brain are better
Than patrimonies left by parents.—Prove it.—
One thrives by cheating; shallow fools and unthrifts
Are game knaves only fly at: then a fellow
Presumes on his hair, and that his back can toil
For fodder from the city;—lies: another,
Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up
Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes,
To gild his reputation;—most improbable.
A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,
Procures some hungry meals, some tavern surfeits,
Some frippery to hide nakedness; perhaps
The scambling half a ducat now and then
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess,
For a week's lodging; these are pretty shifts,
Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to!
Give me a man, whose practice and experience,
Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone,
But indeed has it; one whose wit's his ludies:
The poor is most ridiculous.
Rom. You are pleasant
In new discoveries of fortune; use them
With moderation, Livio.
Cast. Such wild language
Was wont to be a stranger to your custom;
However, brother, you are pleased to vent it,
I hope, for recreation.
Liv. Name and honour—
What are they? a mere sound without supportance,
A begging—Chastity, youth, beauty, handsomeness,
Discourse, behaviour which might charm attention,
And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement,
Are nature's common bounties; so are diamonds
Uncut, so flowers unworn, so silk-worms' webs
Unwrought, gold unrefined: *then* all those glori-

Are of esteem, when used and set at price :—
There's no dark sense in this.
Rom. I understand not
The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.
Cast. Pray, brother, be more plain.
Liv. First, Romanello,
This for your satisfaction : if you waste
More hours in courtship to this maid, my sister,
Weighing her competency with your own,
You go about to build without foundation ;
So that care will prove void.
Rom. A sure acquittance,
If I must be discharged.
Liv. Next, Castamela,
To thee, my own loved sister, let me say,
I have not been so bountiful in shewing
To fame the treasure which this age hath open'd,
As thy true value merits.
Cast. You are merry.
Liv. My jealousy of thy fresh blooming years,
Prompted a fear of husbanding too charily
Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery
Of art can perish now.
Cast. Here's talk in riddles !
Brother, the exposition ?
Liv. I'll no longer
Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already
Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth
Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.
Rom. Is't come to this ?
Cast. You are wondrous full of courtesy.
Liv. Ladies of birth and quality are suitors
For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,
They shall partake your company.
Cast. What ladies ?
Where, when, how, who ?
Liv. A day, a week, a month,
Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain
On time ; they are young, wise, noble, fair, and [chaste.
Cast. Chaste ?
Liv. Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard
My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.
Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloath'd merriment
Pass without blush, in tattling,—so the words
Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smiled at
Amongst yourselves in counsel ; but beware
Of being overheard.
Cast. This is pretty !
Rom. I doubt I know not what, yet must be silent. [*Aside.*

Enter TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, *and* NITIDO.

Liv. They come as soon as spoke of.—Sweetest fair ones,
My sister cannot but conceive this honour
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,
You grace us in your favours.
Troy. Virtuous lady.
Flo. We are your servants.
Clar. Your sure friends.
Sil Society
May fix us in a league.
Cast. All fitly welcome.
I find not reason, gentle ladies, whereon
To cast this debt of mine ; but my acknowledgement
Shall study to pay thankfulness.
Troy. Sweet beauty !
Your brother hath indeed been too much churl
In this concealment from us all, who love him,
Of such desired a presence.
Sil. Please to enrich us
With your wish'd amity.
Flo. Our coach attends ;
We cannot be denied.
Clar. Command it, Nitido.
Nit. Ladies, I shall : now for a lusty harvest !
'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be fill'd once. [*Aside and exit*
Cast. Brother, one word in private.
Liv. Phew ! anon
I shall instruct you at large.—We are prepared,
And easily entreated ;—'tis good manners
Not to be troublesome.
Troy. Thou'rt perfect, Livio.
Cast. Whither—But—he's my brother. [*Aside*
Troy. Fair, your arm ;
I am your usher, lady.
Cast. As you please, sir.
Liv. I wait you to your coach. Some two hours hence
I shall return again. [To ROM.]
[*Exeunt all but* ROM.
Rom. Troylo-Savelli,
Next heir unto the marquis ! and the page too,
The marquis's own page ! Livio transform'd
Into a sudden bravery, and alter'd
In nature, or I dream ! Amongst the ladies,
I not remember I have seen one face :
There's cunning in these changes ; I am resolute,
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* JULIO'S *House.*

Enter FLAVIA, *supported by* CAMILLO *and* VESPUCCI.

Flav. Not yet return'd ?
Cam. Madam !
Flav. The lord our husband,
We mean. Unkind ! four hours are almost past
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass)
Since we broke company ; was never, gentlemen,
Poor princess us'd so !
Ves. With your gracious favour,
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity
To attend on state employments.
Cam. For such duties
Are all their toil and labour ; but their pleasures
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
All sense of other travail.
Flav. Trimly spoken.
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
As other creatures of Heaven's making are,
(The more the pity) bless us ! how we waited
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd
About the city ; for we then were certain,
The madam courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eat our viands ;
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome
They'd make us when we came to court : full little

Dreamt I, at that time, of the wind that blew me
Up to the weathercock of the honours now
Are thrust upon me;—but we'll bear the burthen,
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great feast,
We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see
How they'll behave themselves before our presence;
You two shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance,
And glory in our service.

Cam. We are creatures
Made proud in your commands.

Flav. Believ't you are so;
And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,
Than you in your obedience. Fie! methinks
I have an excellent humour to be pettish;
A little toysome;—'tis a pretty sign
Of breeding, is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la!
Long for some strange good things now.

Cam. Such news, madam,
Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

Ves. Cause
Bonfires and bell-ringings.

Flav. I must be with child, then,
An't be but for the public jollity;
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

Cam. Sweet fates forbid it!

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

Ves. Rudeness!
Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners;
Go swab amongst your goblins.

Flav. Let him stay;
The fellow I have seen, and now remember
His name, Fabricio.

Fab. Your poor creature, lady;
Out of your gentleness, please you to consider
The brief of this petition, which contains
All hope of my last fortunes.

Flav. Give it from him.

Cam. Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from* FAB. *and delivers it to* FLAV. *who walks aside with it.*]—Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol
Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines
To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase
Of approbation in a state.

Ves. Good reason:
The gain reprieved him from a bankrupt's statute,
And filed him in the charter of his freedom.
"She had seen the fellow!" didst observe?

Cam. Most punctually:
Could call him by his name too! why 'tis possible,
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

Ves. That were [most] strange: oh, 'tis a precious trinket!
Was ever puppet so slipt up?

Cam. The tale
Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

Ves. He stands
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum
Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:
'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents
Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,
You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted
Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriftily.
You are a faulty man; and should we urge
Our lord as often for supplies, as shame,
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed
An impudence, which we defy; an impudence,
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself?

Fab. Great lady,
Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. So, so!
This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci? [*Aside to* VES.

Ves. Why, here's a lady worshipful!

Flav. Pray, gentlemen,
Retire a while; this fellow shall resolve
Some doubts that stick about me.

Both. As you please. [*Exeunt* VES. *and* FLAV.

Flav. To thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is cruel—
Since I find some small leisure, I must justify
Thou art unworthy of the name of man.
Those holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,
Recorded in the register of truth,
Were kept by me unbroken; no assaults
Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,
No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which
Thy riots had betray'd me, could betray
My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.
Why would'st thou force me miserable?

Fab. The scorn
Of rumour is reward enough, to brand
My lewder actions; 'twas, I thought, impossible,
A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook
The last of my decays.

Flav. Did I complain?
My sleeps between thine arms were ev'n as sound,
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.
Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy
Of those whom in their bosoms they possess
Without controul, begets a self-unworthiness;
For which [through] fear, or, what is worse, desire
Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour
To pandar their own wives; those wives, whose innocence,
Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;
And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

Fab. My loss is irrecoverable.

Flav. Call not
Thy wickedness thy loss: without my knowledge
Thou sold'st me, and in open court protested'st
A pre-contract unto another, falsely,
To justify a separation. Wherein
Could I offend, to be believed thy strumpet,
In best sense an adultress? so conceived
In all opinions, that I am shook off,
Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast
Not noble, yet 'twas not mean; for Romanello,
Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors
To own me for his sister.

Fab. 'Tis confest,
I am the shame of mankind.

Flav. I live happy
In this great lord's love, now; but could his cunning
Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never
Been sunder'd by the temptation of his purchase
In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of
My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,
That I am not more fool to such as honour me,
Than to myself, who hate this antick carriage.

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,
Than grossly to be talk'd with.
Flav. [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,
I shall provide you better :—'twere a bravery.
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd
Your name for ever hateful.
Fab. I will do't,
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude
My days in silent sadness.
Flav. You may prosper
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
You interrupted study with commérce.
I'll think of your supplies ; meantime, pray, storm
At my behaviour to you ; I have forgot [not
Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first distance. *He draws back.*
Camillo ! who is near ? Vespucci !

Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, *and* VESPUCCI.

Jul. What !
Our lady's cast familiar ?
Flav. Oh, my stomach
Wambles, at sight of—sick, sick,—I am sick—
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay prithee quickly, [*To* JUL.
Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while from
And this companion too—beshrew him ! [me.
Jul. Dearest,
Thou art my health, my blessing :—turn the bankrupt
Out of my doors !—sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,
If thou com'st here again.
Cam. Hence, hence, you vermin ! [*Exit* FAB.
Jul. How is't, my best of joys ?
Flav. Prettily mended,
Now we have our own lord here ; I shall never
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.—
See, what the thing presented. [*Gives him the paper.*
Jul. A petition,
Belike, for some new charity ?
Flav. We must not
Be troubled with his needs ; a wanting creature
Is monstrous, is as ominous—fie, upon't !
Dispatch the silly mushroom once for all,
And send him with some pittance out o' th'country,
Where we may hear no more of him.
Jul. Thy will
Shall stand a law, my Flavia.
Flav. You have been
In private with our fellow peers now : shall not we
Know how the business stands ? sure, in some country,
Ladies are privy-counsellors, I warrant ye ;
Are they not, think ye ? there the land is, doubt-
Most politicly govern'd ; all the women [less,
Wear swords and breeches, I have heard most cer-
Such sights were excellent. [tainly :
Jul. Thou'rt a matchless pleasure ;
No life is sweet without thee : in my heart
Reign empress, and be stiled thy Julio's sovereign,
My only, precious dear.
Flav. We'll prove no less t'ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter TROYLO *and* LIVIO.

Troy. Sea-sick ashore still ! thou could'st rarely
A calenture in a long voyage, Livio, K [scape
Who in a short one, and at home, art subject
To such faint stomach-qualms ; no cordials comfort
The business of thy thoughts, for aught I see :
What ails thee, man ? be merry, hang up jealousies.
Liv. Who, I ? I jealous ? no, no, here's no cause
In this place ; 'tis a nunnery, a retirement
For meditation ; all the difference extant
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.
Rich services in plate, soft and fair lodgings,
Varieties of recreations, exercise
Of music in all changes, neat attendance,
Princely, nay royal furniture of garments,
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,
Pictures so ravishing, that ranging eyes
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,
Without a single wish for livelier substance
The great world, in a little world of Fancy,
Is here abstracted : no temptation proffer'd,
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to ;
And yet——
Troy. And yet your reason cannot answer
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.
Liv. Danger ? dishonour, Troylo : were my sister
In safety from those charms, I must confess
I could live here for ever.
Troy. But you could not,
I can assure you ; for 'twere then scarce possible
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.
Liv. My presence then is usher to her ruin,
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment ?
Troy. Briefly partake a secret ; but be sure
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,
Where memory may not find it for discovery ;
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.
Liv. By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe
To just conditions.
Troy. Our great uncle-marquis,
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotence
In nature first, that impotence since seconded
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach
Received in fight against the Turkish gallies,
Is made incapable of any faculty
Of active manhood, more than what affections
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish ;
So that no helps of art can warrant life,
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness limits.
Liv. On ; I attend with eagerness.
Troy. 'Tis strange
Such natural defects at no time check
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature
Is in the body lame, she is supplied
In fine proportion of the mind ; a word
Concludes all—to a man his enemy,
He is a dangerous threat'ning ; but to women,
However pleasurable, no way cunning
To shew abilities of friendship, other
Than what his outward senses can delight in,
Or charge and bounty court with.
Liv. Good, good—Troylo.
Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,
Though none of all this wonder should be possible !
Troy. As I love honour, and an honest name,
I faulter not, my Livio, in one syllable.
Liv. News admirable ! 'tis, 'tis so—pish, I know
Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls, [it—
Young, handsome girls ; yes, yes, so he may ;
'Tis granted :—he would now and then be piddling,

And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,
Drop down, and creep away, ha?

Troy. Hardly that too;
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse
In an unblushing merriment of words,
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance;
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,
Is th' height of his temptations.

Liv. Send him joy on't!

Troy. His choices are not of the courtly train,
Nor city's practice; but the country's innocence;
Such as are gentle born, not meanly; such,
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions
Are monstrous; such as cleanliness and decency
Prompt to a virtuous envy; such as study
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

Liv. Well, I have liv'd in ignorance: the ancients,
Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.
Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it heaven;
I mean an earthly heaven; less it is not!

Troy. Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free
From the epidemical headach.

Liv. The yellows?

Troy. Huge jealous fits; admitting none to enter
But me, his page and barber, with an eunuch,
And an old guardianess. It is a favour
Not common, that the license of your visits
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.

Liv. But why are you his instrument? his nephew!
'Tis ominous in nature.

Troy. Not in policy:
Being his heir, I may take truce a little,
With mine own fortunes.

Liv. Knowing how things stand too.

Troy. At certain seasons, as the humour takes him,
A set of music are permitted peaceably
To cheer their solitariness, provided
They are strangers, not acquainted near the city;
But never the same twice, pardon him that:
Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two
At farthest, as at this wise wedding; wherefore
His barber is the master to instruct
The lasses both in song and dance, by him
Train'd up in either quality.

Liv. A caution
Happily studied.

Troy. Farther to prevent
Suspicion, he has married his young barber
To the old matron, and withal is pleased
Report should mutter him a mighty man
For th' game, to take off all suspicion
Of insufficiency; and this strict company
He calls his Bower of Fancies.

Liv. Yes, and properly,
Since all his recreations are in fancy.
I am infinitely taken.—Sister! marry,
Would I had sisters in a plenty, Troylo,
So to bestow them all, and turn them Fancies!
Fancies! why, 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

Troy. Something remains, which in conclusion shortly,
Shall take thee fuller. [*Music within.*
Hark, the wedding jollity!
With a bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

Liv. Silence!

A SONG *within.*

After which, enter in procession, with the bride-cake, SECCO *and* MOROSA, *with* CASTAMELA, FLAVIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, SPADONE, *and* Musicians.

Sec. Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair creatures. These honours to our solemnity are liberal and uncommon; my spouse and myself, with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to your bounties:—shall's not, duckling?

Mor. Yes, honeysuckle; and do as much for them one day, if things stand right as they should stand. Bill, pigeon, do; thou'st be my cat-a-mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it; and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do last.

Sec. Ever mine own, and ever.

Spa. Well said, old touch-hole.

Liv. All happiness, all joy!

Troy. A plenteous issue,
A fruitful womb!—thou hast a blessing, Secco.

Mor. Indeed he has, sir, if you know all, as I conceive you know enough, if not the whole; for you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

Spa. 'Twould wind-break a mule, or a ringed mare, to vie burthens with her. [*Aside*

Mor. What's that you mumble, gelding, hey?

Spa. Nothing, forsooth, but that you are a bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

Mor. 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, Spadone; nay, thou hast a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wishest well to plain dealings, o' my conscience.

Spa. Thank your brideship—your bawdship. [*Aside.*

Flo. Our sister is not merry.

Clar. Sadness cannot
Become a bridal harmony.

Sil. At a wedding,
Free spirits are required.

Troy. You should dispense
With serious thoughts now, lady.

Mor. Well said, gentlefolks.

Liv. Fie, Castamela, fie!

All. A dance, a dance!

Troy. By any means, the day is not complete else.

Cast. Indeed, I'll be excused.

Troy. By no means, lady.

Sec. We all are suitors.

Cast. With your pardons, spare me
For this time, grant me licence to look on.

[*Troy.*] Command your pleasures, lady.—Every one hand
Your partner:—nay, Spadone must make one;
These merriments are free.

Spa. With all my heart; I'm sure I am not the heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour of the bride and bridegroom. [*Music*

A DANCE.

Troy. So, so, here's art in motion! On all parts
You have bestirr'd you nimbly.

Mor. I could dance now,
E'en till I dropt again; but want of practice

Denies the scope of breath, or so: yet, sirrah,
My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,
And with a grace too, sirrah?

Sec. Light as a feather.

Spa. Sure you are not without a stick of liquorice in your pocket, forsooth. You have, I believe, stout lungs of your own, you swim about so roundly without rubs; 'tis a tickling sight to be young still.

Enter NITIDO.

Nit. Madam Morosa!

Mor. Child.

Nit. To you in secret. [*Takes her aside.*

Spa. That ear-wig scatters the troop now; I'll go near to fit him.

Liv. My lord, upon my life—

Troy. Then we must sever.

Mor. Ladies and gentlemen, your ears. [*Whispers them.*

Spa. Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly—an it had been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

Sec. Say'st so, Spadone?

Spa. Nothing, nothing; I prate sometimes beside the purpose—whoreson, lecherous weazle!

Sec. Look, look, look, how officious the little knave is!—but—

Spa. Why, there's the business; *buts* on one's forehead are but scurvy *buts.*

Mor. Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

Spa. Yes, I know my postures—oh monstrous, buts! [*Exit, with the Musicians.*

Mor. [*to* SEC.] Attend within, sweeting;—your pardons, gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins! Page, have a care.

Nit. My duty, reverend madam.

Troy. Livio, away!—Sweet beauties—

Cast. Brother.

Liv. Suddenly
I shall return;—now for a round temptation. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt severally,* MOR. *stays* CAST.

Mor. One gentle word in private with your ladyship;
I shall not hold you long.

Cast. What means this huddle
Of flying several ways thus? who has frighted them?
They live not at devotion here, or pension.
Pray quit me of distrust.

Mor. May it please your goodness,
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,
As flesh and blood can vouch him.

Cast. Ha! him? whom?
What him?

Mor. He will not press beyond his bounds;
He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

Cast. Guard me
A powerful Genius! feel—

Mor. Your hands to kiss them,
Your fair, pure, white hands; what strange business is it?
These melting twins of ivory, but softer
Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

Cast. A rape upon my ears!

Mor. The appetite
Of his poor ravish'd eye; should he swell higher
In his desires, and soar upon ambition
Of rising in humility, by degrees;
Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

Cast. Fond woman,
In thy grave sinful!

Mor. Clap or pat the dimples,
Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks.
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one,
His lordship is as harmless a weak implement,
As e'er young lady trembled under.

Cast. Lordship!
Stead me, my modest anger!—'tis belike then,
Religious matron, some great man's prison,
Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom,
And you are their tormentor; let's lay down
Our ruin'd names to the insulter's mercy!
Let's sport and smile on scandal—(rare calamity,
What hast thou toil'd me in! [*Aside.*])—You named his lordship,
Some gallant youth, and fiery?

Mor. No, no, 'deed, la!
A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one,
There's the conceit; he's none of your hot rovers,
Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure
Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once:
He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth,
Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal;
A wanton in his wishes, but else,—farther,
He cannot—cause—he cannot—

Cast. Cannot? prithee
Be plainer; I begin to like thee strangely;
What cannot?

Mor. You urge timely, and to purpose:
He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do anything,
As one should say,—that's anything; put case—
I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find you.

Cast. My stars, I thank ye, for being ignorant,
Of what this old-in-mischief can intend!— [*Aside.*
And so we might be merry, bravely merry?

Mor. You hit it—what else!—she is cunning [*Aside.*]—look ye,
Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

Cast. Why, prithee, take it.

Mor. You have a delicate moist palm—umph—can ye
Relish that tickle, there?

Cast. And laugh, if need were.

Mor. And laugh! why now you have it: what hurt pray
Perceive ye? there's all, all; go to, you want tutoring,
Are an apt scholar; I'll neglect no pains
For your instruction.

Cast. Do not:—but his lordship,
What may his lordship be?

Mor. No worse man
Than marquis of Sienna, the great master
Of this small family: your brother found him
A bounteous benefactor, has advanced him
The gentleman o' the horse; in a short time
He means to visit you himself in person,
As kind, as loving an old man!

Cast. We'll meet him
With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis?
No worse?

Mor. No worse, I can assure your ladyship;
The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

Cast. Fancies? how mean you that?

Mor. The pretty souls
Who are companions in the house; all daughters
To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful;
A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

Cast. Chaste too,
And yet collapsed?

Mor. Only in their fortunes.
Cast. Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.
Mor. A Fancy principal; I hope you'll fashion
Your entertainment, when the marquis courts you,
As that I may stand blameless.
Cast. Free suspicion.
My brother's raiser?
Mor. Merely.
Cast. My supporter?
Mor. Undoubtedly.
Cast. An old man and a lover?
Mor. True, there's the music, the content, the harmony.
Cast. And I myself a Fancy!
Mor. You are pregnant.
Cast. The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's minion;
I will be bold and resolute.
Mor. Blessing on thee! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. Prosper me now, my fate; some better Genius,
Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,
Direct my courses to a noble issue!
My thoughts have wandered in a labyrinth;
But if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,
I shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,
In spite of politic reaches. I am punish'd
In mine own hopes, by her unlucky fortunes,
Whose fame is ruin'd; Flavia, my lost sister!
Lost to report by her unworthy husband,
Though heighten'd by a greatness, in whose mixtures,
I hate to claim a part.—

Enter NITIDO.

Oh welcome, welcome,
Dear boy! thou keep'st time with my expectations,
As justly as the promise of my bounties
Shall reckon with thy service.
Nit. I have fashion'd
The means of your admittance.
Rom. Precious Nitido!
Nit. More, have bethought me of a shape, a quaint one,
You may appear in, safe and unsuspected.
Rom. Thou'rt an ingenious boy.
Nit. Beyond all this,
Have so contrived the feat, that, at first sight,
Troylo himself shall court your entertainment,
Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.
Rom. Thou hast out-done
All counsel, and all cunning.
Nit. True, I have, sir,
Fadged nimbly in my practices; but surely,
There are some certain clogs, some roguish staggers,
Some—what shall I call 'em?—in the business.
Rom. Nitido,
What, faint now! dear heart, bear up:—what staggers,
What clogs? let me remove them.
Nit. Am I honest
In this discovery?
Rom. Honest! pish, is that all?
[*Gives him a purse.*
By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty
Against all Italy, and prove it perfect:
Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy;
Thou'lt not betray thyself?
Nit. All fears are clear'd then;
But if——
Rom. If what? out with't.
Nit. If we are discover'd,
You'll answer, I am honest still?
Rom. Dost doubt it?
Nit. Not much! I have your purse in pawn for it.
Now, to the shape. You know the wit in Florence,
Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his compliment,
According to the change of meats in season,
At every free lord's table——
Rom. Or free meetings
In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,
And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what:
The very quack of fashions, the very *he* that
Wears a stiletto on his chin?
Nit. You have him.
Like such a thing must you appear, and study,
Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,
To vent some curiosity of language,
Above their apprehensions,—or your own,
Indeed beyond sense; you are the more *the person.*
Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy;
The same man still, but evermore fantastical,
As being the suppositor to laughter;
It hath saved charge in physic.
Rom. When occasion
Offers itself,—for whêre it does or not,
I will be bold to take it,—I may turn
To some one in the company; and, changing
My method, talk of state, and rail against
Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage
Of places, and mislike that men of parts,
Of merit, such as myself am, are not
Thrust into public action: 'twill set off
A privilege I challenge from opinion,
With a more lively current.
Nit. On my modesty,
You are some kin to him.
Signor Pragnioli! Signor Mushrumpo!
Leap but into his antick garb, and trust me
You'll fit it to a thought.
Rom. The time?
Nit. As suddenly
As you can be transform'd;—for the event,
'Tis pregnant.
Rom. Yet, my pretty knave, thou hast not
Discover'd where fair Castamela lives;
Nor how, nor amongst whom.
Nit. Pish! yet more queries?
Till your own eyes inform, be silent; else
Take back your earnest. What, turn woman? fie
Be idle and inquisitive?
Rom. No more.

I shall be speedily provided; ask for
A note at mine own lodging. [*Exit.*
Nit. I'll not fail you.—
Assuredly, I will not fail you, signor,
My fine inamorato—twenty ducats!
They are half his quarter's income: love, oh love,
What a pure madness art thou! I shall fit him,
Fit, quit, and split him too.—

Enter TROYLO.

Most bounteous sir.
Troy. Boy, thou art quick and trusty,
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains
Shall meet a liberal addition.
Nit. Though, sir,
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me——
Troy. Man
In the contrivements; I will speak for thee.
Well! he does relish the disguise?
Nit. Most greedily,
Swallows it with a liquorish delight,
Will instantly be shaped in't, instantly.
And, on my conscience, sir, the supposition,
Strengthen'd by [im]position, will transform him
Into the beast itself he does resemble.
Troy. Spend that, and look for more, boy.
[*Gives him money.*
Nit. Sir, it needs not:
I have already twenty ducats pursed
In a gay case; 'las, sir! to you, my service
Is but my duty.
Troy. Modesty in pages
Shows not a virtue, boy, when it exceeds
Good manners. Where must we meet?
Nit. Sir, at his lodging,
Or near about; he will make haste, believe it.
Troy. Wait the opportunity, and give me notice;
I shall attend.
Nit. If I miss my part, hang me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in* JULIO'S *House.*

Enter VESPUCCI *and* CAMILLO.

Vesp. Come, thou art caught, Camillo.
Cam. Away, away,
That were a iest indeed; I caught?
Vesp. The lady
Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and smiles·
Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes
Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,
"Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,
Three quarters have near past the figure X;"
Or as the time of day goes—
Cam. So, Vespucci!
This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,
The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd;
Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late
A perfect green and yellow; sure prognosticates
Of th' overflux o' th' gall, and melancholy,
Symptoms of love and jealousy. Poor soul!
Quoth she, *the* she, "why hang thy looks like bell-ropes
Out of the wheels?" thou, flinging down thy eyes
Low at her feet, repliedst, "because, oh sovereign!
The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never
Can ring in tune again, till 't be new cast by
One only skilful founderess."—Hereat
She turn'd aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and star'dst;
I did observe 't:—be plain, what hope?
Vesp. She loves thee;
Doats on thee; in my hearing told her lord
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe
Of courtship, and of compliment:—ah ha!
She nick'd it there!—I envy not thy fortunes;
For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st her,
Were she as great again as she is.
Cam. I handsome?
Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,
There's all! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable;
I do confess, I think the goody-madam
May possibly be compass'd; I resolve, too,
To put in for a share, come what can come on't.
Vesp. A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open breasted,
Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,
And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever
I find the game on wing.
Cam. Let us consider—
She's but a merchant's leavings.
Vesp. Hatch'd i' th' country,
And fledged i' th' city.
Cam. 'Tis a common custom
'Mongst friends,—they are not friends else—chiefly gallants,
To trade by turns in such like frail commodities;
The one is but reversioner to the other.
Vesp. Why, 'tis the fashion, man.
Cam. Most free and proper;
One surgeon, one apothecary.
Vesp. Thus, then;
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services
To ladies' favours; with what faith and secrecy,
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies
Oblige me to particular engagements:
I'll do as much for thee.
Cam. With this addition,
Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour;
That to deliver him in perfect character,
Were to detract from such a solid virtue
As reigns not in another soul; he is——
Vesp. The thing a mistress ought to wish her servant.
Are we agreed?
Cam. Most readily. On t' other side,
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely
Of one another as we can.
Vesp. I like it;
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, *and* FABRICIO.

Jul. Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress;
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,
Nor common alms.
Flav. You must not loiter lazily,
And speak about the town, my friend, in taverns,
In gaming-houses; nor sneak after dinner
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily
Like one of us:—oh, fie upon them, giblets!
I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs
From true and arrant ladies; they'll inveigle
Your substance and your body,—think on that.—

I say, your body; look to't.—
Is't not sound counsel? [*Turns to* JUL.

Jul. 'Tis more; 'tis heavenly.

Vesp. What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune hold?

Cam. Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever;
Why, any woman in her husband's presence
Can say no less.

Vesp. 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

Fab. Madam, your care and charity at once
Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth
Whene'er my mention falls into report,
It shall requite this bounty: I am travelling
To a new world.

Jul. I like your undertakings.

Flav. New world! where's that I pray? good, if you light on
A parrot or a monkey that has qualities
Of a new fashion, think on me.

Fab. Yes, lady,
I—I shall think on you; and my devotions,
Tender'd where they are due in single meekness,
With purer flames will mount, with free increase
Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings,
Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you.
So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you;
Never, as now I am, to appear before you.
All joys dwell here, and lasting! [*Exit.*

Flav. Prithee, sweetest,
Hark in your ear,—beshrew't, the brim of your hat
Struck in mine eye—dissemble honest tears,
The griefs my heart does labour in [*Aside*]—[it]
Unmeasurably. [smarts

Jul. A chance, a chance; 'twill off,
Suddenly off—forbear; this handkerchief
But makes it worse.

Cam. Wink, madam, with that eye,
The pain will quickly pass.

Vesp. Immediately;
I know it by experience.

Flav. Yes, I find it.

Jul. Spare us a little, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* CAM. *and* VESP.
Speak freely:
What wert thou saying, dearest?

Flav. Do you love me?
Answer in sober sadness; I'm your wife now,
I know my place and power.

Jul. What's this riddle?
Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question,
In being married to me; a sure argument
Of more than protestation.

Flav. Such it should be
Were you as other husbands: it is granted,
A woman of my state may like good clothes,
Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments,
All these I do enjoy; and wherefore not?
Great ladies should command their own delights:
And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,—
But I am serv'd even well enough.

Jul. My Flavia,
I understand not what thou would'st.

Flav. Pray pardon me;
I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish;
Trust me, indeed I am; for I could cry
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour:
You know I have a brother.

Jul. Romanello,
An unkind brother.

Flav. Right, right; since you bosom'd
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe
As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me,
Being but two, that we should live at distance,
As if I were a cast-away;—and you,
For your part, take no care on't, nor attempt
To draw him hither.

Jul. Say the man be peevish,
Must I petition him?

Flav. Yea, marry, must you,
Or else you love not me: not see my brother!
Yes I will see him; so I will, will see him;—
You hear't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle, prithee,—
You sha'nt be angry;—'las, I know, poor gentleman,
He bears a troubled mind: but let us meet
And talk a little; we perhaps may chide
At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet;
There's all.

Jul. Write to him, and invite him hither,
Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness;
I'll do what thou canst wish.

Flav. And, in requital,
Believe I shall say something that may settle
A constancy of peace, for which you'll thank me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SECCO *and* SPADONE.

Sec. The rarest fellow, Spadone! so full of gambols!—he talks so humorously—does he not?—so carelessly; oh, rich! On my hope of posterity, I could be in love with him.

Spa. His tongue trouls like a mill-clack; he towzes the lady-sisters as a tumbling dog does young rabbits; hey here! dab there! your Madonna,—he has a catch at her too; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

Sec. Jump with me! I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

Spa. Who brought him in? that would be known.

Sec. That did Signor Troylo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still; go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear.

Spa. A plain case; roguery, brokage and roguery, or call me bulchin. Fancies, quoth a'? rather Frenzies. We shall all roar shortly, turn madcaps, lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't—that boy page is a naughty boy page;—let me feel your forehead: ha! oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again! I'm sorry for ye, a hand-saw cannot cure ye: monstrous and apparent.
[*Feeling his forehead.*

Sec. What, what, what, what, what, Spadone?

Spa. What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips; you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns, else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf;—villainous boy, still!

Sec. My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

Spa. Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

Sec. I will trim him and tram him.

Spa. Nay, she may do well enough for one.

Sec. One? ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand; do beyond arithmetic! Spadone, I

speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

Spa. Gross and ridiculous !—look ye—point blank, I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself; but I think what I think.

Sec. He, Troylo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeping page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart; dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom ?

Spa. A likely matter ! 'las, I am metamorphosed, I ; be patient, you'll mar all else.

Laughing within. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Sec. Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant !

Spa. Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

Within. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

Enter TROYLO, CASTAMELA, FLORIO, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, *and* ROMANELLO *disguised as* PRASPIOLL.

Sil. You are extremely busy, signor.

Flo. Courtly,
Without a fellow.

Clar. Have a stabbing wit.

Cast. But are you always, when you press on ladies
Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,
So tart and keen as we do taste you now ?
It argues a lean brain.

Rom. Gip to your beauties !
You would be fair, forsooth ! you would be monsters ;
Fair women are such ;—monsters to be seen
Are rare, and so are they.

Troy. Bear with him, ladies.

Mor. He is a foul-mouth'd man.

Sec. Whore, bitch-fox, treddle !—[*Aside to* MOR.]—*fa la la la !*

Mor. How's that, my cat-a-mountain ?

Spa. Hold her there, boy.

Clar. Were you e'er in love, fine signor ?

Rom. Yes, for sport's sake,
But soon forgot it ; he that rides a gallop
Is quickly weary. I esteem of love
As of a man in some huge place ; it puzzles
Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul,
Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise—
In's own conceit, not else ; it yields effects
Of pleasure, travail ; bitter, sweet ; war, peace ;
Thorns, roses ; prayers, curses ; longings, surfeits,
Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover !—
Yes, I have loved a score at once.

Spa. Out, stallion ! as I am a man and no man, the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

Sec. Inhumanly ;—keep your bow close, vixen. [*Pinches* MOR.

Mor. Beshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest ! You pinch too hard ; go to, I'll pare your nails for't.

Spa. She means your horns ; there's a bob for you !

Clar. Spruce signor, if a man may love so many,
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege
Of several servants ?

Troy. Answer that ; the reason
Holds the same weight.

Mor. Marry, and so it does,
Though he would spit his gall out.

Spa. Mark that, Secco.

Sil. D'ye pump for a reply ?

Rom. The learned differ
In that point ; grand and famous scholars often
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful ;
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty
For me to silence mine.

Flo. Dull and phlegmatic !

Clar. Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever
More secret than men are.

Sil. Yea, and talk less.

Rom. That is a truth much fabled, never found.
You secret ! when your dresses blab your vanities ?
Carnation for your points ? there's a gross babbler ;
Tawney ? hey ho ! the pretty heart is wounded :
A knot of willow ribbons ? she's forsaken.
Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,
Wince and cry wee-hee ! like a colt unbroken :
But desperate black put them in mind of fish-days ;
When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine :
Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder ;
Where are they ? not in females.

Flo. In all sorts
Of men, no doubt !

Sil. Else they were sots to choose.

Clar. To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for profit.

Rom. Not so, forsooth : should love and judgment meet,
The old, the fool, the ugly, and deform'd,
Could never be beloved ; for example,
Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

Mor. I do defy thee ; am I old or ugly ?

Sec. Tricks, knacks, devices ! now it trouls about.

Rom. Troul let it, stripling ; thou hast yet firm footing,
And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery,
There's good philosophy for't : take this for comfort ;
No horned beasts have teeth in either gums ;
But thou art tooth'd on both sides, though she fail [in't.

Mor. He is not jealous, sirrah.

Rom. That's his fortune ;
Women indeed more jealous are than men,
But men have more cause.

Spa. There he rubb'd your forehead ;
'Twas a tough blow.

Sec. It smarts.

Mor. Pox on him ! let him
Put's fingers into any gums of mine,
He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

Sec. You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a cokes, an ass ; and this same filthy crone's a flirt.

Whoop, do me no harm, good—woman. [*Exit.*

Spa. Now, now he's in ! I must not leave him so. [*Exit.*

Troy. Morosa, what means this ?

Mor. I know not, I ;
He pinch'd me, call'd me names, most filthy names.
Will you part hence, sir ? [*To* ROM.] I will set ye packing. [*Exit.*

Clar. You were indeed too broad, too violent.

Flo. Here's nothing meant but mirth.

Sil. The gentleman
Hath been a little pleasant.

Clar. Somewhat bitter
Against our sex.

Cast. For which I promise him,
He ne'er proves choice of mine.
Rom. Not I your choice?
Troy. So she protested, signor.
Rom. Indeed!

Re-enter MOROSA.

Clar. Why, you are moved, sir.
Mor. Hence! there enters
A civiller companion for fair ladies,
Than such a sloven.
Rom. Beauties,—
Troy. Time prevents us,
Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.
[*Exeunt* TROY. *and* ROM.

Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, *and* LIVIO.

Oct. (*To* SECCO.) Enough! slip off, and on your life be secret. [*Exit* SEC.
A lovely day, young creatures! to you, Floria,
To you, Clarella, Silvia, to all, service!
But who is this fair stranger?
Liv. Castamela,
My sister, noble lord.
Oct. Let ignorance
Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,
And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd
This little family, most excellent virgin,
With the honour of your company.
Cast. I find them
Worthily graceful, sir.
Liv. Are you so taken? [*Aside.*
Oct. Here are no public sights nor courtly visitants,
Which youth and active blood might stray in thought for;
The companies are few, the pleasures single,
And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any,
Not perfectly acquainted with this custom:
Are they not, lovely one?
Liv. Sir, I dare answer
My sister's resolution. Free convérse
Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,
She ever hath preferr'd before the surquedry
Of protestation, or the vainer giddiness
Of popular attendants.
Cast. Well play'd, brother! [*Music within.*
Oct. The meaning of this music?
Mor. Please your lordship,
It is the ladies' hour for exercise
In song and dance.
Oct. I dare not be the author
Of truanting the time then, neither will I.
Mor. Walk on, dear ladies.
Oct. 'Tis a task of pleasure.
Liv. Be now my sister, stand a trial bravely.
Mor. (*To* CAST.) Remember my instructions, or—
[*Exit, followed by* LIV. FLO. CLAR. *and* SIL.
Oct. (*Detaining* CAST.) With pardon,
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,
To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,
We for a little while may sit as judges
Of their proficience; pray, vouchsafe the favour.
Cast. I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,
As now the present urgeth.
Oct. No compulsion,
That were too hard a word; where you are sovereign,
Your yea and nay is law: I have a suit t'ye.
Cast. For what, sir?
Oct. For your love.
Cast. To whom? I am not
So weary of the authority I hold
Over mine own contents in sleeps and wakings,
That I'd resign my liberty to any
Who should controul it.
Oct. Neither I intend so;
Grant me an entertainment.
Cast. Of what nature?
Oct. To acknowledge me your creature.
Cast. Oh, my lord,
You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,
For my green inexperience.
Oct. Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be beloved.
I am not free from passion, though the current
Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me;
My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,
That bounty can withhold: this acadèmy
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only
To such a constant use.
Cast. You have, belike, then,
A patent for concealing virgins: otherwise,
Make plainer your intentions.
Oct. To be pleasant
In practice of some outward senses only;
No more.
Cast. No worse you dare not to imagine,
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,
Out-faces every wickedness your dotage
Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies;
Your fact'ress hath been tamp'ring for my misery,
Your old temptation, your she-devil:—bear with
A language which this place, and none but this, hath
Infected my tongue with. The time will come, too,
When he, unhappy man! whom your advancement
Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,
Will curse he train'd me hither——Livio—
I must not call him brother—this one act
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.
Oct. The proffer of a noble courtesy
Is check'd, it seems.
Cast. A courtesy?—a bondage:
You are a great man, vicious, much more vicious,
Because you hold a seeming league with charity,
Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality
For sensualists in your own sepulchre,
Even by your life-time; yet are dead already.
Oct. How's this? come, be more mild.
Cast. You chide me soberly;
Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music.
You are an eminent statist; be a father
To such unfriended virgins as your bounty
Hath drawn into a scandal: you are powerful
In means; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies
Of wants; convert this privacy of maintenance
Into your own court; let this, as you call it,
Your Academy, have a residence there;
And there survey your charity yourself:
That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands,
With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,
You may yield to the present age, example,
And to posterity, a glorious chronicle;
There were a work of piety! The other is

A scorn upon your tombstone; where the reader
Will but expound, that when you liv'd, you pandar'd
Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold, sir;
Some anger and some pity hath directed
A wand'ring trouble.
Oct. Be not known what passages
The time hath lent; for once, I can bear with you.
Cast. I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,
And be your guest awhile.
Oct. Be—but hereafter—
I know not what.—Livio!

Re-enter LIVIO *and* MOROSA.

Liv. My lord.
Cast. Indeed, sir.
I cannot part wi' ye yet.
Oct. Well, then, thou shalt not,
My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,
A perfect sister, Livio.
Mor. All is inck'd here,
Good soul, indeed! [*Aside.*
Liv. I'd speak with you anon.
Cast. It may be so.
Oct. Come, fair one.
Liv. Oh, I am cheated! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter LIVIO *and* CASTAMELA.

Liv. Prithee, be serious.
Cast. Prithee, interrupt not
The paradise of my becharming thoughts,
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move in,
Above this useless tattle.
Liv. Tattle, sister!
D'ye know to whom you talk this?
Cast. To the gentleman
Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office!
'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankful.
Demean your carriage in it so, that negligence,
Or pride of your preferment, oversway not
The grace you hold in his esteem; such fortunes
Drop not down every day: observe the favour
That rais'd you to this fortune.
Liv. Thou mistak'st sure
What person thou hold'st speech with.
Cast. Strange and idle.
Liv. Is't possible? why, you are turn'd a mistress,
A mistress of the trim! Beshrew me, lady,
You keep a stately port; but it becomes you not.
Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,
Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness,
Not in a hey-dey-gay of scurvy gallantry:
You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion,
You ape the humour faintly.
Cast. "Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be beloved."
Liv. Fine sport!
You mind not me; will you yet hear me, madam?
Cast. "Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,
That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.
Liv. And so you clapt the bargain! the conceit on't
Tickles your contemplation! 'tis come out now:
A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,
Will prove her traitor; this was all I sifted,
And here have found thee wretched.
Cast. We shall flourish;
Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be straiten'd
Within the limits of an empty patience;
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only
On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures;
But be ourselves the object of their envy,
To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.
It was thy cunning, Livio, I applaud it,
Fear nothing; I'll be thrifty in thy projects:
Want? misery? may all such want as think on't!
Our footing shall be firm.
Liv. You are much witty.
Why, Castamela, this to me? you counterfeit
Most palpably; I am too well acquainted
With thy condition, sister. If the marquis
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,
Provoking thy contempt; not all the flatteries
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising
Can, or shall, slave our souls.
Cast. Indeed not so, sir;
You are beside the point, most gentle signor!
I'll be no more your ward, no longer chamber'd,
Nor mew'd up to the lure of your devotion;
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not; surely
I cannot, for my promise past; and sufferance
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me:
You may take this for answer.
Liv. In such earnest!
Hath goodness left thee quite? Fool, thou art wand'ring
In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity
Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.
Come home again, home, Castamela, sister,
Home to thine own simplicity; and rather
Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft
Of an abused confidence, be courted
For Romanello.
Cast. Romanello!
Liv. Scorn'st thou
The name? thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd, rebels
To all that's honest; that's to truth and honour.
Cast. So, sir, and in good time!
Liv. Thou art fallen suddenly
Into a plurisy of faithless impudence;
A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy
Of raging lust, and thou art mad to prostitute
The glory of thy virgin-dower basely
For common sale. This foulness must be purged,
Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,
Which can even taint the very air about thee;
But I shall study physic.
Cast. Learn good manners:
I take it, you are saucy.
Liv. Saucy? strumpet
In thy desires! 'tis in my power to cut off
The twist thy life is spun by.
Cast. Phew! you rave now:

But if you have not perish'd all your reason,
Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,
For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketing
Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,
Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you, mark it,—
'T expose me to the danger now you rail at!
Brought me, nay, forced me hither, without question
Of what might follow; here you find the issue:
And I distrust not but it was th' appointment
Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me
Than widowed virginity.

Liv. You are a gallant;
One of my old lord's Fancies. Peevish girl,
Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sickness,
A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,
A toothless head, a—?—this is but a merriment,
Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee;
Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want:
Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,
Good maid, of gentle nature.

Cast. By my hopes,
I never placed affection on that gentleman,
Though he deserv'd well; I have told him often
My resolution.

Liv. Will you hence, and trust to
My care of settling you a peace?

Cast. No, surely;
Such treaty may break off.

Liv. Off be it broken!
I'll do what thou shalt rue.

Cast. You cannot, Livio.

Liv. So confident, young mistress mine! I'll do't. [*Exit.*

Enter TROYLO.

Troy. Incomparable maid!

Cast. You have been counsellor
To a strange dialogue.

Troy. If there be constancy
In protestation of a virtuous nature,
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

Cast. Be noble; I am credulous: my language
Hath prejudiced my heart; I am my brother
Ne'er parted at such distance: yet, I glory
In the fair race he runs; but fear the violence
Of his disorder.

Troy. Little time shall quit him. [*They retire.*

Enter SECCO, *leading* NITIDO *in a garter with one hand, a rod in the other; followed by* MOROSA, SILVIA, FLORIA, CLARELLA. SPADONE *behind laughing.*

Sec. The young whelp is mad; I must slice the worm out of his breech. I have noosed his neck in the collar; and I will once turn dog-leech: stand from about me, or you'll find me terrible and furious.

Nit. Ladies, good ladies, dear madam, Morosa!

Flo. Honest Secco!

Sil. What was the cause? what wrong has he done to thee?

Clar. Why dost thou fright us so, and art so peremptory
Where we are present, fellow?

Mor. Honey-bird, spouse, cat-a-mountain! ah, the child, the pretty poor child, the sweet-faced child!

Spa. That very word halters the earwig.

Sec. Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked truth to your faces! his fore-parts have been too lusty, and his posteriors must do penance for't. Untruss, whiskin, untruss! away, burs! out, mare-hag mule! avaunt! thy turn comes next, avaunt! the horns of my rage are advanced; hence, or I shall gore ye!

Spa. Lash him soundly; let the little ape show tricks.

Nit. Help, or I shall be throttled!

Mor. Yes, I will help thee, pretty heart; if my tongue cannot prevail, my nails shall. Barbarous-minded man, let go, or I shall use my talons. [*They fight.*

Spa. Well played, dog; well played, bear! sa, sa, sa! to't, to't!

Sec. Fury, whore, bawd, my wife and the devil!

Mor. Toss-pot, stinkard, pandar my husband and a rascal!

Spa. Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot jump together;
One is like good luck,
T' other like foul weather.

Troy. Let us fall in now.—(*Comes forward with* CAST.)—What uncivil rudeness
Dares offer a disturbance to this company?
Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and outrage:
Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why
You so forget your duty, quickly show it,
Or I shall tame your choler; what's the ground on't?

Spa. Humph, how's that? how's that? is he there, with a wannion! then do I begin to dwindle.—*O, oh! the fit, the fit; the fit's upon me now, now, now, now!* [*Aside.*

Sec. It shall out. First then, know all Christian people, Jews, and infidels, he's and she's, by these presents, that I am a beast; see what I say, I say a very beast.

Troy. 'Tis granted.

Sec. Go to, then; a horned beast, a goodly tall, horned beast; in pure verity, a cuckold:—nay, I will tickle their trangdidos.

Mor. Ah, thou base fellow! would'st thou confess it an it were so? but 'tis not so; and thou liest, and loudly.

Troy. Patience, Morosa:—you are, you say, a cuckold?

Sec. I'll justify my words, I scorn to eat them! this sucking ferret hath been wriggling in my old coney-burrow.

Mor. The boy, the babe, the infant! I spit at thee.

Cast. Fie, Secco, fie.

Sec. Appear, Spadone! my proofs are pregnant and gross; truth is the truth; I must and I will be divorced: speak, Spadone, and exalt thy voice.

Spa. Who? I speak? alas, I cannot speak, I.

Nit. As I hope to live to be a man—

Sec. Damn the prick of thy weason-pipe!—where but two lie in a bed, you must be bodkin, bitch-baby, must you?—Spadone, am I a cuckold or no cuckold?

Spa. Why, you know I [am] an ignorant, unable trifle in such business; an oaf, a simple alcatote, an innocent.

Sec. Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that; this ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

Mor. Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage!

Sec. Spadone, speak aloud what I am.
Spa. I do not know.
Sec. What hast thou seen them doing together? doing?
Spa. Nothing.
Mor. Are thy mad brains in thy mazer now, thou jealous bedlam?
Sec Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as much?
Spa. Never.
Sec. Hey-day! ladies and signor, I am abused; they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of my wits, by consent. This gelded hobet-a-hoy is a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildoe, my wife a whore confest, and I myself a cuckold arrant.
Spa. Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman I dare swear point-blank; and the boy, surely, I ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chrisome in the thing you wot; that's my opinion clearly.
Clar. What a wise goose-cap hast thou shew'd thyself!
Sec. Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it shall. Law I will have: I will never more tumble in sheets with thee, I will father no misbegotten of thine; the court shall trounce thee, the city cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittle confound thee. [*Exit.*
Cast. The man has dream'd himself into a lunacy.
Sil. Alas, poor Nitido!
Nit. Truly, I am innocent.
Mor. Marry art thou; so thou art. The world says, how virtuously I have carried my good name in every part about me these threescore years and odd; and at last to slip with a child! there are men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh; but this is the life I have led with him a while, since when he lies by me as cold as a dry stone.
Troy. This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty;
All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone,
Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.
Spa. Faithfully, in truth forsooth—
Troy. Well, well, enough.—Morosa, be less [troubled;
This little jarr is argument of love,
It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend you.
[*Exeunt all but* SPA. *and* NIT.
Spa. Youngling, a word, youngling; have not you scaped the lash handsomely? thank me for't.
Nit. I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.
Spa. Is't possible? Give me thy little fist; we are friends: have a care henceforth; remember this whilst you live—
And still the urchin would, but could not do.
pretty knave, and so forth! come, truce on all hands.
Nit. Beshrew your fool's head; this was jest in earnest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* ROMANELLO'S *House.*

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. I will converse with beasts, there is in mankind
No sound society; but, in woman—bless me!—
Nor faith nor reason: I may justly wonder
What trust was in my mother.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A caroch, sir,
Stands at the gate.
Rom. Stand let it still and freeze there!
Make sure the locks.
Serv. Too late; you are prevented.

Enter FLAVIA, *followed by* CAMILLO *and* VESPUCCI, *who stand apart.*

Flav. Brother, I come—
Rom. Unlook'd for;—I but sojourn
Myself; I keep nor house, nor entertainments,
French cooks composed, Italian collations:—
Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,
Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,
Perfume not our low roofs;—the way lies open;
That, there.—[*Points to the door.*] Good day, [great madam!
Flav. Why d'ye slight me?
For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,
Which may deliver my deserts inferior,
Or to our births or family, is nature
Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?
Ves. What's this, Camillo?
Cam. Not the strain in ordinary.
Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how- [ever,
You are a woman.
Flav. Pensive and unfortunate,
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen
More griefs than female weakness can keep league [with.
Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report,
Spit what it dares invent against my actions;
And it shall never find a power to blemish
My mention, other than beseems a patient ·
I not repine at lowness; and the fortunes
Which I attend on now, are, as I value them,
No new creation to a looser liberty;
Your strangeness only may beget a change
In wild opinion.
Cam. Here's another tang
Of sense, Vespucci.
Ves. Listen, and observe.
Rom. Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be contented,
In presence of your ushers, once to prattle
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned
The lady-regent, by whose special influence
Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd?
Flav. His wife, 'tis known I am; and in that [title
Obedient to a service; else, of greatness
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.
Rom. He loves you?
Flav. As worthily as dearly.
Rom. And 'tis believed how practice quickly fashion'd
A port of humorous antickness in carriage,
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.
Cam. Put home roundly.
Ves. A ward for that blow?
Flav. Safety of mine honour
Instructed such deceit.
Rom. Your honour?
Flav. Witness
This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy
Presumed to plot a siege.
Cam. Ves. We, madam!
Rom. On, on;
Some leisure serves us now.
Flav. Still as Lord Julio
Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon,
If I forget to name him!—by whose poverty

Of honest truth, I was renounced in marriage;
These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,
By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,
Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,
Almost unto an impudence; regardless
Of him, on whose supportance they relied.
Rom. Dare not for both your lives to interrupt her.
Flav. Baited thus to vexation, I assumed
A dulness of simplicity; till afterwards
Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd
Into this present state of my condition,
(Concluding henceforth absolute security
From their lascivious villanies) I continued
My former custom of ridiculous lightness,
As they did their pursuit; t' acquaint my lord, were
To have ruin'd their best certainty of living:
But that might yield suspicion in my nature;
And women may be virtuous, without mischief
To such as tempt them.
Rom. You are much to blame, sirs,
Should all be truth is utter'd.
Flav. For that justice
I did command them hither; for a privacy
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,
Needed no secretaries such as these are.
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge
I fly for right to; if I be thy sister,
And not a bastard, answer their confession,
Or threaten vengeance, with perpetual silence.
Cam. My follies are acknowledged; you're a lady
Who have outdone example: when I trespass
In ought but duty and respects of service,
May hopes of joys forsake me!
Ves. To like penance
I join a constant votary.
Rom. Peace, then,
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd
Intranced affection from its sleep to knowledge
Of once more who thou art; no jealous frenzy
Shall hazard a distrust: reign in thy sweetness,
Thou only worthy woman; these two converts
Record our hearty union. I have shook off
My thraldom, lady, and have made discoveries
Of famous novels;—but of those hereafter.
Thus we seal love; you shall know all, and wonder.

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. Health and his heart's desire to Romanello!
My welcome I bring with me.—Noblest lady,
Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence;
This may be held intrusion.
Flav. Not by me, sir.
Rom. You are not frequent here, as I remember;
But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,
Be bold to use it; to the point.
Liv. This lady,
With both these gentlemen, in happy hour
May be partakers of the long-lived amity,
Our souls must link in.
Rom. So; belike the marquis
Stores some new grace, some special close employment,
For whom your kind commends, by deputation,
Please think on to oblige; and Livio's charity
Descends on Romanello liberally,
Above my means to thank!
Liv. Sienna sometimes
Has been inform'd how gladly there did pass
A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela,
From this good heart; it was in me an error—
Wilful and causeless, 'tis confest,—that hinder'd
Such honourable prosecution,
Even and equal; better thoughts consider,
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led you
To vows of true affection; us of friendship.
Rom. Sits the wind there, boy! [*Aside.*]—
Leaving formal circumstance,
Proceed; you dally yet.
Liv. Then, without plea,—
For countenancing what has been injurious
On my part, I am come to tender really
My sister a lov'd wife t' ye; freely take her,
Right honest man, and as you live together,
May your increase of years prove but one spring,
One lasting flourishing youth! she is your own;
My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to ceremony
Flav. Brother, this day was meant a holiday,
For feast on every side.
Rom. The new-turn'd courtier
Proffers most frankly; but withal leaves out
A due consideration of the narrowness
Our short estate is bounded in! Some politics
As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,
In their own competencies, gather also
Grave supplement of providence and wisdom;
Yet he abates in his.—You use a triumph
In your advantages; it smells of state:
We know you are no fool.
Flav. 'Sooth, I believe him.
Cam. Else 'twere imposture.
Ves. Folly, rank and senseless.
Liv. Enjoin an oath at large.
Rom. Since you mean earnest,
Receive, in satisfaction; I am resolv'd
For single life. There was a time,—*was*, Livio,—
When indiscretion blinded forecast in me;
But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,
Prevail'd against all passion.
Liv. You'd be courted;
Courtship's the child of coyness. Romanello,
And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.
Rom. "A single life's no burthen; but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and doth require
A double maintenance:" Livio's very words;
"For he can live without a wife, and purchase:"
By'r lady so you do, sir; send you joy on't!
These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.
Liv. Full—answer was late made to this already;
My sister's only thine.
Rom. Where lives the creature
Your pity stoops to pin upon your servant?
Not in a nunnery for a year's probation.
Fie on such coldness! there are Bowers of Fancies
Ravish'd from troops of fairy nymphs, and virgins
Cull'd from the downy breasts of queens their mothers,
In the Titanian empire, far from mortals;
But these are tales:—'troth, I have quite abandoned
All loving humour.
Liv. Here is scorn in riddles.
Rom. Were there another marquis in Sienna,
More potent than the same who is vicegerent
To the great duke of Florence, our grand master;
Were the great duke himself here, and would lift up
My head to fellow-pomp amongst his nobles,
By falsehood to the honour of a sister,
Urging me instrument in his seraglio,
I'd tear the wardrobe of an outside from him,
Rather than live a pandar to his bribery.

Liv. So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,
Without a noise that's singular.
Rom. She's a countess,
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,
Though far from our procurement.
Liv. Castamela
Is refused then!
Rom. Never design'd my choice,
You know, and I know, Livio;—more, I tell thee,—
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,
When reason intercedes: by all that's manly,
I range not in derision, but compassion.
Liv. Intelligence flies swiftly.
Rom. Pretty swiftly;
We have compared the copy with the original,
And find no disagreement.
Liv. So my sister
Can be no wife for Romanello?
Rom. No, no,
One no, once more and ever:—this your courtesy
Foil'd me a second. Sir, you brought a welcome,
You must not part without it; scan with pity
My plainness: I intend nor gall nor quarrel.
Liv. Far be't from me to press a blame. Great lady,
I kiss your noble hands;—and to these gentlemen
Present a civil parting. Romanello,
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news
Of alteration; if I send, come to me.
Rom. Questionless, yea.
Liv. My thanks may quit the favour. [*Exit.*
Flav. Brother, his intercourse of conference
Appears at once perplex'd, but withal sensible.
Rom. Doubts easily resolved; upon your virtues
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded.
I'll guard you to your home; lost in one comfort,
Here I have found another.
Flav. Goodness prosper it! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, *and* NITIDO.

Oct. No more of these complaints and clamours! Have we
Nor enemies abroad, nor waking sycophants,
Who, peering through our actions, wait occasion
By which they watch to lay advantage open
To vulgar descant; but amongst ourselves,
Some, whom we call our own, must practise scandal
(Out of a liberty of ease and fulness)
Against our honour? We shall quickly order
Strange reformation, sirs, and you will find it.
Troy. When servants' servants, slaves, once relish license
Of good opinion from a noble nature,
They take upon them boldness to abuse
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,
As if they were exempt from that condition.
Oct. He is unfit to manage public matters,
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.
You must be jealous, puppy,—of a boy too!
Raise uproars, bandy noise, amongst young maidens;
Keep revels in your madness, use authority
Of giving punishment: a fool must fool ye;
And this is all but pastime, as you think it!
Nit. With your good lordship's favour, since, Spadone
Confess'd it was a gullery put on Secco,
For some revenge meant me.
Troy. He vow'd it truth,
Before the ladies, in my hearing.
Oct. Sirrah,
I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,
Your suds and pan of small-coal: take your damsel,
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head,
Try then what custom reverence can trade in;
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neighbours,
That all the town may roar ye! now you simper,
And look like a shaved skull.
Nit. This comes of prating.
Sec. I am, my lord, a worm; pray, my lord, tread on me,
I will not turn again;—'las, I shall never venture
To hang my pole out—on my knees, I beg it,
My bare knees; I will down unto my wife,
And do what she will have me, all I can do;
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,
Be an obedient husband, never cross her,
Unless sometimes in kindness:—Signor Troylo,
Speak one sweet word; I'll swear 'twas in my madness,
I said I knew not what, and that no creature
Was brought by you amongst the ladies; Nitido,
I'll forswear thee too.
Oct. Wait a while our pleasure;
You shall know more anon.
Sec. Remember me now. [*Exeunt* SEC. *and* NIT.
Oct. Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and nearest
In blood to me; thou hast been next in counsels.
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider
How much they do engage) work by instinct,
In every worthy or ignoble mention
Which can concern me.
Troy. Sir, they have, and shall,
As long as I bear life.
Oct. Henceforth the stewardship
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,
Has undertook, must yield the world account,
And make clear reckonings; yet we stand suspected,
In our even courses.
Troy. But when time shall wonder
How much it was mistaken in the issue
Of honourable and secure contrivements;
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice
Deserving approbation, will quite foil
The ignorance of popular opinion.
Oct. Report is merry with my feats; my dotage,
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.
Troy. True, sir; but Romanello's late admission
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour
Without all contradiction; now 'tis oracle,
And so receiv'd: I am confirm'd the lady,
By this time, proves his scorn as well as laughter.

Oct. And we with her his table-ta k; she stands
In any firm affection to him?
Troy. None, sir, not
More than her wonted nobleness afforded
Out of a civil custom.
Oct. We are resolute
In our determination, meaning quickly
To cause these clouds fly off; the ordering of it,
Nephew, is thine.
Troy. Your care, and love commands me.

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. I come, my lord, a suitor.
Oct. Honest Livio,
Perfectly honest, really; no fallacies,
No flaws are in thy truth: I shall promote thee
To place more eminent.
Troy. Livio deserves it.
Oct. What suit? speak boldly.
Liv. Pray discharge my office,
My mastership; 'twere better live a yeoman,
And live with men, than over-eye your horses,
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.
Oct. Such breath sounds but ill-manners; know, young man,
Old as we are, our soul retains a fire
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood
That wears a pride to brave us.
Troy. He's my friend, sir.
Oct. You are weary of our service, and may leave it;
We can court no man's duty.
Liv. Without passion,
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your Troylo,
Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood?
'Tis no rude question.
Oct. Had you known his mother,
You might have sworn her honest; let him justify
Himself not base born: for thy sister's sake,
I do conceive the like of thee; be wiser,
But prate to me no more thus.—[*To* TROYLO.] – If the gallant.
Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,
I meant to employ him in. [*Exit.*
Troy. Fie, Livio, wherefore
Turn'd wild upon the sudden?
Liv. Pretty gentleman,
How modestly you move your doubts! how tamely!
Ask Romanello: he hath, without leave,
Survey'd your Bower of Fancies, hath discover'd
The mystery of those pure nuns, those chaste ones,
Untouch'd, forsooth! the holy academy!
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,
And one who call'd my father, father; talks on't,
Ruffles in mirth on't; baffled to my face
The glory of her greatness by it.
Troy. Truly?
Liv. Death to my sufferance, canst thou hear this misery,
And answer it with a "truly"? 'Twas thy wickedness,
False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,
That, her to ruin: she was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy when mists and vapours
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.
Troy. Says he so, Livio?
Liv. Yes, an't like your nobleness,
He truly does so say! Your breach of friendship
With me, must borrow courage from your uncle.
Whilst your sword talks an answer; there's no remedy,
I will have satisfaction, though thy life
Come short of such demand.
Troy. Then satisfaction,
Much worthier than your sword can force, you shall have,
Yet mine shall keep the peace. I can be angry,
And brave aloud in my reply; but honour
Schools me to fitter grounds: this, as a gentleman,
I promise, ere the minutes of the night
Warn us to rest, such satisfaction,—hear me,
And credit it—as more you cannot wish for,
So much, not think of.
Liv. Not? the time is short;
Before our sleeping hour, you vow?
Troy. I do,
Before we ought to sleep.
Liv. So I intend too;
On confidence of which, what left the marquis
In charge for me? I'll do't.
Troy. Invite count Julio,
His lady, and her brother, with their company,
To my lord's court at supper.
Liv. Easy business;
And then—
Troy. And then, soon after, the performance
Of my past vow waits on ye; but be certain
You bring them with you.
Liv. Yet your servant.
Troy. Nearer, my friend; you'll find no less.
Liv. 'Tis strange: is't possible? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, *and* SILVIA.

Cast. You have discours'd to me a lovely story,
My heart doth dance to th' music; 'twere a sin
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent
Even by the patent of your years and language,
Inform a truth. O! talk it o'er again.
You are, you say, three daughters of one mother,
That mother only sister to the marquis,
Whose charge hath, since her death, (being left widow,)
Here in this place preferr'd your education?
Is't so?
Clar. It is even so; and howsoever
Report may wander loosely in some scandal
Against our privacies, yet we have wanted
No graceful means fit for our births and qualities
To train us up into a virtuous knowledge
Of what, and who we ought to be.
Flo. Our uncle
Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him,
Before he show'd us to the world, to render
Our youths and our demeanours in each action
Approv'd by his experience, than too early
Adventure on the follies of the age,
By prone temptations fatal.
Sil. In good deed, la,
We mean no harm.
Cast. Deceit must want a shelter
Under a roof that's covering to souls
So white as breathe beneath it, such as these are
My happiness shares largely in this blessing,

And I must thank direction of the providence
Which led me hither.
Clar. Aptly have you styled it
A providence, for, ever in chaste loves,
Such majesty hath power. Our kinsman, Troylo,
Was herein his own factor; he will prove,—
Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,
As noble; we can bail him from the cruelty
Of misconstruction.
Flo. You will find his tongue
But a just secretary to his heart.
Cast. The guardianess, dear creatures, now and [then,
It seems, makes bold to talk.
Clar. She has waited on us
From all our cradles; will prate sometimes oddly,
However, means but sport: I am unwilling
Our household should break up, but must obey
His wisdom, under whose command we live;
Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not:
Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.—

Enter MOROSA, *and* SECCO, *with his apron on, carrying a bason of water, scissars, comb, towels, razor, &c.*

Sec. Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey, all and everything, I am thine ever and only; will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean, and get honour by it: heartily I ask forgiveness; be gracious to thine own flesh and blood, and kiss me home.

Mor. Look you provoke us no more; for this time you shall find mercy.—Was 't that hedgehog set thy brains a-crowing? be quits with him; but do not hurt the great male-baby.

Sec. Enough; I am wise, and will be merry.—Haste, beauties; the caroches will sudden receive you: a night of pleasure is toward, pray for good husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty ones, and let me alone to trim them.

Mor. Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can, time runs apace; what you must do, do nimbly, and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand fumbling! fie, away; be ready, for shame, beforehand. Husband, stand to thy tackling, husband, like a man of mettle:—go, go, go!

[*Exit with the Ladies.*

Sec. [*Aloud.*] Will ye come away, loiterers? shall I wait all day? am I at livery d'ye think?

Enter SPADONE *ready to be trimmed, and* NITIDO.

Spa. Here, and ready; what a mouthing thou keepest! I have but scoured my hands, and curried my head to save time. Honest Secco! neat Secco! precious barbarian! now thou lookest like a worshipful tooth-drawer; would I might see thee on horseback, in the pomp, once.

Sec. A chair, a chair! quick, quick!

Nit. Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine boy: sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of the Nine Worthies! thou'lt be a sweet youth anon, sirrah.

Spa. (*Sits down.*) So; to work with a grace now. I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excrements of slovenry.

Sec. Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

Nit. Nay, the thing under your fingers is a whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

Spa. I a whelp of the wits? no, no, I cannot ark impudently and ignorantly enough. Oh, an a man of this art had now and then sovereignty over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and their lower lips, you'd so smouch and belaver their chops!

Sec. We light on some offices for ladies too, as occasion serves.

Nit. Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plane their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks, keep secrets, and tell news; that's all.

Sec. Wink fast with both your eyes: the ingredients to the composition of this ball are most odorous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum: they will search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the shop windows of your head close.

[SPA. *shuts his eyes, while* SEC. *besmears the whole of his face.*

Spa. News! well remembered; that's part of your trade too;—prithee do not rub so roughly—and how goes the tattle o' the town? what novelties stirring, ha?

Sec. Strange, and scarce to be credited. A gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child, here hard by: most admirable and portentous!

Spa. I'll never believe it; 'tis impossible.

Nit. Most certain: some doctor-farriers are of opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spur or switch.

Spa. Oh rare! a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and never be in danger of the cheat:—this water, methinks, is none of the sweetest; camphire and soap of Venice, say ye?

Sec. With a little *Græcum album* for mundification.

Nit. *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed powder, which plain country people, I believe, call dog-musk.

Spa. Dog-musk! pox o'the dog-musk!—what! dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such twitches to't? Set me at liberty as soon as thou canst, gentle Secco.

Sec. Only pare off a little superfluous down from your chin, and all's done.

Spa. Pish, no matter for that; dispatch, I entreat thee.

Nit. Have patience, man; 'tis for his credit to be neat.

Spa. What's that so cold at my throat, and scrubs so hard?

Sec. A kind of steel instrument, ycleped a razor, a sharp tool and a keen; it has a certain virtue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't—hold up your muzzle, signor—when did you talk bawdily to my wife last? tell me for your own good, signor, I advise you.

Spa. I talk bawdily to thy wife? hang bawdry! Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip.

Nit. Give him kind words, you were best, for a toy that I know.

Sec. Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whiffing tobacco, or squirting of sweet wines down your gullet—you have been offering to play the gelding we told you of, I suppose—speak truth,—move the semicircle of your countenance to my left

hand file,—out with the truth; would you have had a leap?

Nit. Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle, have a good heart, and pray if thou canst; I pity thee.

Spa. I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

Sec. Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch! this cut, and then—

Spa. Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts! I am no eunuch, you finical ass, I am no eunuch; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy! to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap, and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

Nit. O scurvy! thou art angry; feel, man, whether thy weason be not cracked first.

Sec. You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows! Have I fitted you now, sir?

Enter MOROSA.

Spa. All's whole yet, I hope.

Mor. Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet; but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt find a roguy bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion; Nitido has paged it trimly too: no wording, but make ready and attend at court.

Sec. Now we know thou art a man, we forget what hath past, and are fellows and friends again.

Nit. Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor. [*Exeunt* MOR. SEC. *and* NIT.

Spa. The fear put me into a sweat; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own, and must laugh for company, or be laughed at. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

Enter LIVIO *and* TROYLO.

Liv. You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant,
And brought th' expected guests: amidst these feastings,
These costly entertainments, you must pardon
My incivility that here sequesters
Your ears from choice of music or discourse,
To a less pleasant parley. Night draws on,
And quickly will grow old; it were unmanly
For any gentleman who loves his honour,
To put it on the rack; here is small comfort
Of such a satisfaction as was promised,
Though certainly it must be had: pray tell me,
What can appear about me to be used thus?
My soul is free from injuries.

Troy. My tongue
From serious untruths; I never wrong'd you,
Love you too well to mean it now.

Liv. Not wrong'd me?
Bless'd Heaven! this is the bandy of a patience
Beyond all sufferance.

Troy. If your own acknowledgement
Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest
Shall shut our eyes up, say, I made a forfeit
Of what no length of years can once redeem.

Liv. Fine whirls in tame imagination! On, sir;
It is scarce mannerly at such a season,
Such a solemnity (the place and presence
Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

Troy. Prepare for free contents, and give 'em welcome.

A Flourish.—Enter OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA, ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, *and* VESPUCCI.

Oct. I dare not study words, or hold a compliment,
For this particular, this special favour.

Jul. Your bounty and your love, my lord, must justly
Engage a thankfulness.

Flav. Indeed,
Varieties of entertainment here
Have so exceeded all account of plenty,
That you have left, great sir, no rarities
Except an equal welcome, which may purchase
Opinion of a common hospitality.

Oct. But for this grace, madam, I will lay open
Before your judgments, which I know can rate them,
A cabinet of jewels, rich and lively,
The world can show none goodlier; those I prize
Dear as my life.—Nephew!

Troy. Sir, I obey you. [*Exit.*

Flav. Jewels, my lord?

Oct. No stranger's eye e'er view'd them,
Unless your brother Romanello haply
Was woo'd unto a sight, for his approvement;
No more.

Rom. Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir,
You cannot think I am a lapidary;
I, skill in jewels!

Oct. 'Tis a proper quality
For any gentleman; your other friends,
May be, are not so coy.

Jul. Who, they? they know not
A topaz from an opal.

Cam. We are ignorant
In gems which are not common.

Vesp. But his lordship
Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.——
For passage of the time, till they are brought,
Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.
Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read
A novelty; 'tis written from Bononia.
Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,
Is entered into orders, and received
Amongst the Capuchins, a fellow; news
Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant:
Certain, I can assure it.

Jul. He at last has
Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

Rom. Most happy man!—I now forgive the injuries
Thy former life exposed thee to.

Liv. Turn capuchin!
He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up
Only an useless sum to be laid out
In an unthrifty lewdness, that must buy
Both name and riot; oh, my fickle destiny! [*Aside.*

Rom. Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,
But thankfully.

Flav. He's now dead to the world,
And lives to Heaven; a saint's reward reward him!—
My only loved lord, all your fears are henceforth
Confined unto a sweet and happy penance. [*Aside.*

Re-enter TROYLO, *with* CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, SILVIA, *and* MOROSA.

Oct. Behold, I keep my word; these are the jewels
Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal
Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre,
Does it not sparkle! wherefore dwells your silence
In such amazement?
Liv. Patience, keep within me,
Leap not yet rudely into scorn of anger! [*Aside.*
Flav. Beauties incomparable!
Oct. Romanello,
I have been only steward to your pleasures;
You loved this lady once; what say you now to her?
Cast. I must not court you, sir.
Rom. By no means, fair one;
Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring
Is past, the BOWER OF FANCIES is quite wither'd,
And offer'd like a lottery to be drawn;
I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—
Exquisite jewels!
Liv. Hark ye, Troylo.
Troy. Spare me.
Oct. You then renounce all right in Castamela?
Say, Romanello.
Rom. Gladly.
Troy. Then I must not:
Thus I embrace mine own, my wife; confirm it
Thus—When I fail, my dearest, to deserve thee,
Comforts and life shall fail me!
Cast. Like vow I,
For my part.
Troy. Livio, now my brother, justly
I have given satisfaction.
Cast. Oh, excuse
Our secrecy; I have been—
Liv. Much more worthy
A better brother, he a better friend
Than my dull brains could fashion.
Rom. Am I cozen'd?
Oct. You are not, Romanello: we examined
On what conditions your affections fix'd,
And found them merely courtship; but my nephew
Loved with a faith resolv'd, and used his policy
To draw the lady into this society,
More freely to discover his sincerity;
Even without Livio's knowledge; thus succeeded
And prosper'd:—he's my heir, and she deserv'd him.
Jul. Storm not at what is past. [*To* ROM.
Flav. A fate as happy
May crown you with a full content.
Oct. Whatever
Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these,
Know they are all my nieces, are the daughters
To my dead only sister; this their guardianess
Since they first saw the world: indeed, my mistresses
They are, I have none other; how brought up,
Their qualities may speak. Now, Romanello,
And gentlemen, for such I know ye all,
Portions they shall not want, both fit and worthy;
Nor will I look on fortune; if you like,
Court them and win them; here is free access,
In mine own court henceforth: only for thee,
Livio, I wish Clarella were allotted.
Liv. Most noble lord, I am struck silent.
Flav. Brother,
Here's noble choice.
Rom. Frenzy, how didst thou seize me?
Clar. We knew you, sir, in Pragnioli's posture.
Flo. Were merry at the sight.
Sil. And gave you welcome.
Mor. Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like you.
Oct. Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the night,
Some menial servants of mine own are ready
For to present a Merriment; they intend,
According to th' occasion of the meeting,
In several shapes, to show how love o'ersways
All men of several conditions, Soldier,
Gentry, Fool, Scholar, Merchant-man, and Clown;
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.
[*Music.*

Enter SPADONE, SECCO, NITIDO, *and other Maskers, dressed, respectively, as the six characters mentioned above.*

A DANCE.

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,
Cast off thy borrowed title: nephew Troylo,
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honestly.
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.—
Great men may be mistook when they mean best.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by MOROSA, CLARELLA, CASTAMELA, *and* FLAVIA.

Mor. A while suspected, gentlemen, I look
For no new law, being quitted by the book.
Clar. Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,
Actions of scandal; may they free report!
Cast. Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs;
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.
Flav. Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

TO MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS. MARY WYRLEY, HIS WIFE,

THIS SERVICE.

The inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search: the other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy; so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

John Ford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Auria, *a noble Genoese.*
Adurni, *a young Lord.*
Aurelio, *Friend to Auria.*
Malfato, *a discontented Lover.*
Trelcatio, Martino, } *Citizens of Genoa.*
Piero, Futelli, } *Dependents on Adurni.*
Guzman, *a braggadoccio Spaniard.*
Fulgoso, *an upstart Gallant.*
Benatzi, *Husband to Levidolche.*

Spinella, *Wife to Auria.*
Castanna, *her Sister.*
Amoretta, *a fantastic Maid.*
Levidolche, *a Wanton.*

SCENE,—Genoa.

PROLOGUE.

Language and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter, as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* AURIA.

Enter PIERO *and* FUTELLI, *at opposite doors.*

Piero. Accomplished man of fashion!
Fut. The times' wonder!
Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!
Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!
The newest news? unvamp'd?
Fut. I am no foot-post,
No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist
Of forged Corantos, monger of gazettes.
Piero. Monger of courtezans, [my] fine Futelli;
In certain kind a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade; a taker-up,
Rather indeed a knocker-down; the word
Will carry either sense:—but in pure earnest,
How trowls the common noise?
Fut. Auria, who lately,
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service
Of the great duke of Florence.—
Piero. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.
Fut. Leaves her to buffet
Land-pirates here at home.
Piero. That's thou and I;
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!
To run from such an armful of pleasures,
For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour.
Most sottish and abominable!
Fut. Wicked,
Shameful and cowardly, I will maintain.
Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit?
Fut. Hold thy peace, man;
It makes for us:—he comes, let's part demurely.
[*They take different sides.*

Enter ADURNI *and* AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and safety;
Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors!
Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.
Piero. I present you
My service for a farewell; let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.
Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long on't,)
Call me your shadow's hench boy.
Aur. Gentlemen,
My business urging on a present haste,
Enforceth short reply.
Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness!
Piero and Fut. Contents!
[*Exeunt* ADURNI, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.
Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.——

Enter TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprenticed heart: thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmed unity for ever:
Such will our next embraces be, for life;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do entrust this treasure.
Trel. I dare promise,
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.
Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.
Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of goodness
Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech [*To* SPIN.
In so much silent sadness? Oh! at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family!
I take my leave.
Trel. Blessings and health preserve you! [*Exit.*
Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our counsels:
A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.
Give me thy hand, Spinella; you did promise,
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.
Spi. What friend have I left in your absence?
Aur. Many:
Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,
As would force scandal to a blush.
Spi. Admit, sir,
The patent of your life should be call'd in;
How am I then left to account with griefs,
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?
Auria! soul of my comforts, I let fall
No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn
No entertainment to divided hopes,
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.
Cast. And such conclusion, sister,
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,
Than cause by likelihood.
Aur. 'Tis true, Castanna.
Spi. I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,
And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from you,

At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poor looking back.
Aur. I thank thee,
My worthy wife! Before we kiss, receive
This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,
Let us bid farewell. [CAST. *walks aside.*
Spi. Speak, good, speak.
Aur. The steps
Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed,
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
Some widowed neglect of handsome value:
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enrich'd with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—
No more. [*Kisses her.*
Spi. Dear heaven! go, sister, go.
[*Exeunt* SPINELLA *and* CASTANNA.
Aur. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
One of earth's best I have forgone—
Enter AURELIO.
See, see!
Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
A perfect one, Aurelio.
Aurel. Had I been
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,
You might have sorted me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.
Aur. So the wrongs
I should have ventured on against thy fate
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why, before
This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,
My wants do drive me hence.
Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.
Aur. Hear me further.
Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]
To talk your wants.—Fie!
Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.
Aurel. Umph!
Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior, friend,
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn, or rarely found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.
Aurel. You show,
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.
Aur. He who can not merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty.
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!
Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a young,
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.
Aur. Shew me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.
Aurel. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio; that Aurelio,
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much the opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate; it hath done so to both.
Aur. I find it hath.
Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white; or, at the best,
For that his mistress owes an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;
Whose virtues are her only dower, (else [none,]
In either kind,) ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,
Have fool'd to little purpose.
Aur. She's my wife.
Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:
This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.
Aur. Sir, said ye?
Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.
Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow,
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.
Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being
In every probability so forward [yet so young
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.
Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:

I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us, would undo
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not
Another word. [speak
Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* ADURNI.

Enter ADURNI, *and* FUTELLI, *with a letter, which he presents to* ADURNI.

Adur. With her own hand?
Fut. She never used, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cry'd, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an instant,
"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.
Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that we both
Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She feed you liberally?
Fut. Twenty ducats
She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,
Her very words,) the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.
Adur. Devil!
How durst she tempt thee [thus,] Futelli, knowing
Thy love to me?
Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,
Rather her craft; first she began, what pity
It was, that men should differ in estates
Without proportion; some so strangely rich,
Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"
Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
All should be equals, so I must confess,
It were good justice that the properest men
Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wond'rous few,
Not two to boast of."
Adur. Here began her itch.
Fut. I answer'd, she was happy then, whose
In you, my lord, was singular. [choice
Adur. Well urg'd.
Fut. She smiled, and said, it might be so; and yet—
There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and con-
The title of a lord was not enough, [cluded
For absolute perfection; I had seen
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.
Adur. And love thee for it.
Fut. "Phew! let that pass," quoth she, "and now we prattle
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;
Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth
Of what I roved at, and with more than praise
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,
That soon we both concluded of the man,
The match and business.
Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato?
Fut. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests—
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.
Adur. [*reads.*] ***Present to the most accomplished of men, Malfato, with this love a service.***
Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.
Fut. Will not your lordship peruse the contents?
Adur. Enough, I know too much; be just and cunning;
A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—
Much newer project labours in my brain.

Enter PIERO.

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?
Piero. Very fine,
I do protest, my lord.
Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' th' plot.
Adur. As how?
Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter;
An honest man, but poor.
Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord;
It is a common rule.
Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—
Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her, instruct me.
Piero. Speak, Futelli.
Fut. Spare me.
Piero has the tongue more pregnant.
Piero. Fie!
Play on your creature?
Fut. Shall be your's.
Piero. Nay, good.
Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honies; agree
Some two days hence, till when—
Piero. By any means,
Partake the sport, my lord; this thing of youth—
Fut. Handsome enough, good face, quick eye, well bred.
Piero. Is yet possest so strangely—
Fut. With an humour
Of thinking she deserves——
Piero. A duke, a count,
At least a viscount, for her husband, that——
Fut. She scorns all mention of a match beneath
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroch without eight horses.
Piero. Six
She may be drawn to; four——

Fut. Are for the poor:
But for two horses in a coach——
Piero. She says,
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making; fitter—
Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Than people Christian: yet herself——
Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether
A coach doth trot or amble—
Fut. But by hearsay.
Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both;
Are out of breath sure: 'tis a kind of compliment
Scarce enter'd to the times; but certainly
You coin a humour; let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.
Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.
Adur. Trelcatio's daughter?
Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts;
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.
Adur. Now, your design for sport?
Piero. Without prevention:
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.
Fut. For rival unto whom we have enraged
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd him
He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,
Who, troubled long time with a strangury,
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,
In spight of Don.
Adur. You must abuse the maid,
Beyond amends.
Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,
To work a reformation on the maiden:
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promised;
Our ends are harmless trials.
Adur. I betray
No secrets of such use.
Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* MALFATO'S *House.*

Enter AURELIO *and* MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Received into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith, and confidence, we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Oft-times the best physician; for, admit
We find no remedy, we cannot miss
Advice instead of comfort; and believe,
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.
Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.
Aurel. Perhaps
You measure what I say, the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.
Mal. Not I, sir.
Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.——
Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.
Mal. To me! Your mind.
Fut. This letter will inform ye.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Mal. Letter? how's this? what's here?
Fut. Speak you to me, sir?
Mal. Brave riddle! I'll endeavour to unfold it.
Aurel. How fares the Lord Adurni?
Fut. Sure in health, sir.
Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanor, an example;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.
Mal. You know from whence this comes?
Fut. I do.
Mal. D'ye laugh!
But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead:—there!
[*Throws him the letter.*
Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions! tell this lord,
He ventured on a foolish policy,
In aiming at the scandal of my blood;
The trick is childish, base,—say base.
Fut. You wrong him.
Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.
Mal. Say, I know this whore.
She who sent this temptation, was wife
To his abused servant; and divorced
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without controul,
Secure, uncheck'd.
Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.
Mal. I am
A gentleman free born, I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promised,
(Reward for long attendance,) and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I am sure more ancient.
Aurel. Let me tell you then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.
Make all men equals, and confound all course
Of order, and of nature! this is madness.
Mal. 'Tis so; and I have reason to be mad,

Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is famed
The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast suit of bawdry? Aurelio,
You are as I am, you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: so say; begone!

Fut. I shall report your answer. [*Exit.*

Mal. What have I
Deserv'd to be so used! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquired, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.

Aurel. We will consider
The meaning of this mystery.

Mal. Not so;
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter FUTELLI *and* GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtleties of war,
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,
Or downright cutting throats is all one thing.

Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company,
(No matter which, for terms,) before you draw
Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

Guz. We understand all these: advance.

Fut. Then next,
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;
Then fall to open treaty, or to work
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
With some of her near friends, for half her portion;
Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her then fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms
Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,
She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent
Of your war over-worn habiliments,
Which I forgot in my instructions
To warn you of: therefore my warlike Don,
Apparel speedily your imaginations
With a more courtly outside.

Guz. 'Tis soon done.

Fut. As soon as said; in all the clothes thou hast,
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back. [*Aside.*

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado doublet,
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
The duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

Fut. Aye, this is brave indeed!

Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
For ransom of his life; rated in value
At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon
Of our atchievement, when we rescued
The infanta from the boar, in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Fut. Top and top-gallant brave!

Guz. We will appear,
Before our Amoretta, like the issue
Of our progenitors.

Fut. Imagine so,
And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now, (which is most probable)
As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta,
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with swords,
Become great Guzman's oratory best,
Who, though victorious, (and during life
Must be,) yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Fut. S'foot, Don, you talk too big, you make her tremble;
Do you not see't imaginarily?
I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears
Of feasting than of fighting; take her that way.

Guz. Yes, we will feast; my queen, my empress, saint,
Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest
With costlier spices than the Arabian bird

Sweetens her funeral bed with; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Fut. Can more be said by one that feeds on herring
And garlick constantly? [*Aside.*

Guz. Yes, we will feast—

Fut. Enough! she's taken, and will love you
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery. [now,
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd breeches;"
Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.

Guz. The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why, so! you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such an high employment.

Guz. Gravely spoken;
You may be proud on't.—

Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO *and* PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et cæteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what;
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?

Piero. A very spark, I vow; you will be stiled
Fulgoso the invincible. But did
The fair Spinella lose an equal part?
How much in all, d'you say?

Ful. Bare three score ducats,
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.
She play'd; I went her half, walk'd by, and whistled—
After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,
Although I saw the winners share my money:
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off.

Piero. A noble confidence

Ful. D'you note your rival?

Guz. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forego things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections, and my blood;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.

Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own past losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much
You, *as it were*, did run at tilt in love, [state,
Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit!

Ful. I mean so, as it were,
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.

Piero. Right, as it were.

Ful. What else, man, as it were?

Guz. [*crossing over to* FUL.] Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*
[FULGOSO *whistles the Spanish Pavin.*

Fut. What think you, Don, of this brave man?

Guz. A man!
It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Fut. Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not from him
An inch; your grounds are honour.

Piero. Stoutly ventured,
Don, hold him to't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,
A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so!
If not, not; for "my duck, or doe," said I,
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:
Grant it; another may be noble, too,
And then we're both one noble;" better still!—
Hab-nab's good; wink and choose; if one must have her,
The other goes without her,—best of all!—
My spirit is too high to fight for woman,
I am too full of mercy to be angry;
A foolish generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

Guz. Hast thou a spirit then, ha? speaks thy weapon
Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?
If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,
Be brief, we challenge answer.

Fut. Famous Don.

Ful. What does he talk? my weapon speaks no
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon. [language,

Guz. Dutch!

Fut. And, if need be,
'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.

Ful. Hold me too,
Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:
If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel
I defy he's and she's: twit me with Dutch!
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!
I know what's what, I know upon which side
My bread is butter'd.

Guz. Butter'd? Dutch again:
You come not with intention to affront us?

Ful. Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry, squabble—
Here's my defence, and thy destruction.
[*Whistles a charge.*
If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

Fut. Still Don is Don the great.

Piero. He shews the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.

Fut. 'Twas the ready means
To catch his friendship.

Piero. You're a pair of worthies,
That make the Nine no wonder.

Fut. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone

Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty
To shew himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of th' other: he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.
Piero. And, till then,
Live brothers in society.
Gus. We are fast.
Ful. I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.
Gus. Fair conditions.

ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, *and* CASTANNA, *pass over the Stage.*

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.
Piero. My lord, we wait you.
Fut. We shall soon return.
[*Exeunt all but* FUL. *and* GUS.
Ful. What's that I saw?—a sound.—
Gus. A voice for certain.
Ful. It named a lord.
Gus. Here are lords too, we take it;
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any o' the twelve Cæsars.
Ful. Gulls or Moguls,
Tag, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,
Skip-jacks, or chouses. Whoo! the brace are flinch'd,
The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don:
Why, what are we!
Gus. The valiant will stand to't.
Ful. So say I; we will eat and drink, and [squander,
Till all do split again.
Gus. March on with greediness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of* MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy; had she lived
Till now, and known the vanities your life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.
Lev. Sir, consider
My sex; were I mankind, my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and reprieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Vomit such base aspersions: as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue; my desert
Stands far above their malice.
Mart. Levidolche,
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature; call to mind,
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,
In love, and married,—married (hark ye!) whom?
A trencher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but
Your childhood then excused that fault; for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's chambers.
Lev. Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and baffled,
By your intelligence.
Mart. So touch'd to the quick!
Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length
The progress of your infamy: in colour
Of disagreement, you must be divorced;
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons;
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,
Provided you my care, nay, justified
Your alteration; joy'd to entertain
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
Civil respects: but then, even then—
Lev. What then?
Sweet uncle, do not spare me.
Mart. I more shame
To fear my hospitality was bawd,
And name it so, to your unchaste desires,
Than you to hear and know it.
Lev. Whose whore am I?
For that's your plainest meaning.
Mart. Were you modest,
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.
Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension;
But you know none of this! you are grown a tavern-talk,
Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation: even this morning,
Before the common-council, young Malfato—
(Convented for some lands he held, supposed
Belong'd to certain orphans,) as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right;
For if the humour held him, he could make
A jointure to my over-loving niece,
Without oppression; bade me tell her too,
She was a kind young soul, and might in time
Be sued to by a loving man: no doubt,
Here was a jolly breakfast!
Lev. Uncles are privileged
More than our parents; some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
Whilst all the policy for public business
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse; but, by your leave,
I from a stranger's table rather wish
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.
Mart. Come, come, to the point.
Lev. All the curses
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,
Dam up their graceless mouths!
Mart. Now you turn rampant,
Just in the wenches' trim and garb; these prayers
Speak your devotions purely.
Lev. Sir, alas! [*Weeps.*
What would you have me do? I have no orators,
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open ear against my honest fame.
Would all their spite could harry my contents
Unto a desperate ruin! Oh dear goodness!
There is a right for wrongs.
Mart. There is; but first
Sit in commission on your own defects,
Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,
And executioner; I make no sport
Of my vexation.
Lev. All the short remains
Of undesired life shall only speak
The extremity of penance; your opinion
Enjoins it too.

Mart. Enough; thy tears prevail
Against credulity.
Lev. My miseries,
As in a glass, present me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.
Mart. No more.—

Enter TRELCATIO *with an open letter.*

Trelcatio!
Some business speeds you hither.
Trel. Happy news—
Signior Martino, pray your ear; my nephew,
Auria, hath done brave service: and I hear—
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd
High in the duke of Florence's respects;
'Tis said,—but make no words—that he has firk'd
And mumbled the rogue Turks.
Mart. Why would you have
His merits so unknown?
Trel. I am not yet
Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read
All what this paper talks.
Mart. So!—Levidolche,
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trelcatio,—
Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
Without companions near; thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.
[*Exeunt* MART. *and* TREL.
Lev. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—
Discover'd!
I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in* ADURNI'S *House.*

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think
They breathe and smile upon you
Amor. Ha they crownths,
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?
Piero. Pure gold;
Drawn all in state.
Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?
Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.
Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?
Fut. Viewing the rooms;
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:
This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for ladies' sights.
Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thight
Of printhethes ith a fine thight.
Cast. Good, let us find her.
Piero. Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure.
[*Aside to* FUT.
Fut. Doubt not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.*

Enter ADURNI *and* SPINELLA.—*A Song within.*

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair.
Lose not opportunity for air.

She is cruel that denies it,
Bounty best appears in granting,
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whilst the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no pains,
For in all the loser gains.

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of pity,
So incompassionately 'gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine.
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;
Thus may you yield and conquer.
Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours; henceforth cast off far,
Far from your noblest nature, the contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.
Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to rain down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would you
Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot,
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings; for that saint
To whom I vow myself, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.
Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home!
Adur. Oh, never rank,
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,
Amongst your country's enemies; I use
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.
Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild desires,
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord,
Make not your house my prison.
Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—
[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*

Enter AURELIO, *followed by* CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!

A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,
Dishonourable man!
Adur. What sees this rudeness,
That can broach scandal here?
Aurel. For you, hereafter.—
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,
Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory!
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.
Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,
Both from his heart and memory!
Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,
Without a proof or warrant!
Fut. Have I life, sir?
Faith? Christianity?
Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the gallies, if——
Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandize of scorn! your sounds are deadly.
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice; but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.
Cast. Use your tyranny.
Spin. What rests behind for me? out with it!
Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,
To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall;
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [*Exit.*
Spin. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischief!
Amor. Whom, I prethee,
Doth the man speak to?
Adur. Lady, be not mov'd;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.
Spin. Mercy, heaven!
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!
He lives; and, for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, your's, to leave me;
I need no followers now: let me appear,
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,
(Like some forsaken client,) in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery! [*Exit.*
Adur. Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.
Cast. By no means, sir: you've followed her already,
I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.
Adur. I will stand
The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befal me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before* MARTINO'S *House.*

Enter FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Ful. I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.
And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.
Guz. Wench, said ye? most mechanically, faugh!
Wench is your trull, your blowze, your dowdie; but,
Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,
As at some paranymphal feast, is rude,
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!
Ful. So am I too,—
Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, madams,
Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood,
And now and then too, when the fit 's come on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-pufkins.
Guz. Our choler must advance.
Ful. Dost long for a beating?
Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; I'll tap [*Draws.*
A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.
Guz. Not in friendship, brother.
Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.
Guz. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two banks
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
A temple from whence oracles proceed,
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.
Ful. Heyday! what's this?
Guz. Oh! but those other parts,
All——
Ful. All?—hold there, I bar play under board,
My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wire-draw thus.
Guz. [But] I have dreamt
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—
As if I had took measure with a compass,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

Ful. Oh, rare!
And all this in a dream!
Guz. A very dream.
Ful. My waking brother soldier is turn'd
Into a sleeping carpenter, or taylor,
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? (*seeing* BENATZI) bear up!

Enter BENATZI, *as an outlaw*, LEVIDOLCHE *at a window above.*

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues! they will swoon at the scar of a pin; one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

Ful. Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,
His eyes like copper-basons; he has changed
Hair with a shag-dog.
Guz. Let us then avoid him,
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.

Ben. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies. Brave man at arms, go turn pandar, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth—damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered!

Guz. Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour
In tugging with a man-fiend.
Ful. I defy him.
It gabbles like I know not what;—believe it.
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.

Ben. Look else: the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns; down, cur; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage: here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then! there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns; the ass by the hare for his burthen; the ox by the leopard for his yoke; nor the goat by the ram for his beard: only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making:
What art?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.
Guz. Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on't.

Ben. A match; observe well this switch; with this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

Ful. What, man, thirteen! is't possible thou liest not?

Ben. I was once a scholar, then I begg'd without pity; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar: a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes; was lastly, for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me?—say.

Ful. A shaver of all trades! What course of life
Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.
Guz. Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves
Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.
Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.
Lev. [*Above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it, [to]
Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.
[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*
Ful. Hey day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd?—stay, stay:
Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;
Is't your purse, brother Don?
Guz. Not mine; I seldom
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.
Ful. Has it any money in it, honest blade?
A bots on empty purses!
Guz. We defy them.

Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortal! You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish. This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—Flanders' mares—stately!—Spanish sallads—poignant!—Venetian wanton—ravishing!—English bawd—unmatchable!—Sirs, I am fitted.

Ful. All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!
Prate sense and don't be mad; I like thy humour,
'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,
I care not greatly if I entertain thee:
Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;
Else choose, and sneck up! pish, I scorn to flinch, man.
Guz. Forsake not fair advancement; money, certes,
Will flit and drop off, like a cozening friend;
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,
Unless he gripe it fast: be ruled by counsel.

Ben. Excellent! what place shall I be admitted to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

Ful. Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's
Thy name? [shake hands on't.
Ben. Parado, sir.
Ful. The great affairs
I shall employ thee most in, will be news,
And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

Ful. I do not ask thee now, or if I did,
We are not much the wiser; and for news——

Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be receiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already throng'd with lookers-on.

Ful. That's well remember'd; brother Don, let's
Or we shall come too late. [trudge,
Guz. By no means, brother.
Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.
Ben. As your shadows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of* AURIA.

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;
And though the low deserts of my success
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The duke of Florence hath too highly prized
My duty in my service, by example,
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.
Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
Not willing that a native of her own,
So able for her safety, should take pension
From any other prince, hath cast upon you
The government of Corsica.
Trel. Adds thereto,
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
Belonging to Savona, with the office
Of admiral of Genoa.
Adur. Presenting
By my hands, from their public treasury,
A thousand ducats.
Mart. But they limit only
One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.
Fut. In all your great attempts, may you grow thrifty,
Secure and prosperous!
Piero. If you please to rank,
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to wait the charge.
Aur. Oh, still the state
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen
Unequal for my weakness: to you, gentlemen,
I will prove friendly honest; of all mindful.
Adur. In memory, my LORD, (such is your stile now,)
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
Amongst their general acts, have register'd
The great duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.
Aur. Load upon load! let not my want of modesty
Trespass against good manners; I must study
Retirement to compose this weighty business,
And moderately digest so large a plenty,
For fear it swell into a surfeit.
Adur. May I
Be bold to press a visit?
Aur. At your pleasure:
Good time of day, and peace!
All. Health to your lordship!
[*Exeunt all but* ADUR. *and* FUT.
Adur. What of Spinella yet?
Fut. Quite lost; no prints,
Or any tongue of tracing her. However
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
Her husband carries little peace about him.
Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a goodness
Above temptation; more to be adored
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.
Fut. Levidolche,
For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy;
(Just so she term'd it;) but for you, my lord,
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,
Some respite, wherein it might learn again
The means of growing straight.
Adur. She has found mercy;
Which I will seek, and sue for.
Fut. You are happy. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,
Praised, courted, flatter'd! sure this bulk of mine
Tails in the size! a tympany of greatness
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,
Uncomfortable man! When I was needy,
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys
A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,
Reason most paradoxically; now,
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
Becalms your learned noise.
Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.
Aur. Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your dulness,
Whilst the whole ging crow'd to me. Hark! my triumphs
Are echo'd under every roof; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.
Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travails in unrest at home.
Aur. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—my wife
I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?—
The woman—would we had together fed
On any out-cast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not lived divided thus! I could have begg'd
For both; for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.
Aurel. This is not
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature:
You pity her; think rather on revenge.
Aur. Revenge! for what, uncharitable friend
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house;
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely;

Her sister and another with her; so!
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privately chamber'd:—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.
Aurel. But I broke ope the doors upon them.
Aur. Marry,
It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profaned
That shrine of chastity and innocence,
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stampt the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.
Aurel. Adurni might have done the like; but [that
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.
Aur. O fie, fie!
How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,
Against a party liable to law!
For had that lord offended with that creature,
Her presence would have doubled every strength
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.
Aurel. 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:
Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their inju- [ries;
Such way leads to a fame too!
Aur. Not uncivilly,
Though violently, friend.
Aurel. Wherefore, then, think you,
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?
You grant, of course, your triumphs are pro- [claim'd;
And I in person told her your return:
Where lies she hid the while?
Aur. That rests for answer
In you; now I come to you: we have exchanged
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;
He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd
Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:
Give back that holy signature of friendship,
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former compliments.
Aurel. D'you imagine
I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Leads you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.
Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.
Aurel. Since then the occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.
Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor the bawd,
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal, (now kindled to a flame,)
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and [begg'd
A speedy execution on her trespass;
Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard.
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once more
I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—
[*Draws his sword.*
Aurel. Roar louder,
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies.
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must [follow,
By way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.
Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale [*Draws*
At sight of that—Again hear, and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant.
Twenty times over, were it new to do,
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious;
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.
Aur. Honour and duty
Stand my compurgators: never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
Against Aurelio; let me rather want
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,
And prate of things as we pretend they were.
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
Bear our discomfort quietly.
Aurel. So, doubtless,
She may be soon discover'd.
Aur. That's spoke cheerfully.
Why there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall not.——

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, Castanna's here!—welcome, fair figure
Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,
More precious than the public view should sully.
Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what terms
Of prejudice against my course or custom,
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,

As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
So would all good folks may wish none to me!

Aur. None does, sweet sister.

Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
Forgive them, is my prayer; but, perhaps,
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should not)
How I am faulty in my sister's absence:
Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my lord intended,
Save civil entertainment: pray, what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure noblemen will shew that they are such
With those of their own rank;—and that was all
My sister can be charged with.

Aur. Is't not, friend,
An excellent maid?

Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her virtuous.

Cast. With your leave,
You used most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits: not very kind
To me myself; she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desired no creature else should follow her;
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.

Aur. Staid she not
Within the house then?

Cast. 'Las, not she!—Aurelio
Was passing rough.

Aur. Strange! nowhere to be found?

Cast. Not yet; but on my life, ere many hours,
I shall hear from her.

Aur. Shalt thou? Worthy maid,
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—Friend,
Good news!—most sweet Castanna!

Aurel. May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENATZI.

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions appointed this the place, the time now; here dance I attendance—she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado! so I overheard you named.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality, and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beauty, have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to new-shape me.

Lev. A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit. [*Aside.*
What country claims your birth?

Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari, toward Africk, in Sardinia; was bred up in Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service under the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

Lev. You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

Ben. Reputed no less: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them. My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth; but no man is too old to father his wife's child: your servant, I am sure, I will ever prove entirely.

Lev. Dare you be secret?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?

Ben. Yes, yes, yes.

Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents 'em:
A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

Ben. Name him.

Lev. Adurni.

Ben. He shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato
Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

Ben. Yoke them in death.—
What's my reward?

Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.

Ben. You for my wife.

Lev. Ha!

Ben. Nothing else: deny me,
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin;
Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.

Lev. I do: dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,
Then claim my promise.

Ben. No such matter, pretty one,
We'll marry first,—or—farewell. [*Going.*

Lev. Stay: examine
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosom; though I blush to say it,
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,
Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally
Between Adurni's arms.

Ben. This lord's?

Lev. The same.
More; not content with him, I courted
A newer pleasure, but was there refused
By him I named so late.

Ben. Malfato?

Lev. Right:
Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts; then change my life
For some rare penance. Canst thou love me now?

Ben. Better;
I do believe 'tis possible you may mend:
All this breaks off no bargain.

Lev. Accept my hand; with this a faith as constant
As vows can urge; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Lev. Meet here to-morrow night;
We will determine further, as behoves us.

Ben. How is my new love call'd?

Lev. Levidolche.
Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—
But you'll fly off.

Ben. Not I, by all that's noble!
A kiss—farewell, dear fate! [*Exit.*

Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.
False pleasures I cashier ye; fair truth welcome!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* MALFATO.

Enter MALFATO *and* SPINELLA.

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,
May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,
For I myself am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charms my attention.
Spin. But my husband's honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more they tempt belief, to credit
The wreck and ruin of my injured name.
Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to the roots,
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles
At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel
In censuring a liberty allow'd.
Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni
Importunately wanton?
Spin. In excess
Of entertainment, else not.
Mal. Not the boldness
Of an uncivil courtship?
Spin. What that meant,
I never understood. I have at once
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,
And best of men; so excellent a man
As lives without comparison; his love
To me was matchless.
Mal. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Followed your Auria in the height; affection
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be;
You may not chide the story.
Spin. Fortune's minions
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.
Mal. Listen
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
A kinsman of Spinella, (so it runs)
Her father's sister's son, some time before
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
As she was stored with; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest;
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal stiled his own;
Found in the argument one only flaw
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and wish'd;
Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst not.
Spin. 'Twas wonderful.
Mal. Exceeding wonderful,
Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known for truth.
After her marriage, when remain'd not ought
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
His reason then, now,—then—could not reduce
The violence of passion, though he vow'd
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,
Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd
Not to come near her presence, but to avoid
All opportunities, however proffer'd.
Spin. An understanding dull'd by the infelicity
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fasten'd on another subject.
Mal. Can you
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;
Will, against any, I except no quality,
Maintain all supposition misapplied,
Unhonest, false, and villainous.
Spin. Dear cousin,
As you're a gentleman—
Mal. I'll bless that hand,
Whose honourable pity seals the passport
For my incessant turmoils, to their rest.
If I prevail, (which heaven forbid!) these ages
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.
Spin. No more; I dare not hear it.
Mal. All is said:
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither; I am come.
Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part,
Not to take me along wi' you.
Mal. Chide her for it;
Castanna, this house is as freely yours,
As ever was your father's.
Cast. We conceive so,
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel in us.
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
Am I not welcome to you?
Spin. Lives Auria safe?
Oh, prithee do not hear me call him husband,
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
And he, good man, believes it.
Cast. Now in truth—
Spin. Hold! my heart trembles—I perceive thy tongue
Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.
Cast. In perfect health.
Spin. For that, my thanks to Heaven.
Mal. The world hath not another wife like this.—
Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak.
So much your passion rules.
Spin. Even what she pleases:
Go on, Castanna.
Cast. Your most noble husband
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

Mal. Why look ye, cousin, now!
Spin. Indeed!
Cast. Will value
No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living; if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He both laughs at and scorns it.
Spin. Does he!
Mal. Therein
He shows himself desertful of his happiness.
Cast. Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister—
You are not well.
Mal. Not well!
Spin. I am unworthy—
Mal. Of whom? what? why?
Spin. Go, cousin;—come, Castanna. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of* TRELCATIO.

Enter TRELCATIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
My coming will be late; now therefore, gentlemen,
This house is free; as your intents are sober,
Your pains shall be accepted.
Fut. Mirth sometimes
Falls into earnest, signor.
Piero. We, for our parts,
Aim at the best.
Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else:
Good success to you! [*Exit.*
Piero. Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which means
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.
Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,
For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!
No, let them be admired that love foul linen;
I'll run a new course.
Piero. Get the coin we spend,
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.—
Fut. Hush, man; one suitor comes.
Piero. The t'other follows.
Fut. Be not so loud—— [*Music below.*
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips;
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye! Ith thith muthicke yourth, or can ye tell what great manth's fidleth made it? tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold thend it?
Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?
Amor. I do not uthe
To thpend lip-labour upon quethtionths,
That I mythelfe can anthwer.
Fut. No, sweet madam,
Your lips are destined to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of lisping maids.
Amor. Kithing you mean; pay come behind with your mockths then.

My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other—
How now, whath neckth?

SONG *below.*

What, ho! we come to be merry,
Open the doors, a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er,
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.
Pithee, pithee, lethe come in,
One thall all oua favous win,
Dently, dently, we thall passe;
None kithoth like the lithping lasse.

Piero. What call ye this, a song?
Amor. Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth prety.
Fut. A very country-catch! (*Aside.*)—Doubtless, some prince
Belike, hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.
Amor. Thinke ye tho, thignior?
It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,
That thuns the light.
Piero. Perhaps the prince of darkness.
Amor. Of darkneth! what ith he?
Fut. A courtier matchless;
He woos and wins more beauties to his love
Than all the kings on earth.
Amor. Whea thandth bith court, pey?
Fut. This gentleman approaching, I presume,
Has more relation to his court than I,
And comes in time t'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?
I'm thure you know him.
Piero. Lady, you'll perceive it.
Ful. She seems in my first entrance to admire me:
Protest she eyes me round; Fulg. she's thine own! [*Aside.*
Piero. Noble Fulgoso.
Ful. Did you hear the music?
'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ha, ha!
Amor. Pay, what pinth thent it?
Ful. Prince! no prince, but we;
We set the ditty, and composed the song;
There's not a note or foot in't but our own,
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain:
We can do things and things.
Amor. Dood! thing't youa thelfe then.
Ful. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet;
But you shall hear me whistle it. [*Whistles.*
Amor. Thith thingth thome jethter;
Thure he belongth unto the pinth of darkneth.
Piero. Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is:
His prince delights himself exceedingly
In birds of divers kinds; this gentleman
Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds;
He took his skill first from his father's carter.
Amor. Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange meanes
Thome men are raised to plathes.
Ful. I do hear you.
And thank you heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts; but what I live on,

Is simple trade of money from my lands:
Hang sharks! I am no shifter.
Amor. Ith pothible?

Enter GUZMAN.

Bleth uth, whoth thith?
Fut. Oh, 'tis the man of might.
Guz. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid; therefore,
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
Of valiant breath that hath o erturn'd an army.
Amor. Faya weather keep me! what a thorme ith thith?
Fut. Oh, Don, keep off at further distance; yet
A little farther; do you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady?
Guz. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as gently
As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows
In some sweet lady's chamber; for I can
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.
Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while, brave Don,
And let her only view your parts; they'll take her.
Guz. I'll publish them in silence.
Piero. Stand you there,
Fulgoso the magnificent.
Ful. Here?
Piero. Just there:
Let her survey you both; you'll be her choice,
Ne'er doubt it, man.
Ful. I cannot doubt it, man.
Piero. But speak not till I bid you.
Ful. I may whistle?
Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.
Amor. Both foolth, you thay?
Fut. But hear them for your sport.
Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, Don; she has survey'd
Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents
And wounds of your apparel.
Guz. She is politic;
My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.
Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.
Guz. My words
Are music to her. [*Aside.*
Amor. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.
Guz. She took him for my man! love, thou wert just. [*Aside.*
Ful. I will not hold:—his man! 'tis time to speak
Before my time; oh scurvy, I his man,
That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-rents!
Guz. Have I with this one rapier—
Piero. He has no other.
Guz. Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads I lopt
As easily as the bloody-minded youth
Lopt off the poppy-heads?
Ful. The puppet-heads.
Guz. Have I——have I——have I?
Ful. Thou liest, thou hast not,
And I'll maintain't.
Guz. Have I—but let that pass;
For though my famous acts were damn'd to silence,
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.
Amor. That I would lithen to.
Guz. List and wonder.
My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Stiled Desver di Gonzado.
Fut. That's, in Spanish,
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatch'd rogue: he thinks we understand not.
Guz. So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.
Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader; pray mark it.
Guz. My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,
Conde Scrivano.
Fut. A crop-ear'd scrivener.
Guz. Whose son, my mother's father, was a marquis,
Hijo di puto.
Piero. That's the son of a whore.
Guz. And my renowned sire, Don Picaro,—
Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave Don
Guz. Hijo di una pravada—
Piero. He goes on,
Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don!
Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—
Fut. The gallies and Bridewell.
Ful. I'll not endure it.
To hear a canting mongrel—hear me, lady!
Guz. 'Tis no fair play.
Ful. I care not, fair or foul.—
I from a king derive my pedigree,
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,
Was lineally descended; and my mother
(In right of whose blood I must ever honour
The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.
Fut. He'll blow up
The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.
Ful. Her father was Grave Hans Van Herne, the son
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.
Guz. Oh, diabolo!
Ful. Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snorten-fert,
And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargubush,
Managed by well-lined butter-boxes, took
A thousand Spanish jobbernowls by surprise,
And beat a sconce about their ears.
Guz. My fury
Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [*Draws*
Amor. 'Lath, they thall not fight.
Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.
Piero. Be advised, great spirits.
Ful. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;
Else hang't, who cares!
Guz. Mine honour is my tutor,
Already tried and known.
Fut. Why, there's the point,
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion;
There's none but hare-brain'd youths of mettle use it.
Piero. Yet put not up your swords; it is the pleasure
Of the fair lady that you quit the field,
With brandish'd blades in hand.
Fut. And more, to show

Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
You both should take a competence of kicks.
Both. How?
Fut. and Piero. Thus and thus! [*kicking them,*] away, you brace of stinkards!
Ful. Pheugh! as it were.— [*Whistles.*
Gus. Why, since it is her pleasure,
I dare and will endure it.
Ful. Pheugh!
Piero. Away,
But stay below.
Fut. Budge not, I charge ye,
Till you have further leave.
Gus. Mine honour claims
The last foot in the field.
Ful. I'll lead the van then.
Fut. Yet more? begone!
[*Exeunt* FULG. *and* GUS.
Are not these precious suitors—

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Trel. What tumults fright the house?
Fut. A brace of castrels,
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,
Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse,
And so took hedge.
Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.
Amor. I thkorne thuch trumpery; and will thape my luffe,
Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.
Trel. Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amoretta;
And, my good friends, you have, like wise physicians,
Prescribed a healthful diet: I shall think on
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
To noble Auria, such as your descents
Commend; but for the present we must quit
This room to privacy: they come——
Amor. Nay, predee,
Leave me not, dentlemen.
Fut. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, *and* AURELIO.

Aur. You are welcome, be assured you are; for proof,
Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)
Of visit to commands: if this man's presence
Be not of use, dismiss him.
Adur. 'Tis, with favour
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
How far my reputation stands engaged
To noble reconcilement.
Aur. I observe
No party here amongst us, who can challenge
A motion of such honour.
Adur. Could your looks
Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,
Than can the peace of a composed soul;
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
Train'd by a curiosity in youth
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tempests
Which will at last break out.
Aur. Hid now, most likely,
I' the darkness of your speech.
Aurel. You may be plainer.
Adur. I shall, my lord; that I intended wrong!
Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?
Adur. To Auria; and as far
As language could prevail, did——

Aur. Take advice,
Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider·
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,
When a distemperature of youthful heat
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,
Confirm'd and harden'd, never durst I pitch
On any, howsoever likely, rest,
Where the presumption might be construed wrong;
The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,
A wrong to me, should find I must not bea it;
The one is as unmanly as the other.—
Now, without interruption.
Adur. Stand, Aurelio,
And justify thine accusation boldly;
Spare me the needless use of my confession;
And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
Adurni trespast in, and thou conceiv'st,
Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.
Aurel. You come not here to brave us?
Adur. No, Aurelio;
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
I make my judge my jury; be accountant
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforced the likelihood of scandal.
Aurel. Doubt not
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
As much as I believe, and justly witness.
Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of reproach on!
And thus for that—My errand hither is not
In whining, truant-like submission,
To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me:
I will do so no more:" but to proclaim
The power of virtue, whose commanding sovereignty
Sets bounds to rebel-bloods; and checks, restrains,
Custom of folly; by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards,
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.
Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best beseem
Their lips who practise both, and not discourse 'em.
Aur. Peace, peace, man; I am silent.
Adur. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who resolve
No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted;
And, for because the liberty of courtship
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,
Or compliments of vows: and with this file
I stood in rank; conquest secured my confidence.
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
Of study for fruition; here I angled,
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.
Aurel. After confession, follows——
Aur. Noise! observe him.
Adur. Oh, strange! by all the comforts of my hopes,
I found a woman good;—a woman good!
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire

A memorable mention, so much majesty
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown
From her, cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.

Adur. Without protests,
I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,
But what a virgin might, without a blush,
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied;
But she neglecting, cry'd, "Come, Auria, come,
Fight for thy wife at home!" then in rush'd you, [sir,
Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

Aur. What follow'd?

Adur. My commission on mine error;
In execution whereof I have proved
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone,
But to my other greater, and more irksome.
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
This repetition the report of fear,
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me,
I give myself the lie, and I will clear
The injury, and man to man;—or, if
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way reprieve
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

Aur. Who can you think I am? did you expect
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
That you cast loud defiance? say—

Adur. I have robb'd you
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,
For the presumption.

Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature;
The trick is new.

Adur. I find my absolution,
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

Aur. Why look ye, friend, I told you this before;
You would not be persuaded:—let me think— [*Walks apart*

Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
The lady to ill purpose.

Adur. I have answer'd;
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

Aur. That's the way;
It smooths all rubs.

Aurel. My lord?

Aur. Foh! I am thinking——
You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—

Adur. You labour
With curious engines, sure.

Aur. Fine ones! I take you
To be a man of credit; else—

Adur. Suspicion
Is needless, know me better.

Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.

Adur. For that, your pleasure.

Aur. "Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!"—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.——

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Now?

Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato
Are newly enter'd.

Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of* MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to rob me.—
An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trowls on her ragged customer,
To cut my throat for pillage.

Lev. Good sir, hear me.

Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs out——whilst this woman hath abode under this roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite of denial; in despite—those are my words.

Mart. Monstrous!
Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,
An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thyself
A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Roarers, or hangmen? hey-day! set up shop,
And then cry "a market open; to't, and welcome!"

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

Ben. Husband natural, I have married her; and—what's your verdict on the match, signor?

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.

Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great mistress;
Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.
What jointure is assured, pray? some three thousand
A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!
Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,
Patch'd up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name, forbear this anger;
If I have yoked myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,
As e'er my faith hath bound me.

Mart. A sweet couple!

Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in

peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifts, and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe
Thour't lowsy; that's a pretty sign I grant:—
A villainous poor banditti rather; one
Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket,
Pad for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark,
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.
A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.

Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levidolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands join'd, I have not interessed my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick and resolute, so!—adieu, signor!

Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.

Ben. Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*

Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:
Fain would I smother grief, [but] out it must;
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;
Lost, lost, without recovery.

Lev. With pardon,
Let me restrain your sorrows.

Mart. 'Tis impossible;
Despair of rising up to honest fame
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

Lev. Yes,
And herein every hope is brought to life,
Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once
Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband. [more

Mart. Benatzi! this the man?

Lev. No odd disguise
Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,
The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me
Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,
If I repute not my success more happy
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,
And will redeem the stains of a foul name,
By love and true obedience.

Mart. Force of passion
Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,
I have been only steward for your welfare,
You shall have all between ye.

Lev. Join with me, sir;
Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest.
I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,
Unless you intermediate; let us hasten,
For fear we come too late.

Mart. As thou intendest
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second
To any office, Levidolche witty,
My niece, my witty niece.

Lev. Let's slack no time, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in* TRELCATIO'S *House.*

Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience,
All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant,
Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.
I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:
Take courage. [*Exit.*

Mal. Courage! they who have no hearts,
Find none to lose; ours is as great as his,
Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony
Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return; 'tis paltry.

Spin. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion; my attendance only
Commends a duty.

Cast. Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—
He comes, your husband comes; take comfort, sister.

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato!

Mal. Auria!

Aur. Cousin, would mine arms,
In their embraces, might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit
Holds in my estimation! I may chide
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,
Which a retired privacy on your part
Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour
The means and practice.

Mal. 'Tis your charity.

Aurel. Worthy Malfato!

Mal. Provident Aurelio!

Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!

Cast. Your servant, brother.

Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine eyes
Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance
[SPINELLA *kneels.*
Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;
I shall forget civility of manners,
Imagining you tender a false tribute,
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.
[*She rises.*

Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,
Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty
Unto a wife who equals every best
Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—
You know your wife, no doubt.

Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,
Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study
Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said—agreed.
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

Spin. Those words raise
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded

To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:
Though prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.
Mal. Call ye this welcome?
We are mistook, Castanna.
Cast. Oh! my lord,
Other respects were promised.
Aur. S id ye, lady,
"No kindred, sister, husband, friend?"
Spin. Nor name;
With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thougnt;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty,
Required, fit, or exacted.
Aur. High and peremptory!
The confidence is masculine.
Mel. Why not?
An honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without controul.
Spin. I can proceed; that tongue,
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection—is not more mine enemy,
Than their's, or his weak and besotted brains are,
On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
Aurelio, speak; nor, gentle sir, forbear
Ought what you know, but roundly use your eloquence
Against a mean defendant.
Mal. He's put to't;
It seems the challenge gravels him.
Aurel. My intelligence
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A self-confession may crave assistance;
Let the lady's justice [then] impose the penance.
So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,
Suspicion is not seldom an improper
Advantage for the knitting faster joints
Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers
Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error
Hath run into the toil.
Spin. Woful satisfaction
For a divorce of hearts!
Aur. So resolute?
I shall touch nearer home: behold these hairs,
Great masters of a spirit, yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow;
Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,
Amongst them took up lodging; when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court
Ambition, either on my side, or hers;
Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd. But disproportion
In years, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures: whereto I reply,
Our union was not forced, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appears
Unpardonable:—say your thoughts.
Spin. My thoughts
In that respect are as resolute as yours.
The same; yet herein evidence of frailty
Deserv'd not more a separation,
Than doth charge of disloyalty objected
Without or ground or witness: women's faults
Subject to punishments, and men's applauded,
Prescribe no laws in force.
Aurel. Are you so nimble?
Mal. A soul sublimed from dross by competition,
Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly ranged,
Adulterating the honour of your bed?
Withhold dispute; but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods:
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.
Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness,
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance,
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely
To a misguided thought; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you; that granted, he amongst you,
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.
Aur. Baited by confederacy!
I must have right.
Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here! you can suspect?
So reconciliation then is needless:—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another. Sister,
Lend me thine arm; I have assumed a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer:
Auria, unkind, unkind!
Cast. She faints.
Aur. Spinella!
Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd:
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure and unflaw'd; for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.
Cast. Mine?
Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving;
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.
Mal. How's that?
Adur. So great a blessing
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden;

But welcomed and forethought; would you could please
To say the like!
Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises;
I prithee speak.
Spin. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister,
Reject the use of fate.
Cast. I dare not question
The will of heaven.
Mal. Unthought of and unlook'd for!
Spin. My ever honoured lord.
Aurel. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousy.
Aur. Make no scruple,
Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,
But execution: herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation; for the virtues
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,
* * * * * * * *
Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures.—Yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now lasting truce on all hands.
Aurel. You will pardon
A rash and over-busy curiosity.
Spin. It was to blame; but the success remits it.
Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquit
At easy summons.
Mal. You prevent the nicety;
Use your own pleasure.

BENATZI *rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by* LEVIDOLCHE *and* MARTINO.

Aurel. What's the matter?
Aur. Matter?
Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.
Lev. Hold, oh, hold him!
Aurel. This is no place for murder; yield thy sword.
Aur. Yield it, or force it; [BEN. *is disarmed.*] set you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence?
Adur. Let him come.
Mal. What can the ruffian mean?
Ben. I am prevented;
The temple or the chamber of the Duke,
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.
Adur. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.
Aur. Fear nothing.
Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle mercy
For penitent offenders: blessed ladies,
Repute me not a cast-away, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,
Disguised as you see, I have re-married.—
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errors.
Mart. Nay, 'tis true, sir.
Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful
Unto the change.
Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease,
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,
And in them was director: I have seen
The man do service in the wars late past,
Worthy an ample mention; but of that
At large hereafter, repetitions now
Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented
For other use.
Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever.
Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a look from yours; please to forget
All passages of rashness; such attempt
Was mine, and only mine.
Mal. You have found a way
To happiness; I honour the conversion.
Adur. Then I am freed.
Mal. May style your friend your servant.
Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.
Adur. But let me add
An offering to the altar of this peace. [*Gives her money.*
Aur. How likes Spinella this? our holiday
Deserves the kalendar.
Spin. This gentlewoman
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and worthy.
Indeed you shall. [*Offering her money.*
Cast. And mine; the novelty
Requires a friendly love.
Lev. You are kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, *driving in* FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your jollities,
I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it. [*Presenting* FUT
Amor. Yeth, in sooth thee will.
Trel. Futelli
Hath wean'd her from this pair.
Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.
Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his pains,
She will have him or none. He's not the richest
I'th' parish; but a wit: I say, amen,
Because I cannot help it.
Amor. Tith no matter.
Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune;
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.
Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.
Amor. Withly thpoken.
Piero. Think on Piero, sir.
Aur. Piero, yes;
But what of these two pretty ones?
Ful. I'll follow
The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life
Is scurvy and debosh'd; fight you abroad,
And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home.

Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—
But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make him
A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;
I'll mend his weekly pay.
Gus. He shall deserve it.
Vouchsafe employment, honourable—
Ful. Marry,
The Don's a generous Don.
Aur. Unfit to lose him.
Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they are free and harmless:
After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

EPILOGUE.

The court's on rising; 'tis too late
To wish the lady in her fate
Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast,
Will be giv'n up anon at least,
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else if there can be any stay,
Next sitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.

BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, ETC.

MY LORD,—Herodotus reports, that the Ægyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptation revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the POEM lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD.
ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE.

READER,—It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy between the world and man, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

THE FIRST SEASON.

Presents him in the *Twilight* of his age,
Not pot-gun-proof, and yet he'll have his page:
This small knight-errant will encounter things
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

THE SECOND SEASON.

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,
And now the *Noon-tide* of his age is seen.

THE THIRD SEASON.

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,
Folly and Humour do his reason break;
Hurry him from his Noontide to his Even:
From summer to his *Autumn* he is driven.

THE FOURTH SEASON.

And now the *Winter*, or his nonage, takes him,
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him;
Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,
But they will never leave him till he's clay:
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit;
Dust goes to dust: the soul unto its merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHOEBUS, *the* SUN.
RAYBRIGHT, *the* Sun's DARLING.
SPRING.
YOUTH, DELIGHT, HEALTH, } *her Attendants.*
SUMMER.
PLENTY.
POMONA.
CUPID.
FORTUNE.
AUTUMN.
BACCHANALIAS
BOUNTY.
WINTER.
CONCEIT.
DETRACTION.
TIME.
PRIEST *of the* Sun.
HUMOUR.
FOLLY.
ÆOLUS.

A Soldier, *a* Spaniard, *an* Italian Dancer, *a* French Tailor, *a* Forester, Masquers. Clowns, *&c.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Temple with an Altar.*—RAYBRIGHT *discovered asleep.*

Enter the PRIEST *of the* Sun.

Priest. LET your tunes, you sweet voiced spheres,
O'ertake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears;
Now wake him! [*Music within.*

SONG.

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure:
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

Ray. [*Waking.*] That I might ever slumber, and enjoy
Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes
Can fancy or imagine! 'tis a cruelty
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sat enthroned in; who was't pluck'd me from it?

Priest. Young man, look hither!

Ray. Good, I envy not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.
The times are better to me; there's no taste
Left on the palate of my discontent
To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness
Depends on being miserable.

Priest. Raybright,
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand
The Sun, whose priest I am. [patron,

Ray. For small advantage.
He who is high-born never mounts yon battlements
Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Priest. Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

Ray. Honours? I'd not be baited with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An age together: 'tis besides as comfortable
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.

Priest. You have worn rich habits.

[*Ray.*] Fine ass trappings!
A pedlar's heir turn'd gallant, follows fashion,
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd
Into a jack-an-apes of passing bravery.
'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool!—mew!

Priest. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkies and paraquitoes are as pretty
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth, sir,
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

Priest. Pleasures of every sense have been your
Whenas you have commanded them. [servants,

Ray. To threaten ruin,
Corrupt the purity of knowledge; wrest
Desires of better life to those of this,
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping!

Priest. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections, sway your judgment;
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

Ray. The care! the scorn he throws on me.

Priest. Fie! fie!
Have you been sent out into strange[r] lands,
Seen courts of foreign kings; by them been graced
To bring home such neglect?

Ray. I have reason for it.

Priest. Pray show it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

Priest. Your fantasy
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,
I am to tell you, how I have received
From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orb, to gratify
All your wild longings.

Ray. Very likely! when, pray?
The world the while shall be beholding to him
For a long night; new-married men will curse,
Though their brides tickle for't—oh! candle and
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city. [lanthorn

Priest. These are but flashes of a brain disorder'd.
Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds;
Your eyes shall be your witness.

Ray. He may come.

Enter TIME, *whipping* FOLLY, *in rags, before him.*

Time. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, mankind's foil!
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world! why whip? am I a dog, a cur, a mongrel? bow wow! do thy worst, I defy thee. [*Sings.*

I will roar and squander,
Cozen and be drunk too;
I'll maintain my pandar,
Keep my horse and punk too;
Brawl and scuffle,
Shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my potmeals:
Damn-me's rank with;
Do mad prank with
Roaring-boys and Oatmeals.

Pox on time, I care not;
Being past, 'tis nothing.
I'll be free and spare not;
Sorrows are life's loathing.
Melancholy
Is but folly;
Mirth and youth are plotters:
Time, go hang thee!
I will bang thee,
Though I die in totters.

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal! as I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud: waiting women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

Time. Out, foul, prodigious and abortive birth! Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

Fol. Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

Time. No, thou'st mis-spent thy hours, lavish['d,] fool-like,
The circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots;
It is not therefore fit, that thou shouldst live
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

Fol. In any court, father bald-pate, where my grannam the Moon shows her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy scurvy and abominable beard.

Time. Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute
Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit*.

Fol. Farewell 1538! I might have said 5000, but the other's long enough o'conscience, to be honest-condition'd—pox on him! it's a notable railing whipper, of a plain Time-whipper.

Priest. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. Ay, ay, he may give a charge; he has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you?

Fol. No matter what; what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

Fol. And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir! of what quality?

Fol. Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting, lying, cogging, canting, *et cætera*. Will you have any more?

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

Fol. Yes, 'faith; so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear; I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour, is't not?

Ray. To any one, that knows you not, it is.

Priest. You must avoid.

Fol. Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la! [*Music of Recorders*.

Priest. Hark! the fair hour is come; draw to the altar,
And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,
Behold the broad-eyed lamp of heaven descending!
Stand!—

The SUN *appears above*.

Fol. Oh, brave!

Priest. Stand.

SONG.

Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then
To shower thy comforts down, that men
May freely taste, in life's extremes,
The influence of thy powerful beams.

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly run,
Till thou acknowledge me thy son;
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb
Of frailty, till we be call'd home.

Fol Now am I an arrant rascal, and cannot speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

Sun. Raybright!

Priest. It calls you; answer.

Ray. Lord and Father!

Sun. We know thy cares; appear to give release:
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant whate'er thou su'st for.

Ray. Fair-beam'd sir!
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternity of Earth's delights.
Before that duty which invites
My filial piety: in this
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,
If I but for one only year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
Which every season in his kind,
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I find
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;
All the varieties the Spring can show,
Be subject to his will.

Priest. Light's lord! we go.
[*Exeunt* PRIEST *and* RAYBRIGHT.

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with such fopperies. [*Exit*.

Sun. We must descend, and leave awhile our sphere,
To greet the world.—Ha? there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No, let them shine out still, for these are they,
By whose sweet favours, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in summer flourish,
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!
Meanwhile [the] recreations we present,
Shall strive to please:—I have the foremost tract;
Each season else begins and ends an Act.
[*The* SUN *disappears*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of* Spring.

Enter Spring, Raybright, Youth, Health, *and* Delight.

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the Spring,
That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits on her; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton;
Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and under-ground
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave vigour,—
That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays,
From which thy name thou borrow'st; glorious name,
Raybright, as bright in person as in fame!
Ray. Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine ears
Feel your tongue's charm; in you move all the spheres.
Oh, lady! would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you!
Spring. Why? all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips,
To hear that sigh fly from you.
Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.
Spring. Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if thou never
Part'st hence, (as part thou shalt not,) be happy ever!
Ray. I know I shall.
Spring. Thou, to buy whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth, wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.
Youth. Madam, I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather them; and when
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.
Spring. Thou, without whom they that have hills of gold
Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst nor be sold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.
Health. One of my hands is writing still in Heaven,
For that's Health's library; t' other on the Earth,
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.
Ray. Mortality sure falls from me.
Spring. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin
Those golden threads all women love to wind,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,
Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.
Del. Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but fair!
Health. Leave blustering March——

SONG *by* Delight.

> What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
> 'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;
> Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,
> And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.
>
> [*The cuckow is heard.*
>
> Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing
> Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring.
>
> Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
> 'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.
> Chirup the sparrow flies away;
> For he fell to't ere break of day.
>
> [*The cuckow again.*
>
> Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing
> Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.

Spring. How does my sun-born sweetheart like his queen,
Her court, her train!
Ray. Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.
Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one delight
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.
Del. Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick rounds
To thine own times in repercussive sounds.
[*An echo of Cornets.*
Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee. [*Exit* Del.
Pleasures, change!
Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter Delight.

Del. A company of rural fellows, faced
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced
Before your highness, to present their sport.
Spring. What is't?
Del. A morrice.
Spring. Give them our court.—
Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine ear;
Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt confound,
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit crown'd.
Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on sweets;
Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.
Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stol'n away
By great ones,—that's my fear.
Ray. Fear it not, lady;
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

Enter the Morrice-dancers.

To blow me hence, I move not
Spring. I am made
In that word the Earth's empress.——

A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic?
Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.
Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing May,
Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service: will you please
To honour her arrival?

Ray. I shall attend.

Spring. On then, [*Exeunt* Morrice-dancers.
and bid my rosy-finger'd May
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his way.
[*Exit, followed by* YOUTH *and* HEALTH.

Enter FOLLY, *and whispers* RAYBRIGHT.

Ray. An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with me?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women love to be empresses; her name, the lady Humour.

Ray. Strange name! I never saw her, knew her not;
What kind of creature is she?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly, white as blanched almonds; no mercer's wife ever handled yard with a prettier [hand]; breath, sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg as——

Ray. And what's thy name?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it; my name is Folly.

Ray. Humour and Folly! To my listening ear
The lady's praises often have been sung;
Thy trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This lady, call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring, a hot lady! a few fields and gardens lass. Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day? At my lady's comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all covered with fowl, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea, marry is't. sir; the fowl being kept clean.
My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine, then?
Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night;
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.
The way? I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windy and narrow; for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

Ray. Be quick then!
[FOLLY *winds his cornet, and is answered from without.*

Enter HUMOUR, *followed by a* Soldier, *a* Spaniard, *an* Italian Dancer, *and a* French Tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

Hum. A bedfellow for a fairy! [*Aside.*

Ray. Admired perfection,
You set my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach them.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge.
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glances at her, and for sending
Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious:
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
Still singing in such boughs.

Hum. What bird?

Fol. A ring-tail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!—

Fol. Heyday!

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not brave enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the moon,
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars.
Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was a bird of Paradise;
Shall it be your's?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fool's paradise* he must not lose his bauble.

Ray. I am wrapt—

Fol. In your mother's smock.

Ray. I am wrapt above man's being, in being sphered
In such a globe of rarities; but say, lady,
What these are that attend you?

Hum. All my attendants
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already never to leave him.

Ray. He?

Fol. A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish pike; a tailor.

Tail. Wee, mounsieur; hey! nimbla upon de cross-caper; me take a de measure of de body from de top a de noddel to de heel and great toe; oh, dish be fine! dis coller is cut out in anger scurvey: oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum; me put one French yard into de toder hose.

Fol. No French yards; they want an [English] yard, at least.

Ray. Shall I be brave, then?

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?

Fol. A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping; one that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signor Lavolta, messer mio; me tesha all de bella corantoes. gagliardas, pianettas, capeorettas, amorettas, dolche dolche, to declamante do bona robas de Toscana.

Ray. I ne'er shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Span. A confecianador. which in your tongue

is a comfit-maker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways——

Fol. And the throat has but one in all; oh, Toledo!

Span. In conserves, candies, marmalades, sincadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions! a Spaniard can multiply.

Span. I am your servidor.

Ray. My palate pleased too! What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How? *dare not fight!* there's in me the Sun's fire.

Hum. No more of this:—(*dances*)—awake the music! Oyez! music!

Ray. No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms;
The fiel l, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

Fol. A dancer and a tailor! yet stand still?
Strike up. [*Music.—A Dance.*

Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

Spring. Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou
Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple
That's consecrate to me?

Hum. Poor Spring, goody herb-wife!
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,
I have bought for my own wearing?

Spring. Bought? art thou sold then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her graces.

Health. Graces? a witch!

Spring. What can she give thee?—

Ray. All things.

Spring. Which I for one bubble cannot add a sea to?

Fol. And show him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not these.

Ray. What dowry can you bring me?

Spring. Dowry? ha!
Is't come to this? am I held poor and base!
A girdle make whose buckles, stretch'd to th' length,
Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;
What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose
I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls
The morning up, shall build on any turf
But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,
And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?

Hum. Live with me still, and all the measures,
Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;
Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
The moon beholds, her man shall reach thee.

Ray. Divinest!

Fol. Here's a lady!

Spring. Is't come to who gives most?
The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine: about it sit
All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

Ray. Live by singing ballads!

Fol. Oh, base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.

Hum. Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh, part not from me! I'll discover
There all, but books of fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well
Whither I'll lead thee, and but drinking there,
To welcome thee, nine Muses shall appear;
And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your Muses!

Fol. Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in sack and claret.

Hum. Do not regard their toys;

Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse, shall fall a-dying;
Call me thy empress; Time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.

Ray. Oh, my all excellence!

Spring. Speak thou for me; I am fainting. [*To* HEALTH.

Health. Leave her; take this, and travel through the world,
I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;
Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,
The day [in] manly pastimes; snatch from Time
His glass, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jog them: riot it, go brave,
Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out:
Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,
Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
Nor any sickness shake thee; Youth and Health,
As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels:
And who, for two such jewels, would not sell
Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so that—

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies! gallop over the world, and not grow old, nor be sick? a lie. One gallant went but into France last day, and was never his own man since; another stept but into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table; another did but peep into England, and it cost him more in good-morrows blown up to him under his window, by drums and trumpets, than his whole voyage; besides, he ran mad upon't.

Hum. Here's my last farewell: ride along with me;
I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace,
* * * * a crystal stream,
Whither thyself, waving * * *
Shall call together the most glorious spirits
Of all the kings that have been in the world;
And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hum. At one end of this palace shall be heard
That music which gives motion to the heaven;
And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,

For sorrow that his lute had not the charms
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:
Then, at ano her end,—
Ray. I'll hear no more:
This ends your strife; you only I adore. [*To* HUMOUR.
Spring. Oh, I am sick at heart! unthankful [man,
'Tis thou hast wounded me; farewell! [*She is led in by* DELIGHT.
Ray. Farewell.
Fol. Health, recover her; sirrah Youth, look to her.
Health. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the spring,
May fly in summer; but—with sickly wing. [*Exeunt* HEALTH *and* YOUTH.
Ray. I owe thee for this pill, doctor.
Hum. The Spring will die sure.
Ray. Let her!
Hum. If she does,
Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her epitaph.
Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.
Fol. It shall not need.
Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need;
This is your Folly?
Hum. He shall be ever yours.
Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly; he's one of our fellows.
Hum. In triumph now I lead thee;—no, be thou [Cæsar,
And lead me.
Ray. Neither; we'll ride with equal state
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.
Hum. Each do his office to this man, your lord;
For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should leave him,
This ivory-gated palace shall receive him. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Confines of Spring and Summer.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT *melancholy.*

Ray. Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated [of thee!
Thou hadst a body, the four elements
Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind, princely:
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet,
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou wouldst [not waste
The weight of a sad violet in excess;
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless:
Dumb beasts even loved thee; once a young lark
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I have done, my lord; my muse has pump'd hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring, and here her lines spring up.
Ray. Read.
Fol. Read! so I will, please you to reach me your high ears.

Here lies the blithe Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing;
Yet in April herself fell a crying:
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a dying.

Yet no month can say,
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty:
The cuckow sung in verse
An epitaph o'er her hearse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty

Ray. No more are thine, thou idiot! hast thou [none
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder?
Out of my sight!
Fol. I am not in it; if I were, you'd see but scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to give nothing.
Ray. Yes, bald one, beastly base one; blockish —away!
Vex me not, fool; turn out o' doors your roarer,
French tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then, sir, yourself.
Fol. Myself! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strappado me, hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! no true gentleman hates me; and how many women are given daily to me, (if I would take 'em,) some not far off know. Tailor gone, Spanish fig gone, all gone, but I——

Enter HUMOUR.

Hum. My waiters quoited off by you! you flay them!
Whence come these thunderbolts? what furies [haunt you?
Ray. You.
Fol. She!
Ray Yes, and thou.
Fol. Bow-wow!
Ray. I shall grow old, diseased, and melancholy;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me:
But for you two, I should be wondrous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature—
Hum. Your Spring?
Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.
One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties in the world:
She was unhappy never, but in two sons,
March, a rude roaring fool,——
Fol. And April, a whining puppy.
Hum. But May was a fine piece.
Ray. Mirror of faces.
Fol. Indeed May was a sweet creature; and yet a great raiser of Maypoles.
Hum. When will you sing my praises thus?
Ray. Thy praises,
That art a common creature!
Hum. Common!
Ray. Yes, common:
I cannot pass through any prince's court,
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,

But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; "a vengeance
On this your debauch'd Humour!"

Fol. A vintner spoke those very words, last night, to a company of roaring-boys, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hum. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie;
Be judged by this your squire, else.

Fol. *Squire!* worshipful master Folly.

Ray. The courtier has his Humour, has he not, Folly?

Fol. Yes, marry, has he—folly: the courtier's humour is to be brave, and not pay for't; to be proud, and no man cares for't.

Ray. Brave ladies have their humours.

Fol. Who has to do with that but brave lords?

Ray. Your citizens have brave humours.

Fol. Oh! but their wives have tickling humours.

Hum. Yet done?

Fol. Humour, madam! if all are your bastards that are given to humour you, you have a company of as arrant rascals to your children as ever went to the gallows: a collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'twas his humour; the knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humour.

Ray. And yet you are not common!

Hum. No matter what I am:
Rail, curse, be frantic; get you to the tomb
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,
And lie with her, kiss her: me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest, stay;
There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

Fol. Are you so? kiss on; I'll be kissed somewhere, I warrant.

Ray. I will not leave my Folly for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee, my love, for worlds piled upon worlds.

Hum. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.

Fol. And I my hobby-horse:—will you be merry then, and jocund?

Ray. As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

Fol. Again!

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

Hum. I'll be your convoy,
And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature;
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend us, Folly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near the* SUMMER'S *Court.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT *and* HUMOUR.

Ray. I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

Hum. He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I swear,
That minute cast away, not spent on you.

Ray. His company is music next to yours;
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
Lull me asleep; and, when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
But how far must we travel? Is't our motion
[That] puts us in this heat, or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth?

Hum. This shows her Court
Is not far off, you covet so to see;
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings?

Hum. Magnificent and curious: every noon
The horses of the day bait there; whilst he,
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hum. Oh!

Ray. And hear
More ravishing music?

Hum. All the choristers
That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring;
But here attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such charms,
They'll all stand still to listen.

Ray. Excellent.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia, and drop like a cob-nut out of Africa——

Enter a Forester.

Fores. Back! whither go you?

[*Fol.*] Oyes! this way.

Fores. None must pass:
Here's kept no open court; our queen this day
Rides forth a-hunting, and the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs so stifle her.
Back! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of* SUMMER.

Enter SUMMER *and* DELIGHT.

Sum. And did break her heart then?

Del. Yes, with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the Spring!
I'll break his heart for't: had she not a face,
Too tempting for a Jove?

Del. The Graces sat
On her fair eyelids ever; but his youth,
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,
(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from him;
Yet his celestial kinsman, for young Raybright
Is the SUN'S DARLING, knowing his journeying hither
To see thy glorious court, sends me before
T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours
In care for him.— [*Recorders.*

The SUN *appears above.*

Sun. Obey your charge!—Oh, thou builder [*Kneels.*
Of me, thy handmaid! landlord of my life!
Life of my love! throne where my glories sit!
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,
Now I but see thee.

Sun. Rise! [*she rises.*] Is Raybright come yet?

Del. Not yet.
Sun. Be you indulgent over him;

Enter PLENTY.

And lavish thou thy treasure.—
Plen. Our princely cousin
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight,
Is come.
Sun. Who with him?
Plen. A goddess in a woman,
Attended by a prating saucy fellow,
Call'd Folly.
Sun. They'll confound him—
But he shall run [his course go and receive him.
[*Exit* PLENTY.
Sum. Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival, [draws
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to [borrow
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan
Our glowing faces.
Sun. I will: ho, Æolus!
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two
To fan my girl, the Summer.
Æol. (*Within.*) I will.
Sun. No roarers.
Æol. (*Within.*) No.
Sun. Quickly.
Æol. (*Within.*) Fly, you slaves! Summer sweats; cool her.
[*Hoboys.—The* SUN *takes his seat above.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY, Country-fellows, *and* Wenches.

SONG.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports:
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And sousing kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark; how they ring—
[*The* SUN *by degrees is clouded.*

Sum. Leave off; the Sun is angry, and has
A cloud before his face. [drawn
Del. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine [so] near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and died; think what I told
His coyness will kill you else. [you,
Sum. It cannot.—Fair prince,
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,
Till now I never saw you: nor never saw
A man, whom I more love, more hate.
Ray. Ha, lady!
Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering rays
You boast your great name; for that name I hate you,
Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.
Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother? Plenty will
Hold you by the hand again. [never
Sum. You have free leave
To thrust your arm into our treasury,
As deep as I myself: Plenty shall wait
Still at your elbow; all my sports are yours,
Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours:
But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass
Reflected on you, not to give you heat;
To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.
[*Flourish.—Exit, followed by* PLEN. *and* DEL.
Ray. Divinest!
Hum. Let her go.
Fol. And I'll go after; for I must and will have a fling at one of her plum-trees.
Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.
Hum. This that *Altezza*,
That Rhodian wonder gazed at by the Sun!—
I feared thine eyes should have beheld a face,
The moon has not a clearer; this! a dowdy.
Fol. An ouzle; this a queen-apple or a crab she gave you?
Hum. She bids you share her treasure; but who keeps it?
Fol. She points to trees great with child with fruit; but when delivered? grapes hang in ropes; but no drawing, not a drop of wine! whole ears of corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil a bit I can touch.
Hum. Be ruled by me once more; leave her.
Ray. In scorn,
As [s]he does me.
Fol. Scorn! If I be not deceived, I have seen Summer go up and down with hot codlings; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of raddish for a penny.
Hum. Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll bring thee
To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn.
Fol. Oh, there's a lad!—let's go then.

Re-enter PLENTY.

Plen. Where is this prince? my mother, for the
Must not have you [de]part. [Indies,
Ray. Must not?

Re-enter SUMMER.

Sum. No, must not.
I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.
Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,

By dragons kept, (the apples being pure gold)
Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.
Plen. Love but my mother,
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the wor'd.
Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free
Of every country; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,
All bi ds to sing to me; and can you catch me
With a tempting golden apple?
Plen. She's too good for thee.
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such store
Of lights, he shone more bright than e'er before;
At which he vow'd, whenever she did die,
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.
Ray. Let him now snatch them up; away!
Hum. Away,
And leave this gipsy.
Sum. Oh, I am lost.
Ray. Lost?
Sum. Scorn'd!—
Ray. Of no triumph more then love can boast.
[*Exit with* HUMOUR *and* FOLLY.
Plen. This strumpet will confound him, she has me.
Sum. Deluded!— [*Recorders.*

The SUN *re-appears, with* CUPID *and* FORTUNE.

Sun. Is Raybright gone?
Sum. Yes, and his spiteful eyes
Have shot darts through me.
Sun. I thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy days; his followers gone,
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy reign;
Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Court of* AUTUMN.

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, *and* FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments, Autumn's bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate,
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.
Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name: the feast of fruits
Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies, which the wanton sense
Would relish, or desire to invent, to please it,
The present were unworthy far to purchase
A sacred leave of friendship.
Ray. I have rioted
In surfeits of the ear, with various music
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower, with which the fresh-trimm'd earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses
With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer
Invited my then ranging eyes to look on
Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
Of waterish petty dainties; but my taste
Is only here pleas'd: the other objects claim
The style of formal, these are real bounties.
Pom. We can transcend thy wishes; whom the creatures
Of every age and quality post, madding,
From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,
Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.
Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up
To this great prince of time; before him, Fortune!
Pour out thy mint of treasures; crown him sovereign
Of what his thoughts can glory to command:
He shall give payment of a royal prize,
To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. Be a merchant, I will freight thee
With all store that time is bought for.
Cup. Be a lover, I will wait thee
With success in life most sought for.
For. Be enamour'd on bright honour,
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.
Cup. Chastity, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.
For. Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.
Cup. Be a courtier, beauty never
Shall but with her duty crown thee.
For. Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.
Cup. Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me;
Love love's love; thy graces wound me.
Both. Live, reign! pity is fame's jewel;
We obey; oh! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.—

Enter, behind, HUMOUR *and* FOLLY.

Hum. What's here?
Fol. Nay, pray observe.
Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your kingdom there.
Hum. With what an earnestness he compli-[ments.]
Fol. Upon my life he means to turn costermonger, and is projecting how to forestal the market; I shall cry pippins rarely.
Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied;
And the desires my sensual appetite
Were only fed with, barren expectations
To what I now am fill'd with.
Fol. Yes, we are filled and must be emptied, these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a lenten pudding, there's no fat in them; my belly

swells, but my sides fall away: a month of such diet would make me a living anatomy.

Pom. These are too little; more are due to him,
That is the pattern of his father's glory:
Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive
To make another artificial nature,
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hum. Shall my heart break? I can contain no longer. [*Comes forward, with* FOLLY.

Ray. How fares my loved Humour?

Hum. A little stirr'd;—no matter, I'll be merry;
Call for some music—do not;—I'll be melancholy.

Fol. A sullen humour; and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

Pom. Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy
In us, that so disturbs you; if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause;
It shall be soon removed.

Hum. Oh, my heart!—
Help to unlace my gown.

Fol. And unlace your petticoat.

Hum. Saucy, how now!—'tis well you have some sweetheart,
Some new fresh sweetheart; [*To* RAY.]—I'm a goodly fool
To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

Pom. Why, madam?
We can be courteous without stain of honour:
'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood
That we desire to tame with satisfaction,
Nor have his masculine graces in our breast
Kindled a wanton fire; our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

Hum. Nay, 'tis all one; I have a tender heart:
Come, come, let's drink.

Fol. A humour in fashion with gallants, and brought out of the Low Countries.

Hum. Fie! there's no music in thee;—let us sing.

Fol. Here's humour in the right trim! a few more such toys would make the little world of man run mad as the puritan that sold his conscience for a maypole— [*A flourish.—Shouts within.*

Ray. The meaning of this mirth?

Pom. My lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours.

Enter AUTUMN *and* BACCHANALIAN.

Pom. My dearest lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have, with all observance,
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Aut. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love!
Let us be twins in heart; thy grandsire's beams
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.
I am his vassal, servant, tributary;
And, for his sake, the kingdoms I possess,
I will divide with thee; thou shalt command
The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,
To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,
Expressing their rich juice; a hundred grains,
Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields,
Shall be congested for thy sacrifice,
In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples,
And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits
Thy father's heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
Of your respected favours, and that honour
Shall equal my ambition.

Aut. My Pomona,
Speed to prepare a banquet of [all] novelties.
This is a day of rest, and we, the whiles,
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey.
Will't please you, madam? a retirement
From these extremes in men, more tolerable,
Will better fit our modesties.

Hum. I'll drink,
And be a Bacchanalian—no, I will not.
Enter, I'll follow;—stay, I'll go before.

Pom. Even what Humour pleaseth.
[*Exeunt* HUM. *and* POM.

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phœbus!
[*A Flourish. Drinks.*
These are the Pæans, which we sing to him,
And yet we wear no bays; our cups are only
Crown'd with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!
[*A Flourish. Drinks.*

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health
To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship;
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad in. [*Flourish. Drinks.*

Ray. I am for that too.

Aut. 'Tis well;
Let it go round; and, as our custom is
Of recreations of this nature, join
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing Iös unto Bacchus.

Fol. Hey-hoes! a god of winds: there's at least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will break out at the back-door; and how sweet the music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one; my music is natural, and came by inheritance: my father was a French nightingale, and my mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo in the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest; but I'll venture for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own, and, when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Aut. Begin.

FOLLY *sings.*

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow;
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!
Play it off stifly, we may not part so.
Chor. Merrily, &c.
[*Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza, they drink.*

Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too;
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.
Merrily, &c.

Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask; score up, we care not;
Fill all the pots again, drink on, and spare not.
Merrily, &c.

Now, have I more air than ten musicians; besides there is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

Aut. Oh, a dance by all means!
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

Fol. I am for you in that too; 'twill jog down the lees of these rouses into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season: many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling.

A DANCE.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime?

Ray. Above utterance.
Oh, how have I, in ignorance and dulness,
Run through the progress of so many minutes,
Accusing him, who was my life's first author,
Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt
The folly of my days in vain expense
Of useless taste and pleasure! Pray, my lord,
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denizen
In your unlimited courtesies.

Aut Devise a round;
You have your liberty.

Ray. A health to Autumn's self!
And here let time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth. [*They drink.*

Aut. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,
And be mine heir.

Ray. I want words to express
My thankfulness.

Aut. Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweats,
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,
[While] Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities
Feed on them; I alone in every land,
Traffic my useful merchandize; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgaged and lost: I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' extremes
Of Winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming Spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn; if thou then canst hope
To inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the year's great emperor.

Aut. On now, to new variety of feasts;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

Ray. My lord, I'll follow. [*Flourish. Exit* AUT.
Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely I am half drunk, or monstrously mistaken: you mean to stay here, belike?

Ray. Whither should I go else?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own defence, I'll not be of your jury.

Re-enter HUMOUR.

Hum. You have had precious pleasures, choice of drunkenness:
Will you be gone?

Ray. I feel a war within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater: In the year's revolution,
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes,
When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure;—

Hum. Ha! in contemplation?

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-guts, this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple John Kent, and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant beams
Gilds ripen'd fruit;——

Hum. And what fine meditation
Transports you thus? You study some encomium
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen;
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy
Of Cynthia's dark defect.

Fol. Madam, let but a green-sickness chambermaid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hum. Come, Raybright; whatsoe'er suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include
Only a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into air;
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hum. You shall not;
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies:
I'll bring thee
Into the court of Winter; there thy food
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton, veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge, snite, plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mistery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,
Until the taste be ravish'd.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes and marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, gingerbread and walnuts.

Hum. Nor is his bounty limited; he'll not spare
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned; besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell me wonders!
Be my conductress; I'll fly this place in secret:
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me:
'Twas Humour, joined with Folly, did mislead me.

Hum. Leave this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Fol. And when the hair falls off, I have heard a p et say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,

And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter] and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,
(An emblem of four provinces we sway,)
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate:
And since we have notice that some barbarous spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not desist, we'll force our way with swords.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court of* WINTER.

Enter several Clowns.

1 *Clown.* Hear you the news, neighbour?

2 *Clown.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour; they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we are like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

3 *Clown.* Our wives and daughters are, for they are sure to get by the bargain; though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with bairn for't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow with some of 'em.

1 *Clown.* 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

2 *Clown.* Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour: they may talk and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter WINTER.

Win. What sullen murmurings does your gall bring forth?
Will you prov't true, "No good comes from the north?"
Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your prince's entry into this his land?
A prince, who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of mercifu. and wise;
Whose laws are so impartial, they must
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just:
Who does, with princely moderation, give
His subjects an example how to live;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to affect:
That as the sun does unto all dispense
Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence:
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage
War against Heaven; and from his shining throne
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon;
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,
From Heaven's sublime height to the depth of Hell.

1 *Clown.* The devil he can as soon! we fear no colours; let him do his worst; there's many a tall fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up: all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown.* Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour; prate is but prate. They say this prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods; and that's abominable; we'll all be hang'd first.

Win. A most fair pretence
To found rebellion upon conscience!
Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments still
Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
Not by indifferent reason, which to you
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the parch'd earth; wets, but does not give
Moisture enough to make the plants to live.
Things void of soul! can you conceive, that he,
Whose every thought's an act of piety,
Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,
Cannot direct you in the fittest way
To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay
True zealous worship, nay's so near allied
To them, himself must needs be deified?

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

2 *Clown.* What are you, sir?

Fol. A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not warm young wenches, good wines and fires, to heat their blood, 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. [*Exit.*

1 *Clown.* Farewell, and be hanged! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 *Clown.* Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

Win. 'Tis, I see,
Not in my power to alter destiny;
You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear
What I presage, with understanding clear,
As your black thoughts are misty; take from me
This, as a true and certain augury:
This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,
Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause,
You shall with penitence embrace his laws:
He to the frozen northern clime shall bring
A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
Usurp my privilege, and by his ray

Night shall be changed into perpetual day:
Plenty and happiness shall still increase,
As does his light; and turtle-footed peace
Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all
That envy him, shall like swift comets fall,
By their own fire consumed; and glorious he
Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,
Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.

A Flourish.—Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY, *and* DELIGHT.

But see, our star appears; and from his eye
Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.
Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin
To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;
For at your beams the waggoner might thaw
His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow;
Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt
Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

Ray. What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb
The happy progress of our glorious peace,
Contemn the justice of our equal laws,
Profane those sacred rites, which still must be
Attendant on monarchal dignity?
I came to frolic with you, and to cheer
Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,
And have I this strange welcome? Reverend Winter!
I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free
Condition does assure [me], I shall have
A welcome entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir! I am [not] ignorant
How much expression my true zeal will wan
To entertain you fitly; yet my love
And hearty duty shall be far above
My outward welcome. To that glorious light
Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the night,
I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit
Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit.
Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent
So far with age, I am Time's monument,
Antiquity's example; in my zeal
I, from my youth, a span of time will steal
To open the free treasures of my court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.
[Pity, that one]
So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beams,
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer
The other seasons; yet my pleasures with you,
From their false charms, do get the start, as far
As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Boun. Sir, you can speak well; if your tongue deliver
The message of your heart, without some cunning
Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
The lasting riches of your presence hence[forth]
Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winter's sweet bride,
All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's glory,
Nature's perfection; whom all love, all serve;
To whom Fortune, even in extreme 's a slave;
When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,
Let me be rank'd as nothing!

Boun. Come, you flatter me.

Ray. I flatter you! why, madam, you are Bounty,
Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.

Hum. He minds not me now. [*Aside.*

Ray. Bounty's self!
For you, he is no soldier dares not fight;
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,
Or study your best sweetness; should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless misery,
And cherish desolation: 'deed I honour you,
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.

Hum. Are these the rare sights, these the promis'd compliments?

Win. Attendance on our revels! let delight
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night;
Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth, and harmless pleasures here:
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
To wait on you, at Winter's festival;
While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air
Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare;
That, were Apicius here, he in one night
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.
[*A Flourish.*

Enter CONCEIT *and* DETRACTION.

Con. Wit and pleasure, soft attention
Grace the sports of our invention.
Detr. Conceit, peace! for Detraction
Hath already drawn a faction
Shall deride thee.
Con. Antick, leave me!
For in labouring to bereave me
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage
Shall be hiss'd at.
Detr. Here's a hot age,
When such petty penmen covet
Fame by folly! On; I'll prove it
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee
By thine own wit.
Con. I defy thee;
Here are nobler judges; wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.

Detr. Prithee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

Con. Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit appears,
In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,
Before thy censure: know, then, that the spheres
Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend
Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd
With the four known Complexions, have atoned
A noble league, and severally put on
Material bodies; here amongst them none
Observes a difference: Earth and Air alike
Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek

No glory of pre-eminence; Phlegm and Blood,
Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure,
To entertain time in a courtly Measure.

Detr. Impossible and improper; first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours! fie, fie, fie; it's abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly scan
Impossibility, what reigns in man
Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,
To fashion and preserve so high a creature?

Detr. Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Masquers, (the four Elements, Air, Fire, Water, and Earth; and the four Complexions, Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy,) on a raised Platform.

Con. See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase,
When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

Detr. Fine, i'faith; pretty, and in good earnest: but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

Con. Behold them well; the foremost represents
Air, the most sportive of the elements.

Detr. A nimble rascal, I warrant him some alderman's son; wondrous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco.

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Detr. A choleric gentleman, I should know him; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him: he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for he roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-wether.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Detr. A phlegmatic cold piece of stuff: his father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table, and one that never drank strong beer in's life, but at festival times; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Detr. A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest; Blood is placed near Air, Choler near Fire; Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task
To sing them down, and rank them in a masque.

A SONG:

During which, the Masquers descend upon the Stage, and take their places for the Dance.

See the Elements conspire:
Nimble Air does court the Earth,
Water does commix with fire,
To give our prince's pleasure birth;
Each delight, each joy, each sweet
In one composition meet,
All the seasons of the year;

Winter does invoke the Spring,
Summer does in pride appear,
Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,
And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this holy-day;
In which the Darling of the Sun is come,
To make this place a new Elysium.

[*A Dance.—Exeunt Masquers.*

Win. How do these pleasures please?

Hum. Pleasures?

Boun. Live here,
And be my lord's friend; and thy sports shall vary
A thousand ways; Invention shall beget
Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change
Can aim at.

Hum. Trifles! Progress o'er the year
Again, my Raybright; therein like the Sun;
As he in Heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine; for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt:
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely virgin.

Win. My royal lord!
Without offence, be pleased but to afford
Me give you my true figure; do not scorn
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use: 'tis my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair:
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity;
And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

Ray. That wonder! Oh, can you bring me thither?

Win. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hum. But where's the guide?
Quicken thy spirits, Raybright; I'll not leave thee:
We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness;
These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights
Become not noble action.

Ray. To the Spring
I am resolv'd— [*Recorders.*

The Sun appears above.

Oh, what strange light appears!
The Sun is up, sure.

Sun. Wanton Darling, look,
And worship with amazement.

Omnes. Gracious lord!

Sun. Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of frailty
Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,
Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties
Of gaudy sights; the Summer, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's Manhood; here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicity in folly:
Winter at last draws on the Night of Age;
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
Untasted or untried, puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree
Of his creation, with a royal bounty
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants
To rectify his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,
His bosom's whorish sweetheart, idle Humour,

His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.
Then shall,
Like four straight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortality;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew;
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,
Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
In peace go to our altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But give us leave to govern as we please
Nature and her dominion, who from us
And from our gracious influence hath both being,
And preservation; no replies, but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within
him. [Exeunt.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorney, *a Gentleman.*
Carter, *a rich Yeoman.*
Old Banks, *a Countryman.*
Ratcliffe.
W. Mago.
W. Hamluc.
Rowland, *and several other* Countrymen.
Warbeck, Somerton, } *Suitors to* Carter's *Daughters.*
Frank, Thorney's *Son.*
Cuddy Banks, *the Clown.*
Morrice-Dancers.

Sawgut, *an old Fiddler.*

Justice, Constable, Officers, Serving-Men *and* Maids.
Dog, *a Familiar*
A Spirit.

Mother Sawyer, *the Witch.*
Ann, Ratcliffe's *Wife.*
Susan, Katherine, } Carter's *Daughters.*
Winnifrede, Sir Arthur's *Maid.*

SCENE,—The Town and Neighbourhood of Edmonton: in the end of the last Act, London.

THE WHOLE ARGUMENT IS THIS DISTICH:

Forced marriage, murder; murder blood requires;
Reproach, revenge; revenge, hell's help desires.

PROLOGUE.

The town of Edmonton hath lent the stage
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make comparisons it were uncivil,
Between so even a pair, a Witch and Devil:
But as the year doth with his plenty bring,
As well a latter as a former spring,
So hath this Witch enjoy'd the first; and reason
Presumes she may partake the other season:
In acts deserving name, the proverb says,
"Once good and ever;" why not so in plays?
Why not in this? since, gentlemen, we flatter
No expectation; here is mirth and matter.

MASTER BIRD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Neighbourhood of* Edmonton. *A Room in the House of* Sir Arthur Clarington.

Enter Frank Thorney *and* Winnifrede.

Frank. Come, wench; why, here's a business soon dispatch'd.
Thy heart I know is now at ease: thou need'st not
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know
Whom to call dad now.

Win. You have [here] discharg'd
The true part of an honest man; I cannot
Request a fuller satisfaction
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have then been ever sunder'd; now the longest
Of our forbearing either's company,
Is only but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift; that so, hereafter,
The heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want;

Two devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.
Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.
Frank. Fathers are
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters
Or wronged friends are; and besides I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born heir, shall be assured;
That done, why let him know it: if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.
Win. You who had
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried?
Frank. Prithee do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman;
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.
Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.
Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.
Win. Once every month!
Is this to have an husband?
Frank. Perhaps oftener;
That's as occasion serves.
Win. Ay, ay; in case
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,
And see you now and then. Faith; I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows, how—
Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought; once more, in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin!
I hope thou dost believe me.
Win. Swear no more;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoveful for us.
Frank. Thus then:
Make thyself ready; at the furthest house
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle
Expects you. For a little time, farewell!
Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly?
Frank. We shall. One kiss—away! [*Exit* WIN.

Enter SIR ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Sir Ar. Frank Thorney!
Frank. Here, sir.
Sir Ar. Alone? then must I tell thee in plain terms,
Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and lewdly.
Frank. Your house, sir?
Sir Ar. Yes, sir: if the nimble devil
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd against
All rules of honest duty, you might, sir,
Have found out some more fitting place than here.
To have built a stews in. All the country whispers
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,
Make her amends and marry her?
Frank. So, sir,
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;
And that would be a shame worse than the other.
Sir Ar. You should have thought on this before, and then
Your reason would have oversway'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the maid a portion.
Frank. So you promised me
Before, in case I married her. I know
Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit
Report hath lent him; and presume you are
A debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,
For being somewhat rude.
Sir Ar. It is but reason.
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred pounds,
And a continual friend?
Frank. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right
A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.
Sir Ar. Art thou?
Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to employ
The use of what you please to give.
Sir Ar. Thou shalt have it.
Frank. Then I claim
Your promise.—We are man and wife.
Sir Ar. Already?
Frank. And more than so, [sir,] I have promised her
Free entertainment in her uncle's house
Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My father's love and liking.
Sir Ar. Honest Frank!
Frank. I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep her,
Without a daily charge.
Sir Ar. As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.
Frank. But our occasions——
Sir Ar. Nay, nay,
Talk not of your occasions: trust my bounty,
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i'faith, Frank?
'Tis well, 'tis passing well!—then, Winnifrede,
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,

Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to Waltham?
Frank. She is making ready;
Her uncle stays for her.
Sir Ar. Most provident speed.
Frank, I will be [thy] friend, and such a friend!—
Thou wilt bring her thither?
Frank. Sir, I cannot; newly
My father sent me word I should come to him.
Sir Ar. Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.
Frank. I have a suit to you.
Sir Ar. What is it?
Anything, Frank; command it.
Frank. That you'll please
By letters to assure my father, that
I am not married.
Sir Ar. How?
Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands
Shall be assured.
Sir Ar. But what is there to quit
My knowledge of the marriage?
Frank. Why, you were not
A witness to it.
Sir Ar. I conceive; and then—
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him thoroughly
With all that's past.
Frank. I mean no less.
Sir Ar. Provided
I never was made privy to't.
Frank. Alas, sir,
Am I a talker?
Sir Ar. Draw thyself the letter,
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy,
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:
Dispatch it.
Frank. I shall write effectually. [*Exit.*
Sir Ar. Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught the young man?
One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

Enter WINNIFREDE *in a riding-suit.*

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;
The worst is past: thy lip, wench! (*kisses her.*) I must bid
Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried:
Ha! was't not, Win?
Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The dower of a virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame: had not my laundress
Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,
You had not with such eagerness pursued
The error of your goodness.
Sir Ar. Dear, dear Win,
I hug this art of thine; it shows how cleanly
Thou canst beguile, in case occasion serve
To practise; it becomes thee: now we share
Free scope enough, without controul or fear,
To interchange our pleasures; we will surfeit
In our embraces, wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting?
Win. What to do?
Sir Ar. Good, good! to con the lesson of our loves,
Our secret game.
Win. Oh, blush to speak it further.
As you are a noble gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done,
To open a cured wound: I know you speak
For trial; 'troth, you need not.
Sir Ar. I for trial?
Not I, by this good sun-shine!
Win. Can you name
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:
If you appear in any visitation,
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs
For former deeds of lust; may I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
To see or hear you! I will change my life,
From a loose whore to a repentant wife.
Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not asham'd
After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away! fie on't!
Win. My resolution
Is built upon a rock. This very day
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound,
Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred oath set on record
In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust, the sin
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin
A temple hallow'd to the purity
Of holy marriage. I have said enough;
You may believe me.
Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery,
There freeze in your old cloister:—this is fine!
Win. Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give me leave
To weep and pray for your conversion?
Sir Ar. Yes;
Away to Waltham. Pox upon your honesty!
Had you no other trick to fool me? well,
You may want money yet.
Win. None that I'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my just complaint;
I was your devil; oh, be you my saint! [*Exit.*
Sir Ar. Go thy ways; as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd knight; I'm glad I am rid of her.
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—EDMONTON. *A Room in* CARTER'S *House.*

Enter Old THORNEY *and* CARTER.

Thor. You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman;
I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

Car. No gentleman I, master Thorney; spare the mastership, call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with; honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

Thor. How! no security? although it need not so long as you live; yet who is he has surety of his life one hour! Men, the proverb says, are mortal; else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

Car. Double, treble, more or less, I tell you, master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

Thor. I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

Car. I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter; there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

Thor. You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

Car. To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

Enter WARBECK *with* SUSAN, SOMERTON *with* KATHERINE.

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hear'st
The liberty that's granted thee; what sayest thou?
Wilt thou be mine?

Sus. Your what, sir? I dare swear
Never your wife.

War. Canst thou be so unkind,
Considering how dearly I affect thee,
Nay, dote on thy perfections?

Sus. You are studied,
Too scholar-like, in words I understand not.
I am too coarse for such a gallant's love
As you are.

War. By the honour of gentility—

Sus. Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with us
Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

War. By this white hand of thine—

Sus. Take a false oath!
Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it,
And one of these am I.

War. Dost thou despise me?

Car. Let them talk on, master Thorney; I know Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he shall but singe his wings when all's done: Frank, Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate?

Kath. Better so,
Than be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion
I level at: wert thou as poor in fortunes
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,
Than twice thy father's whole estate; and, prithee,
Be thou resolv'd so.

Kath. Master Somerton,
It is an easy labour to deceive
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I presume you to deserve.

Som. Which is,
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,
As thou art worthy to be so beloved.

Kath. I shall find time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do;
And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me!

Car. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads; we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

Thor. What is the other gentleman?

Car. One Somerton; the honester man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in West-ham, by Essex: master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another——I use him kindly for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

War. Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

Sus. Where lies it!
By sea or land? I think by sea.

War. Do I look like a captain?

Sus. Not a whit, sir.
Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,
There's not a ship should have a scullion in her
To keep her clean.

War. Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?
Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

Sus. Neither
Am I a property for you to use
As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse.
Pray, sir, be civil.

War. Wilt be angry, wasp?

Car. God-a-mercy, Sue! she'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter FRANK.

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

Thor. Now
You come as I could wish.
War. Frank Thorney? ha! [*Aside.*
Sus. You must excuse me.
Frank. Virtuous mistress Susan.
Kind mistress Katherine. [*Kisses them.*
Gentlemen to both
Good time o' th' day.
Som. The like to you.
War. 'Tis he:
A word, friend. (*Aside to* SOM.) On my life, this is the man
Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.
Som. I think no less; be wise and take no notice on't;
He that can win her, best deserves her.
War. Marry
A serving man? mew!
Som. Prithee, friend, no more.
Car. Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thorney, master Francis, master Somerton!— Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all your forenoon in tittle-tattles! away; it's well, i'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?
Thor. We'll follow presently; my son and I
Have a few words of business.
Car. At your pleasure.
[*Exeunt all but* THORNEY *and* FRANK.
Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for which
I sent for you.
Frank. Yes, sir.
Thor. I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily
The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;
Nor have I any clue to wind it out,
But what occasion proffers me; wherein,
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,
And you the loss. On these two points rely
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion
Will free my land; all which I will instate,
Upon the marriage, to you: otherwise
I must be of necessity enforced
To make a present sale of all; and yet,
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,
Or worse, than now I do; you hear the sum:
I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?
Frank. I have, sir; and however I could wish
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,
For that I find no disposition in me
To undergo the burden of that care
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.
Thor. You have already used
Such thriving protestations to the maid,
That she is wholly your's; and——speak the truth,—
You love her, do you not?
Frank. 'Twere pity, sir,
I should deceive her.
Thor. Better you had been unborn.
But is your love so steady that you mean,
Nay more, desire, to make her your wife?
Frank. Else, sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.
Thor. True,
It were: and you will marry her?
Frank. Heaven prosper it,
I do intend it.
Thor. Oh, thou art a villain!
A devil like a man! Wherein have I
Offended all the powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceless, godless son?
Frank. To me, sir, this! oh, my cleft heart!
Thor. To thee,
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou monster!
Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid
Was fellow-servant with thee?
Frank. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad; I must outface it. [*Aside.*
Thor. Do you study for excuse? why all the country
Is full on't.
Frank. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers
Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.
Thor. Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no wife?
Frank. What do you take me for? an atheist?
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn,
Which * * * * travellers, day and night,
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of creation's work, my soul!
Oh, I have lived too long!
Thor. Thou hast, dissembler.
Dar'st thou persévere yet, and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;
Get from my sight!
Frank. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been
Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.
Thor. From whom?
Frank. Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.
Thor. Well, sir. [*Reads.*
Frank. On every side I am distracted;
Am waded deeper into mischief
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:
Fate leads me; I will follow.—[*Aside.*] There you read
What may confirm you.
Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.
Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.
My tears express my joy; and I am sorry
I injured innocence.
Frank. Alas! I knew
Your rage and grief proceeded from your love
To me; so I conceiv'd it.
Thor. My good son,
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter;
Bear thou with mine.
Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Re-enter Old CARTER *and* SUSAN.

Car. Why, master Thorney, do you mean to talk out your dinner? the company attends your coming. What must it be, master Frank? or son Frank? I am plain Dunstable.

Thor. Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she is not alter'd
From what I left her at our parting last:—
Are you, fair maid?

Sus. You took too sure possession
Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

Car. Marry, and much good may it do thee, son. Take her to thee; get me a brace of boys at a burthen, Frank; the nursing shall not stand thee in a pennyworth of milk; reach her home and spare not: when's the day?

Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony
Of charge and custom were to little purpose;
Their loves are married fast enough already.

Car. A good motion. We'll e'en have an household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape: let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together; no matter for the guests:—to-morrow, Sue, to-morrow. Shall's to dinner now?

Thor. We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

Sus. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me!
Now my heart's settled.

Frank. So is mine.

Car. Your marriage-money shall be received before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Blessing on you both!

Frank. [*Aside.*] No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him:
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.

[*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Fields near* Edmonton.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, *gathering sticks.*

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
Must I for that be made a common sink,
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it; and here comes one
Of my chief adversaries.

Enter Old Banks.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

Banks. I do, witch, I do; and worse I would, knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou upon my ground?

Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser!—there they be; [*Throws them down.*] would they stuck across thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

Banks. Say'st thou me so, hag? Out of my ground! [*Beats her.*

Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now thy bones aches, thy joints cramps, and convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that. [*Beats her, and exit.*

Saw. Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand and arm
Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk!
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd.
What spells, what charms or invocations?
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?

Enter Cuddy Banks, *and several other* Clowns.

Cud. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

1 *Cl.* Double bells;—Crooked-Lane—you shall have 'em straight in Crooked-Lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

Cud. Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2 *Cl.* All trebles? not a mean?

Cud. Not one. The morrice is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

3 *Cl.* What! nor a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chase men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2 *Cl.* If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to our house,) for a fore-horse [i'th'] team, and foregallant in a morrice, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3 *Cl.* So much for the fore-horse; but how for a good Hobby-horse?

Cud. For a Hobby-horse? let me see an almanack. Midsummer-moon, let me see you. "When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane." No more. Use your best skill; your morrice will suffer an eclipse.

1 *Cl.* An eclipse?

Cud. A strange one.

2 *Cl.* Strange?

Cud. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! the whole body of your morrice will be darkened.—There be of us—but 'tis no matter:—forget the hobby-horse!

1 *Cl.* Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.

Cud. Suffer may ye all it shall be known, I

can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 *Cl.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

2 *Cl.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 *Cl.* The caparisons new painted.

4 *Cl.* The tail repair'd.

1 *Cl.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned over.

1 *Cl.* Kind,—

2 *Cl.* Honest,

3 *Cl.* Loving, ingenious—

4 *Cl.* Affable, Cuddy.

Cud. To show I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuft, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in him—but [*seeing the witch*]—uds me, mother Sawyer!

1 *Cl.* The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

2 *Cl.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now?

Cud. "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve [for] a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou

1 *Cl.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 *Cl.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 *Cl.* Away—

4 *Cl.* With the witch!

All. Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*

Saw. Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks
Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood;
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be revenged
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or anything that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a witch, as to be counted one:
Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

Enter a Black Dog.

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou
Mine own. [art

Saw. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

Saw. Bless me! the devil!

Dog. Come, do not fear; I love thee much too
To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible, [well
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Saw. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto man or beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift
Of soul and body to me.

Saw. Out, alas!
My soul and body?

Dog. And that instantly
And seal it with thy blood: if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Saw. I know not where to seek relief: but shall I,
After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me?

Dog. Ha, ha! silly woman!
The devil is no liar to such as he loves—
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar
To such as he affects?

Saw. Then I am thine; at least so much of me
As I can call mine own—

Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? speak, or I'll tear—

Saw. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood.

[*She pricks her arm, which he sucks.—Thunder and lightning.*

See! now I dare call thee mine!
For proof, command me; instantly I'll run
To any mischief; goodness can I none.

Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old churl,
One Banks—

Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lamed thee, call'd thee witch.

Saw. The same; first upon him I'd be revenged

Dog. Thou shalt; do but name how?

Saw. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Dost laugh!
Why wilt not kill him?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.
Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,
And tied in limits: though he be curst to thee,
Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor; now men, that,
As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,
Live without compass of our reach: his cattle
And corn I'll kill and mildew; but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.
The WITCH OF EDMONTON shall see his fall;
If she at least put credit in my power,
And in mine only; make orisons to me,
And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner.

Dog. I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,
Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or kill,
Turn thy back against the sun.
And mumble this short orison

If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Saw. If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect: farewell! Our first-made promises
We'll put into execution against Banks. [*Exit*

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert scholar;
Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here?

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe.

To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the devil's paternoster? would it were else!—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout
A poor old woman.

To death pursue 'em,
And sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Cud. Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch? would you were else, i'faith!

Saw. Your father knows I am, by this.

Cud. I would he did!

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else! But witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman; and though my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to cob you another.

Saw. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,
As your kind father doth?

Cud. My father! I am ashamed to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster; (*gives her money*) and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Saw. You seem a good young man, and—I must dissemble,
The better to accomplish my revenge.— [*Aside.*
But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do?
Bewitch thee?

Cud. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already: I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Saw. I understand thee not; be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate Carter?

Saw. The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of her?

Cud. That same party has bewitch'd me.

Saw. Bewitch'd thee?

Cud. Bewitch'd me, *hisce auribus*. I saw a little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt, which sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'ye-call-'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in her's: do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Saw. We shall have sport. (*Aside.*)—Thou art in love with her?

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Saw. And thou wouldst have me make her love thee too?

Cud. I think I shall prove a witch in earnest. (*Aside.*)—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Saw. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Cud. Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe so; and, when I see it done, I shall be half persuaded so too.

Saw. It is enough; what art can do, be sure of.
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st,
Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the* Dog *appears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*

Cud. Afraid, mother witch!—"turn my face to the west!" I said I should always have a back friend of her; and now it's out. An her little devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on my haunches—'Tis woundy cold sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

Saw. To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctabicetur nomen tuum. [*Exit* Dog.
How now, my son, how is't?

Cud. Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

Saw. A kind of charm I work by; didst thou hear me?

Cud. I heard I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words; what were they? and who taught them you?

Saw. A great learned man.

Cud. Learned man! learned devil it was as soon! But what? what comfortable news about the party?

Saw. Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee. Thou know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night after sunset: and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

Cud. In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already? The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

Saw. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee; but follow her close and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Cud. "At the stile, at the west-end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go near to make a taglet else. [*Exit*

Saw. A ball well bandied! now the set's half won;
The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—CARTER'S *House.*

Enter CARTER, WARBECK, *and* SOMERTON.

Car. How now, gentlemen! cloudy? I know, master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

War. And can you blame me, sir?

Car. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot: my hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter

War. However, your promise—

Car. Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

War. Which honest men should pay.

Car. Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

Car. Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolick, Ned; were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

War. You hold your's in a string though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

Som. In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,——

War. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass; I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

War. And that confidence is a wind that has blown many a married man ashore at Cuckold's Haven, I can tell you; I wish your's more prosperous though.

Car. Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

War. Yes, as you did to me.

Car. No more of that, if you love me: but for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage; and that once seal'd—

Som. Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

Enter FRANK THORNEY *and* SUSAN.

But see, the bridegroom and bride come; the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

War. The sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due; but—

Som. No harsh language, if thou lovest me,
Frank Thorney has done—

War. No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

War. Come, give thee joy: may'st thou live long and happy
In thy fair choice!

Frank. I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master Warbeck,
I find you loving.

War. Thorney, that creature,—(much good do thee with her!)
Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;
She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney,
'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal, the success
I leave to censure; farewell, mistress bride!
Till now elected thy old scorn deride. [*Exit.*

Som. Good master Thorney—

Car. Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen. [*Exit with* SOMERTON.

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart?

Frank. Who, I? for nothing.

Sus. Dear, say not so; a spirit of your constancy
Cannot endure this change for nothing.—
I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Frank. In me?

Sus. In you, sir.
Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep
You utter sudden and distracted accents,
Like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving husband,
If I
May dare to challenge any interest in you,
Give me the reason fully; you may trust
My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what?
You half amaze me; prithee—

Sus. Come, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking
The least dislike that grieves you; I am all your's.

Frank. And I all thine.

Sus. You are not, if you keep
The least grief from me; but I find the cause,
It grew from me.

Frank. From you?

Sus. From some distaste
In me or my behaviour: you are not kind
In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,
Silly and plain; more, strange to those contents
A wife should offer: say but in what I fail,
I'll study satisfaction.

Frank. Come; in nothing.

Sus. I know I do; knew I as well in what,
You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,
Speak't in a frown; if peevishly too nice,
Shew't in a smile: thy liking is the glass
By which I'll habit my behaviour.

Frank. Wherefore
Dost weep now?

Sus. You, sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day;
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson red:
You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Frank. Change thy conceit, I prithee;
Thou art all perfection: Diana herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd
* * * in thy chaste breast; in the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties;
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires:
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.
Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute,
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Sus. Come, come, these golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie up my speech, sir; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.

Frank. Then look here;
For here, here is the fen in which this hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

Sus. Heaven shield it! where?

Frank. In mine own bosom, here the cause has root;
The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Sus. You speak riddles.

Frank. Take't plainly then; 'twas told me by a woman
Known and approved in palmistry,
I should have two wives.

Sus. Two wives? sir, I take it
Exceeding likely; but let not conceit hurt you:
You are afraid to bury me?

Frank. No, no, my Winnifrede.

Sus. How say you? Winnifrede! you forget me.

Frank. No, I forget myself, Susan.

Sus. In what?

Frank. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede,
A maid that at my mother's waited on me
Before thyself.

Sus. I hope, sir, she may live
To take my place; but why should all this move you?

Frank. The poor girl,—she has 't before thee,
And that's the fiend torments me. [*Aside.*

Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? such presages
Prove often false: or say it should be true?

Frank. That I should have another wife?

Sus. Yes, many;
If they be good, the better.

Frank. Never any
Equal to thee in goodness.

Sus. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you;
Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added
To my successor.

Frank. Prithee, prithee, talk not
Of death or graves; thou art so rare a goodness,
As Death would rather put itself to death,
Than murder thee: but we, as all things else,
Are mutable and changing.

Sus. Yet you still move
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Frank. At my return I will.

Sus. Return? ah me!
Will you then leave me?

Frank. For a time I must:
But how? as birds their young, or loving bees
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Sus. Leave me!
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,
Cost it my life, you shall not.

Frank. Why? your reason?

Sus. Like to the lapwing have you all this while,
With your false love, deluded me; pretending
Counterfeit senses for your discontent!
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Frank. What? what by chance?

Sus. Your pre-appointed meeting
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

Frank. Ha!

Sus. Even so: dissemble not; 'tis too apparent.
Then, in his look, I read it:—deny it not,
I see't apparent; cost it my undoing,
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Frank. Not until when?

Sus. Till he and you be friends.
Was this your cunning?—and then flam me off
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede!
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

Frank. And you more fond by far than I expected.— [*Aside.*
It is a virtue that attends thy kind—
But of our business within:—and by this kiss,
I'll anger thee no more; 'troth, chuck, I will not.

Sus. You shall have no just cause.

Frank. Dear Sue, I shall not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field.*

Enter CUDDY BANKS, *with the* Morrice Dancers.

1 *Clown.* Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now; if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

2 *Cl.* I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

Cud. If you were wise, a word would serve; but as you are, I must be forced to tell you again. I have a little private business, an hour's work; it may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morrice?

1 *Cl.* No, no; no woman's part but Maid-Marian, and the hobby-horse.

Cud. I'll have a witch; I love a witch.

1 *Cl.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so common now-a-days, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2 *Cl.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3 *Cl.* So would not I; for if she comes, the devil and all comes along with her.

Cud. Well, I'll have a witch; I have loved a witch ever since I played at cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horse dress'd; give him oats: but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

2 *Cl.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first; then whither thou wilt.

Cud. Well, I am content; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman; I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

1 *Cl.* Oh, I smell him now!—I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Cud. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1 *Cl.* Not I.

2 *Cl.* Nor I.

Cud. Go to, no more of that: when I understand what you speak, I know what you say; believe that.

1 *Cl.* Well, 'twas I, I'll not deny it; I meant no hurt in't; I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum: Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide?

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrove-tide.

2 *Cl.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

Cud. Prithee peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 *Cl.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee look but in the lover's almanack; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years:" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 *Cl* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

All. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you; get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch; because he can show his art better than another. [*Exeunt all but* CUDDY.

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

Enter Dog.

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou know'st the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel; thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

Enter a Spirit, *vizarded. He throws off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of* KATHERINE.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,
And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid
Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly,
But from his virtues must be run-aways.
We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive; the witch pays for all.
[*Dog barks.*

Cud. Ay? is that the watchword? She's come. (*Sees the* Spirit.) Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-church, in memory of thee; now come behind, kind cur.

And have I met thee, sweet Kate?
I will teach thee to walk so late.

Oh see, we meet in metre. (*The* Spirit *retires as he advances.*) What! dost thou trip from me? Oh, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! "Stay nymph, stay nymph," sing'd Apollo.

Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!
Tarry and kiss me, sweet.
We will to Cheesum Street,
And then to the house stands in the highway.

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.
[*Exit, following the* Spirit.

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am drown'd!

Re-enter CUDDY *wet.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanack: thinking to land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Gravesend. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? a mange take that black hide of your's! I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. How now? who's that laughs at me? Hist, to him! (Dog *barks.*)—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

Cud. How now! who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Cud. The devil you can! you have read Æsop's fables then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

Dog. My dame calls me Tom.

Cud. 'Tis well, and she may call me Ass; so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass: she said, I should follow you indeed. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ingle: I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me and I'll do any thing for thee.

Cud. Well, you shall have jowls and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em: and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

Dog. Anything; I'll help thee to thy love.

Cud. Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

Dog. Oh, best of all; the sweetest bits those.

Cud. You shall not starve, ningle Tom, believe that: if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles; I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and soles? Oh, sweet bits! banqueting stuff, those.

Cud. One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have play'd the knavish cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our morrice-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, anything; I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

Cud. He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,
Before the morrice ends, shall light on him!

Cud. Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again; friends must part for a time: farewell, with this remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the devil of Edmonton, I see. Farewell, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon as thou canst. [*Exit.*

Dog. I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Neighbourhood of* EDMONTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY, *and* WINNIFREDE *in boy's clothes.*

Frank. Prithee no more! those tears give nourishment
To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shown this cheek in company;
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,
Some going before, and some on either side,
But infinite behind; all chain'd together:
Your second adulterous marriage leads;
That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

Frank. Why? hast thou not left one hour's patience
To add to all the rest? one hour bears us
Beyond the reach of all these enemies:
Are we not now set forward in the flight,
Provided with the dowry of my sin,
To keep us in some other nation?
While we together are, we are at home
In any place.

Win. 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,
Far worse than usury or extortion.

Frank. Let
My father then make the restitution,
Who forced me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; so I receive it.
He would not bless, nor look a father on me,
Until I satisfied his angry will:
When I was sold, I sold myself again
(Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no more,
'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes:
For only but to take her leave of me,
My wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your wife!

Frank. No, no; thou art here: the woman—I knew
Not how to call her now; but after this day
She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

Enter SUSAN.

Go lead
The horses to th' hill's top; there I'll meet thee.

Sus. Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Frank. Ay, with all my heart.

Sus. You may hear, if it please you, sir.

Frank. No, 'tis not fit:
Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings: and so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so,
And it is necessary: on! but be brief. [*Walks forward.*

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me, mistress,
I shall support it faithfully (being honest)
To my best strength.

Sus. Believe't shall be no other.
I know you were commended to my husband
By a noble knight.

Win. Oh gods!—oh, mine eyes!

Sus. How now? what ail'st thou, lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, (it makes it water still,)
Even as you said "commended to my husband."—
Some dor, I think it was.—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was himself.
That title, methinks, should make you almost fellows;
Or at the least much more than a [mere] servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.
Your love to him then needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do,
'Tis fit it should be bought with something more
Than fair entreats; look! here's a jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper
These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with thee.*
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou return'st with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.
Why, thou art many now besides thyself:
Thou may'st be servant, friend, and wife to him;
A good wife is them all. A friend can play
The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;
No less the servant can the friend and wife:
'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
Interchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping

Frank. Not done yet?

Sus. Even now, sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vow; your severe eye,
Were't present to command, your bounteous hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more dear or near unto him,
Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, friend, wife to him.

Sus. Wilt thou?
Now blessings go with thee for't! courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home

Win. Pray you say plainly,
Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Sus. Say'st thou so?
I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my Thorney.

Win. Believe it, mistress,
I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find
Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, protest I'll show you all:
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.
Sus. Thine own diligence is that I press,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.
Frank. Prithee take that along with thee.
[*Gives his sword to* WINNIFREDE.
And haste thee
To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.
Sus. No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou canst—
[*Exit* WIN.
Pray let him
Obey me now; 'tis happily his last
Service to me.—
My power is e'en a-going out of sight.
Frank. Why would you delay?
We have no other business now but to part.
Sus. And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long time?
Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.
Frank. Fie, fie! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!
[*Kisses her.*
Sus. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet;
I must have it read o'er an hundred times:
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dullness.
Frank. What a thorn this rose grows on! Parting were sweet;
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it! [*Aside.*
Come, again and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*]
Yet wilt return?
All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revisitation, fully I have answered all;
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.
Sus. And that nothing is more hard than anything,
Than all the everythings. This request—
Frank. What is't?
Sus. That I may bring you through one pasture more
Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.
Frank. Why 'tis granted; come, walk then.
Sus. Nay, not too fast;
They say, slow things have best perfection;
The gentle shower wets to fertility,
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.
The baser beasts take strength even from the womb;
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field, with a clump of Trees.*

Enter DOG.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden!
The mind's about it now; one touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter FRANK *and* SUSAN.

Frank. Your request
Is out; yet will you leave me?
Sus. What? so churlishly?
You'll make me stay for ever,
Rather than part, with such a sound from you.
Frank. Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you be gone.
You have no company, and 'tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.
Sus. Tush! I fear none:
To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you;
They began to stir when I came after you:
I know they'll not be long.
Frank. So! I shall have more trouble,—
[*The Dog rubs against him*
thank you for that:
Then, I'll ease all at once. [*Aside.*] 'Tis done now;
What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.
Sus. Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet
Frank. No, to a better place. [music !
Sus. Any place I;
I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.
Frank. At home? I'll leave you in your last
I must kill you. [lodging;
Sus. Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.
Frank. You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd:
'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be;
Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*
Sus. I'll not turn from it,
If you be earnest, sir: yet you may tell me,
Wherefore you'll kill me.
Frank. Because you are a whore.
Sus. There's one deep wound already; a whore
'Twas ever farther from me than the thought
Of this black hour; a whore?
Frank. Yes, I will prove it,
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine; the word admits no second.
I was before wedded to another; have her still.
I do not lay the sin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;
For I espoused your dowry, and I have it:
I did not purpose to have added murder.
The devil did not prompt me: till this minute,
You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*
Sus. And I deserve it;
I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:
'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 'twas
How many years might I have slept in sin, [time!
[The] sin of my most hatred, too, adultery!
Frank. Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was
For I meant never to return to you [past;
After this parting.
Sus. Why then I thank you more;
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin; and then I come
A crystal virgin to thee: my soul's purity
Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of Mercy
For innocence is ever her companion.
Frank. Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*
Sus. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse for me!
I did not think that death had been so sweet,
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I stay'd forty years for preparation;
For I'm in charity with all the world.
Let me for once be thine example, heaven:

Do to this man, as I him free forgive,
And may he better die, and better live! [*Dies.*

Frank. 'Tis done; and I am in! once past our height,
We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.
Arms, thighs, hands, any place; we must not fail [*Wounds himself.*
Light scratches, giving such deep ones: the best I can
To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

[*Binds himself to a tree · the* Dog *ties him behind, and exit.*

So, so! I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous and
Effectual mischief sometimes is!—[*Aloud.*]—Help!
Murder, murder, murder! [help!

Enter CARTER *and* Old THORNEY.

Car. Ha! whom tolls the bell for?

Frank. Oh, oh!

Thor. Ah me!
The cause appears too soon; my child, my son.

Car. Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy father? ha!

Frank. Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake
This hapless woman.

Thor. Let 's o'ertake the murderers.
Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late;
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

Frank. I know them both; yet such an oath is pass'd
As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forced men do.

Thor. Keep oath with murderers! that were a conscience
To hold the devil in.

Frank. Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,
Shall show them as familiar as their names:
The taller of the two at this time wears
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined;
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

Thor. Warbeck,
Warbeck!—do you list to this, sir?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you; here's nothing to be heard.

Frank. The other's cloak branch'd velvet, black, velvet lined his suit.

Thor. I have them already; Somerton, Somerton!
Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcase there, and give me this.
I will not own her now; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb show! no, I'll have life.
This is my son, too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you half that silence for't.—
When I speak I look to be spoken to:
Forgetful slut!

Thor. Alas! what grief may do now!
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.
[*Exit, with* SUSAN *in his arms.*

Car. Ay, do, and I'll have this. How do you, sir?

Frank. O, very ill, sir.

Car. Yes,
I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet:
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.
I have not wept these twenty years before,
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.
[*Exit with* FRANK.

SCENE III.—*Before* Sir ARTHUR'S *House.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, *and* SOMERTON.

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to grace
The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
That are so kind to call us up to-day
With an high Morrice.

War. I could wish it for the best, it were the worst now. Absurdity is, in my opinion, ever the best dancer in a morrice.

Som. I could rather sleep than see them.

Sir Ar. Not well, sir?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know no cause for't.

War. Now am I, beyond mine own condition, highly disposed to mirth.

Sir Ar. Well, you may have a morrice to help both;
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT, *the Fiddler, with the Morrice-dancers, &c.*

Saw. Come, will you set yourselves in morrice-ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

1 *Cl.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

1 *Cl.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

2 *Cl.* Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

Enter CUDDY BANKS, *with the Hobby-horse, followed by* Dog.

Sir Ar. Oh, we staid for you, sir.

Cud. Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we shall make you amends ere we part.

Sir Ar. Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere they begin.

Enter Servants *with beer.*

Cud. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else [*drinks*]. Here, Hobby,—[*holds the bowl to the hobby-horse*]—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no.—[*Drinks again.*]

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

1 *Clown.* Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

Saw. E'en when you will, children. [CUDDY *mounts the hobby.*]—Now in the name of—the best foot forward!—[*Endeavours to play; but the fiddle gives no sound.*]—How now! not a word in thy guts? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Cud. My ningle's knavery; black Tom's doing. [*Aside.*

All. Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

Cud. Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

Saw. I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair: you see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

Cud. Let me see, father Sawgut; [*takes the fiddle*] say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.

[*Gives it to the* Dog, *who plays the Morrice.*

All. Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

Enter a Constable *and* Officers.

Con. Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour.
Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance,
In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension
Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! flat murderers!

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

Con. The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.
Sir, you may be satisfied with this.

[*Shows his warrant.*

I hope you'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Both. Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

Cud. There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villany.—Mates and morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle. [*Canters off with the hobby, and* Dog.

Saw. [*Strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before.*] Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the* Morrice Dancers.

Sir Ar. These things are full of horror, full of pity.
But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take
On mine own danger; yet, howsoever, sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

War. Oh, most willingly, sir.
'Tis a most sweet affliction; I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will:
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge, nor evidence
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

Som. Mine stands so upright to the middle zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—EDMONTON. *The Street.*

Enter Old BANKS, *and several* Countrymen.

Banks. My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

1 *Coun.* I took my wife and a serving man in our town of Edmonton, thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenches carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us, but mother Sawyer?

2 *Coun.* Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

3 *Coun.* Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. HAMLUC, *with thatch and a lighted link.*

Ham. Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

All. What has't got there?

Ham. A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

Banks. Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger. [HAM. *sets fire to the thatch.*

Enter Mother SAWYER, *running.*

Saw. Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman
Follow and fall upon you!

All. Are you come, you old trot?

Banks. You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1 *Coun.* This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

All. Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Saw. Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents?
Help, help!

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, *and a* Justice.

All. Hang her, beat her, kill her!

Just. How now? forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,
Set to torment me, I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ringleader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman.

Banks. Woman? a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox in a snuffling nose is a sign a man is a whoremaster.

Just. Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous!
Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs
Come better arm'd, instead of turning her
Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

All. Fools?

Just. Arrant fools.

Banks. Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out with her.

Saw. And brak'st my back with beating me.
Banks. I'll break it worse.
Saw. Wilt thou?
Just. You must not threaten her, 'tis against [law;
Go on.
Banks. So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to bepiss themselves with laughing me to scorn.
Just. And this is long of her?
Banks. Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?
Sir Ar. Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms she does end in such sports, she may scape burning.
Just. Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a sub- [ject,
And you must not be judges of the law,
To strike her as you please.
All. No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.
Banks. Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!—
[*Exeunt* BANKS *and* Countrymen.
Saw. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine!
Just. Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this gentleman,
Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions,
Have your mild answers: tell us honestly,
And with a free confession, (we'll do our best
To wean you from it,) are you a witch, or no?
Saw. I am none.
Just. Be not so furious.
Saw. I am none.
None but base curs so bark at me; I am none.
Or would I were! if every poor old woman,
Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be revenged
Had need turn witch.
Sir Ar. And you to be revenged
Have sold your soul to th' devil.
Saw. Keep thine own from him.
Just. You are too saucy and too bitter.
Saw. Saucy?
By what commission can he send my soul
On the devil's errand more than I can his?
Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it
When he list out of door?
Just. Know whom you speak to.
Saw. A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay clothes,
Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,
Are within far more crooked than I am,
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.
Sir Ar. You are a base hell-hound.——
And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near
She's bruited for a woman that maintains
A spirit that sucks her.
Saw. I defy thee.
Sir Ar. Go, go;
I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.
Saw. Ha, ha!
Just. Do you laugh? why laugh you?
Saw. At my name,
The brave name this knight gives me, witch.
Just. Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine ear?
Sir Ar. 'Pray, sir, give way; and let her tongue gallop on.
Saw. A witch! who is not?
Hold not that universal name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in princes' courts,
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires
To burn men's souls in sensual hot desires;
Upon whose naked paps, a letcher's thought
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought?
Just. But those work not as you do.
Saw. No, but far worse.
These, by enchantments, can whole lordships change
To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a French butterfly.
Have you not city-wenches, who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of wares,
To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin;
In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?
Are not these witches?
Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.
Saw. Why then on me,
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman,
I'll-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd bawd or witch. Such so abused,
Are the coarse witches; t'other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.
Sir Ar. And so is thine.
Saw. She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to blow
A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draws,
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;
He is no witch, not he!
Sir Ar. But these men-witches
Are not in trading with hell's merchandize,
Like such as you, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle.
Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so:
Am I accus'd for such a one?
Sir Ar. Yes; 'twill be sworn.
Saw. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour? and being lost,
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done it.
Men-witches can, without the fangs of law
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit [pieces
Away for true gold.
Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.
Just. Let's then away.
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.
[*Exeunt* Sir ARTHUR *and* Justice
Saw. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome!
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs

Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me; thou shalt have the teat anon.

Dog. Bow, wow! I'll have it now.

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? let's tickle.
Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes;
And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl! no lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine hours; but it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the clowns i' th' morrice.

Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl pate,
That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,
Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and almost had lamed it;—did not I charge thee
To pinch that quean to th' heart?

Dog. Bow, wow, wow! look here else.

Enter ANN RATCLIFFE, *mad.*

Ann. See, see, see! the man i' th' moon has built a new windmill, and what running there is from all quarters of the city to learn the art of grinding!

Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mongrel.

Ann. Hoyda! a pox of the devil's false hopper! all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves' purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey derry down! are not you mother Sawyer?

Saw. No, I am a lawyer.

Ann. Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy face; for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation; for knaves and fools are at variance in every village. I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give in evidence against her.

Saw. Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*

Ann. Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break. There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat; hark, how it tickles it, with doodle doodle, doodle, doodle! welcome, serjeants! welcome, devil! hands, hands! hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*

Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, *and* Countrymen.

Rat. She's here; alas! my poor wife is here.

Banks. Catch her fast, and have her into some close chamber, do; for she's as many wives are, stark mad.

Cud. The witch! mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

Rat. Oh, my dear wife! help, sirs!
[*She is carried off.*

Banks. You see your work, mother Bumby.

Saw. My work? should she and all you here run mad,
Is the work mine?

Cud. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a devil of two-years old.

Re-enter RATCLIFFE.

How now? what's become of her?

Rat. Nothing; she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: spite of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch, the witch, the devil!" she beat out her own brains, and so died.

Cud. It's any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

Banks. Masters, be ruled by me; let's all to a Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Saw. Banks, I defy thee.

Banks. Get a warrant first to examine her, then ship her to Newgate; here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a dog; we shall see your cur at one time or other: if we do, unless it be the devil himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one chain, and thou in another.

Saw. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst!

Cud. How, father? you send the poor dumb thing howling to the gaol? he that makes him howl, makes me roar.

Banks. Why, foolish boy, dost thou know him?

Cud. No matter if I do or not; he's bailable, I am sure, by law;—but if the dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

Banks. Thou bail for a dog!

Cud. Yes, or bitch either, being my friend. I'll lie by the heels myself, before puppison shall; his dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

Banks. What manner of dog is it? didst ever see him?

Cud. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tail; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home: this is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps a bow-wow-wowing, to have butchers bring their curs thither; and when all comes to all, they run away like sheep: neither is this the black dog of Newgate.

Banks. No good-man son-fool; but the dog of hell-gate.

Cud. I say, good-man father-fool, it's a lie.

All. He's bewitch'd.

Cud. A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil in St. Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes and wrings lawyers.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

All. Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here!

Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog? if that voice were a dog's, what voice had my mother? so am I a dog: bow, wow, wow! It was I that bark'd so, father, to make coxcombs of these clowns.

Banks. However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant; and

then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools!

[*Exeunt* BANKS, RAT. *and* Countrymen.

Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitch'd, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morrice makes me spit in thy mouth. —I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; you whoreson dog's nose! farewell, witch! [*Exit.*

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

Saw. Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying;
Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight,
Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy,
And pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

Saw. That's a sure blood-hound. Come, let's home and play;
Our black work ended, we'll make holyday.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in* CARTER'S *House.* —FRANK *in a slumber.*

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

Frank. (*Waking.*) No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,
As I am, (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea,) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good sweet brother;
(For now my sister must grow up in you,)
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;
And if you can give physic to yourself,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kath. I thank you:
What do you look about you for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing;
But I was thinking, sister——

Kath. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed,
Having this room to walk in?

Kath. Why do you talk so?
Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no; I am not idle.
But here's my meaning; being robb'd as I am,
Why should my soul, which married was to her's,
Live in divorce, and not fly after her?
Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,
To find my love out?

Kath. That were well indeed,
Your time being come; when Death is sent to call you,
No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I
Go without calling?

Kath. Yes, brother, so you might;
Were there no place to go to when you're gone,
But only this.

Frank. 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true;
For when a man has been an hundred years
Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thousandth part upon his way:
All life is but a wandering to find a home;
When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,
Could here his voyage end; he should not then
Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,
By heaven's or by hell's compass; how he put in
(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,
Nor how far he in's navigation went
Beyond commission: this were a fine reign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again;
Yet then were man more wretched than a beast;
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish Heaven
To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye
Once as an angel) home to his deservings:
What villain but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,
To be revenged on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!
A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure;
I pay for't everywhere.

Kath. I have done then.
Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kath. I have made ready a roasted chicken for you. [*Enter Maid with the chicken.*
Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes,—
There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute;
Good girl, let's hear him too.

Kath. You shall, dear brother. [*Exit Maid.*
Would I were a musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear!—[*Lute plays within.*] stay, mend your pillow,
And raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high,
Am I not, sister, now?

Kath. No, no; 'tis well.
Fall to, fall to. A knife! here's ne'er a knife.
Brother, I'll look out your's. [*Takes up his vest*

Enter DOG, *shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.*

Frank. Sister, O sister,
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

Kath. In very deed you shall; the want of food
Makes you so faint. Ha!—[*Sees the bloody knife.*] here's none in your pocket:
I will go fetch a knife. [*Exit hastily.*

Frank. Will you? 'tis well, all's well.

FRANK *searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of* SUSAN *comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter* WINNIFREDE *as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed.* FRANK *terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.*

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too. Win?
Ah, my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart
True to you as your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine
Were fellows in one house! kneel by me here.
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock
On both sides of the bed? [me

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:
Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures;
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,
To pluck me into a winding-sheet!

Win. Believe it,
I came no nearer to you than yon place,
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come
And visit my sick master.

Frank. Then 'twas my fancy;
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could rest!
But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly; why should
Dance at the wedding of a second wife, [you
When scarce the music which you heard at mine
Had ta'en a farewell of you? O, this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

Frank. Winnifrede,—
The chamber door's fast?—

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears:
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a story of us two,
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,
What gold soe'er I got, to make it thine.
To please a father, I have Heaven displeased;
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none;
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead;
But you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand
Murdered; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet; for thou art my evidence,
Jury and judge: sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

[*While they are conversing in a low tone,* Old CARTER *and* KATHERINE *meet at the door of the room.*

Kath. I have run madding up and down to find
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever [you,
Poor daughter carried.

Car. Why? is the boy dead?

Kath. Dead, sir!
Oh, father, we are cozen'd; you are told
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.
This villain kill'd my sister; see else, see,

[*Takes up his vest; and shows the knife to her father, who secures it.*

A bloody knife in's pocket!

Car. Bless me, patience!

[*Dog paws softly at* FRANK, *and exit.*

Frank. [*Seeing them.*] The knife! the knife!

Kath. What knife? [the knife!

Frank. To cut my chicken up, my chicken;—
Be you my carver, father.

Car. That I will.

Kath. How the devil steels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from me;
All is not well within me.

Car. I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so many moons clap their horns on other men's foreheads to strike them sick; yet mine to scape, and be well! I that never cast away a fee upon urinals, but am as sound as an honest man's conscience when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost, "All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy imposthumes. Ah poor villain! ah my wounded rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

Frank. Do the surgeons say my wounds are dangerous, then?

Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Car. I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday to see thee as I wish. [*Exit.*

Frank. A wond'rous kind old man.

Win. Your sin's the blacker,
So to abuse his goodness.—[*Aside to* FRANK.]—
Master, how do you? [*Aloud.*

Frank. Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd qualms
Come cross my stomach:—I'll fall to; boy, cut me—

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure;—a leg or

Frank. No, no, no; a wing— [wing, sir?
Would I had wings but to soar up yon tower!
But here's a clog that hinders me.

[*Re-enter* CARTER, *followed by* Servants, *with the body of* SUSAN *in a coffin.*

What's that?

Car. That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must have or none."

Frank. For pity's sake remove her; see, she
With one broad open eye still in my face! [stares

Car. Thou puttest both her's out, like a villain as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee one again, to find out the murderer, and that's thyself.

Frank. Old man, thou liest.

Car. So shalt thou—in the gaol. Run for

Kath. Oh thou merciless slave! [officers.
She was (though yet above ground) in her grave
To me; but thou hast torn [her] up again—
Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel more rain.

Car. Fetch officers. [*Exit* KATH. *with* Servants.

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villainous one; look!—[*shewing the bloody knife*] —oh, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, sir,
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Car. Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

Frank. As you're a man, throw not upon that woman
Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent.

Car. How? how? a woman! Is't grown to a fashion for women in all countries to wear the breeches?

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir, his page;
But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

Car. How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw!

Win. The wrongs which singly fell upon your daughter,
On me are multiplied; she lost a life;
But I an husband and myself must lose,
If you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Car. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me?

Win. Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,
And know not what I speak; but if thou didst,
I must arraign this father for two sins,
Adultery and murder.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they are come

Car. Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: pox on's wounds!

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Witch's Cottage.*

Enter Mother SAWYER.

Saw. Still wrong'd by every slave? and not a dog
Bark in his dame's defence? I am call'd witch,
Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.
Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!
I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come,
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life:
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love!
I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then, my darling,
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen
Dragons and serpents in the elements,
Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea?
Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
And be the ugliest of them; so that my bulch
Shew but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from hell, I care not! could I run
Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it all, to find out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
I must then fall to my old prayer:
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.
Not yet come! [the] worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges, and the—

Enter Dog, *white.*

Dog. How now! whom art thou cursing?

Saw. Thee!
Ha! no, 'tis my black cur I am cursing,
For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Saw. Thou liest: hence! come not nigh me.

Dog. Bow, wow!

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogged, [and] list not to tell thee; yet,—to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding-sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

Saw. Off, cur!

Dog. He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter: devours by sea and land. "Why am I in white?" didst thou not pray to me?

Saw. Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound,
Why now in white more than at other times?

Dog. Be blasted with the news! whiteness is day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face: villainies are stripp'd naked; the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

Saw. Must she? she shall not; thou'rt a lying spirit:
Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan paleness; glowing furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such
As I shall set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends
To have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

Saw. It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouthful.

Dog. Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Saw. Spite of the devil and thee,
I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

Dog. Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Saw. Yes! when?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

Saw. Out, dog!

Dog Out, witch! thy trial is at hand:
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.
[*Goes aside*.

Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, *and* Countrymen.

Banks. She's here; attach her. Witch, you must go with us. [*They seize her*.

Saw. Whither? to hell?

Banks. No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall receive you. Away with her!

Saw. My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy! Oh, thou dog!
Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!
Plagues and consumptions — [*She is carried off*.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let not the world witches or devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

Enter CUDDY BANKS.

Cud. I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst them: my rival that loved my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes, but where he takes not, a dogged rascal; I know the villain loves me. [Dog *barks*.] No! art thou there? [*Seeing the* Dog,] that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair, this. Bark, and not speak to me? not Tom then; there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me?

Cud. That's Tom again; prithee, ningle, speak, is thy name Tom?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, it was; I am gone from her now.

Cud. Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leavest her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done; she's shortly to be hang'd.

Cud. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

Dog. Right; I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

Cud. This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

Dog. True;
And so I used thee doggedly, not devilishly;
I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at;
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,
But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness.
Ha, ha!

Cud. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

Cud. Louse or flea?

Dog. Any poor vermin.

Cud It seems you devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But pray you, Tom, one question at parting; (I think I shall never see you more;) where do you borrow those bodies that are none of your own?—the garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

Dog. Why would'st thou know that, fool? it avails thee not.

Cud. Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: thou never art so distant
From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths,
Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow;
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil
Is within hearing it; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee: thou play'st, he bets upon thy part;
Although thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

Cud. Ay? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

Dog. The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch
We sometimes borrow, and appear humane;
The carcass of some disease-slain strumpet
We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.
Didst never hear? if not, it has been done;
An hot luxurious letcher in his twines,
When he has thought to clip his dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

Cud. Yes, I am partly a witness to this; but I never could embrace her; I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel; without a fee, too! there's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me! for what?

Cud. Were it not possible for thee to become an honest dog yet?—'tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to destroy corn and fruit, and so forth: 'twere better yet to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

Dog. Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

Cud. Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry,) some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you: or if you have any mind to the game, either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse.

Dog. Ha, ha! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all; not a cub to be left.

Cud. You could do, Tom; but you must play fair, you should be staved off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much) when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most; here you might lick your own toes very well: or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices; but to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great

puppy!—fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

Dog. Ha, ha!
The worst thou heard'st of me the better 'tis;
Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate?

Cud. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first! I know thy qualities too well, I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out! and avaunt!

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a silly soul.
I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness,
There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance;
Serve some Briarean foot-cloth strider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes,
But not a finger's nail of charity.
Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds
To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself,
And draw this bulk small as a silver wire,
Enter at the least pore tobacco-fume
Can make a breach for: hence, silly fool!
I scorn to prey on such an atom soul.

Cud. Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again: if thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs, take water, and the devil go with thee!

[*Exit, followed by* Dog *barking.*

SCENE II.—LONDON. *The neighbourhood of Tyburn.*

Enter Justice, Sir ARTHUR SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, *and* KATHERINE.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Ar. I shall need no urging to it.

Car. If you should, 'twere a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

War. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kath. But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*

Just. How now? what noise is that?

Car. Young Frank is going the wrong way.—
Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Old THORNEY *and* WINNIFREDE *weeping.*

Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him; to press nearer
The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already;—
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be join'd
But in eternity; I share too much
Of him tnat's going thither.

War. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was shame.
Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent,
Of any murther, but of mine own honour;
Restored again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

Thor. Daughter, grieve not
For what necessity forceth;
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints!

Win. My griefs are strong upon me;
My weakness scarce can bear them.—

[*A great cry within.*]—Away with her! Hang her, witch!

Enter to Execution Mother SAWYER; Officers *with halberts, followed by a crowd of country people.*

Car. The witch, that instrument of mischief!—Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear, mother Sawyer?

Saw. What would you have?
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave
To die without vexation?

Car. Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his wife? He could never have done't without the devil.

Saw. Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't,
Before he left me.

Car. Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill herself.

Saw. Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt: would you were all as near your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it!

Coun. I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before she would have farrowed: yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as ever great-belly'd ale-wife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me; I was well resolv'd
To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true
I would live longer if I might, yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience
Is settled as it shall be: all take heed
How they believe the devil; at last he'll cheat you.

Car. Thou'dst best confess all truly.

Saw. Yet again?
Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

All. Away with her, away! [*She is led off.*

Enter FRANK *to Execution*, Officers, *&c.*

Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy than misfortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Fran Good sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.
Thor. Oh, Frank, Frank!
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!
Frank. To look upon your sorrows executes me,
Before my execution.
Win. Let me pray you, sir—
Frank. Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must sigh for thee,
As he that's only loath to leave the world
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more than I can hope; nor, to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede;
Be that thy comfort.
Thor. Let it be thine too,
Untimely lost young man.
Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approved; then, though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remediless:
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd,
With greater rigour my unhappy fact,
Than I myself have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my childhood:
A court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty: the difference is, my impartial judge
Is much more gracious than my faults are monstrous
* * * * to be nam'd; yet they are monstrous.
Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.
Win. It speaks
How truly you are reconciled, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was near expiring
With my last breath: now this repentance makes thee
As white as innocence; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness!
But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
A widow's duty, calling that end best,
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.
Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not weep:
Farewell! thou dost forgive me?
Win. 'Tis my part
To use that language.
Frank. Oh! that my example
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to marry
A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—
Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one
Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd; you most, [*To* CARTER.
I robb'd you of a daughter;—but she is
In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.
Car. Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou didst; the more shame for them!
Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak; I would you could as easily
Make satisfaction to the law, as to
My wrongs: I am sorry for you.
War. And so am I,
And heartily forgive you.
Kath. I will pray for you,
For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you dearly.
Sir Ar. Let us part friendly too; I am asham'd
Of my part in thy wrongs.
Frank. You are all merciful,
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,
Heaven send you a new heart!—lastly, to you, sir;
And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd
Your son, yet give me leave upon my knees,
To beg a blessing. [*Kneels*.
Thor. Take it; let me wet
Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left me.
O Frank, Frank, Frank!
Frank. Let me beseech you, gentlemen,
To comfort my old father, keep him with you;
Love this distressed widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceless man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,
Than such a son or husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on: 'tis just
That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.
[*He is led off by the* Officers.
Car. Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my plants spite of my heart. Master Thorney, cheer up, man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not want help to keep you from falling: we have lost our children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot help it; better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.
Thor. I thank you, sir; you are more kind than I
Have cause to hope or look for.
Car. Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?
Som. We are agreed.
Kath. And but my faith is pass'd, I should fear to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind. Excuse me that I am troubled.
Som. Thou shalt have no cause.
Just. Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir Arthur,
For his abuse to you and to your husband,
Is by the bench enjoin'd to pay you down
A thousand marks.
Sir Ar. Which I will soon discharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd Upon my funeral.

Car. Come, come; if luck had serv'd, Sir Arthur, and every man had his due, somebody might have tottered ere this, without paying fines; like it as you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt be welcome. Make much of her, Kate, I charge you; I do not think but she's a good wench, and hath had wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Just. Join friends in sorrow; make of all the best: Harms past may be lamented, not redrest. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by WINNIFREDE.

I AM a widow still, and must not sort
A second choice, without a good report;
Which though some widows find, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume; but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

GLOSSARY.

A

ABSURD, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.) a scholastic term, employed when false conclusions are illogically deduced from the premises of the opponent
Affects, affections
Affronted, ("Perkin Warbeck," act v. scene 1.) met face to face
Alcatote, silly fellow; a word still used in the north of Devon
Antick, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 2.) antimasque (something directly opposed to the principal masque), in which grotesque and extravagant characters were introduced

B

Ban-dog, Paris-garden bandog,—a sort of mastiff kept to bait bears at Paris-garden in Southwark
Banqueting-room, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act v. scene 6,—stage-direction,) the room where the dessert was placed, to which. after dinner, it was customary to remove
Barking church; situated at the bottom of Seething Lane, was destroyed in the great fire of London
Beadsman, one bound to pray for another, a vowed servant
Begg'd; I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iv. scene 1.) as those of a person condemned
Bevers, slight repasts between meals
Bear's sty, ("Perkin Warbeck," act i. scene 1.) an allusion to the armorial bearings of Richard the Third
Bumby, Mother, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 1.) a celebrated 'wise-woman;' she figures in one of Lyly's plays, which is entitled *Mother Bombie*
Bonny-clabber, curds and whey, or sour butter-milk
Bourd, to jest
Brach, a bitch-hound
Branched velvet, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 2.) having tufts, or tassels, hanging from the shoulders
Bravery, finery of attire
Bug words, properly, terrific words, but in "Perkin Warbeck," act iii. scene 2. used in the sense of high-sounding words
Bulch, calf
But-bolt, a strong, unbarbed arrow used in shooting at the butts

C

Casting bottle, a small bottle for sprinkling perfumed waters
Charm; You charm me, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.) you overcome my unwillingness to speak
Choppine, a large clog, worn under the shoe, and made of cork or light frame-work, covered with leather
Chouses, properly *Chiouses*, Turkish officers; rogues, swindlers
Chrisome, an infant within the first month
Cittern, } Barbers shall wear
Cittern-headed; } thee on their citterns, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.); A cittern-headed gew-gaw, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 2.); citterns, the heads of which were generally grotesquely carved, used to be kept in barbers' shops for the amusement of customers
Clap-dish; Stop your clap-dish, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 1.) close your mouth, or hold your tongue: the clap-dish was a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which was originally carried by lepers, who clapped it as a warning that alms might be given without touching them. It was afterwards commonly carried by beggars
Cob-nut; A cob-nut out of Africa, ("The Sun's Darling," act iii. scene 3.): what particular fruit is here alluded to, is uncertain; cob-nut is properly a large nut
Codlings, ("The Sun's Darling," act iii. scene 3., "The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 1.) green pease
Colts; Painted colts, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.) rude and silly persons; there seems to be an allusion to some allegorical picture, —perhaps in the "painted cloth," a kind of hangings for rooms
Compass; She'll keep a surer compass, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.) an expression drawn from archery: arrows shot with a *compass*, *i. e.* with a degree of elevation, were supposed to go more surely to the mark
Condition, temper, disposition
Convinc'd, Too sure to be convinc'd; ("The Broken Heart," act v. scene 2.) conquered, overthrown
Colquean, one who meddles with female affairs
Counsel, In counsel, ("Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 3.) in secret
Courtship, the manners of, behaviour necessary at court
Cousin, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act ii. scene 6.) nephew
Coxcomb, fool's cap
Crisled, shrivelled, roughened
Cunning, skill
Cup and knee, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) should probably be "cap *and* knee"
Curst, cross, splenetic

D

Days, eight to the week; Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 1.): this passage is explained by the following lines of Butler,
"The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."
Den ye; Dentlemen, then ye, ("The Lady's Trial," act iv. scene 2.) Gentlemen, good even to ye
Desvergonsado; Desver di Gonsado,

("The Lady's Trial," act iv. scene 2.) shameless: *Spanish*
Devil of Edmonton, (Prologue to "The Witch of Edmonton," and act iii. scene i.); allusions to the old drama entitled *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*
Dor, beetle or cockchafer
Dunstable; I am plain Dunstable, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act i. scene 2.) I am blunt and honest; in allusion to the well-known proverb

E

Engine; Chair with an engine, ("The Broken Heart," stage-direction, act iv. scene 4.) chair with moveable arms
Engrossed, ("The Broken Heart," act iii. scene 3.) possessed thyself of, mastered

F

Fire i' the bed-straw, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.) more concealed mischief
Foist, cant term for rogue
Fond, foolish, unprofitable
Fool; Dressed like a fool, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 2. stage-direction,) dressed in long petticoats, which born fools usually wore
For; I should have wormed you, sir, for running mad, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 2.) to prevent you from running mad
Forespeak, to bewitch
Fox, a cant name for a sword
Frail; To trade by turns in such-like frail commodities, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 2.) a play on words, *frail* meaning an osier basket, in which figs &c. were packed
Frank; One that franks his lust in swine-security of bestial incest, ("The Broken Heart," act iii. scene 2.) fattens; a frank was an inclosure in which a boar was fattened

G

Gammer Gurton, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 1.) the heroine of the old play called *Gammer Gurton's Needle*
Girds, taunts, sarcasms
Grogram; As fretting as an old grogram, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 2.) an inferior kind of taffeta, generally stiffened with gum, and therefore liable to fret
Grammates, grammar
Guarded; Guarded page, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) a page with laced livery

H

Harry, harass, worry
Hench-boy, a page
Hope, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 4., act iv. scene 2.) expect

I—J

Idle; The youth is idle, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 2.); I am not idle, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.) light-headed, wandering, talking from the purpose
Jealous, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 3.) suspicious
Index; The index pointing to a second, ("The Broken Heart," act v. scene 1.) the index-hand (☞), so common in the margins of old books, by which the reader's attention was directed to particular passages
Ingenious; Stand ingenious to thine own fate, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) continue by your own dexterity to assist the plans of fortune
Innocent, a natural fool
Intend; So I intend too, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 1.) mean, understand it
Irish hubbubs, ("Perkin Warbeck," act ii. scene 1.) riotous merry-meetings at wakes and fairs in Ireland

K

Ka me, kob thee, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 1.) an arbitrary variation of the proverbial phrase *Ka me, ka thee*,—do me a good turn, and I'll do you another
Kindly; Not kindly wise, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 3.) according to *kind* or nature

L

Lapwing; Like to the lapwing, &c., ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.): this bird is said to draw pursuers from her nest by crying in other places: there is a proverb, "The lapwing cries tongue from heart"
Liked; Liked you, ("Tis pity She's a Whore," act ii. scene 6.), pleased
Livery; Grace my hopes with any instance of livery, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.), badge, ornament; in allusion to the followers of great families being distinguished by particular badges
Luxury, lust

M

Malice, ("The Lady's Trial, act iii. scene 2.), bear malice to
May-game, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.), a trifle, a jest
Merchant; A ship boy in a merchant, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.), a merchant-ship
Mew; Mew!-*absurd*, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.), a scholastic term, when false conclusions are drawn illogically from the premises of the opponent
Mewed, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 2), moulted, shed as a bird does its feathers
Mischief; Remarked to taste a mischief, ("'Tis Pity She's a Whore," act ii. scene 5.), marked out to experience some dire evil
Mockado, an inferior sort of velvet
Moon; If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iv. scene 1.); an allusion to the old superstitious practice of performing the operation of bleeding only on certain days of the moon
Morion, a plain steel-cap, a helmet
Mortal; The hurts are yet but mortal, ("The Broken Heart," act iv. scene 1.); may mean, very great, extreme; but, perhaps, as Gifford conjectures, we should read "*not* mortal"
Motion, puppet
Motions, puppet-shows

N

Nap; Set a nap on their cheeks, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.), a freshness, bloom,—by applying cosmetics
Niceness, scrupulousness, useless preciseness
Ningle, (a contraction of *mine ingle*), familiar friend
Novels, novelties
No way but one, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iv. scene 2.), a proverbial expression for death

O

Oatmeals, a name given to certain lawless ruffians, who used formerly to infest the streets of London
Once: Once I have outstripp'd thy plots, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 3.), once for all
Owes; To him that owes it, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.), owns, possesses
Ousle, the blackbird, a generic term

P

Pageants, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iv. scene 2, "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 1.), the city-shows on the Lord Mayor's day
Paned hose, breeches formed of stripes of various colours, stitched together
Parator, an apparitor
Paris-Garden: see *Ban-dog*
Parmasent, Parmasan cheese
Parr, Old, seems to be alluded to in the following passage of "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.: "An old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child
Parts; Parts in your spirit, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 1.) shares in, partakers of
Pashing, dashing
Passionate, distressed, sorrowful; and ("The Witch of Edmonton," act ii. scene 2.) changeful
Pavin, Spanish, a grave and majestic dance
Peevish, trifling, perverse, foolish
Perfection; As well for virtue as perfection, "'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act ii. scene 2.) perfection of beauty or accomplishments
Perish (a verb active), destroy
Pink, at a; A shrewd fellow at a pink, ("The Lady's Trial," act iii. scene 1.) at a thrust or stab, at fighting
Pluck a crow, a low expression for picking a quarrel
Pomp; Would I might see thee in the pomp once, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act v. scene 2.) means, probably, the procession of the city-companies
Porter's lodge, ("The Fancies Chaste

and Noble," act i. scene 2.) the usual place of summary punishment for servants

Poting stick, a small rod of wood, bone, or steel, for setting the plaits of ruffs, &c.

Pregnant, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 2.) intelligent, ready to understand

Present, the, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 2.) the present time

Pretence, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 3.) intent

Provincial garland, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 2.) the wreath of laurel, conferred, according to ancient custom, on those who had added a province to the empire

Prynne, alluded to in the Dedication of "Love's Sacrifice:" he had, the preceding year, put forth his *Histriomastix*, and was at this time before the Star-chamber for the language used in that production

Puck-fist, the fungus, also called *puff-ball*

Purchase; For he can live without a wife and purchase, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iv. scene 2.) buy an estate

Q

Quab, an unfledged bird; figuratively, anything unfinished, imperfect

Quack; Quack of fashions, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 2.) loud and boastful pretender to eminence in fashions

Quellio, a ruff

Quicken; Quicken your sad remembrance, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 1.) enliven

Quicksands; Their very substance was quicksands, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 1.) an allusion to the story that glass was first discovered by the Phœnician mariners in consequence of their having lighted a fire on the sand

R

Resolve, satisfy, assure; convince yourself

Resolution, a settled opinion

Rest, set up; I have set up my rest, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act v. scene 4.) taken my final resolution; a metaphor drawn from the game of primero

Roaring; Downright roaring, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 1.) the language of *roarers*, or *roaring boys*

Roaring boys, a term for certain bullying ruffians, who used formerly to infest the streets of London: see *Oatmeals*

Round; Devise a round, ("The Sun's Darling," act iv. scene 1.) a health, a toast

S

Sadness; In sadness, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 4.) seriousness

Saturday; For Saturday yet never fail'd, &c., ("Perkin Warbeck," act iii. scene 1.); Lord Bacon has mentioned the predilection which Henry had for Saturday

Scambling; A scambling foot, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) sprawling, shuffling; Scambling half a ducat, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 3.) means, perhaps, attaining by bold importunity or false pretences

Seeled; Like a seeled dove, ("The Broken Heart," act ii. scene 2.): to *seel* means to sew up the eyelids either partially or entirely; the dove let loose with its eyelids so closed, continued to mount till it fell down dead through mere exhaustion

Secure; The deities themselves are not secure, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 3.) sure, certain

Servant; Henceforth I'll call you servant, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 3.) the term by which a lady formerly addressed her lover, who in return called her *mistress*

Shape, dress; a theatrical term

Shough, a shock-dog

Single, pure, genuine; plain, open; also, weak, feeble

Singly; Thus singly I adventure to thy bed, ("Love's Sacrifice," act ii. scene 4.) seems to mean, thinly clad, or undressed

Slights; These fit slights, ("The Broken Heart," act i. scene 2.) these undervaluings adapted to my own want of merit

Skip-jacks, properly Sanjiaks, Turkish officers; rogues, swindlers

Smicker, finical

Smickly, finically

Solicit; Solicit thy deserts, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act v. scene 1.) plead

Sounder; A sounder of some such wind-instrument, forsooth, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) the speaker intimates that her father was a sow-gelder

Spanish pike, ("The Sun's Darling," act ii scene 1.) a needle; the best needles used to be imported from Spain

Spleen; Thou hast made me laugh beside my spleen, ("Love's Sacrifice," act i. scene 2.) more than I usually laugh: the spleen seems to have been regarded as the source both of mirth and anger

Square men; The world runs round, yet there are square men still, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iv. scene 2.) a play of words; just men

Stale; As stale to your fond wanton loose discourse, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act i. scene 2.) pretence (*a stalking-horse* used by sportsmen), under cover of which you may utter your licentious language

Stiletto; A stiletto on his chin, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 1.) a sharp-pointed beard

Stover, bristle, stiffen

Strada; That art and nature ever were at strife in, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 1.) *Vide* (says the old ed.) *Fami. Stradam, lib.* ii. *Prolus.* 6. *Acad.* 2. *Imitat. Claud.*

Suppositor, provocation

Surfell, to wash with mercurial or sulphur water

Surquedry, pride, presumption

T

Table-books, memorandum-books

Tablet, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act v. scene 1, stage-direction), miniature-picture

Tell, I cannot, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) I know not what to say, or think of it

Thirsty; Thirsty in our pursuit, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act i. scene 1.) hot, eager

Tobacco, to drink, a common phrase for smoking tobacco; alluded to in the song, "They that will learn to *drink*, &c., ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 3.)

Totters, tatters

Treddle, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 3.) common creature, strumpet; properly, that part of the loom which is pressed by the foot

Trowses, ("Perkin Warbeck," act iii. scene 2. stage-direction.), tight drawers

Truthed; They would have truth'd it heaven, ("The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," act ii. scene 2.) they would have asserted as a truth that this was heaven

Tumbler, a mongrel greyhound

U

Uncivil; Would argue me uncivil, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act iii. scene 2.) unacquainted with the language and manners of good society

Uncivilly; Not uncivilly, though violently, ("The Lady's Trial," act iii. scene 3.) no rude language, though you may be warm

Untermed; Love unterm'd, ("Love's Sacrifice," act iii. scene 3.) interminable

Unvamped, not patched up, fresh

V

Vamp, patch up

Velvet-tips; Nothing but velvet-tips, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 3.) an allusion to the down upon the sprouting horns of a young deer

W

Wannion, with a, a jocular imprecation, equivalent to—with a vengeance!

Wassel-bowls, bowls of spiced ale or wine

Weapon, dressing of the, ("The Witch of Edmonton," act iii. scene 2.) an allusion to the foolish superstition that wounds might be cured by dressing the weapon which had inflicted them

Wearish; A wearish hand, ("Love's Sacrifice," act v. scene 1.) withered

Whêre; Whêre it does or not, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble," act iii. scene 1.) whether

White-boy, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 1.) a term of endearment frequently found in old writers

Woman-Surgeon, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act i. scene 2.) one who deals in paints and washes for ladies

Woodcock, ("The Lover's Melancholy," act ii. scene 1.) a cant term for a simpleton

Wormed; Wormed you, ("'Tis Pity she's a Whore," act i. scene 2.); an allusion to the custom of cutting the *worm* from under a dog's tongue, to prevent madness.

Wreck. To take the wreck of our divisions, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 1.), to seize the remnant of time which our separations have left us

Y

Yet; Yet we stand suspected, ("The Fancies Chaste and Noble, act v. scene 1,) as yet, hitherto

You are as I; Aurelio, you are as I am, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 3.), equivalent to—place yourself in my situation

Z.

Zirick-see; As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vero, ("The Lady's Trial," act i. scene 2.); early in the 16th century, a large portion of Zealand was overwhelmed by an inundation

THE END.

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